immediately after she became deaf, and others since. Some are on such public incidents as the death of Lord Macaulay, the death of Prince Albert, the marriage of the Prince of Wales; others are of the nature of hymns or religious songs; but the most touching are those relating to incidents of the author's own life and home. The following is on her own deafness:—

NEVER MORE!

Must it be never more?—the mournful stillness
Falls upon me with oppressing chillness!
It seems that all my future must be drear;
I cannot still within my heart the longing;
Remembrance brings those voices ever thronging—
Familiar voices that I used to hear
In the bright days of yore.
Never more to hear the waters flowing!
Never more to hear the free winds blowing!
Nor the chiming of the Sabbath-bell.
Never more, thy tuneful voice, O Nature,
Nor the wild birds, singing in their rapture,
The low sweet music that I loved so well,—
Must these be never more?
"Never!" from my soul the answer rises;
"But often blessings take these dark disguises.
Hast thou no faith to trust thy Master's word?"
It may be that the blow 'neath which I'm sighing
Has waked the gift of song within me lying;
Thanks, grateful thanks, I give for this, O Lord—
I give for this to Thee!
Let me not use the gift that Thou hast given
In questioning the high decrees of Heaven;
Rather let me in my lot rejoice.
"Never!"—nay, I shrink not at the fiat,
For the first sound that breaks the solemn quiet
Will be the music of my Master's voice.
Yea, Lord, so let it be!

In the "Sonnets and other Poems" by E. H. W. there are evidences not only of a fine religious pensiveness, verging on melancholy, but also of a highly-cultivated taste, and sense of literary finish. In this respect they are superior to any of the volumes we have hitherto mentioned. The following sonnet will prove this as well as the possession of something of a higher poetical faculty:—

TIME AND ETERNITY.

The soul is like a watch-tower by the sea:
One while the sunbeams glide, the breezes blow
Over the downs where corn and clover grow,
The restless cattle-bells sound from the lea,
And children whimper, or cry out for glee,
Where through the gorze the winding pathways go
Down to the village street.—Anon the flow
Of the great waters swells in majesty,
Stirred by the landward blast; the evening light
Flashes across their depth, the hush of night
Falls on the earth, and to the ocean song
The soul gives ear, striving to comprehend,
And answer, with a yearning wild and strong,
Where wistful hopes with cherished memories blend.

Mr. Truman's "Effie Campbell" is but a dainty little ballad of three-and-twenty stanzas, and the greater portion of this tiny volume consists of the additional poems. In these also we find at the least graceful feeling and cultured expression. Here are some lines from the longest of them, which is in blank verse, and is entitled "The Poet:"—

Not want—not vice—scared him away. He knew
That thought may ripen at the weaver's loom,
And genius travel with a dusty shoe,
And beauteous feeling vein uncultured hearts,
As gold the rough-ribbed hills. To him it seem'd
Humanity is greatest in its grief,
As Christ in death; therefore the suffering
And poor and sorrowful he studied most.
Who would be skill'd in human nature must
Know well the sad—sorrow makes men sincere.
Hateful to him were small-soul'd sectaries,
And such as limit and prescribe the truth
As if monopoly of light were theirs.
Eclectic in the temper of his faith,
Of differing theologies he held,
None could be wholly false or fully true,
And that the catholic authentic Church
Was where the pious and aspiring were.

The last little volume on our list, and entitled "Poems by Emilie L. Marzials," &c., contains some very pretty verses—nay, some that deserve a higher epithet. The first and larger portion is the work of a very young writer, and, as such, displays what is better than polished diction and correct versification—viz., promise. Her pieces are very unequal in power, but rising in the best to great beauty and remarkable thoroughness of conception. As instances, we would refer to the poems entitled "Behold, I stand at the Door and Knock," "The Two Reminiscences," one of a Spanish and one of an English scene, and to the "Carisbrook Castle." The following is an extract from the last, relating to the unfortunate Princess Elizabeth:—

So I lay idly on the grass,
And saw the strangest vision pass;
And of old times I dreamed again,
Weaving a dandelion chain.

It was a damp, cold prison-room;
And on the window-sill I spied
A maiden lying cold and dead—
So, far from kith and kin, she died.
She, princess of the royal blood,
Lay calm, and still, and very pale,
For she had burst her prison bars,
And now stood free, within the veil.
A bird sat on the window-ledge,
Freed from its cage, and seemed to pour
A stream of glad exulting sound
To waft the soul to heaven's door.

The faults of these poems, as pieces of art, are such as care and labour will remove. Natural aptitude, even when unquestionably present, is not enough to make a poet.

The second portion of the little volume is evidently the work of a maturer hand. It shows a mind attuned to religious influences; and, indeed, it might be objected to one or two of the pieces that they are too hymn-like. The versification is very good. The following verse, like the poem from which it is drawn, evinces, to our thinking, considerable power:—

Who may this be, homeward sailing?
This is he who went forth quailing;
But, when the danger round him crept,
The lion heart within him leapt,
And onward through the waves he swept.
"Come, follow me, who dare follow!"
And now at setting of the sun,
Soon as he hears the harbour-gun,
He smiles at his bodings hollow."

"The proceeds arising from the sale of this book," as we are informed by a notice on the cover, "will be devoted to the French Protestant Free Schools, Gerrard Street, Soho."

BÜCHNER'S "MATTER AND FORCE."

Matter and Force. By Dr. Louis Büchner. Translated by J. F. Collingwood. (Trübner.)

IT would be easy to describe this book in words of most offensive association to the English reader. Seldom, indeed, is materialism so nakedly presented in our language. Whether or not the rare allusions in scientific works to those entities which Dr. Büchner denies do not form a mere drapery to hide an ugly gap, we will not now inquire. Some reasons for our English taste for this kind of drapery are very low, and some are very high: nevertheless, it may be well occasionally that it should be removed, and we should ask ourselves what lies beyond. Meantime the present work has all the claim that a wide circulation can give for its admission on English soil. "Kraft und Stoff" was published at Tübingen in 1855; and the present translation is taken from the eighth edition, the two first having been exhausted in the first few months. As it has, besides, appeared in France, Russia, America, Denmark, and Holland, in all which countries, the translator tells us, it has attracted considerable attention, this rapid diffusion in Germany can be ascribed to no mere national peculiarity. This attention must be due to the energy and fearless consistency with which the views of the author are expressed; for it is certainly not earned by any originality or profundity in those views themselves. That Matter and Force are, in nature, indissolubly connected; that each within that limit, as it is indestructible, is also incapable of origination; that, consequently, the whole scheme of things contains at every moment exactly the same amount of each as at any previous period of time—these are truths which are now the inheritance of every thinker, the capital bequeathed to him by the industry of his forerunners, which he may leave unimproved or put out to valuable interest, but the mere possession of which is dependent on no exertions of his own. That which distinguishes the present version of this common creed is its vehement denial of any world lying beyond the limits where these laws are inexorably fulfilled—in a word, of the supernatural. The spiritual world appears as that zero to which its fractional value in the thoughts of scientific men appears to be continually approximating; and, as supplying us with a formula for the tendencies of modern science, the work may be regarded as possessing a representative value. Having said thus much, we shall not dwell further on the writer's arguments that God, immortality, and spirit are the mere phantasms of ignorance, the visible horizon which connects earth and heaven, but which, since our childhood, none of us has attempted to reach. They do not pretend to contain any novelty; indeed we should imagine the ideas they contain had suggested themselves with or without the bitterest pain to most thoughtful minds. We look upon "Force and Matter" as what we have described it—a representative work; and, after speaking of what appears to us valuable in the individual, we propose to criticize the species, regarding our specimen as a mere exposition of the materialistic tendencies of modern science.

The best chapter in the book, as might have been expected, is that which treats of Design in Nature. The poor old final causes will always afford to an assailant as easy a victory as that of Falstaff over Hotspur, when "we rose at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock." Yet, since there certainly was a time when the argument was considered of value, a forcible exposition of its emptiness does not seem to us altogether superfluous. This chapter appears also noteworthy as being written in 1853, seven years before the publication of the now famous "Origin" (a work which was, at all events, capable of playing the part of Prince Henry in our parable, whether or not sufficient life was left in its antagonist to exercise such power), and as revealing to us that dim outline of a great truth often presented to other minds just before the discoverer flashes on it the light of his genius. The following passages, for instance, remind us of those gropings after the idea of universal gravitation to be met with in the period immediately anterior to Newton, and might find equal parallels, no doubt, in the history of every great discovery. "Numbers of arrangements in nature, apparently full of design, are nothing but the results of the influence of external natural conditions; an influence, it must never be forgotten, which continued for millions of years to become (*sic*) dominant" (p. 90). "How many unfortunate attempts may not nature, or the materials endowed with force, have made in the production of these various forms? *These attempts failed when all conditions necessary for their existence lid not concur*" (p. 91). "Such forms as could preserve themselves are now seen in a well-ordered series, in mutual relation to each other and to surrounding natural forces. *What is now existing in the world are the remains of an infinite number of beginnings*" (p. 92). In short, the whole chapter is a clear and forcible statement of the truth which must have occurred to many readers of the Bridgewater Treatises, and which contains the germ of natural selection—viz., that, if any organisms ever existed which were not adapted to the existing framework of nature, they must simply have died off, and that therefore the actual system of adaptation is no proof whatever of any intention in the beginning of things. The author characterizes the "adaptation" theory as one "which imputes an absurdity to a creative power, which is to have created an evil with its antidote, instead of omitting the creation of either" (p. 101).

Again, on the subject of disease, the remarks of our author are perfectly just. Of late years much stress has been laid on the connexion of disease with some transgression of what are often called the laws of God (we

may suggest George Combe's "Constitution of Man" as an instance); and the idea of all physical suffering as the work of the Devil, and to be resisted, has gained rapid ground upon the older idea of submission, expressed in our Service for the Visitation of the Sick. Such a belief appears to us to belong to that circle of truths which Mr. Mansell called "regulative." It appears in its place in Miss Nightingale's "Notes on Nursing," in Lord Palmerston's answer to the Scotch petition for a national fast on the occasion of the cholera—wherever, in short, there is anything to be *done*. Let us drain our towns, ventilate our buildings, exert ourselves to spread sanitary knowledge among the poor, *as if*, when all were done, disease and suffering would be at an end. Perhaps it may be so, or, perhaps, as our author tells us that "disease is as old as organic life" (p. 96), so it may be destined to co-exist with it upon this planet; at any rate, there is unquestionably a margin of disease which it lies with us to remove; and, if we find a nucleus of inevitable suffering when this is done, we may console ourselves with thinking to how small a compass we have reduced it. But let us not think that anything is explained by this view of physical suffering. It is good to know that disease is preventible, inasmuch as we may prevent it; but it does not render less mysterious a penalty not exacted from the individual who has transgressed the law, or imposed in proportion to anything that can possibly be considered as moral guilt in this trangression.

The reader will be reminded by this work of Mr. Grove's well-known essay on "The Correlation of Forces;" and a few words on the resemblance and dissimilarity of the two books will form the best introduction to what we have to say on those tendencies in modern science of which the present volume is typical. The two books are not to be mentioned together in any other sense than as possessing certain ideas in common. The one is among those half-dozen works of our time which arrange old facts by the light of new ideas, those landmarks in the history of thought which signify a new tract reclaimed to the cultivation of science—the other is original in almost nothing but its negations. One shows us a new path through a well-known country—the other, pointing to what we imagined a line of distant hills, only informs us, "Mere cloud-architecture—there is nothing there." But they do possess in common the conception of one imperishable force, invariable in amount, appearing now as heat, now as movement, now as electricity, or rather as all the different varieties of movement which we know under these names, and always allied with an amount of matter like itself invariable, liable to endless transformation, but to destruction never. Mr. Grove's work is exclusively scientific. Dr. Büchner says a great deal upon subjects on which science gives no information whatever. But it is this very dissimilarity which appears to us instructive. One view we believe to be true, and one to be false; but, not to waste time in diluting a paradox, our assertion is that in the truth lies that which suggests the falsehood, and that a right appreciation of this suggestion is, for the world of thinkers, one of the greatest needs of our day.

If we have understood rightly the work of Mr. Grove (we attempt with diffidence to condense into a few words the purport of one of the most pregnant treatises of our day), it is to this effect:—The importation into the domain of physical science of the idea of causation is, strictly speaking, erroneous. It may be convenient to speak of one phenomenon as the cause of another—of electricity, for instance, as the cause of magnetism—but this is merely a metaphorical statement of fact, of the same family as the despised, but, Mr. Grove thinks, not despicable, aphorism, "Nature abhors a vacuum." Both these statements connect by a convenient formula a number of similar facts; but, in each case, the formula is a notion borrowed from a different world than that of nature. Strictly speaking, the idea *cause* is as remote from the world of nature as the idea *abhorrence*,—in a word, it belongs to the *super*natural. The conception by which we are to replace it, as physical science filters itself from metaphysical notions, is that of ever-changing Force, appearing now as magnetism, now as electricity, and not more original in the one form than in the other. Of this Force there is a certain constant amount in the world, just as there is a constant amount of moisture; it may take different forms—as water may appear in the liquid, fluid, or gaseous state; but one form of this force can no more be called a *cause* of any other than water can be called a cause of ice. Thus, electricity and magnetism, to recur to Mr. Grove's illustration, do not stand to each other in the relation of blossom and fruit, but of water and ice. They are not different stages of development of the same agency; they are different forms of an agency in which there is no development. This is not Mr. Grove's language; the word development does not, so far as we are aware, occur in the Essay; but it is, if not his meaning, what appears to us a mere inference from the meaning expressed in these words, that "the various affections of matter are all correlative, and have a reciprocal dependence; neither can be said to be the essential cause of the others, but either may produce any of the others" (p. 15). We have quoted this sentence as at once containing the pith of the whole book, and forming the link with the work at present under review; and our remaining space will be occupied in illustrating what seems to us the real, though unlogical, connexion between the view, so remote from all theological inference, of the one writer, and the undisguised atheism of the other.

While the student of physical science is occupied in the "study of effects to arrive at causes," as Mr. Grove quotes the common expression, though he can never come in contact with creative power—though such an agency lies beyond the realm of nature under *any* point of view—yet this idea is certainly suggested to him. If electricity were the cause of magnetism, if something else were the cause of electricity, and so on, we should be pursuing a chain of cause and effect which at least suggested a conclusion. Ascending higher in the series at every step, we should feel ourselves approaching a First Cause, which, indeed, on this territory we could never reach, but a space for which was prepared in the mind by these investigations. But, when we have discovered that electricity, for instance, is only the cause of magnetism, as magnetism is the cause of electricity; that, wherever we enter on the cycle of Forces, we may return to our original starting-point without finding a break—the mind is not in the same way prepared for the conception of origin. The intellect replies to the soul, like Laplace to Napoleon when asked why his Mécanique Celeste contained no mention of God—"Je n'ai pas besoin de cet hypothèse." That speech is no impure condensation of the tendencies of modern science. It does not only exclude creation from its own territory: it certainly has a tendency to unfit the mind for the conception of origin. Now this twofold conception of origin lies on the threshold of the world of Spirit—volition in Man, creation in God. All conviction of the reality of the spiritual world is inseparably wrought up with the belief not only that Time is divided into a "has been" and a "shall be," but that for every individual, side by side with the actual past and future, remain a "might be" and a "may be." Take away this belief, and you have entered on a path where every step of consistent thought (how different it is with inconsistent thought we need not pause to concede) must carry you further and further from all spiritual reality, which will end in that unbroken cycle of forces, where man forms a mere segment, which we have described. Now it is not enough to say that science knows nothing of this "might" and "may"—that is adequately answered by the truth that it does not extend into the region where it is applicable; but we do not see any escape from the conviction that its tendency is to prevent the mind from receiving the conception of what is expressed by those words. Of course we use the mere words "might" and "may" with reference to physical fact. We say "This man may recover from his illness," and we say "This man may repent of his sin;" but do we mean the same thing by the repeated word? If we do, we cease to believe in the supernatural. If the contingency, in the last case as in the first, refers to a mere doubt in the mind of the speaker, then he has crossed the great watershed of human thought and set his foot on the descent that slopes away from the spiritual world.

And yet we do not see how the man of science can avoid the temptation to cross this line. He finds no limit of origin anywhere: the further he pursues his investigations the more he is convinced that they will never reveal to him anything but evolution. A long life of scientific investigation does not bring him nearer the conception of a beginning than he was at first. How can he be otherwise than unfitted to receive it, either as a fact in the history of the world or in the mind of man? That origin which we name *will*—that movement of spirit which is underived from any outward impulse—that event which we feel might have been different, all other things remaining the same, and which is thus an exception to all other events—what fact of nature does not close the mind against it? How can it be that one should spend his life in studying such facts and retain his belief in that which they contradict?

Let it not be thought unfitting to say so much, and to say no more. Truth cannot ultimately be inconsistent with Truth. Both for the course of every individual mind and for the mind of humanity, we are certain that a time will come when the knowledge of the laws of nature will blend into one harmonious whole with a belief in a Divine Creator. But knowledge moves slowly, as its progress is measured by our threescore years and ten, and the mighty curves which represent divergent paths of thought may recede for ages yet to come, and meet at last. To point out this divergence is not to throw any doubt on the ultimate coincidence of all true thought in some common centre. On that certainty it would be out of place to dilate here; but it is not out of place here to suggest, to those whose pursuits and interests lie in a different direction, that discordant views on the deepest subjects in the minds of scientific men may be the result of no narrowness or twist in the mind of the thinker, but of an inherent tendency in the object of thought. Would that this conviction might be brought home to those most sure of all that scientific men are tempted to deny! Would that they could learn to contemplate the incredulity of science, in all its varying shades, from the mere averted interest of our own scientific world, to the dogmatic atheism of such books as "Matter and Force," as the blindness of those who, rightly and meritoriously, have worked too long in the mines whence they have brought us precious treasures, and cannot bear the return to the light of day!

NOTICES.

The Antediluvian History and Narrative of the Flood, as set forth in the early portions of the Book of Genesis, critically examined and explained. By the Rev. E. D. Rendell of Preston. Second Edition, revised. (Pitman.)—An explanation of the early Biblical narrative, based on Swedenborg's principle of "correspondences." Mr. Rendell goes some way with modern criticism, in arguing that the narrative of the Creation and of the Flood, taken literally, cannot be reconciled with facts now known. But he will scarcely carry modern critics with him in his allegorical interpretation of the Biblical language. The creatures in Paradise, according to Mr. Rendell, represent human qualities; tame beasts = celestial affections, fowls = spiritual perceptions, and wild