

More vacant Pulpits wou'd more Converts make ;
 All wou'd have Latitude enough to take :
 The rest unbenefic'd your Sects maintain ;
 For Ordinations without Cures are vain,
 And Chamber Practice is a silent Gain.
 Your Sons of Breadth at Home are much like these ;
 Their soft and yielding Metals run with ease :
 They melt, and take the Figure of the Mould ;
 But harden, and preserve it best in Gold.

Your *Delphick* Sword, the *Panther* then reply'd,
 Is double-edg'd, and cuts on either Side.
 Some Sons of mine, who bear upon their Shield
 Three Steeples Argent in a Sable Field,
 Have sharply tax'd your Converts, who unfed
 Have follow'd you for Miracles of Bread ;
 Such who themselves of no Religion are,
 Allur'd with Gain, for any will declare.
 Bare Lies with bold Assertions they can face ;
 But dint of Argument is out of Place.
 The grim Logician puts 'em in a Fright ;
 'Tis easier far to flourish than to fight.
 Thus our eighth *Henry's* Marriage they defame ;
 They say, the Schism of Beds began the Game,
 Divorcing from the *Church* to wed the Dame :
 Tho' largely prov'd, and by himself profess'd,
 That Conscience, Conscience wou'd not let him rest :
 I mean, not 'till possess'd of her he lov'd,
 And old, uncharming, *Catharine* was remov'd.
 For sundry Years before he did complain,
 And told his Ghostly Confessor his Pain.
 With the same Impudence, without a Ground,
 They say, that look the Reformation round,
 No *Treatise of Humility* is found.
 But if none were, the Gospel does not want ;
 Our *Saviour* preach'd it, and I hope you grant,
 The Sermon on the Mount was *Protestant*.