

or for precarious, or for small Reward?

Who Virtue's *Self-reward* so loud resound,  
would take Degrees *Angelic* here below,  
and *Virtue*, while they compliment, betray,  
by feeble Motives, and unfaithful Guards,

The Crown, th' *unfading* Crown, her Soul inspires;

'Tis That, and That alone, can countervail  
the Body's Treach'ries, and the *World's* Assaults;

On Earth's poor Pay our famisht Virtue dies.

Truth incontestable! In spite of all

a BAYLE has Preach'd, or a V — — E. Believ'd.

In Man the more we dive, the more we see  
Heav'n's Signet stamping an *immortal* Make.

Dive to the Bottom of his Soul, the Base  
sustaining all; what find we? *Knowledge*, *Love*,

As Light, and Heat, essential to the Sun,

These to the Soul. And *why*, if Souls expire?

How little *Lovely here*? How little Known?

Small *Knowledge* we dig up with endless Toil;

and *Love* unfeign'd may purchase perfect Hate.

Why starv'd, on Earth, our *Angel-Appetites*;

while *Brutal* are indulg'd their fulsome Fill?

Were then Capacities *divine* conferr'd,

as a Mock-Diadem, in savage Sport,

rauk Insult of our pompous *Poverty*,

Which reaps but Pain, from seeming Claims so fair?