

How voided his vast Distance from the Skies!
 How near he presses on the Seraph's Wing!
 Which is the Seraph? Which the Born of Clay?
 How This demonstrates, thro' the thickest Cloud
 of Guilt and Clay condens't, the Son of Heav'n!
 The *double* Son; the Made, and the Re-made!
 And shall Heav'n's double Property be lost?
 Man's double Madness only can destroy.
 To Man the bleeding Cross has promis'd *All*;
 the bleeding Cross has sworn eternal Grace;
 Who gave his Life, what Grace shall He deny?
 O ye! who, from this *Rock of Ages*, leap,
 disdainful, plunging headlong in the Deep!
 what cordial Joy, what Consolation strong,
 what ever Winds arise, or Billows roll,
 our Int'rest in the Master of the Storm!
 Cling there, and in wreck'd Nature's Ruins *smile*;
 while vile Apostates *tremble* in a Calm.

Man! Know thyself. All Wisdom centres there:
 To none Man seems ignoble, but to Man;
 Angels that Grandeur, Men o'erlook, admire:
 How long shall Human Nature be *Their* Book,
 degenerate Mortal! and *unread* by Thee?

The