

[*double rule*]

A QUAKER

I²S a Scoundrel Saint, of an Order without Founder, Vow, or Rule ; for he will not fwear, 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 Bufhel, for nobody can fee 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 fame Effects ; as cold Iron in *Greenland*, they fay, burns as well as hot ; which makes him delight, like a Salamander, to live in the Fire of Perfecution. He works out his Salvation, not with *Fear*, but *Confidence and Trembling*. His Profeffion 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 fuch Thing appears, unlefs he means as he

is light-headed. He believes he takes up the Crofs in being crofs to all Mankind. He delights in Perfecution, as fome 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 Skill by the flat Twang of his Nofe, and the great Care he takes to keep his Hat on, left his fickly Brains, if he have any, fhould take Cold at it. He believes his Doctrine to be heavenly, becaufe 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 mufter 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 *Presbyterian*. Nothing comes fo near his quaking 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 Demoniacs he moft refembles the Reprobate, who

are faid to be condemned to Weeping and Gnawing of Teeth. There was a Botcher of their Church, that renounced his Trade and turned Preacher, becaufe he held it fuperftitious 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 Fathers of their Church, that heretofore gave Answers at the *Devil's* Oracles, in which they observed the very fame Ceremony of quaking and gaping now practifed by our modern Enthufiafts at their Exorcifms, rather than Exercifes 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 *Lincolnfhire*. The general Ignorance of their whole Party make it appear, that whatfoever their Zeal may be, it is not *according to Knowledge*.
