

tions in the larger. I do not attempt defense of all of Charles Kingsley's methods of reform and of the suggestions of reform he made. I am simply commending the principle he followed in his study of social questions and of the relation of his Lord's work to them. And I affirm that such alert and intelligent vision of the current social questions close to one's self, and such attempt to pour gospel light upon them is a perpetual minister to freshness. It stirs the nature. It breaks up routine. It keeps the eye cleared of the mists of selfishness. It warms the heart. It prompts to personal, brotherly attempt at help. It consecrates culture and demolishes the separating walls which so easily get builded round it. I do not know a better way in which a man can keep himself alive, alert, abreast of things, in the best of senses *fresh*, by which a man can the more perfectly deliver himself from the too frequent hard selfishness of culture, by which a man can keep in memory the real meaning of his mission, that it is *not* to be ministered to but *is* to minister, than in the way suggested by such words as these from the pen of Charles Kingsley. "I will never believe that a man has a real love for the good and the beautiful, except he *attacks* the evil and the disgusting the moment he sees it. It is very easy for us to turn our eyes away from ugly sights, and so consider ourselves refined. The refined man to me is he who cannot rest in peace with a coal-mine, or a factory, or a Dorsetshire peasant's house near him, in the state in which they are."

Will you listen to this also? It is from Charles Kingsley's "Winter Garden":

"Yes. I am very rich, as every man may be who will. In fifteen miles of moorland I find the materials of all possible physical science, and long, too, that I had time to work out one smallest segment of that great sphere. How can I be richer, if I have lying at my feet all day a thousand times more wealth than I can use?"

"For there it is, friend, the whole infinite miracle of nature in every tuft of grass, if we have only eyes to see it, and can disabuse our minds of that tyrannous phantom of size. Only recollect that great and small are but relative terms; that in truth nothing is great or small, save in proportion to the quantity of *creative thought* which has been exercised in making it; that the fly who basks upon one of the trilithons of Stonhenge, is in truth infinitely greater than all Stonhenge together, though he may measure the tenth of an inch, and the stone on which he sits five-and-twenty feet. I learn more, studying over and over again the same Bagshot sand and gravel heaps, than I should by roaming all Europe in search of new geologic wonders. Fifteen years have I been puzzling at the same questions, and have only guessed at a few of the answers. What sawed out the edges of the moors into long narrow banks of gravel? What cut them off all flat atop? What makes *Erica ciliaris* grow in one soil and the bracken in another? How did three species of Clubmoss—one of them quite an Alpine one—get down here, all the way from Wales perhaps, upon this isolated patch of gravel? Why did that one patch of *Carex arenaria* settle in the only square yard for miles and miles which bore sufficient resemblance to its native sand-hill by the sea-shore to make it comfortable? Why did *Myosurus minimus*, which I had hunted for in