

and shews the *Real* Estimate of Things;  
 which no Man, unaffected, ever saw;  
 pulls off the Veil from *Virtue's* rising Charms;  
 detects *Temptation* in a thousand Lyes.  
*Truth* bids me look on Men, as *Autumn* Leaves,  
 and all they bleed for, as the Summer's Dust,  
 driv'n by the Whirlwind: Lighted by her Beams,  
 I widen my Horizon, gain new Powers,  
 see Things invisible, feel Things remote,  
 am present with Futurities; think nought  
 to Man so foreign, as the Joys *possess*;  
 nought so much his, as those beyond the Grave.

No *Folly* keeps its Colour in *her* Sight;  
 pale *worldly Wisdom* loses all her Charms;  
 in pompous Promise from her Schemes profound,  
 if future Fate she plans, 'tis all in Leaves,  
 like *Sybil*, unsubstantial, fleeting Bliss!  
 At the first Blast it vanishes in Air.  
 Not so, *Celestial*: Wouldst thou know, LORENZO!  
 how differ *worldly Wisdom*, and *Divine*?  
 Just as the waning, and the waxing Moon.

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