

Pollock, Author of

ed full

els—a large propor-  
the shape of sensa-  
l, threatening to sap  
ear away multitudes  
Church and Sabbath

g out the wise man's  
that causeth to err  
ights as these into  
without any fulness

e deception and dis-  
eading; waste pre-  
the morals.

Generally speaking,  
character and con-  
on the *mirror*. The  
be excited is doomed  
se of reading, there  
excess. The mere  
imperceptibly induce  
an empty sciolist or  
adows and building  
of romance into the  
the while looking at  
sy-tinted past—the  
ges presented them.  
feels an utter desti-  
rosaic details—with

ous reading.—They  
ound to hunger and  
Heaven or the water  
b. He who gathers

what seems to him honey (though it be really the "poison of asps") all the day from every "opening flower" that grows on the fields of fiction will not be likely to relish the sincere milk of the Word that he may grow thereby. Nor will works emitting the odour of the Bible fare any better. Those standard religious books in which our Fathers gloried, will gather dust on our shelves. Books of a substantial kind on general subjects will get shoved into the shade. An appetite is formed which nothing but what is highly cooked and colored can satiate.

3. Novels *waste precious time*.—Subtract from our short allotted span what is devoted to rest, refreshment and the business of life and what a tiny hand-breadth remains! And yet, how much of moment has to be transacted within this limited compass! Man must move from this busy stage, either upwards to Heaven or downwards to Hell. "This I say, brethren, the time is short." Interests the most momentous hang suspended on its proper employment. Even supposing novels to be simply profitless and not positively pernicious, is it right or reasonable to squander valuable time in their perusal, where we should, in every practicable way, be redeeming the time—gathering up the fragments that remain that nothing be lost.

4. Our novel of the period *enervates the mind*.—Man, in this probationary state, is a child. He needs to pass through an educational process. His mind must be subjected to a salutary discipline, else he is liable to become either a dunce or a devil. Works of fiction from their very nature minister to the imagination at the expense of the intellect. *This* is famished, while *that* is fed. Hardly any mental effort worth speaking of requires to be put forth in order to their comprehension. The mind is emasculated; its vigor and vitality are exhausted. Instead of growing up to the measure of the stature of that relative perfection of which it is capable, it becomes dwarfed and deformed.

5. Though last, not least, novel-reading is most injurious to the interests of *morality and religion*.—In not a few of the productions of this class, vice is deified; virtue decried; villains become heroes; harlots, heroines. Obscenity stalks abroad clad in purple and fine linen, enveloped in a drapery of bewitching Rhetoric or enshrined in a setting of fascinating song. Piety is represented as prudery, religion, as embodied in fools or fanatics. In a painfully interesting interview held by a Commissioner of the London "Morning Chronicle" with 200 of the Metropolitan juvenile thieves, the majority frankly acknowledged that their entrance on the slippery paths of vice was traceable to the perusal of such books as "Jack Sheppard." In France, corruption is "eating as doth a canker" into the core of society. Illegitimacy is rife—embracing, one calculation makes out, a third of the population in Paris alone. To what is such a melancholy state of matters to be attributed? Mainly to the deluge of infidel and immoral publications, which followed in the train of her terri-