

vain for fourteen years, appear by dozens in the fifteenth, upon a new-made bank, which had been for at least two hundred years a farmyard gateway? Why does it generally rain here from the southwest, not when the barometer falls, but when it begins to rise again? Why—why is everything, which lies under my feet all day long? I don't know; and you can't tell me. And till I have found out, I cannot complain of monotony, with still undiscovered puzzles waiting to be explained, and so to create novelty at every turn."

Now I ask you if it is possible to conceive of a man who will keep his eyes open and his intellect astrung like that, growing dull and dead and unalert and losing freshness and drying up.

"Study matter as the countenance of God," says Charles Kingsley. "Objective studies," he says again, "save you from morbid introversion of mind." What we men of books and solitariness and abstract thinking, and of such steady vision of the sadder sides of human nature, sick-beds and poverties and death and sorrows, need is just such reverent and accurate study of outward nature, as the *best sort* of recreation and the surest preserver of freshness. And now, too, from this source, illustrations troop for sermons. And how steadily thus do we put our feet in the path of Him who said: "Behold the fowls of the air," "consider the lilies of the field." Ah, if we will but in any measure see things as Charles Kingsley saw his moor, or as Wordsworth saw the sheen of the yellow flowers by the lake side, we shall be steadily learning, and so shall be steadily able to tell of God's fresh wonders, and even in the most monotonous and unpromising surroundings there shall be no need that we grow flat and stale.

Of course our vertebral study must be the Scriptures. I have taken that for granted Charles Kingsley was its devoted student. There is no such unfailing fountain as the Scripture.

But, with that, I am sure we can get much toward the growing into and the keeping in this so needful freshness from these hints furnished us by this parish minister knight-errant. A religious care of bodily health; a sympathy which will not allow itself a prison; a careful use of one's immediate surroundings to discover when and how to apply God's truth; a reverent, accurate, luring study of the works of God in nature. And now in the last moment and for the last word let us allow Charles Kingsley to give us suggestion as to urging force.

Charles Kingsley is writing to Thomas Cooper, a man some time Christian, in the stirring time of that agitation Chartist, then, captured by the Strauss mystical theory and wandering in the dreary wastes of unbelief, then coming back—and largely through the influence of Charles Kingsley—to the most hearty and joyful acceptance of Jesus as incarnate God and Lord and only Saviour. Charles Kingsley is writing to this Thomas Cooper—a man of almost unbounded influence among the English working-classes—Charles Kingsley is writing to him, and thus he writes:

"But my heart, Cooper, demands the Trinity, as much as my reason. I