

And statistics prove nothing, for facts what are they,
Though they stand hard as granite to block up the way ;
In the Alembic of Rome they dissolve all away.

Romish schools state-endowed they demand as a right
Everywhere, but 'gainst this must the Patriot fight ;
For sectary schools so sustained are the blight
Of our civilization, which they can't abide,
Of our civilization ; but when was allowed
The Jesuit bill, with their purpose avowed
To work, might and main, to roll back the full tide
Into the dark night of those barbarous ages
So fully portrayed in the historical pages
Of Catholic writers—times of moral death,
But oft styled, euphemistically, " ages of faith,"
But if once 'tis allowed by Sir John and the rest,
'Twill be a hard fight, ere we're rid of the pest.

And now let me add toward the end of my theme,
What an Orangeman is ; for though he may seem
To many, a narrow-souled bigot, a dour,
Intolerant zealot, who, if he were sure
Of impunity for it, would under his heel
Stamp every Papist, and force him to feel
The sharp sting of power ; and such, 'tis allowed,
May exist ; but, if so, they are lost in the crowd
Of men who are bound by their pledge, and their creed,
And their love of fair play, to stand up, when the need
Exists of protection to freedom, to fight,
Whatever the creed of the man frankly for his right
To frankly avow it. This then is the faith
By his pledge he is bound to defend to the death.

But the Catholic creed obliges not so,
But the opposite wholly ; hence must he outgrow
The creed of his church, if he would not deny
The teaching of conscience and Christ ; and comply
With the code of our civilized life — the rich prize
Won at length from a cunningest tangle of lies.

Thus the one, by the laws of his conscience, is found
The foe of constraint ; while the other is bound,
By the law of his church, his own faith to enforce
By those methods to which she of old had recourse ;
Though the voice from within says, thou shalt not endorse
What thou can'st not believe. And, oh, what greater curse
Can the soul here endure, than the pangs of remorse,
When men deem they've deserted God's truth for a lie,
And are daily provoking his anger thereby.