

The S E E K E R.

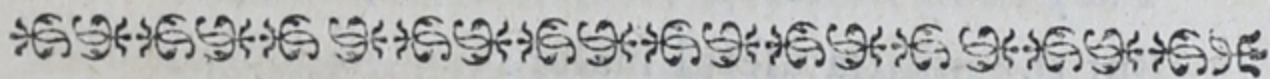
By the Same.

WHEN I first came to London, I rambled about
 From sermon to sermon, took a slice and went out.
 Then on me, in divinity batchelor, try'd
 Many priests to obtrude a Levitical bride ;
 And urging their various opinions, intended
 To make me wed systems, which they recommended.
 Said a letch'rous old fry'r skulking near Lincoln's-Inn,
 (Whose trade's to absolve, but whose pastimes's to sin ;
 Who, spider-like, seizes weak protestant flies,
 Which hung in his sophistry cobweb he spies ;)
 Ah pity your soul, for without our church pale,
 If you happen to die, to be damn'd you can't fail ;
 The bible, you boast, is a wild revelation :
 Hear a church that can't err if you hope for salvation.
 Said a formal non-con, (whose rich stock of grace
 Lies forward expos'd in shop-window of face,)
 Ah ! pity your soul : come, be of our sect :
 For then you are safe, and may plead you're elect.
 As it stands in the Acts, we can prove ourselves faints,
 Being Christ's little flock ev'ry where spoke against.

Said

Said a jolly church parson, (devoted to ease,
 While penal law dragons guard his golden fleece,)
 If you pity your soul, I pray listen to neither;
 The first is in error, the last a deceiver:
 That ours is the true church, the sense of our tribe is,
 And surely *in medio tutissimus ibis*.

Said a yea and nay friend with a stiff hat and band,
 (Who while he talk'd gravely would hold forth his hand,)
 Dominion and wealth are the aim of all three,
 Tho' about ways and means they may all disagree;
 Then prithee be wise, go the quakers by-way,
 'Tis plain, without turnpikes, so nothing to pay.



On BARELAY'S Apology for the Quakers.

By the Same.

THESSE sheets primæval doctrines yield,
 Where revelation is reveal'd:
 Soul-phlegm from literal feeding bred,
 Systems lethargick to the head
 They purge, and yield a diet thin,
 That turns to gospel-chyle within.
 Truth sublimate may here be seen
 Extracted from the parts terrene.
 In these is shewn, how men obtain
 What of Prometheus poets feign:

To