

Charges to right of them ;  
 Charges to left of them ;  
 Charges confronting them ;  
     Income outnumbered.  
 Flanked by bold butchers' carts ;  
 Bled by sharp traders' arts ;  
 All bound to have their parts  
     Of the six hundred.

Millers, and market-men,  
 Peddlers, who call again,  
 Agents and beggars then ;—  
 O! how poor ministers'  
     Pockets are plundered !  
 Still up the prices go ;  
 All things, for use or show ;  
 Labor, with saw or hoe ;—  
 Nothing but preaching's low,—  
     Low as six hundred.

Black coat—its threads are bare ;  
 Daughters cry ' Nought to wear,'  
 And the boys do *almost* swear  
 About their old garments,  
     So easily sundered.  
 But the *minister's* family  
 Should ne'er, like a camel high,  
 Stick fast in the ' needle's eye,'  
 Puffed up with vain riches.  
     Give but six hundred !

Half a year possibly,  
 Half a year onward,  
 They might get with weight of debt  
     Not hopelessly cumbered,  
 Six months, perhaps, they may  
 Keep hunger's wolf at bay,—  
 Live, narrowly, scantily,  
 If promptly they get their pay ;  
     Get—the six hundred.

But rent-bills to right of them ;  
 Store-bills to left of them ;  
 Charged upon all sides ;  
 How fight the year through  
     Oft they have wondered.  
 Still they go struggling on :  
 No funds to fall back upon ;  
 Cash reserved fled and gone ;—  
 Not a dime left of them,  
     Left of six hundred.

Well earned the benison  
 Sought by thee, Tennyson,  
 On Bal'clava's heroes,  
 Who faltered not, any son,  
     Though thousand guns thundered.