

of elder Brothers, to our *Father's* Throne;
 who hears our Advocate, and, thro' his Wounds
 beholding Man, allows *that* tender Name.
 'Tis this makes *Christian Triumph*, a Command:
 'tis this makes Joy a *Duty* to the Wife;
 'tis impious, in a good Man, to be sad.

Seest thou, LORENZO! where hangs all our Hope?
 Touch'd by the *Cross*, we live; or, *more* than die;
 that *Touch* which touch'd not Angels; more divine
 than that, which touch'd Confusion into Form,
 and Darkneſs into Glory; partial *Touch*;
 ineffably pre-eminent Regard!
 ſacred to Man, and Sov'reign thro' the whole
 long golden Chain of Miracles, which hangs
 from Heav'n thro' all Duration, and ſupports
 in one illuſtrious, and amazing Plan,
 thy Welfare, *Nature!* and thy God's Renown!
That Touch, with Charm celeftial, heals the Soul
 diſeaſ'd, drives Pain from Guilt, lights Life in Death,
 turns Earth to Heav'n, to heav'nly Thrones transforms
 the ghaffly Ruins of the mould'ring Tomb.

Doſt

* Der Verfaſſer ſiehet auf die goldene Kette Jupiters bey'm Soma
 in der ſten Iliade zu Anfang.