

What wretched Repetition cloy^s us *here*!
 what periodic Potions for the Sick!
 distemper'd Bodies! and distemper'd Minds!
 In an *Eternity*, what Scenes shall strike!
 Adventures thicken! Novelties surprize!
 What Webs of Wonder shall unravel, *there*!
 What full Day pour on all the Paths of Heaven,
 and light the Almighty's Footsteps in the Deep!
 How shall the blessed Day of our Discharge
 unwind, at once, the Labyrinths of Fate,
 and straiten its inextricable Maze!

If inextinguishable Thirst in Man
 to know; how rich, how full, our Banquet *There*!
There, not the *Moral* World alone unfolds;
 the World *Material*, lately seen in Shades,
 and, in those Shades, by Fragments only seen,
 and seen those Fragments by the *lab'ring* Eye,
 unbroken, then, illustrious, and intire,
 its ample Sphere, its universal Frame,
 in full Dimensions, swells to the Survey;
 and enters, at one Glance, the ravisht Sight.
 From some superior Point (where, who can tell?
 Suffice it, 'tis a Point where Gods reside)
 how shall the stranger Man's illumin'd Eye,
 in the vast Ocean of unbounded Space,
 behold an Infinite of floating Worlds