

And there his Corps, unblest'd, is hanging still,
To show the Change of Winds with his prophetick Bill.

The Patience of the *Hind* did almost fail ;

For well she mark'd the Malice of the Tale :

Which ribbald Art their Church to *Luther* owes ;

In Malice it began, by Malice grows ;

He sow'd the *Serpent's* Teeth, an Iron-harvest rose.

But most, in *Martin's* Character and Fate,

She saw her slander'd Sons, the *Panther's* Hate,

The People's Rage, the persecuting State :

Then said, I take th' Advice in friendly Part ;

You clear your Conscience, or at least your Heart :

Perhaps you fail'd in your foreseeing Skill,

For *Swallows* are unlucky Birds to kill :

As for my Sons, the Family is blest'd,

Whose ev'ry Child is equal to the rest :

No Church reform'd can boast a blameless Line ;

Such *Martins* build in yours, and more than mine :

Or else an old Fanatick Author lies,

Who summ'd their Scandals up by Centuries.

But, through your Parable, I plainly see

The bloody Laws, the Crowd's Barbarity ;

The Sun-shine that offends the purblind Sight :

Had some their Wishes, it wou'd soon be Night.

Mistake me not ; the Charge concerns not you :

Your Sons are Malecontents, but yet are true,

As far as Non-resistance makes 'em so ;

But that's a Word of neutral Sense you know,

A passive Term, which no Relief will bring,

But trims betwixt a Rebel and a King.

Rest well assur'd, the *Pardelis* reply'd,

My Sons wou'd all support the Regal Side, [try'd.

Tho' Heaven forbid the Cause by Battle shou'd be

The Matron answer'd with a loud *Amen*,

And thus pursu'd her Argument again.

If