

But when it comes to downright forking out,  
 Why then *I* do n't despise the man that pays.  
 I love, 'tis true, to serve the Church — by *talk*;  
 And I can speak of peace in words of honey;  
 But I would rather leave my perch, and walk,  
 Than have to be forever giving money.  
 Your five pounds will not build the Church, nor fifty  
 From me won't keep it up, however thrifty."

"Oh, never fear," quoth Cock-a-doo,  
 "I see the way to save  
 Our credit and our bacon too,  
 So now give ear I crave:—  
 I've heard it said, the Curate new,  
 On Thursday, at the meeting,  
 Declared the old one's teaching true,  
 And on his excellences too,  
 He gave them cordial greeting.  
 So now observe, our way is clear;  
 We will not pay till he  
 Has made it plainly to appear,  
 That he's from Puseyism clear,  
 And that we've nothing more to fear  
 From semi-Popery."

## MORAL.

When silly people will forget  
 The ancient proverb, always true,  
 "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam,*"  
 They must not wonder if they get  
 Laughed at, and scorned, and pitied too.  
 I'm sick of scoffing, — that I am:  
 But still, one must their duty do:  
 And since one can't convince a fool,  
 There's nothing left but ridicule.