

thro' all the Provinces of Human Thought;
 To dart her Flight, thro' the whole Sphere of Man;
 of this vast Universe to make the Tour;
 in each Recess of *Space* and *Time*, at Home;
 familiar with their Wonders; diving deep;
 and, like a Prince of boundless Int'rests *There*,
 still most ambitious of the most Remote;
 to look on *Truth* unbroken, and intire;
 Truth in the *System*, the full Orb; where Truths
 by Truths enlighten'd, and sustain'd, afford
 an arch-like, strong Foundation, to support
 th' incumbent Weight of absolute, complete
Conviction; Here, the more we press, we stand
 more Firm; Who most *Examine* most *Believe*.
Parts, like Half-sentences, confound; the *Whole*
 conveys the Sense, and GOD is understood;
 who not in *Fragments* writes to Human Race:
 Read his *whole* Volume, Sceptic! then Reply.

This, This, is Thinking-free, a Thought that grasps
 beyond a Grain, and looks beyond an Hour.
 Turn up thine Eye, survey this Midnight Scene;
 What are Earth's Kingdoms, to yon boundless Orbs,
 of human Souls, one Day, the destin'd Range?
 And what yon boundless Orbs, to Godlike *Man*?