

276 THE COMPLAINT. ETC.

This sacred Shade, and Solitude, what is it?
 'Tis the felt Presence of the Deity.
 Few are the Faults we flatter when alone.
Vice sinks in her Allurements, is ungilt,
 and looks, like other Objects, black by Night.
 By Night an Atheist half-believes a God.

Night is fair Virtue's immemorial Friend;
 The conscious Moon, thro' ev'ry distant Age,
 has held a Lamp to *Wisdom*, and let fall,
 on *Contemplation's* Eye, her purging Ray.
 The fam'd *Athenian*, he who woo'd from Heav'n
Philosophy the fair, to dwell with Men,
 and form their Manners, not inflame their Pride,
 while o'er his Head, as fearful to molest
 his lab'ring Mind, the Stars in Silence slide,
 and seem all gazing on their future Guest,
 see him soliciting his ardent Suit
 in private Audience: All the live long Night,
 rigid in Thought, and motionless, he stands;
 nor quits his Theme, or Posture, till the Sun
 (rude Drunkard rising rosy from the Main!)
 disturbs his nobler intellectual Beam,
 and gives him to the Tumult of the World.
 Hail, precious Moments! stol'n from the black Waste