

Host with His guests. We do not meet to think of an absent Lord, or to commemorate a dead Saviour; we receive the bread from His own hands, and with it all that the bread symbolises; we drink the cup in His presence, and affirm that we are His friends—that through His blood we have received “remission of sins,” and that we have “peace with God” through Him. He is nearer to us now than He was to those who heard from His lips the words of instruction. It was “expedient” for us that He should go away; for He has come again, and by the power of His Spirit we abide in Him and He in us. In being made partakers of Christ, we are “made partakers of the Divine Nature,” and become for ever one with God.—Ecclesia, “The Doctrine of the Lord’s Supper,” by the Rev. R. W. Dale, p. 300.

According to Anglo-Catholic canons, every one of these writers must be supposed to maintain the Real Presence of the Body and Blood of Christ in the consecrated Bread and Wine in the Lord’s Supper. Such a conclusion is a *reductio ad absurdum*. Not one of the suggested canons holds good. They really contain in themselves the assumption of the whole matter which has to be proved, and from themselves they extend the fallacy into the language they are professedly employed to interpret, and put into it a meaning which the language itself does not contain. Are there, then, no true canons which can be adopted? In truth they are unnecessary, if men will only read the language of the Fathers in the light of their times, and not view it through the colouring of later controversy. But if any such rules are desired, they can be readily gathered out of what has been already said. But the brief statement of them, and their application to the language by those Fathers, on whose testimony the matter in dispute is made to hang by Anglo-Catholic consent, must be reserved for another and a closing Paper.

EDWARD GARBETT.

ART. VIII.—LYRICS, SYLVAN AND SACRED.

Lyrics, Sylvan and Sacred. By RICHARD WILTON. George Bell and Sons.

THOSE who have read Kingsley’s description, in his “Alton Locke,” of the toilworn tailor’s escape from the city and first enjoyment of the country, will never forget it. You seem to breathe the fetterless air, and bask in the smokeless sunshine, and to echo back the songs of the birds, and almost to be drawn up into the blue crystal deeps of the sky. And many will be conscious of the same mastery of quiet rural joys over the spirit

in these pages. Mr. Wilton, in his opening lyric to the reader, says:—

Thy happy lot it may not be
 To see the lark spring from the lea,
 Or breathe the dewy odours fine
 In wood or lane;
 But there are other fields Divine,
 Which in dim city may be thine,
 Where thou the Flower of flowers mayst see,
 And catch the Spirit's melody:
 Nor thine alone, but also mine,
 In wood and lane.

Here the key-note is struck of this choice cluster of songs. The poet's intense delight in the works of God always seems to draw him, and the reader who will yield to the witchery of his music, nearer to the Father, Son, and Spirit, for Whose pleasure they are and were created. All Nature seems to this sweet singer a transparency, through which he looks on things unseen and eternal. Let one specimen suffice—a beautiful sonnet, and yet not more beautiful than scores of its companions:—

THE LIFTING OF THE MIST.

A mist is on the mountain-top, and hides
 The flushing heather with a weeping trail;
 From crag to crag it hangs a cloudy veil,
 Which, hour by hour, immoveable abides.
 But, lo! the curtain suddenly divides
 To unseen fingers of a gentle gale;
 And purple heather once again we hail,
 Decking with beauty the grey mountain-sides.
 A mist is on things heavenly, and the mind
 Labours to see what still eludes its eye,
 And fondly feels for what it cannot find.
 Oh! for a gale celestial, is our cry,
 To rend the clouds which baffle us and blind,
 And flash upon us purple Calvary!

Many of these admirable sonnets are strictly sacred, of which, again, we can only select one as a representative. But *ex uno disce omnes*:—

THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

I hear a sharp "exceeding bitter cry;"
 I see a wild and horror-stricken crowd,
 Strong men and children in fierce anguish bow'd—
 The writhing limb, drooped head, and filming eye.
 I see a symbol strange, uplifted high,
 A coiled serpent, like a banner proud;
 I hear a burst of gladness rising loud,
 Responsive to a look of ecstasy.

I see a sinful, suffering, dying world—
 Like ocean, dark with cloud, and toss'd with storm.
 But lo ! a blood-red banner is unfurled,
 Which floats around a gracious, drooping Form ;
 And through the dimness falls a mighty voice—
 " O, earth, earth, earth, behold, believe, rejoice !"

The grace of Mr. Wilton's versification, and often the condensation of thought in few words, make us long that he would enrich the Church's Hymnody with some of his sweet songs. Very few of these lyrics can be called hymns ; and yet the beginning and close of his "Ode on Easter Day" is worthy of a high place in the Church's Hymnal :—

I.

The Lord is risen indeed :
 The chains and bars of Death are swept aside ;
 Our debt is fully paid, our Surety freed,
 And we are justified.

2.

The stone is rolled away :
 Sin's huge obstruction is no longer seen ;
 Our manifold transgressions are to-day
 As though they had not been.

3.

Wide open stands the door :
 Eternal Justice smiled, and it was done ;
 The powers of darkness could prevent no more
 The rising of our Sun.

4.

He shows His glorious face,
 And scatters mortal shadows with His eye :
 Earth is all radiant with the light of grace
 Beneath a cloudless sky.

* * * *

II.

Then let my life display
 The Spirit's fruit of self-forgetting love,
 That all the world may know, from day to day,
 My Treasure is above.

12.

So at the trumpet's sound,
 My slumbering dust Christ's quickening power shall share,
 And rise again immortal from the ground
 To meet Him in the air.

To those who know Mr. Wilton's former work, "Wood-notes and Church Bells," no commendation of another volume of songs by this cunning warbler is required. Once again the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land ; nor will any patient listener be disappointed of hearing heaven's music from an earthly lyre.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.