

sinks under us; bestorms, and then devours.

His Hand the good Man fastens on the Skies,  
and bids Earth roll, nor feels her idle Whirl.

As when a Wretch, from thick, polluted Air,  
Darkness, and Stench, and suffocating Damps,  
and Dungeon-Horrors, by kind Fate, discharg'd,  
climbs some fair Eminence, where Ether pure  
surrounds him, and *Elysian* Prospects rise,  
his Heart exults, his Spirits cast their Load;  
as if new-born, he triumphs in the Change:  
So joys the Soul, when from inglorious Aims,  
and fordid Sweets, from Feculence and Froth  
of Ties terrestrial, set at large she mounts  
to *Reason's* Region, her own Element,  
breathes Hopes immortal, and affects the Skies.

*Religion!* thou the Soul of Happiness;  
and, groaning *Calvary*, of thee! *There* shine  
the noblest Truths; *there* strongest Motives sting:  
there, sacred Violence assaults the Soul;  
there, nothing but *Compulsion* is forborn,  
Can Love allure us? or can Terror awe?  
*He* weeps! — the falling Drop puts out the Sun;  
*He* sighs! — the Sigh Earth's deep Foundation shakes.