

and Man should blush, his Forehead meets the Skies.

The *Visible* and *Present* are for Brutes,

a slender Portion! and a narrow Bound!

These *Reason*, with an Energy divine,

o'erleaps; and claims the *Future* and *Unseen*;

The vast Unseen! the Future fathomless!

When the great Soul buoys up to this high Point,

leaving gross *Nature's* Sediments below,

then, and then only, *Adam's* Offspring quits

the Sage and Hero of the Fields and Woods,

asserts his Rank, and rises into Man.

*This* is Ambition: *This* is *Human* Fire.

Can *Parts* or *Place* (two bold Pretenders!) make

LORENZO great, and pluck him from the Throng?

*Genius* and *Art*, Ambition's boasted Wings,

our Boast but ill deserve. A feeble Aid!

*Dedalian* Engin'ry! If These alone

assist our Flight, *Fame's* Flight is *Glory's* Fall.

Heart-merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,

our Height is but the Gibbet of our Name.

A celebrated Wretch when I behold,

when I behold a Genius bright, and base,

of tow'ring Talents, and terrestrial Aims;

methinks