

Give thy Mind Sea-room; keep it wide of *Earth*,
 that Rock of Souls *immortal*; cut thy Cord;
 weigh Anchor; spread thy Sails; call ev'ry Wind;
 eye thy *Great Pole-star*; make the Land of Life.

Two Kinds of Life has *double-natur'd* Man;
 and Two of Death; the *Last* far more severe.
 Life *animal* is nurtur'd by the Sun;
 thrives on his Bounties, triumphs in his Beams;
 Life *rational* subsists on higher Food;
 triumphant in *His* Beams, who made the Day,
 when we leave *that* Sun, and are left by *this*,
 (the Fate of all who die in stubborn Guilt)
 'tis utter Darkness; strictly *Double* Death.
 We sink by no *Judicial* Stroke of Heaven,
 but Nature's *Course*; as sure as Plumbets fall.
 Since GOD, or Man, must alter, ere they meet,
 (since Light and Darkness blend not in one Sphere)
 'tis manifest, LORENZO! *who* must change.

If, then, that *Double Death* should prove thy Lot,
 blame not the Bowels of the DEITY;
 Man shall be blest, as far as Man *permits*.
 Not Man alone, all *Rationals*, Heav'n arms
 with an Illustrious, but Tremendous, Power
 to counter-act Its own most gracious Ends;