

"arrive at length (if worthy such Approach)
 "at that blest Fountain-Head, from which they stream;
 "where Conflict past redoubles present Joy;
 "And present Joy looks forward (on Increase;
 "And That, on more; no Period! ev'ry Step
 "a double Boon! a *Promise*, and a *Bliss*."
 How easy fits *this* Scheme on human Hearts!
 It suits their Make; it soothes their vast Desires;
Passion is pleas'd; and *Reason* asks no more;
 'tis Rational! 'Tis Great! — But what is *Thine*?
 It darkens! shocks! excruciates! and confounds!
 leaves us quite naked, both of Help, and Hope,
 sinking from Bad to Worse; few Years, the Sport
 of *Fortune*; then, the Morfel of *Despair*.

Say, then, LORENZO! (for Thou know'st it well)
 What's *Vice*? — Mere want of Compass in our Thought.
Religion, what? — The Proof of *Common-Sense*;
 How art thou whooted, where the *Least* prevails!
 Is it *my* Fault, if *these Truths* call thee *Fool*?
 And thou shalt never be *miscalld* by me.
 Can neither *Shame*, nor *Terror*, stand thy Friend?
 And art Thou *still* an Insect in the Mire?
 How, like thy Guardian Angel, have I flown;