

## ON THE BEING OF A GOD.

**R**ETIRE;—The world shut out;—Thy thoughts  
call home:—

Imagination's airy wing repress;—

Lock up thy senses;—Let no passion stir;—

Wake all to reason;—Let her reign alone;—

Then in thy soul's deep-silence, and the depth  
Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire,

As I have done.——

What am I? and from whence?—I nothing know,  
But that I am; and, since I am, conclude

Something eternal:—had there ere been nought,

Nought still had been; eternal there must be.——

But what eternal?—Why not human race?

And Adam's ancestors without an end?——

That's hard to be conceiv'd: since ev'ry link  
Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail:

Can ev'ry part depend, and not the whole?

Yet grant it true; new difficulties rise;

I'm still quite out at sea; nor see the shore.

Whence earth, and these bright orbs?—Eternal too?

Grant matter was eternal; still these orbs

Would want some other Father;—Much design

Is seen in all their motions, all their makes;

Design implies intelligence, and art:

That can't be from themselves—or man: that art

Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow?

And nothing greater, yet allow'd than man:——

Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,

Shot thro' vast masses of enormous weight?

Who bid rude matter's restive lump assume

Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?

Has matter inhate motion? Then each atom,

Asserting its indisputable right

To dance, would form an universe of dust:

Has matter none? Then whence these glorious forms;

And boundless flights, from shapeless, and repos'd?

Has matter more than motion? Has it thought,

Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learn'd

In mathematics? Has it fram'd such laws,