

Ruling the two and thirty fons of *Air*,  
 Quarternion, twice four points each *Hierarch's* share;  
 And as *Th' all-seeing eye*, at once can trace,  
 Round from the center, to remotest space;  
 So these, with instantaneous glance discern  
 Whatever their dominion may concern;  
 These can the hearts of stubborn *Tyrants* tame;  
 To kindle war, or quench the spreading flame  
 Commission'd; If in wealth and trade increas'd  
 Some pow'rful *State* would now o'erbear the rest:  
 Each girding on his adamantin mail,  
 Rides in the *Uproar* and with holy *Zeal*  
 Stirs up the rest, in opposition leagu'd--  
 Then mortals, with their own inventions plagu'd;  
 Blaspheming, in an instant, would confound  
*Evil* and *Good*, but for the triple bound,  
 Which keeps them sever'd, like a threefold chain,  
 Two the *Extremes*, and one the *Golden mean*  
 Of sun-clad *Virtue*--Vicious all beyond,  
 But nought can force th' indissoluble bond,

Of

Ruling