

But like *Egyptian* Sorcerers you stand,
 And vainly lift aloft your Magick Wand,
 To sweep away the Swarms of Vermin from the Land :
 You cou'd like them, with like infernal Force,
 Produce the Plague, but not arrest the Course.
 But when the Boils and Blotches, with disgrace
 And publick Scandal, sat upon the Face,
 Themselves attack'd, the *Magi* strove no more,
 They saw God's Finger, and their Fate deplore ;
 Themselves they cou'd not cure of the dishonest Sore.
 Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely spread,
 Like the fair Ocean from her Mother-Bed ;
 From East to West triumphantly she Rides,
 All Shores are water'd by her wealthy Tides.
 The Gospel-sound, diffus'd from Pole to Pole,
 Where Winds can carry, and where Waves can roll,
 The self-same Doctrine of the sacred Page
 Convey'd to ev'ry Clime, in ev'ry Age.

Here let my Sorrow give my Satire place,
 To raise new Blushes on my *British* Race ;
 Our sailing Ships like common-Sewers we use,
 And thro' our distant Colonies diffuse
 The Draught of Dungeons, and the Stench of Stews.
 Whom, when their home-bred Honesty is lost,
 We disembogue on some far *Indian* Coast :
 Thieves, Pandars, * Paillards, Sins of ev'ry sort ;
 Those are the Manufactures we export ;
 And these the *Missioners* our zeal has made :
 For, with my Country's Pardon be it said,
 Religion is the least of all our Trade.

Yet some improve their Traffick more than we ;
 For they on Gain, their only God, rely,
 And set a publick price on Piety.

* A French Word signifying lascivious Persons or Whore-masters.