

**A MEMOIR OF THE
REV. JOHN KEBLE,
M. A., VOL. I**

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A Memoir of the Rev. John Keble, M. A., Vol. I by Sir J. T. Coleridge

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SIR J. T. COLERIDGE

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A Memoir
OF THE
REV. JOHN KEBLE, M.A.
LATE VICAR OF HURSLEY.

BY THE RIGHT HON.
SIR J. T. COLERIDGE, D.C.L.

"Te mihi junxerunt nivei sine crimine mores,
Simplicitasque sagax, ingenuusque pudor :
Et bene nota fides, et candor frontis honestæ,
Et studia a studiis non aliena meis."
Joannes Secundus.



VOL. I.
Second Edition,
With Corrections and Additions.

OXFORD and LONDON :
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1869.

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[Dedication to the First Edition.]

BX 5199
K3C7
1869
v.1

TO

SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE, BART.

MY DEAR HEATHCOTE,

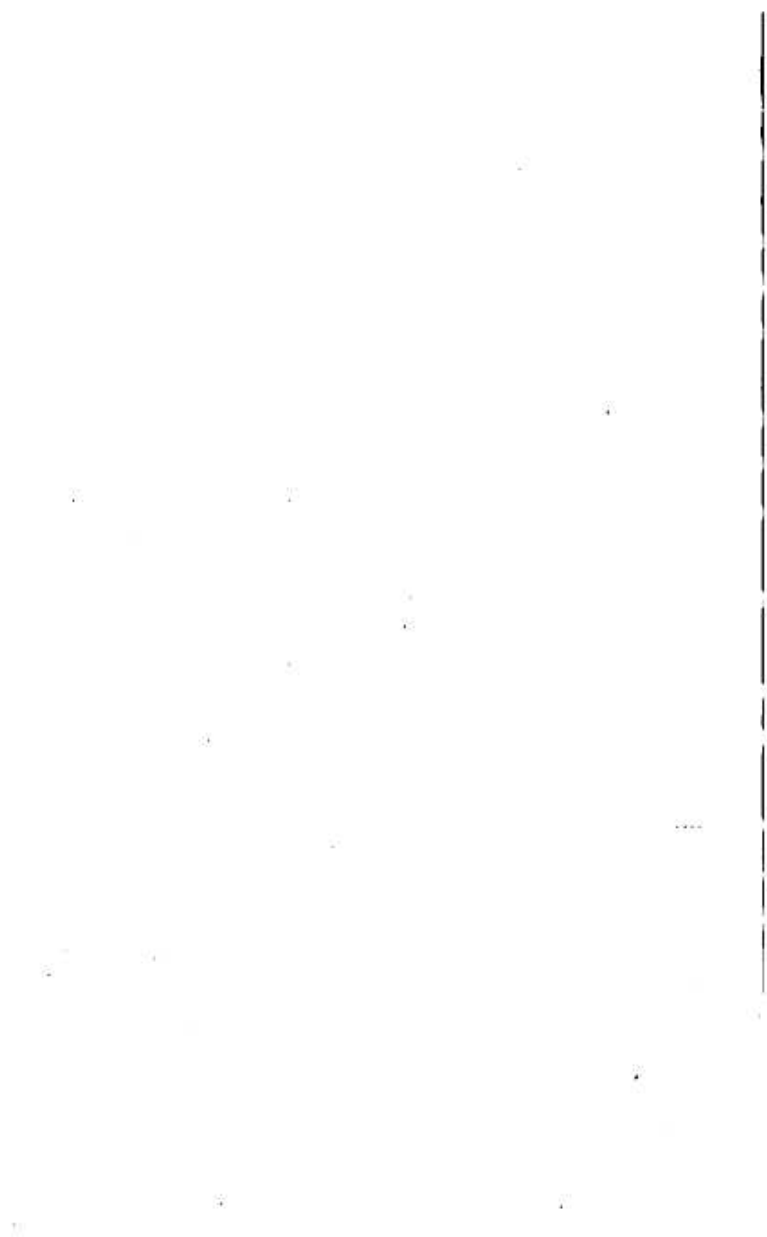
IN placing your name at the head of this Memoir, I fulfil a plain and pleasant duty. I dedicate it to a favourite pupil of JOHN KEBLE; who became his fast friend; and was his only patron.

I wish I could feel secure that the Memoir does no injustice to his memory. Such as it is I present it to you, as flowing at least from a grateful heart. To him I owe more than I can well express; and among the greater of those many obligations I count it not the least, that for so many years I have been able to call myself your affectionate and faithful friend,

J. T. COLERIDGE.

HEATHS COURT,
Dec. 26, 1868.

106057



PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

SOON after the death of John Keble, a letter was written to his nearest and dearest surviving relative, by one who knew him as well as he loved him. I venture to print the following extract:—

“I suppose that no man has died in England within our memory who has been so dearly loved, and whose memory will be had in such tender reverence by so many good men. It will be long before many will cease to say to themselves when in doubt, ‘What would Keble say to this?’ or to remind themselves of his ways and sayings; and of Hursley as it was in his time; and of all that made his judgment a law, and his companionship delightful. However, I think it is not the companionship that comes most into the mind just now. What I think remarkable, was not how many people loved him, or how much they loved him, but that everybody seemed to love him with the very best kind of love of which they were capable.

“It was like loving goodness itself; you felt that what was good in him was applying itself directly and bringing into life all that was best in you. His ready, lively, transparent affection seemed as if it was the very spirit of love, opening out upon you, and calling for a return, such as you could give. At the same time its unsuspectingness was almost alarming. *You* were probably too near to him to know that singular mixture of triumph and shame which, I think, he caused to many of his friends, by the unreserved

affection which he poured out upon them, on the faith of their possessing all the singleness and purity of heart which he felt in himself. But it was, I think, very common; and I believe that numbers of persons were continually urged forwards by a kind of shame at feeling themselves so much behind what he appeared to think of them.

“His influence for some time has been so silent, that one hardly knows what his loss may be to the Church. But it is impossible not to fear that many people will be liable to do wild or angry things, when they are relieved from that silent control which was exercised by the general reverence which all men felt for him. However, that is in Higher Hands.”

There is not a syllable of exaggeration in this beautiful extract; and it is owing to the general feeling, so well described in it, that I find myself called on to prepare a second edition of this book very long before I had any expectation of such a call being made on me; and a sense of this has naturally made me more anxious to correct some inaccuracies which had crept into the former edition. This I have endeavoured to do.

But beside inaccuracies as to facts, friends have suggested in private, and critics through the press have pointed out, what seem to them omissions, or faults in the conception of the work as well as in the execution. In some respects it will be found, I hope, that attention has been paid to such remarks; and where it has not been, this must not be attributed to want of respect, or consideration. This indeed would have been unpardonable in me;

for so far as I know, I have been treated even by the most decided of my critics with a respect and kindness which I wish I deserved, and for which I feel sincerely grateful. Sometimes, however, I have not agreed with my advisers, sometimes I have found myself unable to do what they desired. There are faults I suppose in every work, which are so interwoven with the main web that they cannot be removed without unravelling the whole piece. I am too old to recast the work; and I desire it should be borne in mind, that from the beginning I expressly limited myself to a certain part, and did not undertake the whole of Keble's history.

I must now mention some new matter, which will be found in this edition. Since the issue of the former, two parcels of letters have been found, the one to Hurrell Froude, the other to his father, the Archdeacon; they were found singularly enough with a small quantity of plate, and some personal jewels of little value, in a house formerly the property of the latter, and for many years occupied by his sister, which is now the property of Mr. William Froude. He was good enough to place them unreservedly in my hands; and I have published a few, which will be found in their proper places. All are written in the same spirit, and with the same ability, which are characteristic of the letters I had before printed; and should it be thought right to publish an independent selection of his letters, many of them I hope will be found in it.