

gazing at the humming-birds as earnestly as myself. As I turned he turned, and I saw a bright manly face, with a broad, soot-grimed forehead, from under which a pair of keen flashing eyes gleamed wondering, smiling sympathy into mine. In that moment we felt ourselves friends. If we had been Frenchmen, we should, I suppose, have rushed into each other's arms and 'fraternized' upon the spot. As we were a pair of dumb, awkward Englishmen, we only gazed a half-minute, staring into each other's eyes, with a delightful feeling of understanding each other, and then burst out both at once with—'Isn't that beautiful?' 'Well, that is!' And then both turned back again, to stare at our humming-birds.

"I never felt more thoroughly than at that minute (though, thank God, I had often felt it before) that all men were brothers; that fraternity and equality were not mere political doctrines, but blessed God-ordained facts; that the party-walls of rank and fashion and money were but a paper prison of our own making, which we might break through any moment by a single hearty and kindly feeling; that the one spirit of God was given without respect of persons; that the beautiful things were beautiful alike to the coal-heaver and the parson; and that before the wondrous works of God the rich and the poor might meet together, and feel that whatever the coat or the creed may be, 'A man's a man for a' that,' and one Lord the maker of them all."

Ah, my brothers, a man who will not be simply the cloistered student; a man who will break out thus on every side with the brother's heart of recognition and of sympathy—there must be in such a man such fresh attractiveness that men will troop to him as the birds do to the summer. *Brotherly sympathy*—here is another cause and eloquent of this fine freshness.

I was looking through a telescope at Saturn and its mystic ring the other night. With the great glass, though I aimed at it as accurately as I could, I could not find the planet. But, attached to the great glass, there was a smaller telescope, called the finder. On its field was scratched a criss-cross of spider-threads. Because of its peculiarity of construction it was comparatively easy with this smaller glass to fasten the planet at the intersection of those spider-threads. Then, since the axes of the two telescopes were parallel, I had but to look through the larger lens and I could get satisfying vision of the strange world with its strange ring.

I think every minister ought to use his special parish as a "finder" for the great questions of reform and the application to them of his Lord's gospel. For certainly his Lord's gospel must have some application to them. He will find them and study them most safely and most wisely first in his own parish. Every smallest parish is a microcosm. Observing well here, the pastor can more intelligently behold the macrocosm. This was the precise fashion of Charles Kingsley. "He employed his leisure in studying social questions *suggested by the community immediately around him*, particularly the condition of the workingman." Getting sight of things in the smaller sphere, he could speak intelligently and courageously of similar ques-