# Center [ 141 ]/

/ / #Double rule/ / #Center A/ #Center POPISH PRIEST/ [I]s one that takes the s*ame Cours*e, that the/ [I](i)Devil (i) did in Paradis*e, he begins with the/ Woman. He Des*pis*es all other (i)Fanatics (i) as Up-/ s*tarts, and values hims*elf upon his Antiquity./ He is a Man-Midwife to the Soul, and is all/ his Life-time in this World deluding it to the/ next. (i) Christ (i) made St. (i) Peter (i) a Fis*her of Men ;/ but he believe it better to be a Fis*her of Wo-/ men, and s*o becomes a Woman's Apos*tle./ His Profes*s*ion is to dis*guise hims*elf, which he/ does in Sheeps-Cloathing, that is, a Lay Habit ;/ but whether, as a Wolf, a Thief or a Shep-/ herd, is a great Question ; only this is certain,/ that he had rather hanv one Sheep out of ano-/ ther Man's Fold, that two out of his own./ He gathers his Church as (i) Fantaics do, yet des*-/ pis*es them for it, and keeps his Flock always in/ Hurdles, to be removed at his Pleas*ure ; and/ though their Souls be rotten or s\*cabby with/

142 #Center A POPISH PRIEST./ Hypocris*y, the Fleece is s*ure to be s*ound and/ orthodox. He tars their Cons*ciences with/ Confes*s*ion and Penance, but always keeps the/ Wool, that he pulls from the Sore, to hims*elf./ He never makes a Pos*clyte, but he (i) converts (i)/ him to his very Shirt, and (i) turns (i) his Pockets/ into the Bargain ; for he does nothing unles*s/ his Purs*e prove a good (i) Catholic. (i) He never gets/ within a Family, but he gets on the Top of it,/ and governs all down to the Bottom of the/ Cellar--He will not tolerate the Scullion un-/ les*s he be othrodox, nor allow of the turning/ of the Spit, but (i) in ordine ad Spiritualia. (i) His/ (i) Dominion is not founded in Grace, (i) but Sin ; for he/ keeps his Subjects in perfect Awe by being/ acquainted with their mos*t s*acred Iniquities,/ as (i) Juvenal (i) s*aid of the (i) Greeks. (i)/ / #indent (i) Scire volunt s*ecreta domus, atque in de timeri. (i)/ / By this means he holds Intelligence with their/ own Cons*ciences agains*t thems*elves, and keeps/ their very Thoughts in Slavery ; for Men com-/ monly fear thos*e that know any Evil of them,/ and out of Shame give Way to them. He is/ very cautious in venturing to attack any Man/ by Way of Convers*ion, whos*e Weaknes*s he is/ not very well acquainted with ; and like the/

# Center A POPISH PRIEST. #Left 143/

Fox, weighs his Goos*e, before he will venture/ to carry him over a River. He fights with the/ (i) Devil (i) at his own Weapons, and s*trives to get/ ground on him with Frauds and Lies--Thes*e/ he convers to pious Us*es. He makes his/ Prayers (the proper Bus*ines*s of the Mind) a/ Kind of Manufacture, and vents them by Tale,/ rather than Weight ; and, while he is bus*ied/ in numbering them, forgets their Sens*e and/ Meaning. He s*ets them up as Men do their/ Games at (i) Picquet, (i) for fear he s*hould be mis*-/ reckoned; but never minds whether he plays/ fair or not. He s*ells Indulgences, like (i) Lockier's (i)/ Pills, with Directions how they are to be taken./ He is but a Copyholder of the (i) Catholic (i) Church,/ that claims by Cus*tom. He believes that (i) Pope's (i)/ Chain is fas*tened to the Gates of Heaven, like/ King (i) Harry's (i) in the Privy-Gallery./