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English dress, we think none, to whom they are new, the sonnets,—

"Veggio nel volto tuo col pensier mie." 

"Il mio verso amor s'una pieta superna."

"La vita del mio amor non è cor mio."

and others of the same pure religion, without a delight which shall

"Can't a light upon the day, 
A light which will not go away, 
A sweet forewarning."

We hope they may have the opportunity. It is a very little book with a great deal in it, and five hundred copies will sell in two years.

We add Mr. Taylor's little preface, which happily expresses his design.

"The remarks on the poetry and philosophy of Michael Angelo, which are prefixed to these translations have been collected and are now published in the hope that they may invite the student of literature to trace the relation which unites the effects of the pure intelligence and the duties of the heart to their highest earthly accomplishment under the complex forms of Art. For the example of sentiment is, watched and judged not only by its finished works, but, as it were, in its growth and fruition; of Love and Knowledge combined to enlarge the range of our sympathy for the best powers and productions of man. And if these pages should meet with any readers inclined, like their writer, to seek and to admire the veiled truth and solemn beauty of the elder time, they will add their humble testimony in the fact, that whatever be the purpose and tendencese of the time we live in, we are not all unmindful of the better part of our inheritance in this world."

SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.


This Discourse is pervaded by a deeper vein of thought than we are wont to look for, or to find in the occasional services of the pulpit. We should rejoice to know that there is any considerable number of persons among the congregations that assemble in the churches for Sabbath worship, who take delight in this simple, fervent, and practical expositions of religious truth as are here set forth. This Discourse, however, indicates more than it unfolds; it is not a complete and harmonious whole; and it will

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be read with greater profit by those who watch for every gleam of light, than by those whose eyes are open only to the broadest glare of noon.

The following passage expresses the feelings of many who are accustomed to distinguish between religion, as it existed in the divine idea of Jesus, and the religion which ventures to assume his name, as an exclusive badge at the present day.

"The occasion which assembling us is one of thrilling interest. At a day when the whole aspect of the church and the world seems to present strong tendencies toward revolution; while on all sides men seem to be outgrowing the tyranny of form, and overlapping all former barriers which have been raised between themselves and perfect freedom, we come to consecrate this temple to the worship of the Father of our Spirits, and thus hear our humble testimony that we can find in Christian images, and the Christian's faith, all that we need for our mental and spiritual advancement in the path to heaven. We feel, however, others may consider the subject, that in the Bible and in the Saviour, are revealed to us Infinite Truths, which man can never outgrow, which as yet the world have never imagined. And although we do not believe that the Christianity of Society, or the Christianity of the Church, as they appear in the present age, are by any means perfect, we do feel that the Christianity of Jesus is perfect, perpetual, and eternal; that the age will never arrive when man cannot draw from the fountain of God's truth, the waters of life and salvation."—pp. 5, 6.

The characteristics of Christianity, as described by Mr. Robinson, and the offices of the church, are worthy of attention. In reading this statement, we cannot but be struck with the incongruity between the ideal church of the preacher, and the actual church of modern society.

"I have said that Christianity is emphatically the science of the soul; and I regard this view of the religion of Jesus as infinitely important. We have our Universities and our Schools which are instituted for the purpose of teaching and explaining the natural sciences and the philosophy of the intellect. But the Church is consecrated only to the higher purposes of instruction in the knowledge of the human heart and conscience; in the mysteries of the soul, its laws and duties and destiny. We gather ourselves into this holy place to learn those mighty truths which relate to God and man. We come up hither from the world and its trials and dangers to listen to the wisdom of Jesus, and learn those deep lessons of faith and obedience and love, by which we are to be ripened daily into the image of Infinite Holiness."

"There is a higher life than that which most spirits live. A higher love than most spirits know. There is an infinity in the human soul which few have yet believed, and after which few have aspired. There is a holy power of moral principle in the depths of our nature, which is a holy power of moral principle in the depths of our nature, which is nearly allied to omnipotence; compared with which the whole love of outward nature is more feeble than an infant's group. There is a might within the soul which sets at nought all outward things; and there is a joy unspeakable and full of glory, dwelling in the recesses of the good man's heart too vast for utterance. There is a spiritual
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It unveils the interior of the debtor’s prison in Massachusetts, as it appears to one who has enjoyed a seat in her councils, and been a prince among her merchants. The author is a gentleman of liberal education and refined habits; once the possessor of an ample fortune, and distinguished for the extent as well as the rectitude of his transactions in business; a shrewd observer of men and things; and with a quick perception of facts, and with as quick a sympathy with suffering, well qualified to become the tenent of a prison for the benefit of the public. Those who have known him in what might be deemed better days, will regard him with still more honor as they read his almost picturesque description of life in prison; and the testimony, he has here left on record against some of the most crying evils of the day, cannot fail to produce a deep impression, both on account of the facts with which it is sustained, and the source from which it proceeds.


We are glad to see this gifted author employing his pen to raise the tone of children’s literature; for if children read at all, it is desirable that it should be the production of minds able to raise themselves to the height of childhood’s innocence, and to the airy home of their free fancy. No one of all our imaginative writers has indicated a genius at once so fine and rich, and especially with a power so peculiar in making present the past scenes in our own history. There is nothing in this volume quite equal to the sketch of “Endicott and his Men.” It is in one of the Tokens.


Here is a new chapter in the literature of prisons. Since the secrets of St. Pelagie and Clichy have been brought to light, by the powerful pen of M. Barthelmy Maurice, we need not ask of what material this literature must consist. It is a record of human nature, under strange and fearful circumstances, a lucid commentary on the depravity of man and the boasted wisdom of society, and should be faithfully studied by every friend of the happiness and improvement of his race. The present work has the advantage of being autobiographical. It is a record of personal experience. It unveils the interior of the debtor’s prison in Massachusetts, as it appears to one who has enjoyed a seat in her councils, and been a prince among her merchants. The author is a gentleman of liberal education and refined habits; once the possessor of an ample fortune, and distinguished for the extent as well as the rectitude of his transactions in business; a shrewd observer of men and things; and with a quick perception of facts, and with as quick a sympathy with suffering, well qualified to become the tenent of a prison for the benefit of the public. Those who have known him in what might be deemed better days, will regard him with still more honor as they read his almost picturesque description of life in prison; and the testimony, he has here left on record against some of the most crying evils of the day, cannot fail to produce a deep impression, both on account of the facts with which it is sustained, and the source from which it proceeds.


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But the ease with which he changes his tone from the delicate satins that characterize his writings for the old, to the simpler and more venerable tone appropriate to his earnest little auditor, is so earnest of the perfect success which will attend this new direction of his powers. We are glad to learn that he is engaged in other writings for the little friends, whom he has made in such quantities by Grandfather’s Chair. Yet we must demand from him to write again to the older sod saddler, and steep them in the deep well of his sweet, humorosus musings.


Here also is another book for the young from the pen of genius.

The religious simplicity of this little story is invaluable in age of formulas. There’s nothing fanciful in the fiction, and yet it