

satisfy the fevered and excited mind. Fortune must be made at once. It drives young men to the theatre, the intoxicating bowl, and the house of ill fame! No language can portray in colours strong and dark enough, the moral evils of novel reading—it is a growing and unmixed, and an enormous moral evil.

It is one of the most potent engines the devil has ever been able to plant upon our earth, to undermine the principles of virtue, and subvert the morality of the Bible. It drives the individual from the sanctuary, closes the Bible, alienates the heart from God, and plunges the soul into temporal ruin, and eternal death! The habit grows with its growth, and if permitted to run on, will pollute the soul even in the world to come!

I would say in conclusion, especially to the young, *turn from them, shun them, fear them*, as you would the miasmata of the deadly upas. Oh! that I had the pen of a ready writer, I would spread out in *living and burning characters*, on widely-extended leaves, the physical, intellectual, and enormous moral evils of novel reading! Novels are sharp rocks just beneath the smooth surface of the moral sea of life, around which float in shattered fragments, the wrecks of lost and ruined millions! And yet others will still venture in that treacherous sea!

PARENT, in the name of God, we warn you, *beware* what your children read. A bad book, a bad periodical, is poison!

YOUNG GENTLEMEN, YOUNG LADIES, we warn *you*, we entreat *you*, we beseech *you*, touch not, taste not, handle not, these literary serpents—these popular works of fiction.

EDITORS, PUBLISHERS and BOOKSELLERS, in the name of God, as you value the soul immortal, on our bended knees we implore you, put up your swords, sheathe your daggers.

MINISTERS of the sanctuary, will you cease to cry aloud! spare the rags? Nay, lift up the voice like a trumpet! save the rising youth from the serpent that biteth, the adder that stingeth!

Man that is in honour and understandeth not, is like the beasts that perish.' 'This their way is their folly, yet their posterity approve their sayings.' P's. 49 : 12, 13.

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NOTE.—The above are a few faint glimmerings of the awful, delirious, ruinous, soul-destroying consequences of this morbid appetite, this ruinous mania! Whence comes it—where the stepping-stones, this artificial, unnatural craving for mortal poison, deeply rooted in the soul, stronger than death?

Where was the relish first acquired—from a corrupt Eugene Sue! From a filthy, licentious novel? Or from the light popular readings, the fashionable literature, the religious romances, the miscellaneous, the sed, weeklies and monthlies, which flood our land? We have never classed the fashion plate magazines, the 'Harpers,' 'Godey's,' 'Petersons,' the 'N. Y. monthly,' and others of similar cast, with the