

HE, once on Earth, who bids the Comet blaze;
and with Him *all* our Triumph o'er the Tomb.

Nature is dumb on this important Point;
or Hope precarious in low Whisper breathes;
Faith speaks aloud, distinct; ev'n *Adders* hear,
but turn, and dart into the Dark again.
Faith builds a Bridge across the Gulph of Death;
to break the Shock blind *Nature* cannot shun,
and lands Thought smoothly on the farther Shore.
Death's Terror is the Mountain *Faith* removes;
that Mountain Barrier between Man and Peace.
'Tis *Faith* disarms Destruction; and absolves
from ev'ry clamours Charge, the guiltless Tomb.

Why disbelieve? LORENZO! "*Reason* bids,
"All-sacred Reason." — Hold her sacred still;
nor shalt thou want a Rival in thy Flame:
All-sacred *Reason*! Source, and Soul, of all
demanding Praise, on Earth, or Earth above!
my Heart is thine: Deep in its inmost Folds,
live thou with Life; live dearer of the Two.