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ROBERT N. CUST.

July, 1886.

ART. II.—WORDSWORTH AND NATURE.

THE Wordsworth Society, which was established some six years ago, has lately come to an end. It has attained the object for which it was originally formed, and there is therefore no reason why it should continue to exist. The

Society has done good and solid work. It has lifted Wordsworth to a higher position in the republic of letters, it has promoted and extended the study of his works, and it has discovered and made known many facts of an interesting kind which tend to illustrate and throw light on the text and chronology of the poems and the local allusions which they contain. At the final meeting of the Society, held in the Jerusalem Chamber, it was stated that it is in contemplation to publish selections from Wordsworth, to be edited conjointly by certain of its members, including Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. Stopford Brooke, Mr. Russell Lowell, and others, which, if carried out, will no doubt help to make the poet better known amongst all classes. A suggestion was also made at the meeting, which we hope will not be lost sight of till it has taken shape and practical effect, namely, the desirability of having some place in the Lake District, a sort of shrine to which pilgrims and lovers of the poet might resort, in which there might be a collection of busts and portraits of the poet, as well as specimens of his MSS., and other relics and memorials, which posterity might value as we value memorials of Shakespeare, Bunyan, Burns, or any other great man. In this way the gradually increasing influence of Wordsworth upon our time will deepen and gain volume, till, like the tide breaking upon the coast, it dashes its healthy spray into every face; or like the oxygen in the air, upon which our health and spirits depend, it pervades the atmosphere of our national life and thought, quickening and maturing the scattered germs of a truer and purer poetic philosophy than has yet prevailed.

For nearly half a century Wordsworth wrote, not only without recognition and appreciation, but amid perpetual outbursts of scorn and contempt. The reviewers laughed at him, the general public passed him by in silence. Their singers were of quite another kind. They were under the spell of the gloomy sentimentalism of Byron, the sensuous passion of Shelley, the meretricious glitter of Moore, or the wire-drawn artificialities of Rogers, and they had neither eye nor ear nor heart for the calm strength, the ineffable serenity and the spiritual beauty of the great poet of Nature. "Wherefore is there a price in the hand of a fool to get wisdom, seeing he hath no heart to it?" Wordsworth was not brilliant, he was not dramatic, he was not cynical, he was not moody, he was destitute of biting humour, and his wit was of the thinnest kind. His conversational powers were not eloquent and fascinating like those of his friend Coleridge. He could not delight a Belgravian audience with a good story or a capital song like Tommy Moore, or season the club dinner with jokes and epigrams like Horne Tooke or Charles Lamb. There was

nothing dazzling about him. His qualities were of a higher and nobler type: he was simple, earnest, temperate, just, whose days were bound each to each by natural piety. The words of the Poet Laureate, of one great in a different walk of life, may be applied to him:

> Rich in saving common-sense,
> And, as the greatest only are,
> In his simplicity sublime.

And thus, to use the beautiful words of a living writer, "he was kept in peace; he was tainted with no morbid disquietudes; he sang no dirges of despair, but a sweet, high strain of purest song, which has been for the healing and the inspiration of his country, and which will endure in gathered power when the bitter cries of our modern singers are lost in oblivion, or are remembered only with sorrowful disdain. Just as Milton has been pictured standing like a colossal statue of Apollo, watching the arrow-flight of his immortal song, while round his feet, unconscious of his presence, dance the wine-stained satyrs of the Court of Charles, so we may figure Wordsworth standing on the threshold of this perturbed generation of ours, clothed in his simplicity, rebuking its fretful strife with his serenity, and its despairing voices with his faith." A poet who required reflection and some critical insight, who demanded a certain portion of sympathy on the part of his hearers before he could be even understood, could not, it is clear, be enjoyed by readers luxuriating in such exciting and highly-flavoured mental condiments as the first decades of the century furnished. When his "Excursion" was first published it was very severely handled. One critic even boasted that he had *crushed* it. "He crush 'The Excursion'!" exclaimed Southey: "he might as well fancy he could crush Skiddaw!" All this ridicule and opposition, however, failed to shake his faith in himself. Similar treatment had driven men before to cynicism, to settled despondency, even to suicide; but Wordsworth's healthy moral strength lifted him above all such feelings. This is the victory by which he overcame the world, even his faith. The brutal dulness and contemptuous scorn of his critics and contemporaries did not disturb the serene sweetness of his temper or the proved soundness of his judgment. So with unabated hope he sang on, and in time men listened and were glad. And to-day he is one of the chief seers of the land, with a daily growing audience, to whom he has become "guide, philosopher, and friend."

Many of those who every year visit the Lake Country are drawn to that consecrated and romantic region by the genius of Wordsworth. We have seen them and mingled with them, and heard with gladness their words of admiration and affec-

tion for the great poet of Nature and Humanity. And there are many others who, unable for various reasons to visit the locality in person, have travelled in thought at least over the scenes which his pen has immortalized. They have toiled up Skiddaw and Black Combe, "dread name derived from clouds and storms," and Scafell and Helvellyn. They have strolled along the banks of the Eden and the Greta and the Dudden, now flowing gently through moor or meadow, and now dashing their white waters down dark ravines and through wild gorges to the sea. They have visited Calder Abbey and Furness, and reminiscences of their mediæval glories have come up before the mind. They have made pilgrimages to Cockermouth, where the poet first saw the light on the 7th day of April, 1770; and to Grasmere, amongst those hills whose blue peaks had bounded the world of his childhood, where he lived eight years, and to which he brought his bride, Mary Hutchinson, in 1802, of whom he says, after three years of wedded love:

> A perfect woman, nobly planned:
> To warn, to comfort, and command,
> And yet a spirit still and bright,
> With something of an angel-light—

and in whose little churchyard he sleeps his last long sleep; and Rydal Mount, where he took up his abode in 1813, "a cottage-like building, almost hidden by a profusion of roses and ivy," under the shadow of the mountains, with Windermere gleaming to the south, where he wrote his great poem "The Excursion"—an interesting and delightful pilgrimage, where Nature may be studied alike in her sternest and loveliest aspects. Moor and fell, mountain and lake and tarn, river, wood, and ruin, are all there to afford joy and gratification to thousands of the tourist genus every year. No Wordsworth is there now, but his memory haunts, as his poetry has immortalized, every scene on which we look. We cannot travel through the Lake Country without thinking of him. His genius has touched every rock and bush, and waterfall and hamlet, and fern and flower, and hill and stream.

With Wordsworth poetry was a passion, it was the very "essence of his being." In it he lived and moved, and suffered and was glad. He wrote it because he could not help but write. The truly great poet is impelled by his art. Necessity is laid upon him.

> He does but sing because he must,
> And pipes but as the linnets sing.

He thought, like the philosopher in "Rasselas," that "nothing could be useless to the poet. Whatever is beautiful, and whatever is dreadful, must be familiar to his imagination; he must

be conversant with all that is awfully vast or elegantly little." Sun, sky, ocean, mountain, tree, flower, thorn-bush, lichen, "fish in stream," and "bird in bower," and "vapours rolling down the valleys," nay, the humblest articles of trade, and the humblest instruments of life,—the gleam of poetry shone for him over them all. The earth was eloquent to him, and so, too, were the heavens. "While all the poets of his day," says Mr. Dawson in his beautiful little volume of essays, "Quest and Vision," lately published, "were ransacking earth and heaven for some new form of sensationalism, and were busy blowing bubbles of brilliant froth in the heated chambers of Society, he had taken refuge in the serenity and strength of Nature, and had found thoughts too deep for tears in the humblest flowers that blew." His intimacy with the very spirit which gives a physiognomic expression to all the works of Nature was so long and genial, that, like Shakespeare's banished duke, he found "sermons in stones, tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, and good in everything."

> To every natural form, rock, fruit or flower,
> Even the loose stones that cover the highway,
> I gave a moral life ; I saw them feel
> Or link'd them to some feeling.

"His theory of poetry," says the writer from whom we have just quoted, "amounted to this, that it was time for poets to return to Nature, to natural and simple themes, and to clothe such themes in the plain language of the common people. It asserted the dignity of common life, and the sacredness of the natural affections. It was a protest against the diseased sentiment, the histrionic melancholy, the faithless cynicism which had corrupted the life of English poetry, not less than a protest against the meretricious glitter of the style in which such poetry has been couched." "Wordsworth's poetry," continues Mr. Dawson, "was meant to be a rebuke against a debased poetic style, and his character and career were yet a finer rebuke against a debased poetic life."—("Quest and Vision.")

It is of Wordsworth in his relation to Nature we desire to say a few words in this paper. He was, as may be inferred from what has been already said, an unwearied student and a passionate lover of Nature. He devoted himself with indomitable energy and unquenchable zeal to her service. Never did high priest minister at the altar of his church with more enthusiastic ardour and delight than did Wordsworth in the holy temple of Nature.

> The sounding cataract
> Haunted me like a passion ; the tall rock,
> The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
> Their colours and their forms, were then to me
> An appetite.

He held constant communion with the spirit of Nature. His ambition was to be faithful to Nature. He drew from Nature his inspiration. There are times when, as Mr. Matthew Arnold remarks, Nature seems to take his pen and write for him. Hence he is at once simple and original. Like his own Lord Clifford in the "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle"—

> Love had he found in huts where poor men lie,
> His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
> The silence that is in the starry sky,
> The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

Perhaps no other poet has shown a stronger imaginative grasp of the phenomena of Nature; certainly none has so lovingly and minutely described her in all her moods, vicissitudes and forms. He was constantly making tours on every side to store his mind with imagery, with every faculty awake, every sense acute, every avenue through which light could come, the eye of the body, and that "inward eye which is the bliss of solitude," ever open.

> His mind was keen,
> Intense and frugal, apt for all affairs,
> And watchful more than ordinary men.

His conception of the poet was fully realized in himself—

> The outward shows of sky and earth,
> Of hill and valley he has viewed,
> And impulses of deeper birth
> Have come to him in solitude.

"Impulses of deeper birth." He is not a loose and superficial observer of the objects of Nature; he spiritually apprehends their meaning; he steeps them in an ideal lustre, he sheds upon them "the light that never was on land or sea;" and by the spell of his great genius he makes us to understand and feel something of those mysteries and wonderful sympathies and harmonies which subsist between the spirit of nature and the soul of man. And thus in reading his poetry we are insensibly drawn "from Nature up to Nature's God." We see a celestial light, a divine aureole, investing "all thinking things, all objects of all thought."

At the final meeting of the Wordsworth Society, to which we have before referred, Lord Selborne bore striking testimony to the spiritual influence upon his own life of Wordsworth's teaching. Acquaintance with the works of Wordsworth, said Lord Selborne, had been to him the greatest power next to the Bible, in the education of his mind and character. He put no book, of course, in competition with the Bible; but after the Bible he traced more distinctly, with less hesitation and doubt, to Wordsworth, than to any other influence whatever, he might recognise as good in the formation of his own mind and

character. And the noble earl went on to say, in a very interesting and admirable address, that while he would hesitate to call him greater than Plato, and would not hesitate to place him below Shakespeare, he had learned as an individual more from Wordsworth than he had from Plato and Shakespeare. "What," he asks, "do we learn from Wordsworth?" "We learn," he replies, "more about man and more about nature, and more about the union of the two, than is to be learned anywhere else." The sympathy, the intelligence, with which man is regarded and portrayed throughout the works of the poet is something unique in all literature. The great and noble of the earth—using the word in its moral sense—the men who did illustrious deeds and left imperishable names, Wordsworth felt with them and understood their vocation. And not only them, but common men, men in every condition of life, men struggling with infirmity and temptation, men falling into vice, men bowed down under sorrow, men almost cast out from the world—Wordsworth felt with them all; none were cast out of Wordsworth's sympathy. He saw that which was great, divine and beautiful, pervading them all in every condition: and he could make the lesson of the old Cumberland beggar as touching to the heart as the lesson of great example of public or of private virtue:

That, he (Lord Selborne) thought, was a great thing to learn, because there was in the world in which we live a wonderful amount of distracting force and power in the glory and glitter of worldly success, worldly condition, in the miserable inequality of ranks. He did not say this in any socialistic sense, but as a man sympathizing with his fellow-men. In all these things there was a great deal which tended to distract the mind and harden the heart and make people forget, after all, that man was man, that worth made the man, the want of it the fellow; and, as Pope said, "All the rest was leather and prunella." He (Lord Selborne) was not at all sure that the moral of Pope's life was very much calculated to carry the lesson home to the hearts of men. Wordsworth told the truth, not as a man who came down to ride the high-horse of ethics over his fellow-man, but simply as the poet of human nature. He set before them in all its varieties that same real nature which we have in common, and which we ought to recognise in all wherever we meet with it.

It will not be out of place here, perhaps, to quote the following beautiful lines in which Mr. Matthew Arnold happily describes some essential features of Wordsworth's poetry:

He, too, upon a wintry clime
Had fallen on this iron time
  Of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears,
He found us when the age had bound
Our souls in its benumbing round;
  He spoke and loosed our heart in tears;
He laid us as we lay at birth,

On the cool, flowery lap of earth ;
Smiles broke from us, and we had ease ;
The hills were round us, and the breeze
Went o'er the sunlit fields again ;
Our foreheads felt the wind and rain—
Our youth returned ; for there was shed
On spirits that had long been dead—
Spirits dried up and closely furled—
The freshness of the early world.

Wordsworth is a healthy singer, what Mr. Arnold would call "sane and clear," with a high moral tone, whose influence is always on the side of the true and beautiful and good. It is his glory that from his lips has never been heard the wail of the pessimist, or the delirious cry of the agnostic, for he is

One in whom persuasion and belief
Have ripened into faith, and faith become
A passionate intuition ;

and though, like others, he felt the hopeless tangles of the age, and saw the unrest in the hearts of men around him, though he heard "the still sad music of humanity" arising from the heavy troubles and the sealed enigmas of life, he well knew the remedy for all. He believed in God; his own soul was centred in the Eternal; and while he did not deny that the town had its lessons of life and love for those who lived there, he knew and taught that in the solitude of the mountains, breathing its fresh air, and listening to the songs of its streams, and holding communion with the Invisible, the mind found an answer to its "obstinate questionings," and became strong to do or to suffer according to the will of God. He knew that these simple influences could not be received into the heart without receiving also

A spirit strong,
That gives to all the self-same bent
Where life is wise and innocent.

His poetry does for us what Nature herself does in such hours as these. It purges, refreshes, and calms. "You cannot," says Mr. Hutton, "plunge yourself in the poetry of Wordsworth without being mentally braced and refreshed." His object in writing was not to please or enchant, or depict harrowing scenes, or stir the springs of laughter or tears, but to teach, to elevate, to console, to bless. His own words are—

The moving accident is not my trade ;
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts ;
'Tis my delight alone in summer shade,
To pipe a simple song to thinking hearts.

Goethe once said, "*Ihr sollt was lernen*"—"I meant to teach you something." And this is precisely the idea that Wordsworth had of his poetic mission. He says himself, in

pointing out the design of his poems, "To console the afflicted, to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier, to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think and feel, and therefore to become more actively and seriously virtuous. This is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform long after we (that is, all that is mortal of us), are mouldered in our graves." Truth to Nature, and to that revealed religion of which Nature is the temple, sympathy with what is pure and beautiful and good, "an austere purity of language," as his friend Coleridge says, "both grammatically and logically," are the characteristics of Wordsworth. It was because they were pre-eminently the poets of Nature, and its interpreters to the spirit of man, that Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton have attained to so lofty a height, and have commanded so supreme an influence in the world of literature. And we may say the same in a very emphatic manner of the subject of our paper. He is not, indeed, as popular as those great writers; he cannot yet be called "the poet of all circles," but his popularity, as we have said, is on the increase, and will go on increasing, just because of his fidelity to truth and nature. Fresh, simple, charming, pure as his own daisy, "Nature's favourite," he must grow upon the affections of men. "Make yourselves at rest respecting me," he says himself in a letter to his friends; "I speak the truth the world must feel at last."

It has been said, indeed, that Wordsworth's philosophy was pantheistic in its tendency, that it ignored a personal God; and the famous passage in "Lines on Revisiting the Wye" has been quoted in support of the charge:

> I have felt
> A presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts, a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
> A motion and a spirit that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things.

This is indeed a frail proof of Wordsworth's pantheism, and there is no other passage in his writings that *looks* so like the thing, while a thousand passages might be quoted to show his firm faith in the great foundation-truth of the Personality of God. How lofty and noble, as well as conclusive against the pantheistic theory, is this sentiment:

> One adequate support
> For the calamities of mortal life
> Exists—one only—an assured belief

That the procession of our fate, howe'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power,
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.

And what a rich flow of Christian faith comes out in the lines:

One
Who in her worst distress had ofttimes felt
The unbounded might of prayer, and learned, with soul
Fixed on the Cross, that consolation springs
From sources deeper far than deepest pain
For the meek sufferer.

Of the "Solitary," upon whose mind "an infidel contempt of Holy Writ stole by degrees," he wrote in these striking words:

How shall I trace the change, how bear to tell
That he broke faith with them that he had laid
In earth's dark chambers with a Christian's hope!

And then he goes on to picture the unhappy effects upon his mind of this rejection of the Christian faith:

Within
He neither felt encouragement nor hope:
For moral dignity and strength of mind
Were wanting, and simplicity of life
And reverence for himself, and, last and best,
Confiding thoughts through love and fear of Him
Before Whose sight the troubles of this world
Are vain as billows in a tossing sea.

The cure for scepticism and its attendant evils he thus eloquently and beautifully points out—

But, above all, the victory is most sure
For him who, seeking faith by virtue, strives
To yield entire submission to the law
Of conscience—conscience reverenc'd and obey'd
As God's most intimate presence in the soul,
And His most perfect image in the world.
Endeavour thus to live; these rules regard,
These helps solicit; and a steadfast seat
Shall then be yours among the happy few
Who dwell on earth, yet breathe empyreal air,
Sons of the morning. For your nobler part
Ere disencumbered of her mortal chains,
Doubt shall be quelled, and trouble chased away,
With only such degree of sadness left
As may support longings of pure desire,
And strengthen love, rejoicing secretly
In the sublime attractions of the grave.

It is Wordsworth's central doctrine, and we read him in vain unless we understand it, that Nature is not lifeless, but that every varied movement of her vast tides is a separate thought of God, the Preserver as well as the Creator; that His power is in her, and that through all her pro-

cesses the Eternal is ever making Himself known. Perhaps the most characteristic and prevailing principle of his poetry, like that of the old Greek theology, is the doctrine of the immanence of God, as distinct from all legal and mechanical views of God's relation to His universe. Carried too far, the doctrine might indeed become pantheistic, and so defective on its ethical side; but ignored altogether, our conception of the Deity would necessarily be that of a great Mechanician Who had constructed a universe from which He had withdrawn Himself to some distant heaven; or of an ingenious Artificer Who had made a huge lifeless machine, the crank of which He kept perpetually turning from afar. Pope and Cowper, who were far enough from being disciples of Spinoza, both use language which might be called pantheistic. Pope says, for example:

> All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
> Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;

and Cowper says that

> There lives and works
> A soul in all things, and that soul is God.

So Wordsworth, speaking of the living principle of all nature, says:

> From link to link
> It circulates, the soul of all the worlds.

The sentiment is somewhat the same in all these poets, and in all it is essentially different from pantheism. The whole spirit and tenor of Wordsworth's poetry is antagonistic to the degrading and dreary idea of God embodied in Spinozism. We see everywhere, as we read his noble lines, the Divine Presence guiding, controlling, modifying, actively overruling all earthly life and all the forces of Nature:

> To every form of being is assign'd
> An *active* principle, howe'er removed
> From sense and observation; it subsists
> In all things, in all natures: in the stars
> Of azure heaven, the unenduring clouds,
> In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone
> That paves the brooks, the stationary rocks,
> The moving waters, and the invisible air;
> Whate'er exists hath properties that spread
> Beyond itself, communicating good,
> A simple blessing, or with evil mixed—
> *Spirit* that knows no insulated spot,
> No chasm, no solitude: from link to link
> It circulates, the *soul* of all the worlds.

And again he says, in clearer tones still:

> The Being that is in the clouds and air,
> That is in the green leaves and among the groves,
> Maintains a deep and reverential care
> For the unoffending creatures whom He loves.

Wordsworth did a noble work in revealing to his age and to all future ages the dignity, the divineness of Nature in all her manifestations. He has impressed the mark of his teaching upon all the best literature of our time. Everywhere we observe a growing reverence for Nature as a manifestation of the divine thought, as a great school where we may learn many true lessons about God. Wordsworth was a devoutly reverent man. The poet who has in him no reverence is "blind, and can't see afar off." When poetry has lost reverence its greatest beauty is gone. Its wings are broken, and it can't soar above the earth. When a vision of the burning bush was given to Moses, a voice said to him, "Put off thy shoes, for the ground is holy." God was there, and that flame was the symbol of His presence. Nature is full of stupendous manifestations of the Invisible. But only he who has eyes can see them. If we could enter into the meaning of what is around us, and interpret aright the voices of Nature that are ever whispering in our ears, "God is here," we should feel that this world "is none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven." This is the spirit that Wordsworth always carried with him. No one describes Nature so simply and truly as he does, because he sees more in her than anyone else. His eye in looking at her was "single," and therefore his "whole body was full of light." "Were not thine eye sunny," says Goethe, "how could it ever behold the sun?" And because Wordsworth's eye was bathed in the beauty and glory of Nature, he saw in her beauties and glories which were hidden from others. And hence the greatness and subtlety of his influence upon the poets of the last half century, and through them upon nearly two generations of men. Mr. Mill tells us how Wordsworth's poetry, little as he sympathized with Wordsworth's opinions, solaced an intellect wearied with premature Greek and overdoses of Benthamism.

We are glad of the increasing popularity of our poet. It is well that we should be taught to look at Nature with a reverent eye, and be made to feel that God is great and good and "not far from every one of us;" that, in Mrs. Browning's words,

> Earth's crammed with heaven,
> And every common bush afire with God.

We want to feel more and more the very throbbings of God in all His universe, to see on every side the traces of His august presence and benignant intentions. We want to have, as Christ had, fellowship with trees and birds and flowers, and so to realize that human life is the perpetual providence of our Father in heaven. A very touching and interesting feature in the life of St. Francis of Assisi was his relations to the birds

and beasts and flowers in the wilds about Alverno. Instinct told them he was their friend, and they loved him, or seemed to love him. The wild falcon, we are told, wheeled and fluttered round him whenever he appeared. The young hare sought rather to attract than to escape his notice. The half-frozen bees crawled to him in winter-time to be fed. A lamb followed him into the city of Rome, and was playfully cherished there by Jacoba di Settesoli under the name of a Minor Brother. They were his "little brothers and sisters," and his life and theirs—the one as simple as the other—flowed gently on together. He saw God in them all, as did Wordsworth, and he loved them and talked to them, and with peculiar interest observed their habits and ways. There is something very hopeful in the growing love for Nature amongst all classes, and we believe the great poet of Rydal Mount has much to do with it. He is more read and studied and illustrated than ever, and we are thankful for it; for the more we know of Nature, carrying with us a devout spirit, the more we shall know of God. Nature is, as we have seen, but the revelation, the unveiling of God—

> That God, which ever lives and loves,
> One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves.

WILLIAM COWAN.

ART. III.—DOCTRINE OF CALVIN ON THE EUCHARIST.

THIS subject is, for several reasons, deserving of the attention of the theological student. The reputation of the great French Reformer renders everything that fell from his pen interesting; and the influence which his writings exercised upon our own early Reformers has never been duly estimated.[1] Attempts have been made, notably by Archbishop Laurence in his Bampton Lectures (1804), to extenuate this influence, and to ascribe a Lutheran origin to our principal formularies; but the fact is, that on the points on which Lutheranism is supposed to differ from Calvinism, there was, if we except the doctrine of the Lord's Supper, little if any dispute between the German and the Swiss Reformers. Luther and Melancthon held the doctrine of

[1] Eager as the Archbishop of Cashel was to vindicate the Church of England from every taint of "Calvinism," it seems significant that he should have left the doctrine of the Eucharist wholly unnoticed.