

why not his Country fold, his Father slain?

'Tis Virtue to pursue our Good Supreme;

and his Supreme, his *Only Good* is *Here*.

Ambition, Avarice, by the Wise disdain'd,

is perfect *Wisdom*, while Mankind are *Fools*,

and think a Turf, or Tombstone, covers All:

These find Employment, and provide for *Sense*

a richer Pasture, and a larger Range;

and *Sense* by Right divine ascends the Throne,

when *Virtue's* *) Prize and Prospect are no more;

Virtue no more we think the Will of Heaven.

Would Heav'n quite *beggar* Virtue, if belov'd?

"Has *Virtue* Charms?," — I grant her heav'nly Fair;

but if unportion'd, all will *Int'rest* wed;

Tho' *That* our Admiration, *This* our Choice.

The Virtues grow on *Immortality*;

That Root destroy'd, they wither and expire.

A DEITY believ'd, will nought avail;

Rewards and *Punishments* make GOD ador'd;

and *Hopes* and *Fears* give *Conscience* all her Power.

As in the dying Parent dies the Child,

Virtue, with *Immortality*, expires.

Who tells me He denies his Soul Immortal;

wha-

*) Statt dessen hatten die ersten Ausgaben: Reason's.