

Tho' *Huguenots* condemn our Ordination,
 Succession, Ministerial Vocation;
 And *Luther*, more mistaking what he read,
 Misjoins the sacred Body with the Bread:
 Yet, Lady, still remember I maintain,
 The Word in needful Points is only plain.

Needless, or needful, I not now contend,
 For still you have a Loop-hole for a Friend;
 (Rejoin'd the Matron): but the Rule you lay
 Has led whole Flocks, and leads them still astray,
 In weighty Points, and full Damnation's way.
 For did not *Arius* first, *Socinus* now,
 The Son's eternal God-head disavow?
 And did not these by Gospel Texts alone
 Condemn our Doctrine, and maintain their own?
 Have not all Hereticks the same Pretence
 To plead the Scriptures in their own Defence?
 How did the *Nicene* Council then decide
 That strong Debate? was it by Scripture try'd?
 No, sure; to that the Rebel would not yield;
 Squadrons of Texts he Marshal'd in the Field:
 That was but Civil War, an equal set,
 Where Piles with Piles, and Eagles Eagles met.
 With Texts point-blank and plain he fac'd the Foe:
 And did not *Satan* tempt our Saviour so?
 The good old Bishops took a simpler way;
 Each ask'd but what he heard his Father say,
 Or how he was instructed in his Youth,
 And by Tradition's force upheld the Truth.

The *Panther* smil'd at this; And when, said she,
 Were those first Councils disallow'd by me?
 Or where did I at sure Tradition strike,
 Provided still it were Apostolick?