

We live in a reading community who have time and means and inclination for the indulgence, and the mental luxury will be sought and obtained; the danger to be apprehended, and already it is more than apprehension, that the quality of the supply will enervate their minds, and undermine their religious principles. Has it not been done already, by Newspapers, Magazines, and Books from the neighbouring Republic? Our work, in addition to our regular pastoral and pulpit duties, should be to provide something to meet their wants, and to counteract the poisonous tendency of puerile, depraving, and ruinous works of fiction.

*We ought to have a literature of our own.* Who that hears our American brethren preach is not forcibly struck with the difference in the tendency of their minds and manner of address from what we are accustomed, and what is adapted to us. Enter their Churches, how different from that decorum and reverence observable in our's. We could not even tolerate the careless unprofessional dress of the preacher. Look at the greater number of their religious books, especially their Expositions of Wesleyan Theology. Robert Hall said that Socinianism was the exhaustion of Christianity. And here you have every vital idea, associated with depth and solidity, in a state of evaporation. English Wesleyan literature is of a far better stamp, but English periodicals are too expensive, and not always found adapted to us. We do not conceal what we believe to be our proper position—half way between the light Yankee and heavy Englishman—but with a national and distinct character yet to establish. It is singular how little we have done in imitation of the venerable founder of Methodism, who was as diligent in furnishing books for his societies, as he was in unfolding truth from the pulpit. And not only himself, but several of his plain, devoted sons in the Gospel, who have left us the richest treasury of religious biography to be found in any Christian community.

Of late years, in addition to other expressions of desire for literary effort, we have obtained a large number of titles expressive of literary fame and distinction; we have now five D. D., nearly a score of M. A. and B. A., but so far as literary fruit is concerned, scarcely any thing has been produced; and it is a strange fact that the most popular Canadian book, emanating from our Book Room, save the aid rendered by Dr. Wood, has been the work of an Indian. The important and engrossing duties connected with offices held by our senior brethren may furnish apology for them. But we have many young men from whom we ought to expect something, when