

bid *Mercy* triumph over — God himself,
 undeify'd by their opprobrious Praise:
 a God *All* Mercy, is a God unjust.

Ye brainless Wits! ye baptiz'd Infidels!
 Ye worse for mending! wash'd to fouler Stains!
 The Ransom was paid down; the Fund of Heav'n,
 Heav'n's inexhaustible, exhausted Fund,
 amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the Price,
 all Price beyond: Tho' curious to compute,
 Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty Sum;
 its Value vast ungraspt by Minds *Create*,
 for ever hides, and glows in, the *Supreme*.

And was the Ransom paid? It was: And paid
 (What can exalt the Bounty more?) for *You*.
 The Sun beheld it — No, the shocking Scene
 drove back his Chariot: *Midnight* veil'd his Face;
 not such as *This*; not such as Nature makes;
 a *Midnight*, Nature shudder'd to behold;
 a *Midnight* new! a dread Eclipse (without
 opposing Spheres) from her Creator's Frown!
Sun! didst thou fly thy Maker's Pain? or start
 at that enormous Load of human Guilt,
 which bow'd his blessed Head; o'erwhelm'd his Cross;

made