

things like these this freshness is made up. Of all men the preacher must not grow laggard; of all men the preacher must not droop and drone; of all men the preacher must somehow keep the dew of the radiant morning on him, and yet for no man than for the preacher is the keeping of this fine freshness more difficult. And for reasons like these *his solitariness*. The preacher more than most men is alone. He does not meet men in the tug and tussle of the daily life. He is left apart for Sundays. He is walled in with an unremitting professionalism. He must be in great measure even cloistered student. He is scholar by trade. But while books *are* what Milton calls them, "the precious life-blood of master spirits treasured up to a life beyond life," the danger is the preacher get so in kin with them that he lose touch with the usual toiling, sorrowing, hungry souls that come to church for help on Sunday.

*The immense call on him for intellectual product*—here is another damage for the preacher's freshness. For real freshness can only be born from real thought and real feeling. But how often, amid the unceasing demand, attention loses its intentness, the edge of discrimination gets strangely dulled, conceptions persistently drape themselves in mists, the reasoning faculty seems to forget the path from promise to conclusion, the eye of the imagination is too bleared to discern and her hand too feeble to lay on her colors; feeling flags. Weariness has unstrung. The whole intellectual being craves rest. But ah me! that miserable Sunday. The enfeebled faculties must be driven to their toil. Something is produced because it must be, but this fine freshness is a-wanting, or, what is worse, the old straw of an old sermon is rechopped and there is only a juiceless crudity about that. And also, the deadness of *monotony* can fling its blight upon a preacher as upon any other man, and besides, *worries and harassments* preventing "a mind at leisure from itself" can wear down a preacher, too. Yet still the *freshness* which can attract, excite, impel, is the inexorable need.

I do not think any one can be at all conversant with Charles Kingsley and not be made aware that he was somehow and to the last wreathed in this freshness. There was a stir and onset in him which captured and dragged after him as Achilles Hector. This at once caught me on that Sunday morning in the old cathedral. Perfunctory as the service seemed, *he* was a knight with lance in rest for holy war who was standing in that pulpit. Will you listen to me while I go on to speak of certain things, which the study of his life has taught me ministered to that vital and vitalizing *freshness*?

"The body is the temple of the living God. There has always seemed to me something impious in the neglect of personal health, strength, beauty. It is often a mere form of laziness and untidiness. I should be *ashamed* of being weak. I could not do half the little good I do here if it were not for that strength and activity which some