

literature which abounds in these times, down through the slimy streams of sensational tales to the depths of the French novel of Zola, George Sand and others. Look at the sons and daughters of most Christian families; what company do they keep? In the retirement of their own room, in the silence of the midnight hour, they companionate with the pimps and vagabonds, and profligate and outcasts, creations these of the Braddons, the infamous Ouidas and the Swinburnes, all garnished with the splendor of descriptive diction, but still the product of the foulest minds of our age. The habitual companionship with vice pollutes every chamber of imagery and leaves immoral memories that no regenerative power can efface in life. Into every family, in form of novel or sensuous newspaper—the cesspools into which pours the moral refuse of the city—into every family this printed pollution is insinuating itself, and like the tainted hand, once clasped, leaves you a moral leper forever. The time has come when a moral censorship should be exercised over this class of literature in the household, and a boycott be proclaimed against every book store, every news office, that gives forth its poison to set our youth on fire of hell. Such marts of literature should be placarded in our houses as the moral pest