

His brow was not open, nor lofty or clear :
I think had you studied it for a whole year,
You would not have found the seal of Apollo,
Nor had any fears lest Patrick should borrow

Your favorite authors or any good books
(That is, if the mind can be judged by the looks).
On one thing friend Pat was as firm as a rock :
The priests of his Church knew more than their flock.

And if he paid penance, counted his beads,
Looked not in that Book the heretic reads,
Believed all the stories the fathers had given,
He was sure of a place near Mary in Heaven.

Such, I judged, was his creed, by what he told me,
As we journeyed across the Atlantic sea ;
And he seemed very sorry that I was not in
The true Mother-Church, and thought it a sin.

A very great sin, because I would smile
At truths he had told in most solemn a style,
And he feared a curse would rest on my head
For trifling thus at what he had said.

I told him I had not the shade of a fear,
But I wished from my heart that his mind was more clear,
That he'd read for himself God's own blessed Word,
And cast to the winds his trash so absurd.

But Pat shook his head. No, he was not wrong ;
His priests were well-learned and clever of tongue ;
And he felt 'twas his duty to teach me Truth's way,
When he found how far my soul was astray.