

She seeks after the rich, and yet she does more,  
For her learned apostles are sent to the poor,  
With blessings abundant, and with bible in hand,  
She proclaims the free gospel all over the land ;  
And millions rejoice both in earth and in heaven,  
That to her the Bible and Prayer-book were given.  
The sects soon perceived her all glorious within,  
They read in the bible that schism is sin,  
And wearied perhaps with ceaseless dissention,  
The subject began of union to mention.  
They gravely proclaimed without fear of derision,  
“ Let men say what they will there is no division,  
For we all love the lord, and each one his brother :”  
*And prove it by constant abuse of each other.*  
These, indeed, are all one in heart, spirit and mind ;  
For discordant spirits are all of one kind.  
They “ love all,” they declare, but the church they reject,  
For calling each body that left her a sect :  
And dare not speak to her on the subject of union,  
But she cries, “ come find it in the good old communion.”  
She refuses to come down and join with the rest ;  
Because that she was as good as the best.  
The church is the church and a sect you can't make it,  
Unless in some way you can manage to break it,  
But this never can be, until she suspect,  
That a sect is a church and a church is a sect.  
They argue, “ in heaven no sect shall appear :  
But the church is a sect, and hence it is clear,  
That the churchman has a most dangerous case,  
For the sacred succession above has no place.”  
A churchman near by, with a quizzical look,  
Pulled out from his pocket and read in a book,