

A RECEIPT FOR CURING A FRACTURED HORSE BONE.

*Lines sent to Mrs. Rathorne, Dunsany, Co., Dublin
by Mr. John O'Alston.*

To learn from your card, I greatly regret,
That you and Mavoureen are badly upset,
If the bone is as bad as your pen did describe,
A plaster of paris, I now would prescribe.

Must I still onward, onward go?
Life's solemn journey to pursue,
And can I never, never know?
Why gates are barred, I can't undo?

Why some to me so loved and dear,
Have trod life's rough and thorny road,
And rarely heard a word to cheer
The contrite soul beneath its load.

To me it seems as if they saw
The human smile the Master gave,
And heard His voice so sweetly say,
With me you'll dwell beyond the grave.

POST CARD SENT TO MY COUSIN,
*Henry Joly, Esq., Milgrove House, Rathangan County,
Kildare, on the receipt of a wild goose.*

The goose has come, though deaf and dumb,
Is welcome, all the same.
So here's a health, to your dog and gun,
And thanking you again.