

Let *Indians*, and the Gay, like *Indians*, fond
of feather'd Fopperies, the Sun adore :

Darkness has more Divinity for me;
it strikes Thought inward; it drives back the Soul
to settle on Herself, our Point supreme!

There lies our Theatre; there sits our Judge.
Darkness the Curtain drops o'er Life's dull Scene;
'tis the kind Hand of Providence stretcht out
'twixt Man and Vanity; 'tis *Reason's* Reign,
and *Virtue's* too; these Tutelary Shades
are Man's *Asylum* from the tainted Throng.

Night is the good Man's *Friend*, and *Guardian* too;
it no less *rescues* *Virtue*, than *inspires*.

Virtue for ever Frail, as Fair, below,
her tender Nature suffers in the Croud,
nor touches on the World, without a Stain:
The World's infectious; few bring back at Eve,
immaculate, the Manners of the Morn.
Something we *thought*, is blotted; we *resolv'd*,
is shaken; we *renounc'd*, returns again.
Each *Salutation* may slide in a Sin
unthought before, or fix a former Flaw.
Nor is it strange: *Light*, *Motion*, *Concourse*, *Noise*,

all,