of ages, and is perpetuated with expanding force long after the bones of its perpetrator heve crumbled into dust.

Such is public scandal in the fullest acceptation of the term : such the scandal of a Luther, of a Calvin, of a Fienry VIII; for centuries have elapsed, yet the effects of their nefarious deed still endure. Voltaire and Rousseau have long since gone to their account, but their works lived after them, and through them souls were lost. The nameless authors of the corrupt litterature of our day, and those others whose names are but too well known to this sensation-loving age, are polluting the well-springs of life, and preparing a generation that may outdo them in barefaced immorality and the realistic portrayal of vice.

The evil has taken such a hold on the world around us, that even some writers who pose as Catholics, and are admitted as such into the home circle, have not dared to run counter to the tastes of the reading public, and without being bold enough to contravene openly the laws of decency, seem to court popularity by mildly pandering to that which is the least noble of human instincts. In this they are doing a nefarious work, which those, the very mention of whose names suffices to debar them from the Christian home, could never hope to accomplish.

They are, by a slow and sure process, familiarizing the saner portion of society with subjects, and scenes, and principles dangerous in the extreme when considered in the light of Gospel morality, and bridging the gap that mercifully yawned between the innocuous and the illicit. Vice when half veiled is half shorn of its repulsiveness, and may more easily be decked out so as to become attractive; and it is no palliation to allege that the final moral pointed by the tale is austerely correct and decorous.

A faltering observance of the most sacred of contracts, which Christ raised to the dignity of a Sacrament, or affectious bestowed on other than their legitimate object, are not fit subjects to be enlarged upon in a Catholtc novel, even

