

once or twice every month, or at least as often as the magazine comes in. And yet I am a great reader. My leisure moments are always devoted to literature of some kind and I am rarely to be found in the evening without a book in my hand. I think every one should read that which is congenial to his tastes and feelings, without regard to the opinions or high-minded notions of his friends. I love to read novels and don't care much who knows it. I am not ashamed of my taste in this respect, though perhaps some will look upon it as a very depraved taste indeed. Well next to reading books, I like to read about what is going on in the great world of letters, and for that purpose I regularly take in *The London Academy*, *The Athenæum*, *The New York Nation*, and *The Boston Literary World*. I find just what I want in these ably conducted journals. Literary paragraphs about new books, criticisms, announcements, and chit-chat about books and authors regularly fill the pleasant pages of these papers. And I find my liking in this respect is a predilection which finds a ready echo in thousands of persons situated like myself. Every one wants to know something concerning the hundreds of new books which come every month or two from the press, whether he is a book-buyer or a borrower of books, or one who merely likes to talk about books at the expense of the reviewer. I have often thought that in so far as criticism and reviewing are concerned our great Canadian papers are woefully behind the times. The smallest English or American newspaper employs a literary editor, and a feature in the journal is a column or two of carefully prepared reviews of new books, every week or oftener. The conductors of these newspapers find that it pays to give attention to this important branch. It is inseparably connected with the success of the paper. It is ever an interesting department of the daily, or the semi-weekly or the week-

ly. The ladies of the household turn to it second, for of course the births, marriages, and deaths, are looked at first. It is melancholy to see the way in which the Canadian editor, proper, notices the books which the publishers send to him. Generally only the title and names of author and publisher, and bookseller, are given; rarely anything more, except perhaps a few lines written from the Preface. Like Sydney Smith, may be, they are afraid that if they read the book before they reviewed it, their judgment might become prejudiced. I have no fault to find with the papers. There is plenty to read in them, but sometimes I must admit, I would rather read a good slashing criticism, even if it were half a column in length, than twenty columns of fires, runaway horses and boat-races, important as these latter may be to the "fancy."

E. N. G.

—The *irreverence* of *reverend* men strikes one as rather a curious combination; but however great an anomaly it ought to be, unfortunately it is not always one.

I have often been shocked with the pious (?) jokes of preachers, deacons, and other *good* men, and though an irreverent speech is always disgusting, it is doubly so from consecrated lips.

I do not mean that I expect or want solemnity of either the sepulchral or owlish sort from ministers of the Gospel. On the contrary; nothing is more charming than a sunny, genial, even gay participation in things temporal by the teachers and leaders of our spiritual lives. Intelligence without pedantry, wit without levity, and always dignity and reverence upon sacred themes. This is little to ask. There is extant at the present day a class of ministers who, in and out of the pulpit, say and do irreverent things, and glory in the notoriety which accrues to themselves therefrom.

Relying upon the popularity which