

Strangers and aliens they are,
Though they should be as angels fair.

S——1, throw by your pegging awl,
Declare you have an 'inward call,'
Curse the Pope, belie his faith,
And you will enter heaven straight,
Either 'full-chisel or sideways,'
As the fair authoress, Stowe, says.
Go in the woods, where none will mock,
'And gather unto Christ a flock ;' *
Then give your church your own sweet name,
Declare Christ has founded the same,
Pronounce excommunication
On ev'ry denomination
Which controverts your opinions ;
Send them to Pluto's dominions,
Where Furies damned souls thrashes
With infernal scorpion lashes !

Powell's book, you tell me, sir,
Is truly 'an eye-opener !'
Yes, it has opened my eyes
To catch your preacher writing lies !
If you'll have no indignation,
I will prove my affirmation.
Powell says, 'Catholicity
Denies Apostolicity.' †
Oh, shame on your preachers, friend S——k,
Is it not our churches Fourth Mark
Of truth ? One, Holy Catholic,
The Fourth Mark is Apostolic

* Powell on Suc., p. 267. † *Ib.* p. 187.

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|| *Ib.* p. 314. § *Heb.* v.