

whole, we think Dean Alford a safer guide than Mr. Gideon Ouseley.

The treatment of Roman Catholic doctrines, as that of Transubstantiation for instance, is most insulting and outrageously unjust (pp. 187 and 261). The author's opponents are idolaters, whether they will or no. Mr. Ouseley, who does not believe in the dogma, *knows* that the wafer remains bread, *ergo*, to worship the Host is idolatry; as if the belief of the worshipper had nothing to do with the matter. How would Protestants like to see some of the mysteries of their faith treated as this man treats what he calls 'host-making'? Much is made in the preface of this edition of the 'curious and learned citations from patristic and controversial writers.' There is nothing curious about them; they are almost all stock quotations, published over and over again, and they may be found much better digested elsewhere; there is no need for raking over a theological dunghill to find them. Moreover, all the filth he has collected about some of the Popes, and a great deal more of the same kind, can easily be found to satisfy prurient appetites. Mr. Ouseley may have been a learned man; but judging from his renderings of the decrees of the Tridentine Council, we should not think so. The printing of Greek quotations in this book is simply abominable. There is not an accent in a single instance where a Greek word is used, from the title-page to the colophon. Sometimes the breathings are given, oftener they are omitted. In one sentence of about eight words, five require a breathing, and only one, an aspirated *eta*, is there—the bell-wether of the flock. It is time that works of this sort ceased to appear. They fairly represent neither Protestantism nor Catholicism; they impose upon the unlettered reader by a show of learning, misrepresent and distort doctrine, make light of sacred things, revel in the vocabulary of Billingsgate and of the pit, and keep alive the basest and most violent of all human prejudices and passions.

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ART LIFE, AND OTHER POEMS: by Benjamin Hathaway. Boston: H. H. Carter & Co., 1877.

'Art-Life,' the poem which gives name to this volume, is a somewhat vague aspiration, in thirty-five smoothly written stanzas, after the 'higher Life,' which Mr. Hathaway thus apostrophizes:

'Thou final Good! the theme of wisest sages,  
Beginning, end and goal of Liberty;  
The choral hymn that echoes down the ages,  
The inspiration of all prophecy,  
The golden days all Poet's song presages,  
The TIME TO BE!'

In poetry and principle there is nothing that can be said against these lines; but they do not convey by themselves the impression which we have received from the whole poem. That impression—perhaps a mistaken one—is, that the 'higher life' for which it expresses ecstatic longing is one which makes very good material for misty poetry, but which has not enough moral substance to satisfy real earnestness. 'Longings' are very romantic, but also very dangerous things to indulge in. When our ideals are drawn in true perspective—are definite, settled, and good—they inspire us with a simple enthusiasm of purpose that sets us a-working, not a-longing, to bring about their realization. When they are out of perspective to our real human nature—are indefinite, unsettled, and dreamy—they fill us with a vague unrest that unhinges the action of life and leaves us to romantic discontent and—to be plain—grumbling poetry. It is far from our intention to suggest that Mr. Hathaway's ideal of 'the higher Life' has any vagueness in its devotion to 'the Final Good' of which he writes so eloquently; but his expression of it certainly has. His verse paints (sinning chiefly in omission) a higher life that is purely æsthetic, that is too dainty for the dust of this working-day world, and is passively beautiful rather than actively good. The contemplation of such an ideal 'Art-Life' has given him material for verses of which many are excellent, some poor; but of which none bear that promise of vitality which goes with the humblest expressions of the workings of 'the great human heart.' As regards the mere skill-of-hand in them, most of them are full, flowing, and melodious, but nowhere call for unusual or unstinted praise, sharing, as they do, the defects we must proceed to point out in the remaining poems. These disappoint even such expectations as might very reasonably be founded on the first. The least critical and most benevolent of readers could not but own them tiresome. They are all in a similar strain of amiable sentimentality, running, smoothly enough, on the same level of respectable mediocrity; except in one or two instances where they dip below that. Mr. Hathaway has, and gives enthusiastic expression to, a deep and loving sympathy with animate and inanimate nature, and his intimacy with it rescues his verse from utter dullness. But he exhibits the alarming though praiseworthy determination to draw a moral from everything, and certainly, where it is possible, he selects well-worn and familiar ones; but now and then the moral is more ingenious than obvious. In the construction of his verse he stretches poetic license too far for the safety of those less elastic requirements, grammar and sense. Subject, object, active, passive, adjective, and adverb, change and change about with metrically obliging but