

empty boards. Who shall paint the suffering entailed on wives and children sitting in desolate, poverty-pinned homes by the carouse with which the husband and the father are "celebrating" Christmas in the drink-shop? Is it not a fact that many a hard-working and industrious wife looks forward with a sinking heart to the approach of Christmas and trembles at the mention of the anniversary which should be to her a day of joy and happiness? Is it not a fact that the employer of labour feels a new burthen of troubles as he contemplates the embarrassments in which the unusual diffusion of strong drink at Christmas is certain to involve him? We need not pursue the painful subject. We have said enough to dis sever from our idea of Christmas festivities the excesses into which they some times degenerate.

A merry Christmas then, filled with the pure delights and genial happiness that spring from a mind at rest, we wish to the readers of THE HARP. To them, in particular, our greetings are due, and to them we trust in no small degree for those efforts of benevolence and charity which at this season cast a temporary gleam of comfort across the thresholds of the needy and the distressed. The poor that are always with us have a special claim on our remembrance at this season, and the charity that doubly blesses becomes as much a social obligation as a Christian virtue. There is no lack of room alas! for the efforts of the generous and the humane. Wan cheeks and sickly forms, shivering limbs and empty stomachs, still fill garret and tenement. In lightening their sorrow and alleviating their distress the true Christian will find his best occupation; and the joys of Christmas will catch their brightest lustre from the light which the hand of Charity enkindles in the abodes of the suffering poor.

Let usefulness and beneficence, not ostentation and vanity, direct the train of your pursuits.

To maintain a steady and unbroken mind, amidst all the shocks of the world, marks a great and noble spirit.

In order to acquire a capacity for happiness, it must be our first study to rectify inward disorders.

ABOUT FOOLS!

(Continued from our last.)

At this stage of our treatise "About Fools," it may not be inopportune to discuss the whereabouts of the "Fool's Paradise." It is a learned question and requires erudition. As there are prejudices on all sides it will demand calm investigation.

If we may believe the assertion of a recent writer—and a writer withal who arises his assertion to the dignity of verse—this truly delectable country is situated somewhere in "Morocco, adjoining Tangiers." Deponent saith,—

Returning one night rather late from Algiers,
A strange circumstance truly a traveller detected.

By the tribes of Morocco, adjoining Tangiers,
The greater the Idiot the more he's respected.
Having found an asylum for all the Insane,
(And a safe one to boot—that is one consolation.)

Now Newdegate, Whalley and George Francis
Train,

You may take the first place in the Moor's
estimation.

Though many countries have contended for the honor of this location, and though our venerated traveller places it thus definitively in so restricted a place as Tangiers, we ourselves remembering our Scripture, are obliged to dissent from all these claims. If "all men are fools," then all the world must be their stage, and there is no further need to restrict the boundaries. This view is further confirmed in our mind by the right reverend and venerable authority of two of the greatest men of modern times—Voltaire and Josh Billings, to wit. The learned Josiah asserts (and we think with every appearance of reason), that "Nature seldom makes a fool; she simply furnishes the raw material, and lets the fellow finish the job to suit himself." That Nature is very considerate is certain; and that she has been notably considerate in thus allowing every man to make a fool of himself as he pleases, is further certain; that most men have availed themselves of the privilege granted them by Nature, and the so liberal supply of the raw material, will not, we think, be denied. What necessity, therefore, of restricting the locality to Tangiers? And here arises the cognate subject—What is greatness?

And here comes in our second grave