



**NON
CIRCULATING**

MORALIST:

OR, A ⁸²⁸ B8805 mm

SATYR

UPON THE

SECTS.

SHEWING

Some Disputing Passages by way of **DIALOGUE**,
between a Well-Principled **LAY-MAN**, and a
Professor of **THEOLOGY**.

With Reflections upon some Modern Writings and Actions, parti-
cularly the late Absconding of a certain B—

By the Author of the *Weefils*.

LONDON,

Printed in the Year, **MDCXCI**.

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And Virtues teach enmity
And Virtues teach enmity

For Sale
1-8-27
1910

THE MORALIST.

The Argument of the First Section.

The Pastor proves his Cause to good;
The Reasons much too strong to fall;
The Moralist declares they should
Be plainer shown, or not at all.

SECTION II

Pastor. **O**F all good works that tend to Heavenly Rest,
And Peace of Souls, instruction is the best;
And Writing was by Providence design'd,
That Blessing to distribute to Man-kind,
Thus none of Ignorance can fairly plead,
Since those that cannot hear the Truth, may read;
And if in Childhood are in better taught,
The Law's so plain it needs not be discourt'
Mor. The Laws of Truth are known should all be plain,
No Impious Fallacy disturb the Brain,
But be in th' Bosom of the Priesthood worn,
Naked and Innocent, as Babies new born.

Church-Writers should be Just too in their Station,
And Virtue teach without Prevarication.

The Golden Robe ne'er should for pompous show,
But Sacrifice, before the Altar Bow;

Pride should be routed, Avarice expell'd,
Symony scorn'd, and Lust of Greatness kill'd:

And when all this your Work Divine we see,
You may pretend to Instruct the World and Me.

Pastor. Earths dazzling Joys, alas, your Reason blinds;
Instruction is not proper for all Minds.

Thistles and Weeds upon the Soyl are grown,
Your Garden must be dug before 'tis sown.

You, that with shallow Sophistry withstood
Those Tenets I late offer'd for your good,

Can never of much Fertile Judgment boast,
And so by consequence Instruction's lost;

My Reasons else had satisfied your doubts: *The Pastor.*

Moral. What Sir, before you make your Reasons out?

The World was ill-contented with your first;

And to atone, your second are your worst.

Thus you, like Horses floundring in the Mire,

By struggling are less able to retire;

For till your Reasons can the Magick File,

Our Understandings Charm, and Seal our Eyes;

Till by your Arts our Senses win,

To think all Dreams that we have heard and seen,

Some wise Observers will (you need not doubt)

Detect, and make your Contradictions out.

Past. Those Contradictions which you think astray,

Were only Doctrines on a different Theme,

Which Duty, and a tender Conscience too,

Oblig'd me at their different times to do.

Thus tho' in former days the Freedom was plain,

'Tis wisely alter'd in the present Balga.

Allegiance now must guide us what to do,

Moral. So Reason then must not be Reason now.

The Moralist.

Because the Heavens have sent another King,
The Church of *England* is not the same thing,
But must her Tenets change in every Case,
To get her Son a Title, and a Place:
This is your Theme, your Zeal too springs from hence,
More than your great Allegiance to your Prince.

Pass. You might an Inference more Just have chose,
Nor ought to draw Conclusions from Suppose,
Which since all false — an obvious proof must be,
Of your absurd defect in Loyalty:
Did you your Monarch's Cause and Country take,
You'd then believe I swore for Conscience sake.

Mord. No more than I believe at the Church-door,
All that is gather'd, given to the Poor,
And yet with humble heart, and Soul sincere,
The Easy Yoke I, of Subjection wear.
Still with our Sovereign's Glory more sublime,
And that his happy days may out-last Time,
My Country too I wish a happy Chance,
And to Crown all, a Conquest over *France*.
Nor do I in despite, or mov'd with Spleen,
Against your Reverend Order use my Pen;
In base Contempt, or as by Hell inspir'd,
To make your Sacred Function less admir'd;
But only Rally what I read of late,
And which you since so weakly vindicate.
And as it is your Province to Expose,
And Swinge our Vices with Spiritual Blows:
To lash the Atheist for his Non-adoring,
And the whole Town for Drinking and for Whoring.
So where I find a Hypocrite in Black,
That does not his own Preaching Council take,
Neglecting Duty, Idly wast the day
Amongst the Sons of Vice in Wine and Play;
Or if I find out one that in pretence
Of Doctrin, shall Impose upon my Sense;

B

Help'd

Help'd by Fallacious Arguments, make our
 Things that are false, and leave my Soul in doubt,
 Affirm sound Systems of Divinity,
 And e're three years are past the same story,
 Only to such its Rage my Satyr flows,
 To all the rest with humblest Duty bows.

Past. Through the thin Veil of your Discourse I see
 That you particularly aim at me,
 My Conscience is the Butt at which you fling
 And my late Writings urge you to Dispute
 Possess with Malice which the Crowd does sway
 You Cry me down before my Cause you weigh
 My Reasons else could vanquish any one!

Moral. Your Reasons, what for Writing *Pro* and *Con*?
 For altering former Scraps in later days,
 And Preaching on one Text two different ways?
 These are the Reasons that you shou'd have shown
 And not for Swearing, that's already known.

Past. My Vindication then you think a fault?

Moral. Faith it's so dull, it is not worth my thought,
 You by the Town were counted weak before
 For giving any Reasons why you swore,
 And whose're bad Reasons worse defend,
 Rather than gain, does they tell his Friends.

Past. Did you find nothing there that could surprize?

Moral. Yes, twenty Thousand strong I autologues
 To make the Treatise swell to twelve pence price,
 The Convocation-Book to Atoms torn,
 The Case 'twixt Princes made, and Princes born
 With *Jaddus*, *Jehus*, *Joabs*, *Abshals*

Past. What you think Sophistry in my Intent
 Is proper to the Rules of Argument,
 For if we History should cease to quote
 To vindicate the passages we wrote
 Our Propositions would be nece approv'd,

And

And for the Reader's Understanding, may I
Moral. For all your quoting and industrious pain

I find your Writing not a Jot more plain;
Unless you would our Approbations raise
For Torturing one poor word ten Thousand ways,
As lately you have us'd the *Conviacation*.

Past. That Secret should be publick to the Nation
That more than Sacred Book first made me Wise,
Reliev'd my Conscience, and unseal'd my Eyes,
Inform'd my Soul what I before ne'er heard,
And taught my Feet the Path to be prefer'd:
Instructed, and with Influence Divine,
From Fortune's Ills secur'd both me and mine,
This caus'd my Reverence of it, besides Names
Extollment, and the Credit of King J—
Who took peculiar Notice of the matter,
As I have quoted from the * *Observer*,
From which fam'd piece my first good hint did come;

Moral. You might as well have had it from *Tom Thumbs*.

Past. Thus when ill Arguers in Topics fail,
The humour turns, and they begin to Rail.

Moral. No, I can rather laugh at what you say,
And your quotation with derision pay,
He that can slip so many Authors o'er,
So fam'd for Controverties learned Power;
Who Reason to her highest Throne do sit,
To stoop so low and make so poor a List;
As well may Scribble in the second place,
The Legend of the Scots from *Chey-Chale*,
Or through the World the business of each State,
From the mean tritling heads of a *Gazett*.

Past. Your Criticisms Lost have weigh'd before,
But can have no influence; pray go on, what more

Mor. The next that from my Spleen did Laughter draw,
Is your *Ridiculous Jargon* about Law;

As for Example, *Legal powers declare,*
 That powers with Law-concurring Legal are:
 But then there are strange different kinds of Law,
 Which not confirm'd, whoever Legal law:
 And when we speak of Law and Legal powers,
 Unless we know what Law and Law asserts,
 We never shall from these Conclusions draw,
 Nor Judge of Legal powers from powerful Law.

Past. As you have made it, 'tis strange Stuff indeed,
 You've quite exchange'd my Flower, and brought a Weed.

Mor. If with this Sense you think to baffle ours,
 And your Tautologies must pass for Flowers,
 Take this as from a Friend, where e're they grew,
 'Tis the worst Nose-gay e're deck'd your Pew.

Past. True Controversie in each Line appears,
 And every Paragraph sound judgment bears.

There are more Notions then the Case does need;

Mor. 'Tis true, much more then any one will read:
 Unless he'll sit six hours to doze and pore,
 And be as Wise just as he was before.

For in Opinion almost all the Nation
 Agree, it ne're was Writ for Confutation;
 But for the Profit as the Sale begins,
 To make your Court, and treat your Spouse with Pins.

Past. Your Railery turns Spite and Nonsense now,
 That I can Argue, all the Town allow.
 And tho my Logick bears too deep a Sense,
 It will Confound, if it can ne're Convince:
 Dispute's a Gem to which I've long pretended,

Mor. Defending too, what cannot be defended,
 Is equally your Talent; for let him

That e're had Sense and Reason in Esteem
 Turn o're the Pages, and observe each place,

'Twixt your ALLEGIANCE and RESISTANCE-Case.
 And let me be the Idiot of the Nation,
 'E're he thinks 'tis fit for Vindication.

Past.

Past. Always one Tone is an ungrateful hearing.

Mor. 'Tis this I strike at, I ne're mind your Swearing.

Past. Already I have stated plain my Case,

I wrote according to the Time's Distress;

Perhaps my Judgment was erroneous too.

Mor. Right, and perhaps it is erroneous now:

Our Souls ~~mean~~ while are in a happy Station,

To fix on what you preach for our Salvation;

The Canons of our Church too well are known,

Tenets and Methods are too plain set down,

To ~~cause~~ Mistakes in a fair shiny Day.

In him, who long has travell'd the same way;

And if base Int'rest like a Cloud comes on

To shade that Light which like a Planet shone:

The Case is obvious, and must be thought

Not as the Doctrin's, but the Doctor's Fault.

Past. Self-preservation the great Law of Nature,

Gives us a fair Excuse upon this matter,

Which at all Seasons will not let us do,

Nor write the things we yet confess are true.

Moral. How much beyond you were the Ancients then,

When th' Sacred Priesthood, those Immortal Men,

Rather than from their pious Morals swerve,

Would die a thousand Deaths, burn, hang and starve,

Firm Conscience trusting in their great Creator,

Thought preservation the worst Law of Nature;

But some of you think to atone for sins,

You must your selves indulge, and save your Skins:

Let's please our selves, ye cry, whilst we're alive,

'Tis our best Moral to submit and Thrive.

Past. Tho' amongst the famous Ancients some there were

That did their Martyrdom with Glory bear;

Tho' some disdain'd a King or Conquerors Frown,

Others there were that did Allegiance own,

And like me to submit, themselves dispose,

When e're they found 'twas senseless to oppose.

So *Jaddus* in his Pontifical Robe,
 The Conqueror having half subdu'd the Globe,
 His Glittering Mitre veil'd, and Homage paid,
 Nor more his late unhappy Prince obey'd;
 But Worship gave, as all the rest had done,
 Like a true *Person* to the Rising Sun.

Mor. Tho with the Brave that gain'd but small esteem,
 The Case is somewhat more excus'd in him;
 Since in a Vision at his time of Need
 Th' Almighty told him how he should proceed:
 Sacred Decree! the Action did allow,
 And Providence in Whispers taught him how,
 From whose Commands Obedience right he knew.
 Did any Saint descend to whisper you?

Vid. Vind.
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Past. Tho Angels mix not with our human Life,
 Yet I had Whispers too.

Mor. From whom?

Past. My Wife;

Sweet as when Beauty did at first appear,
 A Thousand Charms were sounding in my Ear;
 Her close Endearments all my Senses fir'd,
 Her Tongue, her Touch, her every part inspir'd;
 Nor Could I cease, but must in Judgment joyn,
 Crying, ah Love, my Sense and Soul is thine!

Mor. And so this Fondness and uxorious Passion
 Produc'd your Reasons first, then *Vindication*:
 Hot Blood in Nonage of our Time may rage,
 But should methinks be calmer at your Age;
 For sure a Man of Learning and of Wit,
 That had been bred at wise *Gamaliel's* Feet,
 Should well have weigh'd the Censure of the Town
 On his first Error, ere a second shown;
 And not in tedious Prose unprofitable,
 Fit only to amuse and dose the Rabble;
 Publish a Jest to all the Men of Sense,
 And banter those it never can convince.

The wise Theologift half angry now,
Was answering sharply, when the Maid below,
Inform'd him in the Room that's next the Street
Rogers staid for him to correct a Sheet;
The Bus'ness of Importance well he knew,
And from his teizing Disputant withdrew:
But how the rest o' th' the Argument went on,
In the next Section shall at large be shown.

The End of the First Section.

THE

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC
The following information is being
provided for your information.
The information is being provided
to you for your information.
The information is being provided
to you for your information.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

END

THE MORALIST.

The Argument of the Second Section.

*The Pastor whips the Vicious Age,
And to a pious Life directs ;
The Moralift diverts his Rage,
And th' Errors blames of differing Sects.*

SECTION II.

AND now the Disputant with speed return'd,
Whilst Glowing Rage within his Bosom burn'd,
Which tho he stifled to appear more wise,
The struggling Flame yet sparkled through his Eyes ;
Perplex'd to see his blunt Antagonist
Against him thus in Argument persist ;
And now perceiving that he had mistook
The Text, in Vindication, of his Book,
Thought it the wisest way to shift the Scene,
And tune his Mazar on another Strain,
To attack his Opposite ; and thus begins
To discipline with pious Rage his Sins.

Past. In coveting the Name of *Moralift*,
 Your mean Thoughts of the Priesthood is express'd,
 Partly through Ignorance, and partly Pride,
 Your own Opinion excels all beside ;
 And tho' 'tis rather Atheistical,
 Then tends to true Morality at all,
 Since you usurp that Title for no Cause
 But thought that in our Doctrin you find Flaws,
 Which though is as erroneous as your Sense,
 And th' Wise or Pious never can convince ;
 Yet the bare Name you think will win the day,
 And the weak Judgment of the Vulgar sway,
 Whilst the main time is only a Disguise,
 To cover (to the Church) your prejudice.

Mor. You vainly now your Breath in Error waste,
 I have no Prejudice, tho' some distaste,
 Receiv'd from some Opinions lately found,
 Whence I perceive you daily losing Ground :
 To stick to Morality, most safe must be,
 When Pastors Juggle with Divinity.

Past. What you call Juggling is no worse Offence,
 Then that our Doctrin does not suit your Sense ;
 Vice in your depraved Hearts so rooted is,
 That even despairing of Eternal Bliss ;
 To carp at Trifles you take each occasion,
 And th' only Reason is your Reprobation ;
 And tho' upon a Title you insist,
 And guild the Atheist with the Moralift ;
 Were your Offences thoroughly understood,
 I doubt there's little Room for Moral Good.

Mor. Kind Charity becomes a Churchman still.

Past. And too much, gives Encouragement to ill ;
 'Tis oft our Charity that whets your spite,
 And makes you think that we our Duty slight.
 Unhappy Times !

When such as scarce are fit to be call'd Men,
 Brutish, and grown degenerate with sin,
 So learn'd in all Hell's Catalogue of Ills,
 That no new Mischief can corrupt their Wills,
 Should purge our Souls, and teach the Priesthood Grace,
 When in their own no goodness e're took place,
 And if I said were Reprobate, 'tis true.

Mor. And Reprobate they may be still for you,
 Conversion lately takes so slow a course,
 They have no Will, and what you teach no Force;
 The Fault is somewhere, you are learn'd and wise,
 Your Cause so good it cannot want Disguise,
 General your Knowledg, and your Method rare,
 And have the Knack of Preaching to a Hair;
 And yet 'tis thought by more than half the Nation,
 That you have lately lost some Reputation.

Past. Some few ill-wishers to the Government,
 That shew their Spite.

Mor. No, something else is meant;
 Their common Interest that Thought controule;
 It most be something that concerns their Souls.

Past. The Care of Souls claim'd my serene Thought,
 Whom with my utmost Skill and Sense I taught;
 Nor surely was my Labour ill bestow'd,
 Since to Salvation is one common road,
 Where when Mortality does trudge along,
 Faith and good Works can never guide us wrong;
 This daily was my Theme, this still I teach,
 This Text with Candor and good Conscience Preach,
 And by this Tenet all that err convince.

Mor. But will you hold this Tenet three years hence:
 If Heaven thought fit to make a Change again,
 Would you not waver in another Reign;
 As late you have ('tis thought) from th' Churches Bales,
 For Interest sake, and to confirm us Fools.

Who

Who to your Principles did Altars raise,
And eccho'd what you taught in former days.

Past. My Judgment in the Function of a Priest
Takes off desire of Worldly Interest ;
A simple plainness, and a Soul sincere
In my Converse and well-spent Life appear ;
The Vulgar talk indeed of my great hopes,
Of Myter'd Crowns and Pontifical Copes,
As if my best Celestial Thoughts could prize
The gilded Trash of sublunary Joys ;
But dimly do their Eyes my Heart behold,
Or see my scorn of Wealth, my hate of Gold ;
And till my Pen has fix'd me in this state,
'Tis vile to say it does prevaricate ;
Let me the Honour, e're they rail, receive,
When it does happen I can give 'em leave.

Mor. 'Tis thought indeed you aim at Dignity.

Past. Meer spight, I find your Aim is not at me
Alone, but at our whole Fraternity,

Mor. You know I have denied that once before,
My Satyr Lashes none because they swore,
But as I found base Gain their Senses lead,
For that convinc'd, more than the Book you read ;
The Sacred Sons of true Divinity
Untouch'd, shall always be rever'd by me ;
But where I with a pamper'd Prelate meet,
Contriving Treason without fear or Wit,
That to promote Rebellion shall be drawn,
And in the Nations Ruin stain his Lawn ;
That shall pretend the Apostles to succeed,
Yet follow 'em in no one vertuous Deed,
In Prayer unweildy, and too fat to Preach,
Neglect his Function Politicks to teach,
State-Butcher turn, endeavouring all he could
His hapless Country to involve in Blood.

A Reverend Hypocrite, whose Sighs and Tears,
 Staining the Awful Sacred Robe he wears,
 As Perjur'd *Simon* the *Trojans* did of Old,
 Poys'ning the Crowd with hopes of Fame and Gold,
 Shall with his Country to a Tyrant sold.

When such a Sanctity in Masquerade
 Is found, and to the Nation publick made,
 The Ephod, and the Sattin, that before
 Adorn'd the Fiend, shall be in pieces tore ;
 Whilst o're his Head its lash the Satyr rears,
 And th' abus'd Crozier breaks about his Ears.

Pastor. Where such you find, your worst abuse is right.

Moral. Or where I see a Canting Hypocrite,
 With whites of Eyes turn'd up, and sneaking Tone,
 Haing and Humming like a Bag-pipe Drone,
 That Nonsense shall for three long Hours rehearse,
 And Divine Worship turn into a Farce.

That shall like *B—gis* in the Pulpit say,
Where are my Pretty Ladies all to day ;
In Bed I warrant, Sluggards as they are ;
Oh fie upon't, would I were with'em there,
I'd read a Lecture should their Zeal renew,

And make them mind the Church more than they do.
 Then round the Room, his Gogling Eye-balls throw,
 Whilst stiff Devotion warms him from below.

Monsters like this who can forbear to hate,
 Or if I find 'em meddling in the State,
 And steepled Churches to their Tribe run down ;
 Because the Houses were they Cant have none :

Offend true Doctrine with malicious Harm,
 And rail at Orthodox religious Form ;
 Contemn the Law, and the Church Liturgy
 Call by the hated Name of Popery,
 And by the Curse of stubborn Will increase
 Vile Faction, and disturb the publick Peace,

Till Ruine does their Native Land o'rfellow,
 And private Fewds ingenders common Woe;
 On such as these the Lash should reach the Blood.

Past. 'Tis equal Reason, and I own it should.

Moral. Or if I see a Crew of sullen Brutes,
 In Wisdom Idiots, and in Action Mutes;
 That ne're can vent Abhorrency of Sin,
 Till the Spirit first is conjur'd from within;
 But being mov'd with horrid Tone shall gabble,
 And with incongruous stuff amuse the Rabble;
 For simple plainness greedy to be priz'd,
 Tho' nothing else but Villany disguis'd,
 And sneaking Phiz by Nature stigmatiz'd.
 For should Court Honour send her proud command,
 Or Profit beckon with her golden Hand;
 The groaning Saint straightway a Fiend appears,
 And Hells broad Mark upon his Forehead wears,
 Almighty Gain his Reason does trapan,
 Gain charms both inward and the outward man;
 And Honesty is always valued best,
 When most concurring with their Interest:
 Interest the supream Blessing of their Souls,
 That even the Joys of Providence controuls,
 Provokes the Spirit, rarifies the Sence,
 Enlightens some, and others does convince;
 For this they cheat, lye, snuffle, pray and cant,
 This hour a *Belial*, and the next a Saint;
 To lash this Tribe Heaven does my Muse inspire,
 And moral Justice knots the VVhip with VVire:
 For tho' Religion is sincere and plain,
 Their comick Methods are absurd and vain.

Past. All this is right, and Praises should belong
 To such sound Truths, if from another Tongue;
 But who Instruction can from you receive,
 That weighs well how licentious you live;
 Your erring Soul o'rgrown with Vanity,
 Ruin'd, does like unweeded Gardens lye,

Choak'd

Choak'd with Impiety and rank Offence,
 The Tares once sown were never weeded thence ;
 What Vice is extant that you have not known ?
 Whose Crimes more vile and numerous than your own :
 In all the deadly Catalogue, who ere
 With weighty Sins had Burdens more severe ;
 How then without a Blush, a lasting Red,
 Our little Venial Crimes can you upbraid ?
 Which seem, if with your own you them display,
 But as a drop of Water to the Sea :

Moral. I own the Errors of my Human Nature,
 And know some of your Tribe are little better ;
 Only your Envy, Avarice, and Pride,
 Under the black Robe you may better hide,
 And open Crimes have still a less degree,
 Than those hid under base Hypocrisy.

Past. Then you believe your self a *Moralift.*

Moral. That I pretend to't shall appear in this,
 Justice and Honour with regard I prize,
 And Virtues Laws have still before my Eyes ;
 And tho' Offences cannot be withstood
 By the frail Government of Flesh and Blood,
 Yet Reason daily glittering in my Sight,
 Still makes me take in Folly less delight.
 I would not wrong my Neighbour of his Coin,
 Nor with the Tyrant in oppression joyn ;
 Th' unhappy Poor I would not rudely treat,
 Nor let vain Pride affront the Man of Wit :
 Pursue my Foe with an unmanly Hate,
 Nor to be great, be factious in the State ;
 Rebellious Tenets too I would not try,
 Nor swear to things I could not justify :
 My Oath as sacred to my Soul should be,
 As my Devotion to the Deity ;
 And since Regard which to my Soul is due,
 Must principally be consider'd too,

To my Creator with an awful care,
 I would confess my Sins, and pay my Prayer;
 Reflect on the frail Bliss of mortal Station,
And never seek by Praxe for Salvation.
 Humanity is frail, your sacred Gown
 In all Obedience I allow and own;
 Revere the Morals of the pious sort,
 And take their Counsels with a thankful Heart,
 But since the general Error of Mankind,
 As well your Tribe, as ours, may chance to blind,
 Since you but weakly can your selves defend
 From Vices, which you dayly reprehend;
 I must believe an Interest may be made
 In Heaven, and Souls be sav'd without your Aid.

Past. Without all scruple; moral Virtue is
 A great step to the Souls immortal Bliss;
 But why you should believe our help to bring
 You there, is an unnecessary thing,
 I can't imagine, if you don't confess,
 'Tis done to make the Priesthoods fame the less,
 For when by Heavens decree, Priests first were made,
 'Twas doubtless thought, some Souls might want their aid.

Moral. The Brood of Priests first were of Aarons strain,
 Their Sence refin'd, their Doctrines wise, and plain,
 A Soul might reach Seraphical degree,
 Without being banter'd by sly Sophistry.
 What once they preach'd was Orthodox they knew,
No Convocations lack'd to prove it true,
 But solid Reason guiding their designs,
 Instructed all and made 'em true Divines.

Past. Are they less skilful then, in these our days?

Moral. Yes, if 'tis true, what half the Nation says.

Past. The People still have some by-ends for Railing,
 Some other Sect that hopes to be prevailing,
 In expectation to exalt their own,
 Unite their Force to throw our Fabrick down,

Which

Which yet will hardly fall at their commands;
 Some Pillars yet have strength enough to stand,
 And the high Building firmly will sustain,
 Spite of the Power that would the Conquest gain.
 Of Jarrs, and Civil Strife, this is the Cause,
 'Tis this our Country to its Ruine draws;

Moral. If th' Church occasions this Intestine Rout.

Pray grant me then, to save my Soul without,
 If from your Tribe, instead of Righteous Peace,
 Curs'd Feuds and Animosities increase;
 If still about your Worship, and your Forms,
 The tortur'd Nation is Involv'd in Harms;
 And proud Preheminance is still the thing,
 That to us all does this Confusion bring;
 Which tho it shews much Malice, and more Pride,
 The Jarring Part y never can decide,
 I think to stick to true Morality,

As precious a Soul-saving Grace must be:
 And I, as soon to Heaven, may find my way,
 As if I fram'd my Heaven from what you say.
 For Doctrine, oftentimes Erroneous is;
 Faith and good Works are certain Rules to Bliss.

Past. Your Argument, because it looks like Sense,
 May tempt the Rabble, and much ill commence;
 And Atheistical Opinions be,
 Drawn from your Tenets of Morality.
 For if the People, what you say, should own,
 'Twould be a means to cry our Function down:
 Thus he that stiles himself a Moralist,
 Will vilely think he does not need a Priest,
 And argue why our Stipends he should pay,
 Since he to Heaven has found an easier way.

Moral. To hinder that, take heed still what you do,
 Look what you Preach, and what you Write, be true.
 Be not to Pride nor Avarice inclin'd,
 But give a good example to Mankind;

The Moralift.

Confider you are always look'd upon
 With more regard than any other Man,
 And any Vices that appear in you,
 Look much more Horrid than in us they do.
 But above all, Write less; yet if you cant
 Forbear, tho now you no such profit want,
 For our Instructions henceforth, use your Pen,
 And if you'd rank amongst the Prudent Men,
 Ne're try to Vindicate your last agen.

POST

POSTSCRIPT

IS only Necessary, at present, to let the Reader know, that tho the Moralist makes bold to Censure a certain Learned and Religious Pastor, for wasting his precious time, about the worst piece of Work (as most People believe) that ever he took in hand, yet I must inform him, it was not the only Reason for setting his Morals against the others Arguments; nor, indeed, could that alone, give cause enough for the solid design of Morality, tho it might; for matter of Dispute and Argument. But to deal Genuinely, there was a double reason for Writing this Satyr, first meeting with the Vindication of some Logical, Divine, and Historical Tracts, at first ill enough Stated, and then worse Resolv'd; especially by leaving the main matter unanswered, of which that Author is principally Accus'd, viz. The reconciling the Case of Resistance with the Case of Allegiance. And in the second place, having the Misfortune, lately, to observe some, who pretend to be Sons of the Church of England, so Negligent of their Duty, and Careless of their great Office, that they are rather fit to be expos'd as Scandals to their Holy Mother, than to serve at her Altars; particularly one, that I am sure will find himself out when he views this Page, and whom I could Uncase like a Rabbet, and shew his Hypocrisie bare and naked to the World, if the respect I had for some others.

others of the Reverend, and the Coat in general, did not, through good Manners, hinder my Intenions, for where I am sensible that a Preacher abounds in Malice, Detraction, Pride, Lust, and Hipocrisie, 'tis very difficult for me, that profess my self a Satyrist, and know my self wrong'd, to spare him upon the account of good Breeding, or think him a good Teacher, of the Congregation, in general; that I, as well as others, have observ'd to make a whole Sermon for no other purpose but to influence a pretty young Gentlewoman how necessary it was for her Soul's salvation to cleave to him and his feeling doctrine.

Now what the rest of his Flock had to do with his Amours, I leave the Reader to judge, who I know will only laugh as the Lady did to see him make his Grimaces, and tell an Out-of-the-Way story, so little satisfactory to the People, and so very insignificant to her. I confess, I cannot well follow that Topping Country Vicars Advice, who bid me not do as he did, but do as he taught. For my own part, I love a good example, and such, to the great disgrace of the Church, 'tis believ'd, have been very much wanted of late; those that do show it, are not concern'd here, I'm sure, and those that do not, 'tis reason should have a gentle Reprimand, for 'tis that which causes our Enemies to get so much ground, and makes Religion so little esteem'd, and 'tis this chiefly, not Malice nor Impiety, that has drawn this from the Pen of the Moralist.

F I N I S.

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