

might as well conclude that Allan Cunningham could not have written "A wet sheet and a flowing sail" unless he had been a sailor, and therefore, as he *did* write that ballad, he *must* have professionally seen many a sea change. Why, Charles Dibdin, who wrote 'Tom Bowling,' was educated for the Church, and hardly knew the stem of a ship from the "stern"; and the reverend author of 'The night before Larry was stretched' had no personal knowledge of thieves or condemned cells. Genius, memory, and imagination suffice a poet. Does Mr. Smith suppose that Thomson had seen every beauty or terror of the "seasons" which he set in verbal melody for ever while writing amid the noise of a boys' school near the Tower, or from behind the dirty window-panes of his back room in Bond Street? However, with regard to Shakspeare, Mr. Smith insists that whatever else the poet may have been, according to others, "Shakspeare's long residence in the country" has been amply substantiated by Mr. Smith's quotations. Well, we do not think so; but we, nevertheless, accept his book and Mr. Daniel's as a proof of the undying interest which Shakspeare excites; as we do Mr. Carew Hazlitt's and Mr. Keltie's as further proof that the poets of and about Shakspeare's time have still their public among English readers of good taste and laudable curiosity.

History of the Doctrine of the Deity of Jesus Christ. Translated from the French of A. Reville. Authorized Translation. (Williams & Norgate.)

THE minister of the French Reformed Church at Rotterdam is well known in theological literature, not only by his *Essays in the Revue des Deux Mondes*, but by independent works. His activity is great; his learning and breadth of view extensive; and familiar as he is with recent historic criticism on the Continent, and adopting most of its conclusions, he is anxious to help on a school of thought which spares neither ancient creeds nor established opinions. The little work here presented in an English dress, is an attempt to give a brief and popular sketch of the dogma termed "the deity of Jesus Christ." The author has a remarkable talent for popularizing difficult subjects, so that persons not professedly theologians may read in his pages, with interest, the substance of all that has been said upon topics of technical theology. Without show of erudition or accumulation of quotations, every feature necessary for a clear apprehension of the whole is presented.

Those who wish to obtain a clear view of the history of the dogma which forms an essential part of the Creeds, cannot do better than study the pages of M. Reville, written as they are in a clear style. The historical discussion of the doctrine is fraught with instruction to all. Theologians indeed have the great works of Baur and Dorner; but these cannot be read with ease or haste, not only on account of their extent, but the difficulty of the language, especially Dorner's, which is perplexingly heavy and obscure. Even they will be glad to have their memories refreshed with the Frenchman's *résumé*; and the general reader will be most grateful for a trustworthy digest of the subject.

There are two parts of the history to which we could have wished that the author

had given some details: first, the development of the Jewish Messianic doctrine, and the state of that doctrine about the opening century of the Christian era; secondly, the christologies of the nineteenth century. We know that Christianity transformed Messianism, and even exerted some influence on later Jewish opinions. It is also certain that very different sentiments are now entertained within the terms of a christological doctrine apparently or really orthodox. The formulas may be ancient and conservative, while contradictory ideas are attached to them.

M. Reville seems to us as fair and impartial as any one can be who disbelieves the dogma. He has studied Church history calmly, and writes dispassionately. Some parts will give new light to many, such as the summary of Sabellius's doctrine of the Trinity, drawn from Baur. The following extract respecting the Athanasian Creed illustrates the author's style and manner:—

"About the same time there was spread everywhere in the West a confession of Trinitarian faith, of uncertain origin, and probably composed in Spain, but of which we have no authentic record prior to the eighth century. It has been, but without reason, attributed to Augustine; and to call it the Creed of Athanasius is to bid defiance to history. Originally written in Latin, as the numerous variations in the Greek text prove, this Creed, frequently called the *Quicumque* Creed, from the word with which it begins, is properly an extension of the Creeds of Nicea, Constantinople, Ephesus and Chalcedon. It is so composed as to define the Trinitarian dogma in all its paradoxical severity, by closing every opening which might allow a breath of heresy to enter in, and threatening all who deny it with everlasting condemnation. It sums up the results of the thought of Christendom during the seven first centuries, and the veneration, with which it was soon regarded in the orthodox Church, proves how completely it responded to the tendencies of the age. It was then, and it is even in the present day, looked upon, in more than one Church, as one of the most sacred documents of Christendom. Its popularity was not in the least affected by the simple audacity, or, as we may rather call it, the gross plainness of speech, with which the contradictions of orthodox theology are enumerated and stated; exactly as if an opponent were exaggerating them, in order that he might the better refute them. For long years the piety of Christendom delighted in what was contradictory, and in this Creed we see the crown of the edifice laboriously erected in honour of the deity of Christ. If any one desires to form a true conception of the great distance which separates original and authentic Christianity from the orthodox Christianity fabricated by councils, he cannot do better than peruse this rhapsody of contradictions, imposed upon faith under pain of everlasting condemnation, and then open the New Testament and once more read the Sermon on the Mount."

How painful is it to admit the substantial truth of these sentences!—

"On many points the deistical philosophy of the eighteenth century was incomparably more Christian than the Church. Was it ever as intolerant as the Church? What system ever waged such war against intolerance, or displayed such humanity, as it did? What system so took the side of knowledge and justice, or ever, since the time of Jesus Christ, so asserted the rights of the poor? When we understand something of what the philosophy of the last century had to contend with, we at least learn its courage and its relative utility, both of which we are apt to overlook."

The translation is faithful and good. Here and there F. C. Baur is misspelt *Bauer*, and in one place we have Locke's *sensualism* instead of *sensationalism*; but such minor inaccuracies

are trivial. The translator's notes are few, brief and timid, unlike the manner of one who is well versed in the literature of the subject or disposed to correct the original. A good index would be a welcome addition to the book.

Modern American Spiritualism: a Twenty Years' Record of the Communion between Earth and the World of Spirits. By Emma Hardinge. (New York, American News Company.)

At the risk of offending the fair producer of this droll record of the doings of commonplace credulity, who will, doubtless, assign us a suitably low place amongst flippant misbelievers and perverse quenchers of the spirit, we have the courage to confess that, whilst opening her book with alacrity, we hoped to derive more amusement and food for irreverent mirth from its communications than they have yielded us, and that we close it with no increase of respect for the intellectual condition of the peculiarly-favoured persons who have been elected to mediate between the blessed spirits and the ordinary multitude of human kind. Some of our disappointment with a volume, which certainly cannot be condemned for general sobriety of tone and irritating freedom from ludicrous qualities, is, doubtless, due to the depressing aspect of its more than five hundred closely-printed pages, and the intolerable verbosity of the author, who never wearies of producing chapters upon chapters of such composition as the following specimen of her style:—

"Modern Spiritualism is rife along the length of the far Pacific shores, and skirts the Atlantic seaboard. It is in the cabin of the miner, in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, on the peaks of the White Sierras, and consoles the toiling emigrant in his nightly camp on the desert waste or the wild prairie. It has breathed its first lessons of freedom and refinement to the Carolina slave, and humbled the pride of the Louisiana planter. It has cheered the hours of toil in Massachusetts factories, and stimulated the energies of the Minnesota pioneers. East, West, North and South, its viewless lines have run; whilst mental science, burning oratory, triumph over pain and death, trust in God and hope for man have followed in its march. To count up its triumphs, number its achievements, do faintest justice to its treasures of hope, consolation, moral improvement, or spiritual elevation, would be as impossible as it has proved for the puny arm of man to stay its progress; but to redeem from cold, forgetful or ungrateful obloquy the memory of some acts, words, works and writings, that else might be lost in the whelming floods of chance, change and time—this can be done at least, and to the work, the author's highest and most faithful aims are dedicated."

Beaten down and deluged by a torrent of foaming diction poured upon him by a big book capable of discharging from five to eight hundred words per page, all that the miserable critic can do is to gasp forth from time to time Dominic Sampson's favourite exclamation of "Prodigious!" and to wonder whether his fortitude and physical stamina will enable him to outlive the awful punishment of what Miss Hardinge would term a phenomenal cataract of verbal influences.

From Andrew Jackson Davis, more commonly called "the Poughkeepsie Seer," a dyspeptic gentleman whose unwholesome visage is garnished with a large pair of spectacles, to Dr. Newton, the celebrated healer, Miss Emma Hardinge introduces her readers to each of the spiritualistic evangelists and mediumistic

operators, who have turned tables, experienced mystical movements, elicited diabolical rappings, or floated in dim twilight over the heads of admiring disciples at divers places in the United States during the last twenty years. Towards most of these divinely favoured actors or daring charlatans Miss Hardinge is a cordial eulogist: but fearlessly conscientious in her discharge of the historian's functions, the lady admits that scandals have on several occasions arisen in spiritualistic circles through the satanic misdirection or blasphemous self-delusions of certain persons who, after enjoying familiar intercourse with the spirits and honestly labouring for "the propagation of the spiritual faith with unwearied assiduity and an extraordinary amount of mediumistic power," brought derision on the doctrines which it had been their privilege to promulgate. With sorrow and abhorrence she speaks of the leaders of the "Auburn Apostolic Circle," in a chapter the main purpose of which is indicated by the following suggestive statement of contents:—"How the Apostolic Brotherhood grew from a Circumference back to a Centre,—How the Centre Burst and Vanished into Thin Air,—How It Gathered Itself Up Again, and Grew beyond its own Centre and Circumference, and Soared away beyond Itself,—How Mr. Charles Partridge brought It back to Earth again until It found its Level." But if she is to be commended for the candour with which she admits the errors of indiscreet believers in Spiritualism and the warmth with which she denounces the impostures of knavish imitators of true mediums, Miss Hardinge is no less praiseworthy for the zeal with which she combats the infamous doctrine and abominable assertions of those blind leaders of the blind who delight in declaring that the blessed spirits, with all their elevations of tables and knockings at wainscots, never accomplish anything for the material advantage or any obvious good of humanity. In reply to this slanderous imputation against the beneficence and practical usefulness of the dear spirits, the author assures us that the calumniated ghosts have discovered crimes, vindicated innocence, brought culprits to punishment, discovered oil-wells, reclaimed sinners from the ways of vice, saved steamers from shipwreck, and produced several remarkable inventions for the better prosecution of industrial arts. In 1858 the spirits led to the discovery at Annapolis of a mislaid acknowledgment of a loan of 500 dollars. Not many years since they communicated a recipe for a soap of superior excellence to a manufacturer, who has made a large fortune by acting on their suggestion, and selling "spiritual soap" to the spiritually disposed. A man would have been buried alive at Prairie, Boom County, Illinois, in 1860, if a spiritual manifestation had not resulted in his rescue from a position of imminent peril. Some sixteen years since a spirit with a strong taste for mechanical pursuits caused an artisan to construct a novel machine for riving shingles; four years later a mill of peculiar fashion for grinding corn was invented by a contriver in consequence of a spiritual instigation; another ingenious artisan, in 1859, was informed by a blessed spirit how to fabricate a new kind of fishing-net; and so late as 1862 Miss Emma Hardinge received from a ghostly visitant minute instructions for the manufacture of "a self-adjusting, inside-fastening window-blind," with respect to which

contrivance the author informs us, "The machine was and is exceedingly simple; can be applied to any window; is the most secure of fastenings, when closed, against burglars; and equally so, when pushed back, against the action of the wind." Miss Hardinge's nephew, Frank Chase, cabinet-maker and upholsterer, has derived a considerable measure of worldly prosperity by the manufacture of this spiritually-designed blind, and any reader wishing to satisfy himself as to the merits of the invention may obtain a specimen blind on equitable terms from the patentee, concerning whose sole and fully-secured property in the contrivance his aunt observes, in justice alike to his generosity and her own reputation for disinterestedness, "It will be remembered that the spirit who revealed this invention to the author, urged upon her that she should give the idea to his nephew; and here it may be added that he insisted upon it she should never take any fee or reward for the same, or claim any share of the profits. In justice to all parties, it is but right to say that Mr. Chase has again and again pressed upon Miss Hardinge liberal offers of compensation, accruing from the sale of the patent rights, &c.; but the conditions imposed by the spirit have been faithfully regarded, and not a single cent has ever been accepted by the medium, or any other reward than a well-executed model of the invention." In several parts of her book, besides those devoted to the consideration of spiritual inventions, Miss Hardinge argues on the assumption that it is impossible for a man to think or do anything noteworthy without the immediate intervention of a spirit.

NEW POEMS.

The Fugitive, and other Poems. By W. E. Heygate, M.A. (Longmans & Co.)

MR. HEYGATE'S merits are of a negative sort. In 'The Fugitive, and other Poems,' we find verse of average character written by a scholar and a man of taste; but we look in vain for any manifestation of original thought. The volume is not without evidence of talent in the composition of verse and the treatment of judicious themes; but it is characterized by a tantalizing mediocrity. 'The Old Essex Clerk' and 'The Wife of the Old Essex Clerk,' modelled after Tennyson's 'Northern Farmer,' although containing many quaint and shrewd remarks, are too diffuse. They lack the unity of design such compositions should have, and there is no sign of that sententious wit and rich humour to be found in the Laureate's composition of the same class. Mr. Heygate has yet to win the reputation of a poet.

Australian Songs and Poems. By Frederick Sydney Wilson. (Sydney, Gibbs, Shallard & Co.)

THERE is, doubtless, a time coming when Australia will have a literature of her own, and poets worthy of mention. If the picturesque and vast in nature, the stirring and romantic in life are alone sufficient to give birth and nurture to poets, no country should be more prolific in the genus than Australia. The conditions of poetical instinct and culture are, however, independent of these surroundings. Possibly there is something in a new life in a strange land antagonistic to a high development of poetic art. The poet of nature needs repose—a perfectly placid state of mental feeling—to treat poetically the world he lives in; and this cool passive mood is perhaps unattainable amid the excitement and rapid changes of colonial life. Under such circumstances the poetry of Australia is, as we should expect, hurried in construction and fleeting in effect:—it has all the variety of a panorama, with none of the quiet beauty of a picture. 'Australian Songs and

Poems' is a book of some promise. Immature in execution, it has nevertheless much spirit, and some of the lyrics have a fine rhythmical sweep. They hardly show as much vigour and originality as are found in the poems of Mr. Kendall, after which they are evidently modelled; but they have more variety, and are less imitative of the manner of our great contemporary poets. The volume contains much imperfect work, and is chiefly interesting as being another specimen of Australian verse. The following stanzas from a Christmas lyric, 'Five Thousand Leagues Away,' will be admired, whilst they afford a fair sample of our author's manner:—

Yes! This is the happy Christmas-time, and yet how strange it seems!
The crimson flush on the flowering brush, the flame on the splendid streams;
The sun's bold glance—the mirage-dance of the bright Australian noon—
As the warm-breath'd breeze just stirs the trees that girdle the broad lagoon.
Still as I gaze on the blooms that fringe the wild creek's sunny flow,

I think of faces far away where the fields are white with snow!
And wonder and weep—"Will their memories keep,
'Mid the mirth of this gladsome day,
A sacred place for an absent face
Five thousand leagues away!"

Again I see the old elm-tree, with its branches bleak and bare,
And the rustic seat where lovers meet—Yes! lovers and seat
are there;
And I fancy I know that arch bright smile, the turn of the glittering curl
That hangs (like the spray of the fruitful vine) on the neck of a lovely girl!
And the sterner face, above her bent, is lit with a softer light,
As her voice falls low like a wavelet's song when sunset fades to night.

And they list to the merry Christmas chimes,
And laugh. Ah! well-a-day!
Does she ever think of a changeless face
Five thousand leagues away?

The snow may rest in last year's nest that hangs on the hawthorn's cope:
But the birds will fit through the boughs, and sit again in the rocking tops;
Tho' the cottage eaves are lone, and miss the flash of a welcome wing.

We know the swallows will come again with the sunshine and the spring,
And so, returned, an old, old love in each true bosom swells,
When the sad sweet rhyme of an ancient time chimes in with the Christmas bells.

Ah! then their memories turn to me,
And "God's blessing" still I pray
On the eyes that dim when they think of him
Five thousand leagues away!

I know life's time of golden prime—the beautiful time of yore—
Has faded away, like a fallen star that will shine in Heaven no more.

And I sometimes yearn to backward turn my steps, and a day re-live,
That my lips might sound the happy laugh that only a child can give!

But, ah! 'tis vain; we can ne'er regain our childhood's sand of gold;
'Tis well as our bodies fade and fall, if our spirits grow not old!

That heart to heart in love may start
With the bells of each Christmas-Day:
"Lord, keep our memories green" for those
Five thousand leagues away!

The Cross, and Verses of many Years. By the Rev. Charles Nevile, M.A., and Maria Nevile. (Parker.)

READERS of poetry inclined to be critical or fastidious will not find much in this goodly-sized volume to please them. It is composed of religious-verse of average quality. The writers, who appear to have an itch for be-rhyming every religious text or incident which comes under their notice, possess the fatal facility for turning into metre a creed, a prayer, a litany, or a collect. We believe there are readers who enjoy such weak solutions as are here offered, and do not insist on artistic merit or profound thought in a poem if the sentiment is devout and the rhythm smooth. To the presence of the latter qualities in the majority of Mr. and Mrs. Nevile's effusions we testify. As poems they are pale, characterless, and inferior to the commonplace compositions in a similar direction of the late Rev. Robert Montgomery. The work is encumbered with mere trifles, insignificant in size and quality, and not a few wretched specimens of verse. Nothing could be much worse than the first of the four stanzas entitled 'Christmas Day':—

Hail, happy morning,
Hail to thy dawning,
For while we hail thee a mightier Sun
Thou art revealing,
Risen with healing
Wings his blest course of redemption to run.