

## 248 THE COMPLAINT. ETC.

Wear I the blessed Cross, by Fortune stampt  
 on passive Nature, before Thought was born?  
 my Birth's blind Bigot! fir'd with *local* Zeal!  
 No; *Reason* rebaptiz'd me when adult;  
 weigh'd True and False in her impartial Scale;  
 my Heart became the Convert of my Head;  
 and made that Choice, which once was but my Fate.

"On Argument alone my Faith is built:  
*Reason* pursu'd is *Faith*; and, unpursu'd  
 where Proof invites, 'tis Reason, then, no more:  
 and such our *Proof*, that, or our *Faith* is *right*,  
 or *Reason* lyes, and Heav'n design'd it *wrong*:  
 Absolve we This? What, then, is Blasphemy?

Fond as we are, and justly fond of *Faith*,  
*Reason*, we grant, demands our first Regard;  
 the Mother honour'd, as the Daughter dear;  
*Reason* the Root, fair *Faith* is but the Flower;  
 the fading Flow'r shall die; but *Reason* lives  
 immortal, as her Father in the Skies.

When *Faith* is Virtue, *Reason* makes it so.  
 Wrong not the Christian; think not Reason *yours*:  
 'Tis *Reason* our great *Master* holds so dear;  
 'tis *Reason's* injur'd Rights His Wrath resents;  
 'tis *Reason's* Voice obey'd His Glories crown!