

the Difficult, and softens the Severe;
 the Cloud on *Nature's* beauteous Face dispels;
 restores bright *Order*; casts the Brute beneath;
 and re-inthrones us in Supremacy
 of Joy, ev'n *Here*: Admit immortal Life,
 and Virtue is *Knight-errantry* no more;
 each *Virtue* brings in Hand a golden Dower,
 far richer in Reversion: *Hope* exults;
 and tho' much Bitter in our Cup is thrown,
 predominates, and gives the Taste of Heaven.
 O wherefore is the DEITY so kind?
 Astonishing beyond Astonishment!
 Heav'n our Reward — for Heav'n enjoy'd below.

Still unsubdu'd thy stubborn *Heart*? — For *there*
 the Traitor lurks, who doubts the Truth I sing.
Reason is guiltless; *Will* alone rebels.
 What, in that stubborn Heart, if I should find
 new, unexpected Witnesses against thee?
Ambition, *Pleasure*, and the *Love of Gain*!
 Canst thou suspect, that *These*, which make the Soul
 the Slave of Earth, should own her *Heir* of Heav'n?
 Canst thou suspect what makes us *disbelieve*
 our Immortality, should prove it *sure*?