

His the sole Stake ; His Fate the Trumpet sounds,  
 which kindles War Immortal. How It burns!  
 Tumultuous Swarms of Deities in Arms  
 Force Force opposing, till the Waves run high,  
 and tempest Nature's universal Sphere.

Such Opposites Eternal, Stedfast, Stern,  
 such Foes Implacable, are *Good*, and *Ill*;  
 Yet Man, vain Man, would mediate Peace between them.

Think not this Fiction. "*There was War in Heaven*,"  
 From Heav'n's high crystal Mountain, where It hung,  
 th' ALMIGHTY'S out stretcht Arm took down his Bow;  
 and shot His Indignation at the *Deep*;  
 re-thunder'd *Hell*, and darted all her Fires. —

And seems the Stake of little Moment still?  
 And slumbers *Man*, who singly caus'd the Storm?  
 He sleeps. — And art Thou shockt at *Mysteries*?  
 The Greatest, Thou. How dreadful to reflect,  
 what Ardor, Care, and Counsel, *Mortals* cause  
 in Breasts Divine! How little in their own!

Where-e'er I turn, how new *Proofs* poor upon me!  
 How happily This wond'rous View supports  
 my Former Argument! How strongly strikes  
*Immortal Life's* full Demonstration, *Here*!

Why