

temple of their humanity. No tears! for, as Fanny Kemble says in her "Reminiscences of the Stage," "Theatrical tears dry up the soul and deaden the sensibilities towards every charity of life." When we think of men and women, their lips moist with the very wine of the sacrament of the pure Son of God, so-called members of the Church-militant, rushing to witness such spectacles as these, can we wonder at the ruin which comes to the sons and daughters—daughters who, as recorded in a western paper, flee from homes of elegance to the haunts of death? It is time some should lift up their voices in our city against the influence of our modern stage, which Mrs. Kendal, the friend of our Queen, herself an artiste of highest character, frankly admits is tainted from its centre to its circumference—illustrated in her own play in our city which is full of jilting, reckless marriage and duelling. Over the portals of every "academy of music" and every theatre may be written in burning characters the insignia, "Who enters here, shall know sweet innocence and purity of thought no more." That blighted flower, can it ever bloom again? I say, never!

I impeach those booksellers and news-vendors as at war with virtue—men who stand behind counters and deal out the black-lettered