

a sense of proportion ; of the relative size and shape of things, which is the very foundation of all just and wise practical thought about them.

And this is what young men, setting out as thinkers, or as teachers, are naturally apt to lack. They are inclined to be bigots or fanatics, not from conceit or stupidity, but simply from ignorance. Their field of vision is too narrow ; and a single object in it is often sufficient to intercept to whole light of heaven, and so become an *eidolon*—something worshipped instead of truth, and too often at the expense of human charity. In the young layman there is no cure, it is said, for such a state of mind, like the House of Commons ; and in default of that, good company, in the true sense of the word. Mr. Helps makes no secret, throughout his pages, of what he owes to the society of men of very varied opinions and temperaments, as able as, or abler than himself. But all have not his opportunities ; and least of all, perhaps, we of the clerical profession, who need them most, not only because we have to influence human hearts and heads of every possible temper, and in every possible state, but because the very sacredness of our duties, and our conviction of the truth of our own teaching, tempt us—paradoxical, as it may seem—towards a self-conceit, blind, and harsh routine. What is the young clergyman's cure ? How shall he keep his imaginative sympathy strong and open ?

Certainly, by much varied reading. The study of the Greek and Latin classics has helped, I believe, much in making the clergy of the Church of England what they are—the most liberal-minded priesthood which the world has yet seen. The want of it has certainly helped to narrow the mind of Non-conformists. A boy cannot be brought up to read of, and to love, old Greeks and Romans, without a vague, but deep feeling, that they, too, were men of like passions, and it may be sometimes of like virtues, with himself ; and he who has learnt how to think and how to know, from Aristotle and Plato, will have a far juster view of the vastness and importance of the whole human race and its strivings after truth, than he who has learnt his one little lesson about man and the universe from the works of one or two Divines of his own peculiar school. He will be all the

more inclined to be just to the Mussulman, the Hindoo, the Buddhist, from having learnt to be just to those who worshipped round the Capitol or the Acropolis. One sees, therefore, with much regret, more and more young men taking orders without having had a sound classical education, and more and more young men so overworked by parish duty, as to have really no time left for study. Under the present mania for over-working everybody, such Churchmen as the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries saw

literary, philosophic, scientific, generally human and humane are becoming more and more impossible ; while a priesthood such as may be seen in more than one country of Europe, composed of mere professionals, busy, ambitious, illiterate, is becoming more and more possible.

One remedy, at least, is this, that more varied culture should be insisted on, by those who have the power to insist ; that if not a sound knowledge of the best classic literature, at least a sound knowledge of the best English, should be demanded of young clergymen. Let such a one have say only his Shakespeare—at his fingers' ends, and he will find his visits in the parish, and his sermon in the pulpit also, all the more full of that "Pleasantness," which is, to tell the truth, nothing less than Divine "Charity."

Such are a few of the thoughts which suggested themselves to me while reading Mr. Help's later books, and re-reading—with an increasing sense of their value—several of his earlier ones. If these thoughts have turned especially towards the gentlemen of my own cloth, and their needs, it has been because I found Mr. Helps's Essays eminently full of that "sweetness and light," which Mr. Matthew Arnold tells is so necessary for us all. Most necessary are they certainly, for us clergymen ; and yet they are the very qualities which we are most likely to lose, not only from the hurry and worry of labour, but from the very importance of the questions on which we have to make up our minds, and the hugeness of the evils with which we have to fight. And thankful we should be to one who, amid toil no less continuous and distracting than that of any active clergyman, has not only preserved sweetness and light himself, but has taught the value of them to others