

266 POEMS on several Occasions.

If then that Conscience set th' Offender free,
 It bars her claim to Church Authority.
 How can she censure, or what Crime pretend,
 But Scripture may be construed to defend ?
 E'en those, whom for Rebellion she transmits
 To Civil Pow'r, her Doctrine first acquits ;
 Because no Disobedience can ensue,
 Where no Submission to a Judge is due ;
 Each judging for himself by her Consent,
 Whom thus absolv'd she sends to Punishment.
 Suppose the Magistrate revenge her Cause,
 'Tis only for transgressing human Laws.
 How answer'ing to its end a Church is made,
 Whose Pow'r is but to counsel and persuade ?
 O solid Rock, on which secure she stands !
 Eternal House not built with mortal Hands !
 O sure Defence against th' infernal Gate,
 A Patent during Pleasure of the State !

Thus is the *Panther* neither lov'd nor fear'd,
 A meer Mock Queen of a divided Herd ;
 Whom soon by lawful Pow'r she might controul,
 Her self a part submitted to the whole.
 Then, as the Moon who first receives the light
 By which she makes our nether Regions bright,
 So might she shine, reflecting from afar
 The Rays she borrow'd from a better Star ;
 Big with the Beams, which from her Mother flow,
 And reigning o'er the rising Tides below :
 Now, mixing with a savage Crowd, she goes,
 And meanly flatters her inveterate Foes,
 Rul'd while she rules, and losing ev'ry Hour
 Her wretched Remnants of precarious Pow'r.

One Evening, while the cooler Shade she sought,
 Revolving many a melancholy Thought,