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All this does not, of course, amount to advocacy of the other extreme. The arms always open are as bad as the arms always raised up in guard. But criticism should become a real "appreciation"—in the sense in which Mr. Walter Pater, for instance, employed the word. Criticism should search into *all* the qualities of the thing to be judged, not seeking primarily for the censurable ones, and should reach its verdict at last only when it has made the complete circuit of the case. It should approach every matter in neutral spirit, not with a hostility which requires to be pacified before the real merits can be weighed. It should not be always as a challenging sentinel—certainly not as a sentinel who shoots first and challenges afterwards—but it should rather be as a host in a house with open doors, inviting each new idea to come in (on the understanding, of course, that it must give good account of itself if it is to stay), and in free converse to declare what manner of thing it is.



Ascension and Whitsuntide.

"The things above."—COL. iii. 1-4, 10-17.

ROLL back, heaven's everlasting gate,
 Move on thy shining grooves of gold,
 And where the flowery fields await
 Their King, to us, in low estate,
 The things above unfold!

Thy footprints, Lord, on Olivet,
 Upsquaring thence on cloud-borne wings,
 Faith sees in adoration yet
 Though the long suns still rise and set
 Over these earthly things.

Thy footsteps still with splendour glow
As when they passed across the land,
Full nineteen hundred springs ago,
The while celestial trumpets blow,
 To sit at God's right hand.

Still through the starry depths and heights
We see Thy stream of glory go,
Those ten celestial days and nights,
Salvation and true wisdom's lights
 Each distant world to show.

Our very flowers of earth expand,
As if uplifted by Thy love,
And dream unfolding of the land
Where fadeless, by Life's breezes fanned,
 The gardens bloom above.

Spirit Divine, Heaven's free wind blow,
Thy freshness on our slumber pour :
Lift us the things above to know,
Or days of heaven to spend below,
 Close to that open door !

The things above ! pure tender heart,
High knowledge, charity divine,
Forgiveness, peace on my glad part,
And thankful song, and wisdom's art,
 The Virtues' gracious line :

The peace of Christ upon the throne,
The fountain full of His true word,
(Prophet's, evangelist's voice alone) ;
And all creation's song far-blown
 Of peace with God is heard.

A. E. MOULE.