

'To further reformation ;  
For reformation never ends,  
The more it reforms, the less it mends.

In place of former liturg ;  
They frame a strange Directory : \*  
In which was neither psalm nor prayer,  
Nor creed, nor pater-noster there,  
More than you'll find in *Erra Pater*.  
Yet highly valued for its matter,  
And reverence'd in *English kirks*,  
As *Alcoran* among the *Turks*.

This book was made to teach the way  
Of discipline and how to pray,  
Not by set form, but inward light ;  
By length of prayer they know when right,  
Its efficacy, truth and strength,  
Consisting all in cant and length.

Tho' form of prayer, those most have none,  
Yet form of visage they put on,  
And by the twine of mouth and forehead  
Knead up an aspect damn'dly horrid,  
And shape their faces to the fashion  
Of their decree of reprobation :  
In short a sign of all that's base,  
Sinful, and wicked's in his face ;  
So by the outward mark is guest  
The inward nature of the beast.

On Sundays, when he leaves his house  
To go to kirk a thousand bows  
He makes and cringes in the street  
To every hobby horse he meets ;  
Twisting with little smirks his face,  
To show his stock of inward grace,  
And be admired and respected  
For saint eternally elected :  
But when he comes in kirk, he goes  
As if close swaddled in his clothes ;  
To God he will not bow his knee,  
Like an old *Agonychiteo*.

Mounting his desk, a while he sits  
In silence, and his eyes he shuts,  
Thrice yawns to suck the spirit in,  
That is, to operate within ;  
Then a deep groan and out he brays  
Such odd extemporary prayers,  
As these that are recorded since  
In *Presbyterian eloquence*.†

Ending his prayer his mouth he shuts,  
And tunes the organs of his guts ;  
So do the rest till all perceive  
Their tune-big paunches fall to heave  
And rumble thro' their droning pipes  
A full blast from the bag of tripes.  
Throats thus set up, and mouths wide ope,  
Bob *Wisdom's Psalm* 'gainst *Turk and Pope*,  
They sing, or some *Geneva jigs*,  
Not much unlike the squeak of pigs,

By *Knox* composed, and such as fled  
From England at the death of *Ned*.  
I'll give an instance here of one  
By *Knox* set out, and thus sings *John*.

"Then *Jezebel*, when she grew fat,  
Then she began to fling :  
She's fat, she's fair, she's finger-fed,  
Her paunches down do hing."

Thus comes at last, to end of psalm,  
And all the blusterers grow calm,  
The elder, in his frantic leats,  
Falls on with fist, and pulpit beats ;  
His text he takes for sacred lotter,  
For holy gospel he knows better  
Than any of the four that writ 'em  
And with their native sense can fit 'em,  
As well as dexterous baboon  
A fiddle can, or bag-pipe tune,  
As soon as words of text are spoke,  
He shuts up notes and bible book,  
To show 'us not from learning human,  
Or painful study, but from demon,  
That dictates to him what he preachers,  
And every paradox he teaches ;  
For whatsoever he pretends,  
He had his proof at fingers' end ;  
Or stor'd in skull 'gainst time of need,  
As witches knot up wind in thread.

If 't chance, as often 't does, a word,  
Escape blasphemous or absurd,  
At heels on't Scripture comes to back it ;  
He'll forge a text before he'll lack it,  
For's black decree of reprobation,  
For cheating, lying and oppression,  
For incest, rape, rebellion, murder,  
He has his texts in proper order ;  
For cutting off the heads of kings,  
Scripture authority he brings :  
That God is *author of all sin*,  
He finds the proofs his Bible in.  
Nothing flies from his impious jaws,  
But what leaps out in Bible phrase.

When, in the heat of his distractions,  
Strangely surprising are his actions,  
One fit he'll seem all saint, and civil ;  
Then, on a sudden, turn a devil :  
Sometimes he'll smile, and then he'll weep ;  
Then close his eyes, as if asleep ;  
When, on a sudden, from his dream  
He'll start, and, fury-like, exclaim  
'Gainst pope and prelate, king and priest ;  
Of ther' he forms his antichrist.  
And paints him in a figure horrid,  
With ten huge horns on each forehead,  
And with a septi-fronted skull ;  
With this his monstrous butting bull,  
He frights the women into fits,  
And scares the men out of their wits ;  
But when he sets his face to whine  
(Strange force of sympathetic twine)  
The people writhe up ugly faces,  
As outward signs of inward graces ;  
Who does not this, by all the rest  
Is deem'd a reprobate at best.

It is a main part of his care  
To preach 'em all into despair ;  
Horror, and desperate dejection,  
Are his chief signs of free election.

When from the kirk folk go away,  
To one another thus they'll say ;  
Ah ! Lord, what pains (good man) he took !  
He all this while peach'd without book ;  
Yet made, bless'd man, a godly sermon :  
His countenance is sweet and charming ;

\*The *Presbyterian Directory*, set out, when they cried down the Common Prayer.

†A presbyter, or preaching elder.

‡"Lord souse 'em ; Lord douse 'em in the powdering tub of affliction, that they may come out tripes fitting for thy table." See *Cit and Bumpkin*, by Sir *Roger L'Estrange*.—"Lord give us grace. for, if thou give us not grace, we shall not give thee glory, and who will gain by that, Lord !" *Huston's Prayer*, in *Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence*. *Borland's Prayer* : "Lord when thou wast electing to eternity, grant that we have not got a wrong cast of thy hand to our souls." *Presb. Eloq.*—Another elder prays : "Lord thou hast said, that he is worse than an infidel that provides not for his own family. Give us not reason to say this of thee, Lord, for we are thine own family, and yet have been but scurvily provided for, of a long time !"—See *Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence*, where the reader may find plenty of the like description.