

238 THE COMPLAINT. ETC.

abhorring Violence! who *halt* indeed;  
 but, for the Blessing, *wrestle* not with Heav'n!  
 Think you my Song, too turbulent? too warm?  
 Are *Passions*, then, the Pagans of the Soul?  
*Reason* alone baptiz'd? alone *ordain'd*  
 to touch Things sacred? Oh for warmer still!  
 Guilt chills my Zeal, and Age benumbs my Pow'rs;  
 Oh for an humbler Heart, and prouder Song!  
 THOU, my much injur'd Theme! with that soft Eye,  
 which melted o'er doom'd *Salem*, deign to look  
 Compassion to the Coldness of my Breast;  
 and Pardon to the Winter in my Strain.

Oh ye cold-hearted, frozen, Formalists!  
 On such a Theme, 'tis impious to be calm;  
 Passion is Reason, Transport Temper, *here*.  
 Shall Heav'n, which gave us Ardor, and has shewn  
 her own for Man so strongly, not disdain  
 what smooth Emollients in Theology,  
 recumbent Virtue's downy Doctors preach,  
 that Prose of Piety, a lukewarm Praise?  
 Rise Odours sweet from Incense uninflam'd?  
 Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout;

but