

The Church Ward Debate.

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IS there a point in which we see  
 That men of every rank agree?  
 Is there a point which none dispute,  
 And which no reas'ning can confute,  
 'Tis this, of motives sure the best,  
 When well explain'd—**SELF INTEREST.**  
 —If to be happy is the view  
 Which all mankind through life pursue,  
 The way is plain, when understood ;  
 'Tis nothing more than to be good ;  
 'Tis Honour, Virtue, and the part  
 Which marks a truly honest heart ;  
 'Tis this completes the social plan  
 That forms the Happiness of Man.  
 Such is the wise unerring rule,  
 The Doctrine of the Christian School.





It's strange but true, in this world's state,  
That Death affords the means of Life.

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Man his best Interest thus pursues,  
When banishing all narrow views,  
All objects to himself confin'd,  
He looks at large to human kind.  
First, to his kindred and his friends,  
To neighbours then his virtue tends,  
And, op'ning wide the vast embrace,  
At length enfolds the human race.  
Such the firm Joy that Life bestows,  
Such the best cure for mortal woes.

But there are those, the verse must own,  
Who think upon themselves alone ;  
Whose self-regard we must express  
By the foul name of *selfishness* :  
A low, base, envious, glutton vice,  
That general kind of Avarice,  
Which, careless of all social ties,  
In one dark narrow circle lies :  
And 'tis this feeling which the verse,  
Such as it is, must now rehearse.

One afternoon a Country Vicar  
 Regal'd, with his best, foaming liquor,  
 A Doctor by his skill renown'd  
 For many a mile the country round,  
 And a practitioner of Law,  
 Of whom that Country stood in awe.  
 They gossip'd on the affairs of state,  
 Laugh'd at the follies of the great,  
 And prov'd, by various illustration,  
 That the times wanted reformation ;  
 And each of them, by turns, was sure  
 He could all Public Evils cure.  
 —Thus, as they pass'd away the hour,  
 The Bell from the adjoining tower  
 Gave notice by its sullen roar  
 That some poor mortal was no more.  
 'Squire B—— is gone, the Vicar said,  
 And comes to join the num'rous dead  
 Who in the Parish Church-yard lie,  
 Sad scene of frail mortality.  
 —The Doctor smil'd—“ So let it be  
 “ Hatband and scarf, and gloves and fee,

“ Will well, my Friend, your pains repay

“ In mingling him with common clay.”

—The Parson, looking grave, replied—

“ He was your patient till He died ;

“ And I receive the poor remains

“ Of all the Doctor's daily gains.

“ You, by the living, get your bread,

“ I get a trifle by the dead ;

“ But here's a Lawyer, nothing loth,

“ Contrives to profit by them both.

“ I shall plead guilty to the bill,”

The Lawyer said :—“ I made the Will

“ Of this same 'Squire—God rest his soul,

“ For whom this thund'ring Bell doth toll :

“ Let's to the Church-yard then proceed,

“ And there the Instrument I'll read,

“ In which some whimsies will appear

“ That may surprize you both to hear :

“ 'Tis hot, and tombs are cooler far

“ Than these red, well-stuff'd cushions are.”

The proposition met assent,

And to the Church-yard strait they went ;

But, when the curious party found,  
Upon the consecrated ground,  
DEATH and the SEXTON, in high glee,  
Discoursing on Mortality,  
The Lawyer made a sudden start ;  
But, seeing DEATH without his DART,  
And when, besides, he haply saw  
A friendly pipe within his Jaw,  
“ Come on,” he said, “ and make no fuss,  
“ I’m sure he’ll do no harm to us :  
“ So take your seats, and I’ll proceed  
“ In what I promis’d you to read.”  
He then went through, in Lawyer’s guise,  
A long detail of Legacies,  
And learnedly explain’d the Laws  
On which he fram’d each binding clause ;  
When, having travell’d through the Will,  
He enter’d on the Codicil,  
And begg’d the Doctors to attend  
To the strange Humour of their Friend.  
“ I leave to him, whoe’er he be,  
“ Who in my last Infirmary,

on my hopeless bed at  
A Physician and a Fri  
sterling sum of Fifty  
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“ Did on my hopeless bed attend,  
“ As a Physician and a Friend,  
“ The sterling sum of Fifty pounds,  
“ Or Guineas, if it better sounds.”  
“ That’s me, by Jove,” the Doctor said :  
“ I left him not till he was dead.”  
“ —And the like sum to him who pray’d  
“ Beside my Couch, and duly paid  
“ Those solemn rites, when mortals lie  
“ In passing Life’s extremity.”  
“ That’s me,” the Parson then exclaim’d,  
“ As clearly as if I had been nam’d :—  
“ I say—He was of men the best,  
“ And now resides among the blest :—  
“ We all must reach our final home ;”—  
When some one cried—“ we all are come :”  
And Lo, the Hearse, in funeral state,  
Drew up before the Church-yard gate.  
Soon in the ground the ’Squire was laid,  
And ev’ry requiem sung or said.  
When, as a HERALD throws his *Staff*,  
DEATH threw his *Pipe* into the Grave.