

His hymn book he valued, from the heart his prayers took,
But he hated most cordially the prayers from the book.
A voice then came to him it was so divine,
No water could cleanse that foul heart of thine,
In ignorance and darkness, you your mother disowned
And wandered with false lights away from her home.
You followed rude men, without erudition,
Who received the bless'd word with one silly condition ;
That it teach no one thing but what Baptists think right,
And *neught but the vile creed* in which they delight.
Your children you left without hope and God,
And for this you were visited oft with the rod :
Yet since that in Christ's holy merits you rest,
You may enter the mansions prepared for the blest.
Your delusion and error will be henceforth forgot,
Though the sect that you prized most in heaven is not:
Come now look around o'er the bright shining plain,
The churchmen their children have met here again,
Every nine out of ten, this tells the grand story
Are the spirits of infants admitted to glory.
But your sect left the children, they could hardly tell where.
To grope in thick darkness in the meeting house there :
Now enter the Church and come home to your mother,
By you so neglected when you followed another ;
Through the mercy of Jesus you may now find a place,
And among faithful churchmen praise God for his grace.
The Puritan next, he made his appearance,
With a long solemn face to betoken a clearancé ;
A list of fine hymns received his attention,
And Sunday for Sabbath he never would mention.
The prayers from the book he said were all stole.
And the dear pious Bob call'd it all rigmarole :