[*double rule*]

# A QUAKER

I2S 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 de\_  
lights 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 Wood-  
monger’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 ſickly Brains, if he have  
any, ſhould take Cold at it. He believes his  
Doctrine to be heavenly, becauſe it agrees per-  
fectly with the *Motus Trepidationis*. All his  
Hopes are in the *Turks* overrunning of Chriſ-  
tendom, becauſe he has heard they count Fools  
and Madmen Saints, and doubts not to paſs  
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  
*Preſbyterian*. Nothing comes ſo near his quak-  
ing Liturgy, as the Papiſtical Poſſeſſions of the  
*Devil*, with which it conforms in Diſcipline  
exact. His Church, or rather Chapel, is built  
upon a flat Sand, without ſuperior or inferior  
in it, and not upon a Rock, which is never  
found without great Inequalities. Next De\_  
moniacs he moſt reſembles the Reprobate, who

are ſaid to be condemned to Weeping and  
Gnaſhing of Teeth. There was a Botcher of  
their Church, that renounced his Trade and  
turned Preacher, becauſe he held it ſuperſtiti-  
ous to ſit *croſs-legged*. His Devotion is but a  
Kind of ſpiritual Palſy, that proceeds from a  
Diſtemper in the Brain, where the Nerves are  
rooted. They abhor the Church of *England*,  
but conform exactly with thoſe primitive Fa-  
thers of their Church, that heretofore gave An-  
ſwers at the *Devil*’s Oracles, in which they ob-  
ſerved the very ſame Ceremony of quaking and  
and gaping now practiſed by our modern En\_  
thuſiaſts at their Exorciſms, rather than Ex-  
erciſes of Devotion. He ſucks in the Air like  
a Pair of Bellows, and blows his inward Light  
with it, till he dung Fire, as Cattle do in *Lin*-  
*colnſhire*. The general Ignorance of their  
whole Party make it appear, that whatſoever  
their Zeal may be, it is not *according to Know*-  
*ledge*.