

consider coarse and degrading"—it was thus Charles Kingsley wrote and practiced. Apostle of "muscular Christianity," they called him. He always denied the charge, except so far as to steadily affirm that a sound mind in a sound body was a Christian thing. If athletes ran off with his doctrine and wrote muscular in such large characters and Christianity in so small that the muscularity quite obscured the Christianity, that was their fault and folly and not his. And I, for one, believe that Charles Kingsley preached a most true gospel and one which preachers who would conserve freshness, have of all men crying call to give heed to, when he preached the righteousness of vigorous health and of the wise care of the body, and the need of fresh air and exercise which induce health.

Here is a bit of wholesome truth for preachers who would have fine freshness, as well as for other folk :

"And if any one shall answer, 'We do not want robust health so much as intellectual attainment. The mortal body, being the lower organ, must take its chance, and be even sacrificed, if need be, to the higher organ—the immortal mind;' to such I reply, You cannot do it. The laws of nature, which are the express will of God, laugh such attempts to scorn. Every organ of the body is formed out of the blood; and if the blood be vitiated, every organ suffers in proportion to its delicacy; and the brain, being the most delicate and highly specialized of all organs, suffers most of all and soonest of all. Nay, the very morals will suffer. From ill-filled lungs, which signify ill-repaired blood, arise year by year an amount not merely of disease, but of folly, temper, laziness, intemperance, madness, and let me tell you fairly, crime—the sum of which will never be known till that great day when men shall be called to account for all *deeds done in the body*, whether they be good or evil."

A ten-mile walk is even a sacrament sometimes. Charles Kingsley was a fresh man because he would keep himself a healthy one. Health, vigorous exercise, is a good nurse of freshness.

I do not think you can find in literature many a tenderer, more morally healthful scratch than this. Charles Kingsley is writing under the nom de plume of Parson Lot.

"I was looking in at the windows of a splendid curiosity shop in Oxford street, at a case of humming birds. I was gloating over the beauty of those feathered jewels, and then wondering what was the meaning, what was the use of it all?—why those exquisite little creatures should have been hidden for ages, in all their splendors of ruby and emerald and gold, in the South American forests, breeding and fluttering and dying, that some dozen out of all those millions might be brought over here to astonish the eyes of men. And as I asked myself, Why were all these boundless varieties, these treasures of unseen beauty, created? my brain grew dizzy between pleasure and thought; and, as always happens when one is most innocently delighted, 'I turned to share the joy,' as Wordsworth says; and next to me stood a huge, brawny coal-heaver, in his shovel hat, and white stockings and high-lows,