

of opinions different from his own as a mediæval monk would have regarded the progress of an army of Saracens or a horde of Avars. His poetic sympathies could not hinder him from disliking the rebel and Puritan Milton.

Thus it was impossible that he should be in a very broad sense a poet of humanity. His fundamental conception of the world was essentially mediæval; his ideal was that of cloistered innocence, or, still better, the innocence of untempted and untried infancy. For such perfection his "*Lyra Innocentium*" was strung. When his friend is thinking of the profession of the law, he conjures him to forego the brilliant visions which tempted him in that direction for "visions far more brilliant and more certain too; more brilliant in their results, inasmuch as the salvation of one soul is worth more than the framing the Magna Charta of a thousand worlds; more certain to take place, since temptations are fewer and opportunities everywhere to be found." These words remind us of a passage in one of Massillon's sermons, preached on the delivery of colours to a regiment, in which the bishop, after dwelling on the hardships and sufferings which soldiers are called upon to endure, intimates that a small part of those hardships and sufferings, undergone in performance of a monastic vow, would merit the kingdom of heaven. If souls are to be saved by real moral influences, Sir John Coleridge has probably saved a good many more souls as a religious judge and man of the world than he would have saved as the rector of a country parish; and if character is formed by moral effort, he has probably formed a much higher character by facing temptation than he would have done by flying from it. Keble himself, in his Morning Hymn, has a passage in a different strain; but the sentiment which really prevailed with him was probably that embodied in his advice to his friend.

Whatever of grace, worth, or beneficence there could be in the half-cloistered life of an Oxford fellow of those days, or in the rural and sacerdotal life of a High Church rector, there was in the life of Keble at Oriel, and afterwards at Hursley. The best spirit of such a life, together with the image of a character rivalling in spiritual beauty, after its kind, that of Ken or Leighton, is found in Keble's poetry, and for this we may be, as hundreds of thousands have been, thankful.

The biographer declines to enter into a critical examination of the "*Christian Year*," but he confidently predicts its indefinite reign, founding his prediction on the causes of its original