

give much of his time to literature. Yet, if Walsh's Magazine can only induce Dean Harris to become a regular contributor to its pages, it will have done much to prove that it really fills a long felt want.

The Dean's article has a striking title : "Infectious Novels." We all know that novel reading is a disease, whose propagation may be explained on the germ theory. The Dean does his best to sequester the baneful microbe. Here is how he pays his respects to the variety that inhabits the sensational novel :

"There is a school of novelists which would seem, deliberately and with care, to have selected the very worst features in the style of great writers, and to have adopted them, exaggerated, deformed, distorted and unbalanced, as the characteristic of their own system. They have stolen from Kingsley his admiration of physical strength. They have purloined from Dickens his occasional confusion of grotesqueness with humor, and of passion with strength. They have plundered from Bulwer his perception of the strange fascination of crime—his habit of coupling and contrasting physical beauty with moral deformity ; and from Thackeray they have appropriated the mistrust of humanity—the hopeless sense of its infirmity, that runs, in mournful undertones, beneath the sparkling current of his wit and satire. And having thus, unlike bees, skillfully extracted the poison from the most beautiful and fragrant flowers, they have stored it in cells, of which the framework has been adapted from Gauthier, Zola, or Dumas the younger : and like dealers in quack medicines, coining a word to express the rubbish they sell, have ticketed the product of their labors with the label of "sensational" literature.

All ideas of nobleness or elevation are absurdly out of place in association with this school of novel manufacturers—for they can hardly be called writers. Under its hands, Fiction might be imaged as standing gazing wistfully on the door of the Divorce Court, and sentimentally on the Gallows, instead of pointing to the Cathedral porch, or gazing upwards to the bright blue sky. If they have a system at all, it is to drag out of the darkness the images of the murderer, the seducer, and the shameless woman, and set them where the gorgeous rays of fancy can stream over them, and brighten the repulsive harshness of their features with soft light, and decorate them with its own brilliant coloring. The sole effect of their writings is to present sin and guilt, with their rotteness painted over, and their shame varnished with brightness, as habitual and pleasant subjects for amusing contemplation. If they raise any voice to disclaim their sympathy with the vice they represent, it is expressed in faint warnings, that read like extenuations ; and in reprobations so gentle and tender, that they seem almost allurements and inticements."

The sensational novel finds its most ardent admirers and persistent readers chiefly among "thoughtless and giddy young girls." Dean Harris draws a dreadful picture of the result.

"So utterly vile and shameless are these books and so destructive to all sense of decency, that, habitual reading produces a moral leprosy, which rots all self respect and so completely ruins all power of discernment that in a short time, modesty, maidenly bashfulness and spirituality are dead forever more."

It might be imagined that there is nothing worse than the sensational novel. Dean Harris does not think so.

"The culmination however of satanic ingenuity is reached when we come to the atheistic or infidel novel.

The writers of these books are men and women, so vile, so utterly corrupt, and so callous to Christian feeling, that one would think the devil himself spat them out from his boiling and ulcerating lungs. The tendency of the erotic novelist is to destroy all morality, but the atheist writer is content only when he has destroyed faith in God and in the hereafter. The style of the infidel novel is a fascination. The arguments are so ingeniously and plausibly put, the infidel characters morally so heroic and admirable, the men so grandly proportioned and the women so fascinating and attractive, that the young reader is sympathetic before he reaches the second chapter. The Christian characters who take part in the drama are pious fools who mistake emotion for devotion, and are completely under the control of some cunning priest, whose manners are vulgar and whose conversation is spiritual mush."

After reading the article "Infectious Novels," no right thinking man will refuse to join in Dean Harris' concluding prayer :

"God protect our young men and women from the contamination of these books, a contamination so dangerous and infectious that the "end thereof is death,"

17—So it appears that the American Review of Reviews is not above the most shameless garbling and misrepresentation. Some time ago W. T. Stead had an interview with the great Irish prelate Archbishop Croke ; the result appeared in the shape of a character study in the "Review of Reviews." His Lordship was made to loudly approve the New Zealand school system. The following words were put into his mouth :

"How about the education question ?" I asked Dr. Croke. "That is the great touchstone which tests the liberality of men's opinions as to conflicting creeds."