

of money, or of place and power, we find shades of character so dark, that to paint them in a novel, would be, to say the least, hazardous to its success.

As regards attacks upon pure magazine literature, it matters but little; if it give the writers or speakers a certain kind of satisfaction, let them enjoy it, the world will please itself as to what it reads. Public opinion, in the present age, has given its verdict in favor of a cheap, general literature, one which, while it conveys useful instruction, will interest and amuse. Some persons are of opinion that the very best of our novels inculcate erroneous views of the great leading doctrines of religion. Now we could say much on this subject ourselves, were we inclined to do so, but it is encroaching upon ground we do not intend to tread. If novels were written to inculcate any views of doctrinal religion, we should each be inclined to select our own; but our impression is that few persons suffer in this particular.

If, however, a novelist neglects to inculcate the great practical duties of life, if he has no moral in his writings, if *faith*, *hope* and *charity* are not the galaxy of manly, as well as christian virtues, we do not want to read his writings.

But if the writer glosses over crime,—if the seducer is exculpated by specious excuses,—the duellist murderer made a brave, honourable man, or any other of the forms of vice sophistically gilded, we say, away with such books, they are pollution! No such reading can ever be permitted in the pages of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE, so long as we occupy the editorial chair, and act as literary censor. But now about our serial tales.

Many people are of opinion that they cannot read a serial tale. They find a difficulty in remembering the several connecting portions of the story. What must we say to such persons? Shall we be rude and call them intellectual funnels? Of course if people read merely to forget, it cannot matter much what they read or how they read it. If we must profit by our reading, we must carefully masticate, that we may properly digest; and by receiving our mental food monthly, our novel as a serial, we shall be following out the natural order of exercise and rest.

There is another advantage arising from receiving our novel in instalments: it prevents a literary surfeit,—it prolongs our enjoyment of the feast. In eating some delicious morsel, how gourmand like we desire to prolong the sensation; or when sipping some nectar-like liquid,—some generous, pleasant wine, we defer its dismissal and wish, as it trickles slowly from the tongue and palate, that we could indefinitely lengthen our swallow, and thus protract our enjoyment. The serial does this: it lengthens the throat so that our epicurean wish can be gratified, and our feast extend throughout the year.

It is surprising how much we can read when it comes to us in the periodical form. How many of us have read Thackeray and Dickens while sipping our coffee at breakfast,—while lingering over a late dinner, or when in slippered feet, with tea and toast for refreshment, the shaded lamp shedding its softened light upon the open page, have amused and entertained the family circle by the