

THE CATH-METHODISTICAL CONFERENCE.

(Written at the time of the great meeting in London, 1880.)

MRS. BROWN, *loquitur* :

Well ! if them ain't the queerestest ways, into which them ere
Methodys gettin',

With their conference, synods, and meetin's, an' as proud as a hen
what is settin' ;

With their grand Œcumenical Council, which I sees a paradin' in
papers,

An' discussin' of ritual reasons, an' liturgy, altars, and tapers !

Which it comes to my mind, an' of course, it is reason as how it
should come,

Because all the p'int's of their compass shows to me, as well as to some
Which is talkin', an' spoutin', and shoutin', and bracin' their main-
stays a-tauter,

And makin' ridie'lous shows of themselves, to the good people over
the water.

Mrs. Jones she was in for to see me, (Mrs. Jones is a Baptis', she is,)
And she sez to me " Betsy, my darlin', just hear how them Methodys
fizz,

And talk of their Cath'lic principles, for all like them Ritualist people,
What goes in for higher religion, and sticks a big cross on the steeple."

" Don't slur on them Ritualist people, Mrs. Jones," sez I, feelin'
like mad,

" For my old man Brown is a High Church, an' there's no better man
to be had ;

An' although I am plain Church of England, an' always was brought
up as sich,

I sticks up for them kind of people, what tries to make God's House
look rich ;

An' tries to make things look a-pleasant, an' lives up to what they
believes,

An goes an' looks arter the poor folks, an' gives them most all *they*
receives."

You see she had almost forgotten, an' she thought I'd ha' taken her
part