

Who, setting Councils, Pope and Church aside,
 Are ev'ry Man his own presuming Guide.
 The sacred Books, you say, are full and plain,
 And ev'ry needful Point of Truth contain:
 All, who can read, Interpreters may be:
 Thus, though your several Churches disagree,
 Yet ev'ry Saint has to himself alone
 The secret of this Philosophick Stone.
 These Principles your jarring Sects unite,
 When diff'ring Doctors and Disciples fight.
 Though *Luther*, *Zuinglius*, *Calvin*, holy Chiefs,
 Have made a Battle Royal of Beliefs;
 Or like wild Horses several ways have whirl'd
 The tortur'd Text about the Christian World;
 Each *Jehu* lashing on with furious Force,
 That *Turk* or *Jew* cou'd not have us'd it worse;
 No matter what Diffension Leaders make,
 Where ev'ry private Man may save a Stake:
 Rul'd by the Scripture and his own Advice,
 Each has a blind by-path to Paradise;
 Where driving in a Circle slow or fast,
 Opposing Sects are sure to meet at last.
 A wond'rous Charity you have in store
 For all Reform'd to pass the narrow Door:
 So much, that *Mahomet* had scarcely more.
 For he, kind Prophet, was for damning none;
 But *Christ* and *Moses* were to save their own:
 Himself was to secure his chosen Race,
 Tho' reason good for *Turks* to take the Place,
 And he allow'd to be the better Man,
 In Virtue of his holier *Alcoran*.

True, said the *Pantber*, I shall ne'er deny
 My Brethren may be sav'd as well as I:

Tho'