

The Beam dim *Reason* sheds shews Wonders There;
 what high Contents! Illustrious Faculties!
 But the grand *Comment*, which displays at Full
 our human Height scarce sever'd from Divine,
 by Heav'n compos'd, was publish'd on the *Cross*.

Who looks on That, and sees not in himself
 an awful Stranger, a Terrestrial God?
 a glorious Partner with the Deity
 in that high Attribute, immortal Life?
 If a God bleeds, he bleeds not for a Worm:
 I gaze, and as I gaze, my mounting Soul
 catches strange Fire, Eternity! at Thee;
 and drops the World — or rather, more enjoys:
 How chang'd the Face of Nature! how improv'd!
 What seem'd a Chaos, shines a glorious World,
 or, what a World, an *Eden*; heighten'd all!
 It is another Scene! another Self!
 And still another, as Time rolls along;
 and that a *Self* far more illustrious still.
 Beyond long Ages, yet roll'd up in Shades
 unpierc'd by bold Conjecture's keenest Ray,
 what Evolutions of surprising Fate!
 How Nature opens, and receives my Soul
 in boundless Walks of raptur'd Thought! Where Gods
 encounter, and embrace me! What new Births