

228 THE COMPLAINT. ETC.

of strange Adventure, foreign to the Sun,
where what now charms, perhaps, whate'er exists,
old *Time*, and fair *Creation*, are forgot!

Is this extravagant? Of Man we form
extravagant Conception, to be just:
Conception unconfin'd wants Wing to reach him:
beyond its Reach, the Godhead only, more.
He, the great Father! kindled at one Flame
the World of Rationals; one Spirit pour'd
from Spirit's awful Fountain; pour'd Himself
thro' all their Souls! but not in equal Stream,
profuse, or frugal, of th' inspiring God,
as his wise Plan demanded; and when past
their various Trials, in their various Spheres,
if they *continue* rational, as made,
reforms them all into Himself again;
his Throne their Centre, and his Smile their Crown.

Why doubt we, then, the glorious Truth to sing,
tho' yet *unsung*, as deem'd perhaps too bold?
Angels are Men of a superior Kind;
Angels are Men in lighter Habit clad,
high o'er celestial Mountains wing'd in Flight;
and Men are Angels, loaded for an Hour,

who