

Old standard Faith : But cast your Eyes again,  
And view those Errors which new Sects maintain,  
Or which of old disturb'd the Church's peaceful  
Reign; }

And we can point each Period of the time,  
When they began, and who begot the Crime;  
Can calculate how long th' Eclipse endur'd,  
Who interpos'd, what Digits were obscur'd :  
Of all which are already pass'd away,  
We know the rise, the progress, and decay.

Despair at our Foundations then to strike,  
'Till you can prove your Faith Apostolick;  
A limpid Stream drawn from the native Source ;  
Succession lawful in a lineal Course.

Prove any Church, oppos'd to this our Head,  
So one, so pure, so unconfin'dly spread,  
Under one Chief of the spiritual State,  
The Members all combin'd, and all subordinate.  
Shew such a seamless Coat, from Schism so free,  
In no Communion join'd with Heresy.

If such a one you find, let Truth prevail :  
'Till when your Weights will in the Balance fail :  
A Church unprincipled kicks up the Scale. }

But if you cannot think (nor sure you can  
Suppose in God what were unjust in Man)  
That he, the Fountain of eternal Grace,  
Should suffer Falshood, for so long a space,  
To banish Truth, and to usurp her place :  
That sev'n successive Ages should be lost,  
And preach Damnation at their proper Cost ;  
That all your erring Ancestors should die,  
Drown'd in th' Abyss of deep Idolatry :  
If Piety forbid such Thoughts to rise,  
Awake, and open your unwilling Eyes:

God