

divide the Crystal Waves of Ether pure,
 in endless Voyage, without Port? The *least*
 of these disseminated Orbs, how great!
 Great as they are, what Numbers These surpass,
 huge, as *Leviathan*, to that small Race,
 those twinkling Multitudes of little Life,
 he swallows unperceiv'd! *Stupendous* These!
 Yet what are these stupendous to the *Whole*?
 as Particles, as Atoms ill perceiv'd;
 as circulating Globules in our Veins;
 So vast the Plan! Fecundity Divine!
 Exub'rant Source! perhaps, I wrong thee still.

If Admiration is a Source of Joy,
 what Transport hence! Yet this the Least in Heaven.
 What *This* to that illustrious Robe *He* wears,
 who tost this Mass of Wonders from his Hand,
 a Specimen, an Earnest, of his Power?
 'Tis, to *that Glory*, whence all Glory flows,
 as the Mead's meanest Flow'rer to the Sun,
 which gave it Birth. But what, this Sun of Heaven?
 this Bliss supreme of the supremely Blest?
 Death, only Death, the Question can resolve.
 By Death, cheap-bought th' Ideas of our Joy;
 the *bare* Ideas! Solid Happiness
 so distant from its Shadow chas'd below.

And