

which *Sense*, and *Fancy*, summons to the Bar;
 interrogates, approves, or reprehends;
 and from the Mass those *Underlings* import,
 from their Materials sifted, and refin'd,
 and in *Truth's* Balance accurately weigh'd,
 forms *Art*, and *Science*, *Government*, and *Law*,
 the solid Basis, and the beauteous Frame,
 the Vitals, and the Grace of *Civil* Life!
 and *Manners* (sad Exception!) set aside,
 strikes out, with Master-hand, a Copy fair
 of *His* Idea, whose indulgent Thought
 long, long, ere Chaos teem'd, plann'd *human* Bliss.

What *Wealth* in Souls that soar, dive, range around,
 disdaining Limit, or from Place, or Time;
 and hear at once, in Thought extensive, hear
 th' Almighty *Fiat*, and the *Trumpet's* Sound!
 bold, on Creation's Outside walk, and view
 what was, and is, and *more* than e'er shall be;
 commanding, with Omnipotence of Thought,
 Creations new in *Fancy's* Field to rise!
 Souls that can grasp whate'er th' Almighty made,
 and wander wild thro' Things impossible!
 What *Wealth*, in *Faculties* of endless Growth,
 in quenchless *Passions* violent to crave,
 in *Liberty* to chuse, in *Pow'r* to reach,

and