

Receives abuse—indignant now he hears;  
 But, ere he goes, his cherish'd faith gives way,  
 Compunction or despair is his another day—  
 By his delusive reasoning led astray.  
 Then, if it must be, let the parent go  
 And save the child from all a Deist's woe;  
 But better far another 'loom' go seek  
 Than go where scripture's foe such words do speak.  
 Again my tale does change, and I must speak  
 Of one that's pious once a week;  
 The sure criterion by which to know  
 The self-made saint from other folks below,  
 Six days her neighbours does defame, condemn,  
 The seventh rise to lecture the men,  
 Small faults to which mankind is ever prone,  
 Are magnified ten-fold with whinish drone,  
 And every sect is wrong but her's alone.  
 Visions and dreams form basis for her faith  
 The superstructure raised—in holy wrath  
 She quotes the 'gospel of good news' in ire,  
 And scares the timid with her tale of fire!  
 Not like the fire which Sampson tied between  
 Poor foxes' tails, but such as ne'er was seen  
 On earth! the sabbath past, her piety  
 Is changed to scandal—her name's hypocrisy!  
 Although not pleasant, 'tis a needful task  
 To drag her to the light, and there unmask  
 The aged dame, that all may plainly see  
 A vile heart 'neath a face of sanctity.  
 When blind zeal from plain truths thus derogates,  
 And the 'christian church' in wrath execrates,  
 Straying far from a good matron's station,  
 Preaching life to some—to others sure damnation!  
 Let then the bible still your pilot be,  
 To guide you from the sea of misery.  
 The 'Maelstrom' of despair, in which have fell