

Friend, said the *Hind*, you quit your former Ground,
Where all your Faith you did on Scripture found :
Now 'tis Tradition join'd with holy Writ ;
But thus your Memory betrays your Wit.

No, said the *Panther* ; for in that I view,
When your Tradition's forg'd, and when 'tis true.
I set 'em by the Rule, and, as they square,
Or deviate from undoubted Doctrine there,
This Oral Fiction, that old Faith declare.

(*Hind*.) The Council steer'd, it seems, a diff'rent Course ;
They try'd the Scripture by Tradition's force :
But you Tradition by the Scripture try ;
Pursu'd by Sects, from this to that you fly,
Nor dare on one Foundation to rely.
The Word is then depos'd, and in this View,
You rule the Scripture, not the Scripture you.
Thus said the Dame, and, smiling, thus pursu'd :
I see, Tradition then is disallow'd,
When not evinc'd by Scripture to be true,
And Scripture, as interpreted by you.
But here you tread upon unfaithful Ground ;
Unless you cou'd infallibly expound :
Which you reject as odious Popery,
And throw that Doctrine back with scorn on me.
Suppose we on things traditive divide,
And both appeal to Scripture to decide ;
By various Texts we both uphold our claim,
Nay, often, ground our Titles on the same :
After long labour lost, and time's expence,
Both grant the Words, and quarrel for the Sense.
Thus all Disputes for ever must depend ;
For no dumb rule can Controversies end.
Thus, when you said, Tradition must be try'd
By sacred Writ, whose sense your selves decide,

You