On the Author of Religion by Reason, or the Light of Nature a Guide to Divine Truth.

HAil, modeſt Author, who obſcure do'ſt lie,
But to prevent our fond Idolatry;
Thou'ſt baffl'd all the Writers of the Age,
Who's active Pens reach the ten thouſandth Page:
And doth commit with ſo much Induſtry,
Their Names in Folio to Poſterity.
Who's wire-drawn Notions and expanded Senſe,
Swell a great Volume with as great Expence;
Which when we've read the whole Prolix deſign,
Contains not half that's in one Page of thine.
Nay, chooſe the beſt in thy ſmall Tract we ſee,
A thouſand of them in Epitome;
Our way of Study is by Contemplation,
Revolving Thoughts in the mind by dull Suceſſion
But yours ſeems Angel-like pure Intuition.
To what perfections Orthography brought,
How could you write in Words ſo like your Thought;
Truths ſo Divine in ſo refin'd a Stile,
Sure Angels view with a conſenting Smile:

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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