

Even to the longings that it entertains,  
 However carefully kept out of sight  
 Or represented by a sickly smile,  
 A coin still current in the Courts of Law,  
 But among Christians questionable now.

Christians of modern date to eyes like ours,  
 Are things of rather complicated kind.  
 We know of one, a specimen unique  
 From Halifax, not quite an hundred miles  
 Or half the distance would be more correct,  
 (But let the readers as they may incline  
 Narrow the distance to a smaller space,  
 And fancy the location where they will)  
 In all that constitutes the very type  
 Of Pharisee;—a countenance demure,  
 Some character of piety his pride,  
 But frequently discounted at a loss  
 And when begun, which was not very oft  
 Could make a prayer of prodigious length,  
 Not always unexceptionable felt,  
 Phrases, and paraphrases intermix'd,  
 Parentheses most awkwardly stuck in  
 To paragraphs repeated o'er and o'er,  
 Words sometimes meaningless, and sometimes vain,  
 Taken at random, not as fitting best,  
 And flung together in a shapeless mass  
 Whilst his petitions tho' in stereotype,  
 If known at all were by conjecture known  
 Only, prosperity and length of days  
 In the confusion loom'd up large enough,  
 And never in the peroration miss'd  
 "With any other blessing *could be spared*"  
 As he considers greed, if not a vice  
 At least a very scandalous affair,  
 And in society almost a crime,  
 Altho' his censure would be lost on those  
 Who keep their own, and get what else they can.  
 Such his performance, part in whispers said,  
 And part in tones terrifically loud,  
 No key or cadence in the human voice  
 From highest treble, to the lowest base,