

## PLAN OF THE RITUALISTIC CAMPAIGN.

Wisely and Warily; not too much haste;  
 But bait your traps to catch the people's taste.  
 By music first attract their ears and hearts,  
 Bass, tenor, alto, set and sung in parts,  
 What matter though no spirit's praise be there!  
 ('haunting is only modulated air!')  
 The crowd will come to listen, not to pray;  
 So, drill your choristers by night and day,  
 Next painting—decorate these paltry fane,  
 By base churchwardens whitewashed with such pains;  
 Gliding and colours, reds, and greens, and blues,  
 And widows, staining de'light to all hues,  
 Corona, carvings—idols bye and bye—  
 These be your second aim, to please the eye.  
 What though such sights distract the soul from prayer!  
 The crowd will come—at all events, to stare.  
 Then flowers! oh, yes! we win the women thus;  
 How charmingly young sisters flock to us!  
 And with what zeal their wreaths and texts are set,  
 Where Curates are strict celibates—as yet!  
 So every festal season hung in flowers,  
 Shall make dull churches smile like Paphian bowers;  
 And if Religion look forgotten so,  
 What matter! crowds will come to see the show.  
 But chiefest this the point of all, ah! dread priest!  
 Make a dread mystery that simple feast  
 Which early Christians knew for bread and wine,  
 Tasted in memory of their Lord divine.  
 Bread! it is flesh! not wine—it is the blood!  
 The priest's bare word creates a present God!  
 Not reverence only—superstitious care  
 Must water and worship every moral there.  
 Incense and vestments, noontide flaring lights,  
 And early Papal, earlier Pagan rites;  
 Preach up all these—and bid the people press  
 For absolution—will they but confess;  
 And make them sure this wafer with this cup,  
 Washes their guilt away, and wipes it up—  
 Provided only, creeping to their priest,  
 (Who gives them God—in sacrifice for feast,)  
 They bumbly tell him all the sins they've done,  
 And—he is willing to forgive each one!  
 So English clergy, (not to be too long,  
 And not intending *all*, for that were wrong)—  
 Acutely, step by step, advancing thus,  
 And luring this lay folk to lean on us,  
 We shall, O glorious! soon set England free  
 From civil and religious liberty!  
 Her Hanoverian throne shall no more bind  
 Protestant doctrines on the British mind;  
 Her people shall not dare to learn or teach,  
 Except as Holy Church is pleased to preach;  
 And all our morals, all our light, at home  
 Shall rival light and morals as in Rome;  
 While England's present peace and future hope,  
 Must cling, O praise! to our "Lord God the Pope!"  
 The priest is God on earth—a present God,  
 To bind and loose, and be both staff and rod.  
 Then treat the lay-folk with supreme disdain,  
 And thereby make your godship pretty plain;  
 In every gesture take the scornful tack,  
 And on the congregation turn your back;  
 While to yourself, as no concern of theirs,  
 With rapid drone you gabble through the prayers.  
 So with the sermon: a defiant tone,  
 No mercy—saying through the priest alone,  
 Who flings his transubstantiated crumbs  
 For poor lay dogs to gather when he comes.  
 This be your message, as for gospel—no!  
 The very word's dissesteriah, and low.  
 Then manage, evermore advancing higher,  
 Some small procession with your village choir,

## PLAN OF THE CALVINISTIC CAMPAIGN.

Weakly and watery, dull and strait-laced;  
 You bait your traps, yet catch not people's taste;  
 Your music ne'er attracts their ears or hearts,  
 Bass, tenor, treble, sung in fits and starts!  
 What matter though no heavenward praise be there?  
 ('haunting is only to enlist the fair')  
 The crowd will come to listen, and to pay  
 Mute adoration to that warbled lay,  
 Called sacred, but alas! in tone profane,  
 By forward maidens with more brass than brain;  
 Ribbons and colours, reds and greens and blues,  
 And widows, adepts in the art to amuse,  
 Corona, chignon (low-dress, bye and bye)  
 Your aim is man. Devotion's all my eye!  
 Such sights can ne'er distract a soul from prayer,  
 This obligation let the clerk and parson share;  
 Then flowers! oh yes! the women's bouquets thus  
 Can decorate most charmingly the shrine for us;  
 And with what zeal they spread the enticing net  
 For lay or cleric, so they may but get;  
 Each Sabbath is a festival of flowers,  
 The dullest church may smile like Paphian bowers.  
 And if Religion be forgotten so—  
 At least the merit is, 'tis Low and slow!  
 But chiefest this, with what unholy zest  
 You scorn by word and deed the Eucharist,  
 And what the early Christians in the bread and wine  
 Partook of daily to their Lord Divine,  
 Not week, scarce month! if never, just as good  
 Your recent Christians somehow fear to meet their God.  
 Not mere neglect, but ostentatious care,  
 To slight this act of worship everywhere.  
 Indecence and confusion, these the lights  
 Which show the darkness of Genevaian rites!  
 Preach up all this! and bid the people press  
 For Gospel teaching, leaving them to guess  
 What Gospel can flow from so foul a cup;  
 Glossing their sins, but vain to wipe them up;  
 Provided only minister (not priest)  
 Ignore his office, and curse Fast and Feast,  
 Pat on the back each rude rebellious son,  
 So he but rave at cross, priest, sisterhood or nun.  
 Such clergy (waning fast, extinct ere long)  
 For common sense, once roused, knows right from wrong,  
 Obtusely step by step receding thus  
 And shaming layfolk by their bitterness,  
 Would soon, unchecked, go far to let us see  
 England drift on to infidelity!  
 But Hanoverian cant, shall no more blind  
 The sense or reason of the British mind,  
 Nor people longer bear to learn or teach  
 Such stuff as Protestants are pleased to preach,  
 Their vaunted morals, boasted light, to some  
 Compare but sadly with abused Rome.  
 While Peace pretended, and unfounded Hope,  
 With open arms invite the hated Pope.  
 Your flock, Oh Shepherds! faithless to your God,  
 Mistrust your staff, and mock your feeble rod;  
 Toady your layfolk for the sake of gain,  
 And thereby make your godlessness more plain.  
 In every gesture, systemless and slack,  
 Drive thirsting congregations coldly back.  
 While to yourselves, as no concern of theirs,  
 You yawning draw your praises, preach your prayers!  
 And then your sermons! how the pious groan  
 At fifty minutes from the priest alone,  
 Who flings his stale, and most unseasonary crumbs  
 Of mouthed clap-trap, or of dull hum-drum.  
 As God's glad message, wherewithal to show  
 No hope, no mercy to a world of woe.  
 Then plead "the labourer's worthy of his hire,"  
 And raise collections till the people tire,