

[double rule]

A QUAKER

IS a Scoundrel Saint, of an Order without Founder, Vow, or Rule ; for he will not swear, nor be tyed to any Thing, but his own Humour. He is the Link-Boy of the Sectaries, and talks much of his Light, but puts it under a Bushel, for nobody can see it but himself. His Religion is but the cold Fit of an Ague, and his Zeal of a contrary Temper to that of all others, yet produces the same Effects ; as cold Iron in Greenland, they say, burns as well as hot ; which makes him delight, like a Salamander, to live in the Fire of Persecution. He works out his Salvation, not with Fear, but Confidence and Trembling. His Profession is but a Kind of Winter-Religion ; and the Original of it as uncertain as the hatching of Woodcocks, for no Man can tell from whence it came. He vapours much of the Light within him, but no such Thing appears, unless he means as he

is light-headed. He believes he takes up the Cross in being cross to all Mankind. He delights in Persecution, as some old extravagant Fornicators find a Lechery in being whipt ; and has no Ambition but to go to Heaven in what he calls a fiery Chariot, that is, a Woodmonger's Faggot Cart. You may perceive he has a Crack in his Skull by the flat Twang of his Nose, and the great Care he takes to keep his Hat on, lest his tickly Brains, if he have any, should take Cold at it. He believes his Doctrine to be heavenly, because it agrees perfectly with the *Motus Trepidationis*. All his

Hopes are in the Turks overrunning of Chrif-
tendom, becaufe he has heard they count Fools
and Madmen Saints, and doubts not to pafs
muster with them for great Abilities that Way.
This makes him believe he can convert the Turk,
tho' he could do no good on the Pope, or the
Prefbyterian. Nothing comes fo near his quak-
ing Liturgy, as the Papiftical Poffeffions of the
Devil, with which it conforms in Difcipline
exact. His Church, or rather Chapel, is built
upon a flat Sand, without fuperior or inferior
in it, and not upon a Rock, which is never
found without great Inequalities. Next De_
moniacs he moft refembles the Reprobate, who

are faid to be condemned to Weeping and
Gnafhing of Teeth. There was a Botcher of
their Church, that renounced his Trade and
turned Preacher, becaufe he held it fuperftiti-
ous to fit crofs-legged. His Devotion is but a
Kind of fpiritual Palfy, that proceeds from a
Diftemper in the Brain, where the Nerves are
rooted. They abhor the Church of England,
but conform exactly with thofe primitive Fa-
thers of their Church, that heretofore gave An-
fwers at the Devil's Oracles, in which they ob-
served the very fame Ceremony of quaking and
and gaping now practifed by our modern En-
thufiafts at their Exorcifms, rather than Ex-
ercifes of Devotion. He fucks in the Air like
a Pair of Bellows, and blows his inward Light
with it, till he dung Fire, as Cattle do in Lin-
colnfhire. The general Ignorance of their
whole Party make it appear, that whatfoever
their Zeal may be, it is not according to Know-
ledge.
