

remarked he had better hurry in, if he wished to hear the lecture.

"How many fools are there in there?" the man asked.

"How many what?"

"Fools, don't you see the ticket?"

"The ticket seller looked and read: 'Lecture on Fools. Admit one.'" He gazed at the man for a moment, and made a small exclamation; then there was a silence, during which the man walked gloomily away. At another town a rather homespun individual, who was doing the place, and, as it were, painting the town, went to the unusual expense of a ticket, off-hand, without any idea of what the lecture was about, but on learning the nature of the subject his disgust was wonderful to see. He didn't wait to hear anything about fools, what did he care for fools, there were too many of them miserable fellers down his way.

Now as to fools, a great difference of opinion exists. A man appears foolish to one and sensible to another; but I think there are many ways in which a man may be foolish, although in all respects but one he may be most sensible, and it is probable there are very few men who have not a screw loose in one direction or another. It has been a thought often occurring to me, that because a man was too scrupulous to follow the methods frequently made use of in business, and consequently was not as successful in a financial way as if he had made use of them, he is not therefore to be called a fool. For otherwise Mark Twain's successful man would be a wise man—which, I confess, I doubt—who, when he was a boy at school, managed, by persistent cheating and sharp trading, to have the finest collection of alleys and tops; and, by hoarding his pocket money, a little later on, which he loaned out to his less provident schoolfellows at the very modest rate of a hundred per cent. to the end of the week—as Ralph Nickleby used to do with his pennies, by-the-bye—contrived to amass a quite alarming degree of wealth. Years after, by the same doubtful means, he became the richest man in his county, and was universally respected, and at length, by means of wholesale bribery, he got into the legislature where, through several rascally frauds and gigantic swindles, he became the biggest rogue and the most popular man in the state, and was elected governor; and finally, after many years of successful rascality, he died full of wealth and honors and wickedness, and was given the biggest funeral ever known in that section.

No; I have never been able to arrive at the belief that a man's success in the wild, selfish scramble for wealth is any criterion of his wisdom. It is the custom in this rough world to call those men fools who are not fools, but wise. I have a great feeling of kindness for those who are thus maligned—perhaps some gentleman sarcastically quotes the line, "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind." Nay, nay, but I—ahem!

But, gentlemen, I believe I intended to speak about Patagonia. I cannot say that these preliminary remarks have been suggested by the peculiar halo of license that

hangs about the present month, but, anyhow, I have no time left to say anything on that absorbing topic. If any one wishes to know more about Patagonia, I have no doubt that a short examination of an ordinary map will afford him more information than I possess about it.

THE SECRET OF THE SAINTS.

BY FATHER RYAN.

To play through life a perfect part,
Unnoticed and unknown,
To seek no rest in any heart
Save only God's alone;
In little things to own no will,
To have no share in great,
To find the labor ready still,
And for the crown to wait.

Upon the brow to bear no trace
Of more than common care,
To write no secret in the face
For man to read it there;
The daily cross to clasp and bless
With such familiar zeal
As hides from all that not the less
The daily weight you feel.

In toils that praise will never pay
To see your life go past,
To meet in every coming day
Twin sister of the last;
To hear of high, heroic things
And yield them reverence due,
But feel life's daily offerings
Are far more fit for you.

To woo no secret soft disguise
To which self love is prone,
Unnoticed by all other eyes,
Unworthy in your own;
To yield with such a happy art
That no one thinks you care,
And say to your poor bleeding heart
"How little can you bear."

Oh, 'tis a pathway hard to choose,
A struggle hard to share,
For human pride would still refuse
The nameless trials there;
But since we know the gate is low
That leads to heavenly bliss,
What higher grace could God bestow
Than such a life as this?

Father Ryan was the poet of the Southern party in the civil war. The above was handed to us in manuscript by a friend.