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BOOKS.

In our day the declaration of Solomon continues to prove correct, "of making many books there is no end." The position of the age furnishes opportunity for reading, which was unknown for many ages. Books have ceased to be the peculiar treasure of Kings. The press has rendered the lore of the past accessible to the masses, and with untiring energy brings to the light the thoughts of giants, and pigmies, and ordinary mortals. It becomes therefore a question which every one must settle—What books ought I to read? Selection is necessary. Even of good books, so many exist that a judicious choice is demanded. On the part of the reader, consideration is required, as to his circumstances of advancement in knowledge, the time at his disposal, his mental power, and literary tastes. The character of books, must also be taken into account in determining their claim to our consideration. Select the truthful. When you find an Author labouring to prove what is evidently false, it is a waste of time to pursue his tortuous course. The German proverb "He lies like print," will remind us that implicit faith is not to be placed in all that is published. Beware of those books introduced with boastful and pompous air. The flourish of trumpets, and braggart "I am Sir Oracle," are nauseous to a correct taste. There are books that it is worse than a waste of time to peruse. In this category we place romances and most novels. Viewed in the abstract we could not bring a sweeping sentence of condemnation against all works of the imagination. There are noble exceptions; but the press teems with a pernicious and destructive literature. We judge that a depraved taste is begotten, nursed and grows strong, by the homœopathic doses of lackadaisical tales administered so often in newspapers. Hence we expect a demand to spring up for stronger and more ardent admixtures. Are we not startled at the influence on society, which an indulgence in the intoxicating cup produces, and struggle to rescue Man from the curse? There is however something analogous in the mental intoxication produced by an insatiable passion for devouring romances and novels. The stern realities of life become distasteful and irksome. While the course of the hero of three volumes is followed as if it were a matter of life and death, the graver necessity of attempting the culture of the readers own mind is neglected. The pestilential vapours of a moral quagmire are inhaled, instead of bracing the soul by climbing the mountain in pursuit of knowledge, to breathe the uncontaminated atmosphere of a pure and healthy literature. The moonshine of a tale too often