

joining. The sound of the major-domo's cries was balm Gilead to his wounded back.

Having spoken of fool's sermons the natural transition is to fool's judgments.

When that best of great men Sir Thomas More was tried for life his sapient judges, as they could no otherwise condemn him, declared, that *silence was treason*. It was a fools judgment though an effective one withal, since it effected its object, and deprived England's most shining light of his life.

Count Patkul may have deserved to be broken on the wheel; but when Charles the XII in the death warrant described himself as "most merciful" he was only exercising the office of Court Fool in making the rest of Europe smile over a very serious subject. Patkul thought what mercy!

And now, gentle reader, I must take my leave, lest you suffer ere long from a surfeit. When the Brahmin had eaten too many comfits, he was advised, so say the eastern annals, to try a drink of water. "Nay quoth our Brahmin" "if there had been room for water, I would have taken more comfits." Now if you like not the water, I can give you no more comfits. Rest therefore and be thankful. But above all despise not *the fools*. The great Aztic Montezuma thought there was more to be learnt from *them* than from the wise men, since they at least dared to tell the truth. And if in this treatise "On Fools" I have betimes been dull, be assured there was a design in it. When I could not make you laugh, I might at least set you asleep. Both are good for digestion.

H. B.

Innocence confers ease and freedom on the mind; and leaves it open to every pleasing sensation.

Moderate and simple pleasures, relish high with the temperate; In the midst of his studied refinements, the voluptuary languishes.

That gentleness which is the characteristic of a good man, has, like every other virtue, its seat in the heart; and, let me add, nothing, except what flows from the heart, can render even external manners truly pleasing.

NO IRISH NEED APPLY.

Shame on the lips that utter it—shame on
the hands that write,
Shame on the page that publisheth such
slander to the light;
I feel my blood with lightning speed through
all my veins fast fly
At the old taunt, for ever new—

No Irish need apply!

Are not our hands as stout and strong, our
hearts as warm and true
As theirs who fling this mock at us to cheat,
us of our due?
While 'neath our feet God's earth stands firm,
and 'bove us hangs His sky;
Where there is honour to be won

The Irish need apply!

Oh! have not glorious things been done by,
Irish hearts and hands?
Are not her deeds emblazoned far o'er many
seas and lands?
There may be tears on Ireland's cheek, but
still her heart beats high;
And where there's valour to be shown—

The Irish need apply!

Wherever noble thoughts are nurs'd and
noble words are said—
Wherever patient faith endures where hope
itself seems dead—
Wherever honest industry to win its gaol
will try—
Wherever manly toil prevails—

The Irish need apply!

Wherever woman's love is pure as is un-
sullied snow—
Wherever woman's cheek at tales of injury
will glow—
Wherever pitying tears are shed, and breathed
is feeling's sigh—
Wherever kindness is sought—

The Irish need apply!

If there is aught of tenderness, if there is
aught of worth—
If there's a trace of Heaven left upon our sin-
stained earth—

If there are noble, steadfast hearts that un-
complaining die,
To tread like them life's thorny road,

The Irish need apply!

'Till on Killarney's waters blue the soft stars
cease to shine—
'Till round the parent oak no more the ivy
loves to twine—
'Till Nephin topples from his place, and
Shannon's stream runs dry,
For all that's great, and good, and pure—

The Irish will apply!

A. L. H.