

and this, of strict Necessity, not Choice;

That Pow'r deny'd, Men, Angels, were no more,

but passive Engines, void of Praise, or Blame.

A Nature *Rational* implies the Power

of being blest, or wretched, as we please;

Else idle *Reason* would have nought to do;

and he that would be barr'd Capacity

of Pain, courts Incapacity of Bliss.

Heav'n *wills* our Happiness, *allows* our Doom;

invites us ardently, but not *compels*;

Heav'n but *persuades*, Almighty Man *decrees*;

Man is the Maker of Immortal Fates.

Man falls by Man, if finally He falls;

and fall He *must*, who learns from *Death* alone,
the dreadful Secret, — That he *lives* for Ever.

Why *This* to thee? Thee yet, perhaps, in Doubt
of Second Life? But wherefore doubtful still?

Eternal Life is Nature's ardent Wish:

What ardently we wish, we *soon* believe:

Thy *tardy* Faith declares that Wish destroy'd:

What has destroy'd it? — Shall I tell thee, What?

When *fear'd the Future*, 'tis no longer wish'd;

and, when Unwish'd, we *strive* to Disbelieve.

„Thus Infidelity our Guilt betrays.“