

and Hell had been, tho' there had been no God,

Dost thou not know, my new Astronomer!

*Earth*, turning from the *Sun*, brings Night to Man?

*Man*, turning from his GOD, brings *endless* Night;

Where Thou canst read no *Morals*, find no *Friend*;

Amend no *Manners*, and expect no *Peace*.

How *deep* the Darknefs! and the Groan, how *loud*!

And far, how far, from *lambent* are the Flames!

Such is LORENZO'S Purchase! Such his Praise!

The Proud, the Politic, LORENZO'S Praise!

Tho' in his Ear, and level'd at his Heart,

I've half read o'er the Volume of the Skies.

For think not Thou hast heard all This from *me*;

My Song but echoes what Great *Nature* speaks.

What has She spoken? Thus the Goddess spoke,

thus speaks for ever: — "Place, at Nature's Head,

"a Sov'reign, which o'er all Things rolls his Eye,

"extends his Wing, promulgates His Commands,

"but, above all, diffuses endless Good;

"to *whom*, for sure Redress, the Wrong'd may fly;

"the Vile, for Mercy; and the Pain'd, for Peace;

"By *whom*, the various Tenants of these Spheres,

"diversify'd in Fortunes, Place and Powers,

"rais'd in Enjoyment, as in Worth they rise,