

CATHOLIC.

'Tis thus you ask, with every devious sect,
Not "What is right?" but "What does Rome reject?"
Your teaching varies from the ancient score,
"Come, all ye faithful, let us—not—adore!"

MERE ANGLICAN.

Not when the Priest the sacred words has said,
And bears about the consecrated Bread;
Or if you must, my counsel yet respect;
Adore in heart, but do not genuflect.

CATHOLIC.

Yes, like yourself, with stealthy tread proceed,
Nor show in act the faith we own in creed;
But if we may not, why did Paul exclaim
Omne genu flectatur, in the NAME?
For, if the NAME such reverent act require,
Sure greater awe the PRESENCE should inspire.

MERE ANGLICAN.

Yet hasty progress all the work would mar;
We must be wise as crafty serpents are.
By small advances mighty fields are won;
—We lose a father;—we may gain a son;
That son, to years of ripe discretion grown,
The Catholic religion calls his own;
Perhaps,—who knows?—the priestly office bears,
And in his turn some sacred vestment wears,
(Whose name 'twere now inopportune to tell;
But far too Romish is the chasuble.)
Or, if not so, the next him in descent
Will always use a purple stole in Lent;
The thinner end of any kind of wedge
Is of the rest the earnest and the pledge.
Incautious action we would deprecate;
For all comes round to him who will but wait.

CATHOLIC.

Such doubtful gains but shake the people's trust;
Suspicion ripens soon to rank disgust.
The 'pensive public' fidgets in its pew
And keenly criticizes all you do.
Then some the next conventicle attend;
(They never know where all this change will end;
You must be, sure, a "Papist" in disguise,
To cast your dust in true believers' eyes.)