

No doubt, reply'd the *Hind*, as sure as all
 The Writings of Saint *Peter* and Saint *Paul* :
 On that Decision let it stand or fall.

Now for my Converts, who, you say, unfed
 Have follow'd me for Miracles of Bread ;
 Judge not by hear-say, but observe at least,
 If, since their Change, their Loaves have been increas'd.
 The *Lion* buys no Converts ; if he did,
 Beasts wou'd be sold as fast as he cou'd bid.
 Tax those of Int'rest, who conform for Gain,
 Or stay the Market of another Reign :
 Your broad-way Sons wou'd never be too nice
 To close with *Calvin*, if he paid their Price ;
 But, rais'd three Steeples high'r, wou'd change their Note,
 And quit the Cassock for the Canting-Coat.
 Now, if you damn this Censure, as too bold,
 Judge by your selves, and think not others fold.

Mean-time my Sons accus'd, by Fame's Report,
 Pay small Attendance at the *Lion's* Court,
 Nor rise with early Crowds, nor flatter late ;
 For silently they beg who daily wait.
 Preferment is bestow'd that comes unfought ;
 Attendance is a Bribe, and then 'tis bought.
 How they shou'd speed, their Fortune is untry'd ;
 For not to ask, is not to be deny'd.
 For what they have, their God and King they bless,
 And hope they shou'd not murmur, had they less.
 But, if reduc'd Subsistence to implore,
 In common Prudence they wou'd pass your Door.
 Unpity'd *Hudibras*, your Champion Friend,
 Has shewn how far your Charities extend.
 This lasting Verse shall on his Tomb be read,
 He sham'd you living, and upbraids you dead.

With odious *Atheist* Names you load your Foes ;
 Your lib'ral *Clergy* why did I expose ?
 It never fails in Charities like those.