

they should cherish celibacy as a protest, at least, whatever foolish fears they may entertain of it on other counts. Example, they say, is stronger (teaching) than precept. What stronger teaching then can the libertine have than the breathing moving omnipresent example of a celibate clergy? What greater check can the lewd woman receive than the silvery notes of the convent bell, or the passing vision of the white headdress of a Sister of Charity? And there is another way in which the Catholic Church compensates for this diminution of population, if diminution there be; let the author of the Authority of the Two Powers, unfold it for us:

"You accuse the religion of Jesus Christ of diminishing population. But I see its pontiffs occupied only in the formation of manners, in the extirpation of those disgraceful vices, which lessen the number of families, which strike the human race with sterility and the divine malediction, and which are immense gulfs in which an untold number of generations are swallowed up. I see her ministers employing the whole force of their influence in lengthening the days of the poor, of the old and of the orphan, abandoned long ago by public sympathy. I see them occupied in building asylums for these unfortunates, and procuring for them every thing that will alleviate their sufferings. People! listen to the voice of religion which speaks through their mouth, and you will see happy citizens multiplied to fill up those horrid gaps which the depravity of manners and idleness have made in the different classes of mankind."

H. B.

GOOD FRIDAY.

BY P. CONNELLY.

Who calls it good? The reason why?
 What ingrate now, dares make reply?
 What bold and blatant apostate,
 Will now the bloody tale relate?
 Will now the debt and duty own,
 Wherefore, of ten restored to health,
 Nine go their way in search of wealth
 And one returns; but one alone,
 The Master's praise to intone,
 With mea culpa! miserere, l'
 Miserere Domine!
 "A Romish feast," I hear you say;
 "To learned minds of little note,
 Since Luther preached and Calvin wrote."

Yet stay, good sir; and I will tell,
 Of One who dried the widow's tear;
 Of One whose every accent fell,
 Like music on the sinner's ear.

Whose Sacred Heart inflamed with love,
 Whose life to works of love was given;
 Whose prayer draws mercy from above,
 Whose death admits the soul to heaven.

And though you scorn the "Romish feast,"
 Nor serve her Altar, purple dyed;
 A thankful heart will turn at least
 A homage to the Crucified.

A traveller journeyed on his way,
 And thieves beset and took his purse;
 The man whose name we praise to-day,
 Became the stranger's friend and nurse.

An aged beggar, poor and blind,
 Was groping on in fear and dread,
 Nor friend nor succor could he find,
 Nor had whereon to lay his head.

Yet One beheld with pitying eye
 That beggar's miserable plight,
 And ere he knew the passer by,
 Burtineus received his sight.

An aged widow mourned the death
 Of one to her an only son;
 The Name we praise restored his breath,
 Gave back the widow's darling one.

A leper lay beside the road,
 And raised his voice in piteous moan;
 But far removed from man's above,
 None heard the leper's groan.

Yet One approached and bade him rise;
 "And be thou clean, thy faith is known;"
 And that One is the sacrifice
 We offer from our altar stone.

"To such an one, the good, the kind,"
 I hear you say—"all praise we owe;
 And grateful hearts will surely find
 A fitting tribute to bestow."

Ah, yes! we love the generous hand
 That gives relief in time of need;
 Such charity we understand,
 Such actions merit praise, indeed.

Yet one thing more I fain would tell—
 And, pry'thee! note the act and time—
 A culprit from his prison cell
 Went forth to expiate his crime.

His sentence, death! but ere the dust
 Was moistened by the crimson flow,
 This Man! the innocent, the just!
 Became the victim of the blow!

And died for man! for you, who hear
 The answer, why we bless the day
 That saw the thorn, the nail, the spear,
 The bloody cross of Calvary!

Then call it not a pagan rite,
 The act of "Rome's idolaters,"
 Not so, dear Jesus! in thy sight,
 Though Luther scoffs and Calvin sneers