

want to be sure that *God* cares for us, that *God* is our Father, that *God* has interfered, stooped, sacrificed Himself for us. I do not merely want to love Christ—a Christ, some creation or emanation of God's—whose will and character, for aught I know, may be different from God's. I want to love and honor the absolute, abysmal God Himself, and none other will satisfy me—and in the doctrine of Christ being co-equal and co-eternal, sent by, sacrificed by, His Father, that He might do His Father's will, I find it—and no puzzling texts, like those you quote, shall rob me of that rest for my heart, that *Christ is the exact counterpart of Him* in whom we live, and move, and have our being. I say boldly, if the doctrine be not in the Bible, it ought to be, for the whole spiritual nature of man cries out for it."

There has arisen a new branch of the science of astronomy called sidereal photography. Until lately only collodion plates could be used in photography. But such plates must be used wet. They could suffer only short exposure. They must be immediately developed. And so when exposed heavenward but a momentary flash from the stars could be caught and kept on their sensitive surfaces. But recently gelatine plates have been introduced. These are capable of long exposure. These can lie beneath the stars for hours. And lying thus, the shyest traits of the most distant stars can fasten themselves in pictures accurate, and gazing into them, fresh wonders are disclosing and a new door is opened into heaven's depths.

Like the gelatine plates Charles Kingsley held his soul in such steady and long openness toward the incarnate Christ that in unusual measure the Christ revealed Himself to him, was seen by him to be the pre-eminent and luminous focus of the divine revealing, became for him the object of the most passionate personal love. For Charles Kingsley the personal Christ was the be all and the end all. For him the personal Christ, the shining and satisfying revelation in our nature of the abysmal God Himself, was urging and unrelaxing force. To know Him, serve Him, please Him, was the crowning, steadily controlling motive. He summed the meaning of his life in these among his last words: "I cannot, cannot live without the *man Christ Jesus*."

The memory of that almost last class-exercise of which I just now spoke comes to me again. "Gentlemen," said Dr. Robinson, "you must every one of you run the gauntlet of error. There is only one thing that can save you, and that one thing is *personal loyalty to the personal Christ*."

Yes. Shield strongest against error, reason sublimest for most prodigal devotion, power propelling whose crusading energy nothing can drain away—this, personal loyalty to the personal Christ. Here was the urging force of Charles Kingsley's ministry. It is the only real urging force for a true ministry anywhere.

I like much the cymbal clash of these lines of this parish minister knight-errant:

"Gather you, gather you, angels of God,
Chivalry, justice and truth,