Religion by Rea-
ght of Nature a
e Truth.

who obſcure do'ſt lie,
fond Idolatry;
iters of the Age,
he ten thouſandth Page
much Induſtry,
oſterity.
ns and expanded Senſe,
h as great Expence;
he whole Prolix deſign,
one Page of thine.
y ſmall Tract we ſee,
oitome;
Contemplation,
e mind by dull Succeſſion
e pure Intuition.
ography brought,
in Words ſo like your
in'd a Stile, (Thought;
conſenting Smile:

Let

Let the bold Atheiſt read thy Noble Line,
In every Leaf he'll ſee a Power Divine.
Not long Diſputes confounding the intent,
But ſubtle clear convincive Argument;
Had *Hobs* but ſeen it, that bold daring Man,
Himſelf had burnt his own Leviathan.
What ſceptick Scruples can in Man be rais'd,
But by your Conquering Truths may be appeas'd?
The *Perſian* Sophi and the papal Chair,
Uſurp what Heaven doth ſure on you confer.
The careful Student need not any more,
Waſte Purſe and Time to turn great Volumes o'er,
Your well fraught Book in which all Truths agree,
Will be itſelf ſufficient Library.

On Atheiſm.

TELL me, ye daring Atheiſt, what's your End,
To what ſure Point do your Debauches tend?
You would be happy and ſecure it here,
And have no Glymps of future Worlds appear;
Your Minds ſcarce doubt, but Crimes Reverſion (fear.

Who

Whoever knew a ſober Atheiſt yet?
Tis the Extravagance of floating Wit,
Buoy'd up with Wine and ſenſual Apetite.
That Wine can uncreate by all's confeſt,
Unmakes the Man, and levels him with Beaſt:
What is't they would not give the Change were true?
For they with Doubts do all their Crimes purſue;
They are more plagu'd to curb the Thoughts of Hell,
Then all the Self-Denials to live well.
No Man at firſt to Atheiſm inclin'd,
He takes that Refuge after he has ſin'd;
Bold in his Crimes untill he can't repent,
Then ſtrives to think there is no Puniſhment:
Lull'd in lewd Pleaſures from Devotion free,
We call him Atheiſt, *Alias* Debauchee.
Where is the Happineſs they ſo much boaſt,
Their Joys are in their Conſequences loſt?
Women and Wine their greateſt dear Concern,
But cheat their Hopes and make an ill Return;
Raptur'd with Charms of his deluding Fair,
Oh! the Delights and Bliſs he centers there;
And in carouzing with laſcivious Songs,
And all the Frolicks which to Wine belongs.

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Theſe

Theſe are their *Summum Bonum*, here they're bleſs'd,
In thoſe wild Joys that ſting while they'r poſſeſs'd;
Their Diſappointments Pride and Jealouſy,
Are more ſevere than Faſt and Mortify;
A hectoring Rival or Deceaſe at laſt,
Fully revenge the gay Delight that's paſt;
The Pains and Qualms that wait a drunken Fit,
Severely ſcourge the Guſt of Appetite;
They're puniſh'd here, and if there is no Hell,
(As they would fain believe but cannot tell.)
We have the beſt on't for we're Happy now,
Our Joys no torturing Exceſs allow;
Pleas'd and ſecure amidſt our Bliſs we move,
And with juſt Tranſports hope for more above;
In this we're bleſs'd, and ſince it laſts as long
As Life, what matter tho' we'er in the wrong?
We'er Happy whilſt we are, and ſhall not know
If we miſtake, whether we did or no;
If you'r in th' wrong, your Error more perplex'd,
You'r plagu'd in this World to be damn'd i'th' next,

On