

the fool ye have always with you. It is an awful thing to be a fool, and there is no cure for it. We have an occasional ass who likes to pull the feathers from the Eagle's tail, as you have an occasional fool who likes to twist the Lion's tail—but such, and their like, we may pass over. We have a real, living, almost visible Union of which most of us are as assured as we are proud and glad. It is that Union to which I am fond of applying the words of your American poet:

Sail on, O Union, strong and great!  
Humanity with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!  
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee,  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee, are all with thee.

God grant that day of peace will soon come, and through us, for "Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God."