

TO THE  
VICAR OF ST. JOHN'S,  
NEWPORT, I.W.



—“If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God.”—*John vii, 17.*

↑

Abjure the Font, now filled the Pool,  
Both cannot live together.  
Lay sharply on the axe of Truth,  
And “*dip*” and “*sprinkle*” sever,  
Bid farewell to patristic lore  
And to the Word betake thee,  
There fix thy soul, as on a rock,  
That nothing henceforth shake thee.  
God speed thee thus in quest of truth,  
And hearty wish to do it;  
The golden path of truth invites,  
Though few alas, pursue it;  
Let not thy mind be drawn aside  
To nullify progression,  
But follow on, and ever heed  
Thy Baptistry’s grand lesson.

The Fathers feeble are at best,  
And oft alas, misleading;  
'Tis only in the *Shepherd's* glens,  
The sheep can have good feeding.  
Its rich provision fills the soul  
As with the bread of heaven  
Free from that hindering power of growth—  
Earth's paralyzing leaven.  
Shake off the theologic dust,  
And extirpate tradition;  
And at the Master's loving call,  
Fulfil His great commission;  
And as, in grace, He gives thee souls—  
His ransomed sons and daughters,  
Lead them, as holy men of old,  
Through the baptismal waters.



*Am*

“Buried with Him in baptism, wherein also  
ye are risen with Him through the faith of the  
operation of God, who hath raised Him from the  
dead.”—Col. ii, 12.