

failures in other professions, persons with more imagination than practical judgment, with more greed for money than love for spreading truth and correct moral principles. They resort to novel-writing for a living, and, knowing the propensity of a too large number of readers for the sensational, the low and the depraved, they pander to this taste and live princely lives on the dimes slavishly paid than by the least intellectual class of readers. These writers do not consult their fitness for the career they adopt. They heed not whether they possess the high standard of taste, and the qualities of mind and heart that are the prime essentials required in every author who would exert an influence for good on his fellow-man. Indeed, money is their chief object, and the word of Horace: *quæcunda pecunia primum est; virtus post nummos* can be applied to them in the strictest sense. Their purse is their god, and this deity they serve most faithfully. Careless of their wholesale destruction of morals, regardless of the effects of their false principles, they inundate the world with a deluge of literary corruption. These writings form no addition to letters, but are rather the literary sewers overflowing with the filth of fallen man's mind. There can be no better proof that education without religious training is a failure; it only serves the bad by opening up a channel whereby they can send to the most remote parts of the world the evil thoughts of their wicked hearts.

It may be asked why then do we read novels at all? It is indeed true that a large share of the evil in the world may be justly attributed directly or indirectly to the bad novel; but, on the other hand, there

is also no more delightful intellectual enjoyment than the reading of a good novel. Nothing else affords so complete a rest from the ordinary occupations of life. It does not entail the mental strain that accompanies study and deep thought; it makes us forget our cares and sorrows; it banishes our fears and relieves our weariness. Our minds are refreshed by an everchanging panorama of beautiful scenes. We witness the ever busy scene of life in its many and varied phases, and enrich our minds with noble thoughts that, perhaps, never would have entered them but for the ingenuity of the novelist. And all this is not monopolized by the rich; it is the common property of the world. The millionaire may have a monopoly of the expensive binding, but he has no control over the ethereal conceptions, the imperishable thoughts of the world's great writers.

The reader becomes acquainted with the history of past times; he learns the customs and manners which obtained at other periods of the world's existence, and those that prevail to-day in other parts of the world, without the tiresome and costly luxury of actually visiting them, a luxury that can be enjoyed but by a very small number of readers. He sees the human mind in all its various aspects, and learns lessons of experience from the best students of humanity. The personages represented by the novel may be, indeed they are, ideal, but they are not beyond the range of our conception of greatness and goodness, and many may even be taken as models upon which to mould our daily life.

In well regulated households the novel is looked upon as a contraband article. This is a good sign as it