

who wade this miry Vale, and climb with Pain,
 and flipp'ry Step, the Bottom of the Steep.
 Angels their Failings, Mortals have their Praise;
 while *Here*, of Corps, ethereal, such enroll'd,
 and summon'd to the *glorious Standard* soon,
 which flames eternal Crimson thro' the Skies.
 Nor are our *Brothers* thoughtless of their Kin,
 yet absent; but not absent from their Love.

MICHAEL has fought our Battles; RAPHAEL sung
 our Triumphs; GABRIEL on our Errands flown,
 sent by the SOV'REIGN: And are these, O Man!
 thy Friends, thy warm Allies? and Thou (Shame burn
 thy Cheek to Cinder!) Rival to the Brute?

Religion's All. Descending from the Skies
 to wretched Man, the Goddess in her Left
 holds out *this* World, and in her Right, the *next*;
Religion! the sole Voucher Man is Man;
 Supporter sole of Man above himself;
 Ev'n in this Night of Frailty, Change, and Death,
 she gives the Soul a Soul that acts a God.
Religion! Providence! an After-State!
Here is firm Footing; here is solid Rock;
 this can support us; all is Sea besides;