

Then for our int'rest, which is nam'd alone
 To load with envy, we retort your own.
 For when Traditions in your Faces fly,
 Resolving not to yield, you must decry.
 As when the Cause goes hard, the guilty Man
 Excepts, and thins his Jury all he can;
 So when you stand of other Aid bereft,
 You to the twelve Apostles would be left.
 Your Friend the *Wolf* did with more craft provide
 To set those toys Traditions quite aside;
 And *Fathers* too, unless when, Reason spent,
 He cites 'em but sometimes for Ornament.
 But, Madam *Panther*, you, though more sincere,
 Are not so wise as your Adulterer:
 The private Spirit is a better Blind,
 Than all the dodging Tricks your Authors find.
 For they, who left the Scripture to the crowd,
 Each for his own peculiar Judge allow'd;
 The way to please 'em was to make 'em proud.
 Thus, with full Sails, they ran upon the Shelf;
 Who cou'd suspect a cozenage from himself?
 On his own Reason safer 'tis to stand,
 Than be deceiv'd and damn'd at second-hand.
 But you, who *Fathers* and Traditions take,
 And garble some, and some you quite forsake,
 Pretending Church Authority to fix,
 And yet some Grains of private Spirit mix,
 Are like a *Mule* made up of differing Seed,
 And that's the reason why you never breed;
 At least not propagate your kind abroad,
 For home Dissenters are by Statutes aw'd.
 And yet they grow upon you every Day,
 While you (to speak the best) are at a stay,
 For Sects, that are extremes, abhor a Middle way.

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