

418 THE COMPLAINT. ETC.

their present Province, and their future Prize;
divinely darting upward ev'ry Wish,
warm on the Wing, in glorious *Absence* lost.

Doubt you this Truth? Why labours your Belief?
If Earth's whole Orb, by some due-distanc'd Eye
were seen at once, her tow'ring *Alps* would sink,
and level'd *Atlas* leave an even Sphere.
Thus *Earth*, and all that earthly Minds admire,
is swallow'd in *Eternity's* vast Round.

To that stupendous View, when Souls awake,
so large of late, so mountainous to Man,
Time's Toys subside; and *equal* All below.

Enthusiastic, This? Then all are weak,
but rank Enthusiasts. To this godlike Height
some Souls have soar'd; or Martyrs ne'er had bled.
And all *may* do, what has by *Man* been done.
Who, beaten by these sublunary Storms,
boundless, interminable joys can weigh,
unraptur'd, unexalted, uninflam'd?
What Slave *unblest*, who from To-morrow's Dawn
expects an Empire? He forgets his Chain,
and, thron'd in Thought, his *absent* Sceptre waves.

And