

them up as targets to be hissed by the people of every age. Their armies were powerless to protect them, and the walls which were impenetrable to shot and shell have fallen before the roar of laughter, for no government can exist after it has ceased to win respect and began to excite hilarity.

Away back in the dim and distant ages when the rays from the sun of science had not pierced the gloom of darkness and dogma down to the day when "knowledge with her ample page, rich with the spoils of time" placed the human intellect on the dais throne of the immortals, where its prowess is well nigh irresistible and the sweep of its vision almost infinite, wit has cut a wide swath in the affairs of mankind. There is not a sin however black, a vice however contaminating, a practice however pernicious, a despotism however devilish, which has not trembled when its lash was raised against them. It has turned the flashlight of truth on the fallacies of tradition. It has torn the painted mask from the face of hypocrisy and relegated to the rear the believers in daggers and dungeons. It has brushed away the mold of prejudice from the brain and the cobwebs of fanaticism from those who stoned the prophets of progress.

Let us, therefore, be thankful for the omnipotent gift of wit and the humanizing influences of mirth. Let us court the society of the gay and happy so that the humanities can be scattered in the marts of business, in the heart and at the fireside.

"So that the night may be filled with music
And the cares that infest the day
May fold their tents like the Arabs
And as silently steal away."

