

250 THE COMPLAINT. ETC.

To give lost *Reason* Life, He pour'd his own;
 Believe, and Chew the Reason of a Man;
 believe, and taste the Pleasure of a God;
 believe, and look with Triumph on the Tomb.
 Thro' *Reason's* Wounds alone, thy *Faith* can die;
 which dying, tenfold Terror gives to Death,
 and dips in *Venom* his twice-mortal Sting.

Learn hence what Honours, what loud *Paeans* due
 to those, who push our *Antidote* aside;
 those boasted Friends to *Reason*, and to *Man*,
 whose fatal Love stabs ev'ry Joy, and leaves
 Death's Terror heighten'd gnawing on his Heart.
 These pompous Sons of *Reason* idoliz'd,
 and vilify'd at once; of Reason dead,
 then deify'd, as Monarchs were of *old*,
 what Conduct plants proud Laurels on their Brow?
 While *Love of Truth* thro' all their Camp resounds,
 they draw *Pride's* Curtain o'er the Noon-tide Ray;
 spike up their Inch of Reason, on the Point
 of philosophic Wit, call'd Argument;
 and then, exulting in their Taper, cry,
 "Behold the Sun!" And *Indian-like*, adore.

Talk they of *Morals*? O thou bleeding *Love*?
 thou Maker of *new* *Morals* to Mankind!