

fourth may be compared to the slave in the diamond mines in Golconda, who casting aside all that is worthless, preserves only the pure gem."

There can be no doubt that the reading of dime novels and sensational detective stories has a damaging and pernicious influence over the mind. Two-thirds of the books taken out of the public libraries are novels, and that is the case in all the cities of Europe and America. All classes of society, religious and irreligious, indulge in novel reading. Only a generation ago it was considered improper for anybody professing to be a Christian to read novels. And there are those who even yet look upon all novel readers as persons given over to dissipation. Who among the great men of the world have not read the Arabian Nights, Scott, Dickens, Disraeli, Thackeray, Hawthorne, and other celebrated novelists? The studies of some clergymen have not all been in the line of homiletics or theology. "We must agree that a novel is good for us now and then," said a clergyman. "We read them to secure entertainment, to relieve the mind of difficult study, and to adjust the imagination, both in its expansion and chastening." In these respects the novel has a real usefulness, and some most devoted clergymen and profound theologians employ it as a recreation and pleasure. Forty years ago I was preaching on Sunday in the city of Boston, U.S. Referring to the immortality of the soul, I gave a passage from one of Bulwer's novels, without mentioning the name of Bulwer; the next

day the bishop said to me: "Some ladies told me that part of your sermon yesterday was from one of Bulwer's novels; was it so?"

I said "Yes, the ladies appear to be quite conversant with Bulwer's novels." I brought the MS. sermon to the bishop and read the passage from Bulwer to him. He said it was very beautiful and very appropriate, and here it is:

"It cannot be that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our heart are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon our faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, for ever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth; there is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us, like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever."