



'Tis false, no law divine condemns the virtuous,  
For differing from the rules your Shools devise!  
Look round, how Providence bestows alike  
Sunshine and rain, to bless the fruitful year,  
On diff'rent nations, all of diff'rent faiths;  
And, tho' by several names and titles worshipp'd,  
Heavn takes the various tribute of their praise,  
Since all agree to own, at least to mean,  
One best, one greatest, only Lord of all.  
Thus when he viewd the many forms of nature,  
He found that all was good, and blest the fair variety!

ROWE.

