

study whose rare works may fall into our possession.

We hope that these essays will serve to interest our Irish readers, and to amuse and instruct all those who may take and read *THE HARP*.

Green Park, Aylmer, P.Q.

CHIT-CHAT.

—What a strange thing Christian charity is! Christian did I say? Unchristian. We have known men give thousands to a public charity, and women work night and day for a bazaar, who when a poor relation came to their house could hardly be civil. As the slightest puncture of the fly renders the most valuable apple worthless and unsaleable, so the wrong intention invalidates the greatest acts. Christianity thou art a jewel! Charity—that-is-charity, thou art a priceless thing! The bogus article is everywhere.

—Why do I hate panegyrics? Do I hate great men? No: not great men, but great men's panegyrists. And why? Because they are untruthful. Let us hold up virtue for admiration and emulation by all means; but let us not lower the standard of virtue in order to create virtues. As long as the panegyrist extols *one's virtues* only, so long is he commendable; but when from dearth of virtues, he invents them, then is he a forger, an utterer of base coin, a swindler, and *therefore* a jail-bird. Panegyrist, beware!

—"One's virtues" forsooth! How long would any panegyric be, that kept to *one's virtues*? At most a few lines, a paragraph. Panegyrists, do you see how untruthful you have been? What utterers of base coin? What jail-birds in sooth? Repent for the past; amend for the future.

—I know, says the immortal Bishop Milner, that it is as usual to magnify the merits of the deceased as it is to detract from them when living, and I very much fear that after death we often canonize those in our discourse, on whom God has decided in a very different manner.

—George Augustus Sala, in the *Illustrated London News*, is always chatty, if not always instructive. G. A. S. when nothing else. Discussing the railway question in England, after the Gold murder, he thinks the fate of six seated coaches with locked doors is sealed. Their fate would have been sealed years ago had not your Britisher been the slow coach he is. But George's ideas are refreshing. "I am not prepared, he gravely tells us, to accept the American railway car system in its entirety; but I see the practicability of a compromise in the adoption of a saloon carriage system, lateral doors being abolished and there being an end to end communication between the saloons throughout the trains!

—But the good man whilst patronizingly accepting our system with a modification, has "a difficulty." A third-class passenger, (oh horror!) "*might coolly walk in.*" This, of course, would be a difficulty. For a "third-class" to come between the wind and George Augustus' nobility, would be a grave difficulty. "Third-class" avant!

But George Augustus should be tolerant. If there is no ray serene of comfort and consolation on George's part, there is from the Third classes' point of view. If coppers become at length silvered by rubbing against shillings, surely the poor Third-Class would become ennobled by sheer contact with George's nobility. Take heart o' grace then, George, my friend, we pray thee. This occasional "*coolly walking in* of a third-class, will serve to "raise the masses," even though you may occasionally thereby get the scent of the commonality in your nostrils, George.

What a comment on English manners is your objection to Third-Class, my George!

—The *London Spectator* of July 15th, is angry because the Irish members are not grateful to Mr. Gladstone for the Land Bill. Now as on July 16th, the Land Bill was yet unpassed, it is hard to see what species of gratitude is necessary for a favour not yet bestowed. The *Spectator* is surely too far ahead in its complaints, and leaves itself open to