An Apology for the Clergy, who were preſent when the Miniſter of the Pariſh read Prayers and preach'd twice *in one Day, at* Tunbridge-Wells.

Written at the Requeſt of a Layman.

HOW well theſe *Laymen* love to gibe,
And throw their Jeſts on *Levi*'s Tribe!
Muſt *One* be toil'd to Death, they cry,
Whilſt other Prieſts are yawning by?
Forgetful that *He* reaps the Gain,
Why ſhould *They* waſte their Lungs in vain?

WHEN Men were weak enough to prize
The *Chriſtian* Scheme, as good and wiſe,
To think there was a Heav'n and Hell;
To *pray* and *preach* did very well:

When

When Mortals look'd beyond the Grave,
A Prieſt, for *Conſcience* ſake, might ſlave:
But in this learned Realm and Age,
Where *Faith* is beaten off the Stage;
This happy Realm, where *Reaſon* reigns,
And ſcorns to drag *Religion*'s Chains;
Where free-born *Britons*, ev'ry Day,
Sit down to feaſt, and riſe to play;
And, ſince their *Money* buys their Meat,
Won't thank their God for what they eat;
Where ev'n ſome Chaplains fill their Place
Politely, without ſaying Grace;

If here (where *Reaſon* ſwells ſo high,
It dares all other Pow'rs defy)
The Prieſts are, like the Laymen, wiſe,
Nor hope *Reverſions* in the Skies;
Why ſhould they deign to preach, or pray,
For any View —— but *preſent Pay?*