

the 'Caxtons,' he seeks to lead us by those fine lessons of moral beauty, written with such tact and discernment that we learn at first unknowing that we are taught. Those bright pictures of domestic life touch deeply the better sympathies of our nature, but above all, those stern conflicts which his heroes hold with their own tempestuous feelings, battling bravely against selfishness, weakness and sin, until at last the better nature comes forth as the victor, and we see man as he ought to be—a conqueror over himself—regenerated and purified by the mastery he has accomplished. And what the 'Caxtons' commenced 'My Novel' has perfected. We will institute no comparison between the works; we think they are equal in sublimity of conception and power of execution; each is a grand prose epic—worthy of the glorious English language in which it is written—exalting the writer, and giving him a claim to the deepest veneration of intellect and the purest gratitude of feeling.

It is almost unnecessary to call further attention to a work so universally known and admired; but we have lingered with such passionate pleasure over its pages that we cannot refrain from glancing once more over them in the companionship of our readers. It may be that some to whom a novel is a forbidden thing, because false sentiment and levity are connected with the name, may be induced to peruse the one under review, and we feel sure they will thank us for leading them to such a fountain of genuine truth, where beneath the light veil of blossoms that surround it they may discern and gather the choicest fruits of morality and wisdom. We, in the Colonies, cannot it is true have a very correct idea of the character of a Squire or Lord of the Manor in merry England; but reading and observation must imagine, what experience has confirmed, that Squire Hazledean is a most faithful representative of the old English Gentleman. Hearty in address, free and jovial in his manner of life, with a generous pride and an honest heart, the character of the Lord of Hazledean is ably and consistently drawn; and on the threshold of the Book we are introduced to one of the finest 'varieties of English Life.' Side by side with him, a perfect picture throughout of the good Christian Pastor, stands Mr. Dale. Would that every parish had such a shepherd: Slow to anger; judging with mild charity the most fallen and the most vicious, yet fearless for the truth; bold to rebuke error and folly—ever remembering whose cause he was bound to advocate, and maintaining it with a power and steadfastness that would not have shamed the philosopher or the hero.

Few can read 'My Novel' without conceiving an affection for the character (imaginary though it be) of Parson Dale, free as it is from first to last of inconsistency or wrong; rebuking error when it sat in high places, and extending sympathy and aid to the sufferer in the lowliest sphere. And drawn with equal fidelity, to those who judge mankind from actual experience and not from seeming inconstancy, is the character of Dr. Riccabocca—the guileless sage, the skeptic christian, the gentle hearted cynic—