

So, since ne was dipped, he thought he might enter,
 Through the merits of Christ, his great head and centre.
 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 *nought 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 clearance ;
 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 ; †
 He prayed from his heart ten times every day,
 But the prayers of the Church he never would say.
 Pious Bob told him plainly to depend on his word
 That *his prayers* were far better than *that one* of the Lord ;
 He prayed for the people, what more did they want ?
 What right had they all to unite in a chant ?
 The robes of his righteousness he did cast away,
 And for those of the Saviour he always did pray ;

* That is, out of the Christian covenant.

† The editor of the *Presbyterian Witness* of Halifax, who, in preaching against the Prayer-book in Lunenburg, called our scriptural service "a rigmarole."