

The *voluntary* Little lessens more.

O be a *Man!* and thou shalt be a *God!*

And *Half Self-made!* — Ambition how Divine!

O Thou, ambitious of Disgrace alone!

Still undevout? Unkindled? — Tho' high-taught,

school'd by the Skies; and Pupil of the Stars;

Rank Coward to the *Fashionable World!*

Art thou *asham'd* to bend thy Knee to Heaven?

Curst Fume of Pride, exhal'd from deepest Hell!

Pride in *Religion* is Man's highest Praise.

Bent on Destruction! and in Love with Death!

Not all these Luminaries, quench'd at once,

were half so sad, as One benighted-Mind,

which gropes for Happiness, and meets *Despair*.

How, like a Widow in her Weeds, the *Night*,

amid her glimm'ring Tapers, silent sits!

How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps

perpetual Dews, and saddens Nature's Scene!

A Scene more sad *Sin* makes the darken'd Soul,

all Comfort kills, nor leaves one Spark alive.

Tho' blind of Heart, still open is thine Eye:

Why such Magnificence in all thou seest?