

violable honesty and heartiness of duty have lent weight and meaning to the work he found time to do there. Men said, "This man sings out of a devoted heart," and so they listened for his song. Men said, "This man writes of the real things his parish has taught him, and there is always audience for genuineness." Men said, "This man has right to speak as reformer to the great world because he attacks disorder swiftly 'to subdue men and make order of men' first and foremost in his own parish." I have not forgotten the moment nor shall I to my latest day. There in that seminary at Rochester we had finished our course of study. We were on the threshold of the difficult life—duty. We were gathered as a class in the lecture-room almost for the last time. Said Dr. Robinson, "Gentlemen, it is good work that tells; it is good work only which can bring you the only fame you can ever find. Put your hand to good work, and though you have a parish on the nether side of Kamchatka the world will hear of it and you will be wanted. The world is hungry for good work." No other words were ever said, and Charles Kingsley, making little Eversley the center for a fame of which the world was rim, is only another instance of their verity immutable.

After all the sphere is of small account; the man in the sphere, of what sort he is—ah, that is the critical matter!

But let us pass to get, in the second place, help from this parish minister knight-errant as to *freshness*. "Your function is indeed instruction," said, substantially, a most intelligent layman to me some time since, "but your function is more; it is also impulse, persuasion, spiritual refreshment. Dragged men, strained men, anxious men, sad men, stolid men come to church on Sunday to be won from week-day channels into sacred, to find uplift, to have the load shaken off and get wing, to be fascinated to higher things, to be moved out of worldly ways, to feel a breath of spring upon their winter, to be variously and toward noble things impelled. Do not forget that while instruction is a function of the pulpit, impulse is largely its function too."

I could not gainsay what the layman said. It was precisely true. It is one thing and comparatively an easier thing to didactically instruct. It is a further and a harder thing to victoriously impel. That pulpit fullest fills its function which does both, which does instruct and which also steadily refuses to forget the impelling portion of its duty. But to do this there must be perennially present a certain fountain and quality of—what I cannot better name than *freshness*. Sensitiveness of feeling, vigor of will, a quick and even poetic apprehension, a brotherly heart, an ability to put abstract truth in concrete ways, a hold on old things and a sight for new things, or at least for new guises for the old things in the Lord's treasurehouse, a kind of power to compel attention, to shock out of bad ruts, to win vantage ground of interest for the truth which must be told. It is of these things and