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## The Church.

PART II.

ALL hail ! to the one blessed day,  
When worldly cares should cease,  
The troubled heart bid strife depart  
And seek the shrine of peace.  
The deep mouthed bell, knell upon knell,  
Proclaims the time aloud ;  
While hopeless Want, with visage gaunt,  
Hides from the passing crowd.

Come, let us on this Sabbath day  
God's temple enter in :  
Here Fashion, in her bright array,  
The envied look can win.  
Here Wealth has done all that she could,  
With sights and sounds of beauty,  
To throw a veil o'er all that would  
Remind her of her duty.

With sparkling diamond-pin and ring,  
As in the halls of mirth ;  
Who could believe there's such a thing  
As poverty on earth !  
Mid eloquence that never wounds,  
And poverty ignored,  
How comfortable one can lounge  
And learn to love the Lord,

And can adore with perfect grace  
The outcast One who said,  
On earth He could not find a place  
Whereon to lay His head ;  
Here we can see no faces wan,  
No sign of want or woe,  
There's not a single artizan  
To patronize the show :

He stays at home just to commune,  
In his unfurnished den,  
With sons of song who hate the wrong  
And love their fellow men ;  
For well he knows who are his foes  
From those who sympathize ;  
This make-believe can not deceive,  
And it he can despise.

But, hark the organ ! how sublime  
That long-drawn heaving sigh !  
Music ! the sole art here in time  
That can not, will not lie ;  
Music ! above all earthly speech  
To man, in mercy given,  
Thou art the very language which  
The angels speak in heaven.

And on thy wings we're borne above  
This weary world of sin,  
To that blest realm where only love  
Can ever enter in.  
Now mark the preacher's shuffling gait,  
As on he comes apace,  
The whole outcome of funkedom  
Is written in his face.

Behold with what a solemn air,  
He comes the "fence to straddle,"  
And now, since he's got mounted there,  
Just hear his tweedle-twaddle.  
See there the fellow stands as cool  
As there were nothing wrong,  
Runs o'er the well-worn prayer by rule  
As glibly as a song.

A time with all injustice rife !  
Men are to madness driven,  
The question is of death or life,  
Their cries are storming heaven ;  
Yet on he goes with brow of brass,  
Hear, how he spouts the gammon !  
And mixes all with solemn gas  
To serve the cause of Mammon—

Calls no oppressor to repent,  
But fans the proud man's pride,  
And covers wrong with sentiment,  
It's ugly face to hide.  
Just listen to his logic, "Ye  
Are weak and they are strong,  
And, therefore, ye may plainly see  
They're right and ye are wrong."

Now he repeats like a cuckoo—  
He would not be uncivil ;  
And aye comes in the old hoo, hoo !  
To sanctify the drivel.  
With bowels melting for the poor,  
'Tis very strange that yet  
The chorus of his song's, "Erdure  
And quietly submit."

Submit to ev'ry mere caprice  
Of those God placed above you !  
Let every manly feeling cease  
And how the Lord will love you.  
A time with demon passions rife,  
When men by hunger driven,  
Are in the wild tumultuous strife,  
Defying earth and heaven ,

But he's away among the Jews,  
Or to convert the Turk !  
Is there not in these very pews  
A field for Christian work ?  
No men and women ground to death  
In fact'ries and in mines ?  
Nor no home dungeons for his wrath  
Where virtue bleeds and pines ?

The Church's sympathies ! how odd !  
They always love to roam,  
Denouncing tyrannies abroad,  
Maintaining them at home.  
Pray do not run to heathendom  
With all that fuss and foam,  
But do begin with monster sin—  
With millionaires at home.

There was of old a preacher bold,  
Who dared death and disgrace,  
And of his crimes, indignant told  
A monarch to his face.  
Methinks I see him in his might,  
A spectacle how grand !  
Strong in his faith in God and right,  
Before that monarch stand.

Oh, how unlike that fellow there !  
Without a blush of shame,  
That before God and man doth dare  
To play a double game :  
Poor thing, dost in thy heart believe  
This shallow, mere pretence,  
Can for a moment e'er deceive  
One man of common sense ?

But on he goes with the old song,  
As there were no aggression,  
And no injustice rank and wrong,  
Starvation and oppression.  
Oh, give us but one gleam of light,  
One freeborn exclamation,  
One word in defence of the right,  
One manly aspiration.

We hither came in hope that some  
True counsel might await us—  
Some thought to strike the demon dumb,  
Uplift and elevate us ;  
And sorry are we that we've come  
For here's no human feeling ;  
But only just the old humdrum  
Apology for stealing.

The gist of all the messages  
He bringeth to the poor  
Is "What a lovely thing it is  
To suffer and endure."