

PRESENTATION TO THE BISHOP OF OXFORD.

The *Churchman* says that the Library of All Souls' College, Oxford, has been the scene of a very interesting gathering. It had been long felt that there ought to be some public expression in the diocese of Oxford of the sense entertained of the eminent services of its Bishop, not only to the diocese but to the Church at large. The idea took the form of a picture by Richmond, which was in the Exhibition last year. The subscribers, who were present in considerable numbers, both clergy and laity, presented this picture on Thursday afternoon, the Archdeacon of Oxford, Dr. Clarke, Canon and Sub-Dean of Christ Church, being their spokesman. The *Bishop of Oxford*, with much emotion, accepted the gift, observing that if any thing had been done in the diocese it had been done because he had been supported by such a body of clergy and laity as were unmatched, he believed, in any other:—

"He had experienced the utmost kindness and consideration from men who could not all be expected to agree with him, but who were ready to let all be merged, and that without compromise, for the truth was beyond and above all, in the one grand object of working heart and soul in the common ministry. Their united and harmonious work had had a vast effect on other dioceses. This diocese must always, indeed, take a leading place. Its connection with the University gave it a position which none but the metropolitan diocese could rival. It ought, therefore, to set an example, and it does so. For himself he felt entirely humbled at being placed at the head of such a body of men, and could only express the deepest gratitude to those who had borne with him and given him credit for meaning right even when he had made mistakes. His feelings at this fresh mark of kindness must be guessed, for he could not express them. He could only hope to give fresh proofs of his desire to deserve it. He had already been longer Bishop of the diocese than any of his predecessors but two, and they had only been one or two years longer. He hoped, therefore, to work "while it was day, before the night cometh when no man can work."

"THE NONCONFORMIST" ON KEBLE.

A good and great man, whose memory will last as long as Christian devotion expresses itself in the English tongue, has just died. Last Friday—Good Friday—the author of the "Christian Year" breathed his last breath. We know what he was. He was a Tractarian; he was a sacerdotalist; he was a very rigid ecclesiastic. In almost everything that relates to Church life and outward Christian worship on earth he was opposed to us and that which we most cherish. Yet if we were to single out one man in the Established Church who was almost a personification of the Christian graces, we would single out John Keble. He was as gentle as the gentlest woman, and as spiritual as a saint. He was a saint,—a good and holy man, with some human weaknesses, but perhaps as little sin as any man who has lived in these times. But it is less as a man than as a poet we know him. Who does not know and has not sung his hymns? No recent English collection of Christian hymns could be without some of Mr. Keble's; and they are therefore to be found in nearly all the books used in Nonconformist places of worship. Some of them are already established favorites, and there are a few churches in which a hymn of Keble is preferred far before one of even Charles Wesley. And we fancy that Keble will go on displacing Wesley, at least among all cultured men and women. Charles Wesley has been to the Christian Church what Byron has been *not* to the Christian Church—the poet of sensuous passion. Keble is to the Christian Church what Tennyson is to all of our own age, whether of Christ or not—the poet of spirituality. We wish he had not so often sung in such sectarian dress, but we have always forgotten the dress when we have heard the song.—*Nonconformist*.