

But now the reaping time was come—he saw  
That he must gather in the grain, and break  
The ground for other seed, so thus began  
To pour a draught into the willing ear,  
Than predecessor far more sweet:—

Well, JOHN, my books I hope with care you've  
read,

And that you see the truth of what I said.  
Isn't it a mighty blessing to the nation

To have our morals tended by such nurses;  
To have our souls insured of salvation,

On simply giving up our keys and purses!  
This matter now, however, 'tis no use

With you to argue, for, as well as I,  
No doubt you see th' egregious abuse

Of what is wrongly called Church property.  
Nor is it meet to nibble at *effect*,

If our condition we would try t' improve;  
For when in anything we see defect,

The *cause* we ought t' endeavour to remove.  
Though monster in iniquity the Church may be,

And ought to be cut down to due dimensions;  
Perhaps before abusing it, we ought to see

What gave its wealth, and sanctions its  
pretensions.

For howe'er first the Church arose, and grew  
In wealth and strength, we need not now enquire.