

## Poetry.

### REPLY TO "NO SECTS IN HEAVEN."

It was on that sad night, e'er the Passover morn,  
 When Jesus the Saviour was crown'd with a thorn,  
 The twelve sat listening to the counsel he gave,  
 "I leave you to night for the cross and the grave!  
 Be one with each other as my Father with me,  
 That for ever my Church united may be."  
 The Apostles went forth by the Spirit made bold,  
 "One Shepherd," they cried, "ONE CHURCH, and one fold,  
 One Baptism, ONE FAITH, one God, and one Lord:  
 One body UNITED in Christ's holy word."  
 And whenever they saw divisions begin,  
 "Beware," they all cried, "of the author of sin,  
 Them, that divide you, oh quickly reject,  
 For Christ is the Church, and Satan the sect:  
 His last prayer was that his Church be not riven;  
 Be sure of one thing, there's no sect in heaven."  
 But perverse ones rose up that haughtily cried,  
 "One Church is too large: we had better divide;  
 There's no sect in heaven, then be at your ease,  
 We'll make on the earth all the sects that we please."  
 "I don't like the surplice," the Puritan cries,  
 "And the sign of the cross in baptism despise:"  
 And so for a garment, and a mark on the brow,  
 He left the old Church and keeps out of it now.  
 "I think," says another, "baptize means to dip,  
 And not from the hand-hollow water to drip;"  
 And the Baptists resolved a fragment to sever,  
 From that which Christ promised to be with for ever.  
 They styled themselves churches, close communion and free,  
 Hard shell and soft shell, as you will soon see,  
 Seventh Day Baptists, that keep no Lord's day,  
 And Ironside Baptists, that meet oft to pray.  
 The Glory Hallelujah, who groans and who hops,  
 And Little Children Baptists, who on Sunday spin tops,  
 Seven Principled Baptists, who denounce their own merit,  
 And Campbelite Baptists that limit the Spirit.  
 Particular Baptists that include all the best,