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"This, My son," if thou art, and because thou art thyself My son indeed, is "this thy brother"<sup>1</sup> also. Recognise the double relationship, and strong in the strength of it win and welcome the lost and erring to the Father's heart and home. So, even now shalt thou do the work of angels, and share the joy of heaven "over one sinner that repenteth."

T. T. PEROWNE.

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ART. III.—A POET OUT OF FASHION.

**T**HERE are certain poets that are never out of fashion. Their style may be no way like that which prevails now or at any particular time; their method of treatment may be different from that of others, for each generation has its own voices and methods; but their genius is so fine that it carries them triumphantly through all accidents of time and place, of style and treatment. Chaucer and Shakespeare are read, studied, and admired to-day as much as they ever were; but if we compare their style with that of Lord Tennyson or Mr. Browning, we see a vast and striking difference between them. The universality of their genius rises above the accident of their style. Chaucer, for example, is never out of fashion, though he is not so easily read as any of the moderns, because he deals chiefly with man and nature, and man and nature are never out of fashion. Humanity appears before us to-day clothed in the new garments of modern civilization; but underneath those splendid robes the old self is the same as it was in the Middle Ages. In the essential features of his nature man remains unchanged. And creation is unchanged, ever fresh and ever young. The stars and the singing birds and the purple heather and the yellow cornfields and the wandering clouds and the soft piping winds and the whispering leaves and the serene sunsets and the stormy majesty of the sea, are to us what they were to Chaucer; and therefore "the Father of English poetry" is as real now, and as much in fashion now, as he was in the fourteenth century.

Old England's fathers live in Chaucer's lay  
 As if they ne'er had died: he group'd and drew  
 Their likeness with a spirit of life so gay  
 That still they live and breathe in fancy's view,  
 Fresh beings fraught with truth's imperishable hue.

So it is with the author of the "Ring and the Book" and the Laureate. We cannot imagine that they will ever give place to a newer fashion, a fresher style, or a younger time, for they write of things that are of universal interest—

On man, on nature, and on human life.

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<sup>1</sup> Luke xv. 21, 32.

They are true to nature and to life, and this truth is always expressed, at least in the case of Tennyson, in the most fitting and beautiful words. In more than style and mode of treatment Cowley has gone out of use, though he was as popular with his contemporaries as Tennyson is with his. It can now be said much more truly than in Pope's time :

Who now reads Cowley ? If he pleases yet,  
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit :  
Forgot his epic, nay, Pindaric art,  
But still I love the language of his heart.

Abraham Cowley was born in Fleet Street, London, in the year 1618. His father was a stationer, and died before the birth of his son. His mother, like many another in similar circumstances, appears to have had great difficulties in giving him a liberal education, but ultimately succeeded in procuring his admission into Westminster School as a King's scholar. He is one of those famous examples often referred to of poets who "lisped in numbers, for the numbers came;" and at the age of fifteen he published a collection of verses entitled "Poetical Blossoms," which obtained favourable notice. It has often been observed that accidental circumstances have a powerful influence in directing the mind to some particular study or pursuit. Cowley has given us an account of what first led him to cultivate poetry. He says: "I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head with such chimes of verses as have never left ringing there. I remember when I began to read and to take pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlour—I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion—but there was wont to lie Spenser's works. This I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights and giants and monsters and brave houses which I found everywhere (though my understanding had little to do with all this), and by degrees with the tinkling of the rhyme and dance of the numbers, so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old." "Such," says Dr. Johnson, "are accidents, which sometimes remembered, and perhaps sometimes forgotten, produce that particular designation of mind and propensity for some certain science or employment which is commonly called genius." In his eighteenth year Cowley was elected a Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he soon attained to distinction as a young man of taste, intellectual ability, and persevering application.

In 1643, he was ejected (with his friend Crashaw) from the College, through his loyalty to the King; and he removed to Oxford, where he continued to follow his literary pursuits and indulge in poetical composition. But he did not remain

long at Oxford. His zeal in the royal cause led to his being employed in the service of the King in several important situations. And when Queen Henrietta went to Paris he accompanied her, and became secretary to Lord Jermyn, afterwards Earl of St. Albans, and was employed for several years in confidential missions for the Royal Family. Cowley was a decided but somewhat dispassionate loyalist; and in his play, *Cutter, of Coleman Street*, he did not hesitate to expose rather freely the vices of the Royalist Party. Gratitude was never a virtue of the Stuarts; and when men and women who had suffered more severely in their cause, and served them more eminently than Cowley, had all their claims disallowed, it was not likely that he would receive much favour or reward from the Court. Besides, his paper and verses on Cromwell, vehement as were the denunciations they contained, were tinged by some admiration which was not likely to serve him in the estimation of the Royal Party and the Cavaliers; so that altogether, in spite of his great fame, Cowley knew more of the shadows which fell round the paths of the Royalists in their prostration than of the sunlight which shone upon them in their restoration. Like so many of the noble spirits of his time, he desired "to retire to some of the American plantations," and find, amidst the woods and savannas of the New World, the peace he seemed to be all his life seeking in vain.

In 1656 he left Paris for a time, and coming over to England, he was at once seized by the party of Cromwell and thrown into prison as a spy. On his release, which was not effected without a guarantee of one thousand pounds, for which he was indebted to his friend, Dr. Scarborough, he adopted the medical profession, and qualified himself sufficiently to be created a Doctor of Medicine—M.D. Upon the restoration of the Royal Family, he was over forty years of age, and his great ambition now was to pass the remainder of his life in studious retirement, the solitude of country life, of which he sings with such sweetness and sometimes with such sublimity.

He was now [says his friend Dr. Sprat] weary of the vexations and formalities of an active condition. He had been perplexed with a long compliance to foreign manners. He was satiated with the arts of a Court, which sort of life, though his virtue made it innocent to him, yet nothing could make it quiet. These were the reasons that moved him to follow the violent inclinations of his own mind, which in the greatest hurry of his own business had still called upon him, and represented to him the delights of solitary studies, of temperate pleasures, and a moderate income below the malice and flatteries of fortune.

His income at this time was indeed very moderate, and altogether insufficient to enable him to carry out his desire of a country life. He must have been of a noble and independent

spirit, otherwise, in *Cutter, of Coleman Street* which appeared at this time, he would have employed his wit in holding the Puritans up to scorn rather than in satirizing the sins of the Royalists. Owing to the vexation and disgust of this party, the author gained little by the drama beyond the empty reward of fame. Pepys says: "After dinner, to the opera, where there was a new play (*Cutter, of Coleman Street*), made in the year 1658, with reflections upon the late times; and it being the first time, the pay was doubled, and, to save money, my wife and I went into the gallery, and there sat, and saw very well, and a very good play it is; it seems of Cowley's making." By the influence of some friends, chiefly the Earl of St. Albans and the Duke of Buckingham, who esteemed his character and held his talents in admiration, he succeeded in obtaining the lease of a farm at Chertsey on the Thames, held under the Queen Mother, which produced a competency of about £300 a year. The house at Chertsey still remains, though it has been considerably altered. Over the front door is a tablet of stone, let into the wall, on which is inscribed a line from Pope, slightly altered:

Here the last accents flowed from Cowley's tongue.

The country round is very pleasant; and the nearness of St. Ann's Hill, with its heathery sides, breezy air, and noble views, is a great advantage. For a heart that loved solitude, no sweeter or more agreeable retreat could be found than "Chertsey's silent bowers." "There," to use the words of his biographer, "among the two or three villages on the banks of the Thames, he exercised his mind rather on what was to come than on what was past: some few friends and books, a cheerful heart and an innocent conscience, were his constant companions." From here he wrote a letter to Dean Sprat, which gives us an odd idea of his enjoyment of the place:

The first night that I came hither [he says] I caught so great a cold, with a defluxion of rheum, as made me keep my chamber ten days. And two after, had such a bruise on my ribs with a fall, that I am yet unable to move or turn myself in my bed. This is my personal fortune here to begin with. And besides, I can get no money from my tenants, and have my meadows eaten up every night by cattle put in by my neighbours. [How like a piece of modern Irish history!] What this signifies or may come to in time, God knows: if it be ominous, it can end in nothing less than hanging. Another misfortune has been, and stranger than all the rest, that you have broken your word with me, and failed to come, even though you told Mr. Bois that you would. This is what they call *monstri simile*. I do hope to recover my late hurt so far within five or six days (though it be uncertain yet whether I shall ever recover it) as to walk about again. And then, methinks, you and I and the dean might be very merry upon St. Ann's Hill. You might very conveniently come hither the way of Hampton Town, lying there one night. I write this in pain, and can say no more; *verbum sapienti*.

He did not, however, live long to enjoy the sweets of rural life. He died in 1667, and was interred in Westminster Abbey, "probably the grandest obsequies," says Dean Stanley, "the Poet's Corner ever witnessed." His dust lies next to that of Chaucer, and not far off from Spenser's, the poet whose "Faërie Queene" "filled his head with such chimes of verse as never since left ringing there." John Evelyn was at the funeral, and tells us how the corpse lay at Wallingford House: it had been conveyed by water from Chertsey, and from thence to Westminster Abbey, in a hearse with six horses, and near a hundred coaches of noblemen and illustrious persons following, among whom, of course, were all the great wits of the town, the clergy, and bishops. Pepys writes in his famous Diary, "To my bookseller's, and did buy Scott's *Discourse of Witches*, and do hear Mr. Cowley's death mightily lamented by Dr. Ward, the Bishop of Winchester, and Dr. Bates, who were standing there, as the best poet of our nation, and as a good man." This was the testimony of Charles II., who, when he heard of his death, declared that he had "not left a better man behind in all England." He appears to have had a very sweet and amiable disposition, and was much impressed with religious feelings and a reverence for sacred things. We are told that he particularly abhorred the abuse of Scripture by licentious raillery—an example which some of the literary scribes of our day would do well to copy—stigmatizing such irreverent treatment of the Inspired Word as "not only the meanest kind of wit, but the worst sort of ill-manners." His genius was of a very high order; and it was adorned and illustrated by profound and varied learning. Milton is said to have declared that the three greatest English poets were Spenser, Shakespeare, and Cowley. Sir John Denham, the author of "Cooper's Hill," pays a glowing tribute to Cowley:

To him no author was unknown,  
 Yet what he wrote was all his own:  
 Horace's wit and Virgil's state  
 He did not steal, but emulate;  
 And when he would like them appear,  
 Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear.

And the verses in which Cowper enshrines his affection for our poet are discriminatingly appreciative and just:

Thee too enamoured of the life I loved,  
 Pathetic in its praise, in its pursuit  
 Determined, and possessing it at last,  
 With transports such as favour'd lovers feel,  
 I studied, prized, and wished that I had known  
 Ingenious Cowley! and though now, reclaim'd  
 By modern lights from an erroneous taste,  
 I cannot but lament thy splendid wit

Entangled in the cobweb of the schools ;  
I still revere thee, courtly though retir'd,  
Though stretch'd at ease in Chertsey's silent bowers,  
Not unemploy'd, and finding rich amends  
For a lost world in solitude and verse.

Cowley wrote prose as well as poetry. It was an article of Wordsworth's literary creed that all good poets write good prose. We believe this is generally true. The instinct of form necessarily predominates in them, and therefore they naturally write excellent prose. Cowley is no exception to this rule, and it is not too much to say that he ranks inferior only to Milton, Dryden, Coleridge, Shelley, and Matthew Arnold. His poetical and prose writings are alike excellent. "No author," says Dr. Johnson, "ever kept his verse and his prose at a greater distance from each other. His thoughts are natural, and his style has a smooth and placid equability which has never yet obtained its due commendation. Nothing is far-sought or hard-laboured, but all is easy without feebleness, and familiar without grossness." His "Essays" are well known, and are characterized by elegant simplicity, and abound everywhere in practical advice; but in quaintness, proverbial power, and homely dealing with learned and recondite themes, they fall below those of Montaigne, Lord Bacon, and Sir Thomas Browne. They are worth reading, and he has done good service by them to literature and life. Let me give two or three specimens of his style and sentiments. In the Essay "Of Myself," he reveals something of his spirit and temper in early life which is very interesting :

As far as my memory can return back into my past life [he says], before I knew or was capable of guessing what the world, or glories or business, of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion for them, as some plants are said to turn away from others by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holidays and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them and walk into the fields, either alone with a book or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper.

And again, speaking of the greatness and splendour he was brought into contact with in the English and French Courts, he says, in the same Essay: "I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life, the nearer I came to it; and the beauty which I did not fall in love with, when for aught I knew it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me when I saw that it was adulterate." A sigh for retirement, a plea for solitude, a longing for independent poverty, is the wish—some would say the unnatural wish—which he is ever indulging. It would not be conducive to the success of human endeavours, it would check and tend to cripple the activities of human life,

if the tastes of Cowley were to become the general fashion. In his Essay on "The Dangers of an Honest Man in too much Company" we read: "The truth of it is that a man in much business must either make himself a knave, or else the world will make him a fool," and "that he had better strike into some private path." We should be sorry to subscribe to this sentiment; indeed, we are sure that while it may be true in individual instances, it is far from having a universal application. At the close of this Essay he says finely himself:

I thought when I went first to dwell in the country, that without doubt I should have met there with the simplicity of the old poetical golden age; I thought to have found no inhabitants there but such as the shepherds of Sir Philip Sidney in Arcadia, or of Monsieur d'Urfé upon the banks of Lignon, and began to consider with myself which way I might recommend no less to posterity the happiness and innocence of the men of Chertsey. But, to confess the truth, I perceived quickly, by infallible demonstrations, that I was still in old England, and not in Arcadia or La Forrest; that if I could not content myself with anything less than exact fidelity in human conversation, I had almost as good go back and seek for it in the Court, or the Exchange, or Westminster Hall. I ask again, then, whither shall we fly, or what shall we do? The world may so come in a man's way that he cannot choose but salute it: he must take heed, though, not to go a-whoring after it. If by any lawful vocation or just necessity men happen to be married to it, I can only give them St. Paul's advice: "Brethren, the time is short; it remains that they that have wives be as though they had none. But I would that all men were even as I myself." In all cases they must be sure that they do *mundum ducere*, and not *mundo nubere*. They must retain the superiority and headship over it; happy are they who can get out of the sight of this deceitful beauty, that they may not be led so much as into temptation; who have not only quitted the metropolis, but can abstain from ever seeing the next market-town of their country.

He himself seems to have subdued the world and led it in chains. The beauty of its face was an artificial beauty, and the pleasures and rewards it bore in its hand were as dust and ashes. Its grapes were grapes of gall, and its clusters were bitter. Wealth and honour and fame, the splendours of the Court and the gaieties of the town, had no attraction for him. He never looked back with regret upon them. In the Essay from which we have already quoted, he says, after referring to some of the "little encumbrances and impediments" of a country life, "Yet do I neither repent nor alter my course. *Non ego perfidum dixi sacramentum.* Nothing shall separate me from a mistress which I have loved so long, and have now at last married, though she neither has brought me a rich portion nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from her."

Nor by me e'er shall you—

You of all names the sweetest and the best;  
 You Muses, books, and liberty and rest;  
 You gardens, fields, and woods forsaken be,  
 As long as life itself forsakes not me.



Like Shenstone at Leasowes, like Cowper at Olney, like Wordsworth at Rydal, Cowley lived a life of calm leisure, a *dolce far niente* life, at Chertsey, working in his garden, roaming through the woods, botanizing in the green lanes, or lying in the hot summer day on the river slopes, musing of things high and great, and noting down the thoughts that "flashed upon the inward eye, which is the bliss of solitude." In some passages, both prose and poetical, Cowley seems to anticipate in his love of Nature Wordsworth and his disciple Arnold. Where could we read more nervously-worded lines than those in which he vindicates his choice of a country life ?

Thus would I double my life's fading space ;  
 For he that runs it well twice runs his race :  
     And in this true delight,  
 These unbought sports, this happy state  
 I would not fear, nor wish, my fate :  
     And boldly say each night,  
 To-morrow let my sun his beams display,  
 Or in clouds hide them : I have lived to-day.

These verses bring us at once to our subject, for it is of Cowley's poetry rather than his prose we wish briefly to write. He wrote "Pindaric Odes" in imitation of the style of Pindar, and these probably in his own days most impressed readers. One of his critics tells us they "electrified his age," and Dr. Johnson declares "that no man but Cowley could have written them." He also wrote the "Davideis" on the troubles of the second King of Israel, a long sacred poem in four books, of very unequal merit, of which we cannot say much in praise, though no doubt it contains some fine lines.

Cowley also wrote "Miscellanies," "The Mistress," or "Love Verses," and several "Books of Plants." This poem is full of rare curious reading ; all that old mythology and the literature of the ancients ever said about plants or flowers, all their mystic influences, all that they do or are supposed to do, are set forth in a quaint eccentric manner. As in the "Davideis," there are many lines and verses very beautiful ; but to get at them we have to wade through a good deal that is trashy and worthless. We all remember the beautiful allusion in Longfellow to flowers as the stars of the earth.

Spoke full well in language quaint and olden,  
 One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,  
 When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,  
 Stars that in earth's firmament do shine.

The idea, inverted, seems to be derived from Cowley's "Plants," in which we read :

Look up ! the gardens of the sky survey,  
 And stars that there appear so gay ;  
 If credit may to certain truth be given,  
 They are but the amarantths of heaven.

The lines on the "White Lily" have much sweetness :

Happy those souls that can, like me,  
 Their native white retain,  
 Preserve their heavenly purity,  
 And wear no guilty stain.

Contemplation is the spirit of Cowley's verse. He seems never to weary of rural scenery and rural ways. What magnificent lines are those on "Solitude"! They seem to breathe the very spirit of the woods. You hear the rustle of the leaves, the waving of the green branches, the bubble of the brooks, "gilt with the sunbeams here and there." You see the stateliness of the "old patrician trees," the "enamell'd" river-bank, the commingling glory of green and gold on every side, and you are filled with joy.

Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good !  
 Hail, ye plebeian underwood !  
 Where the poetic birds rejoice,  
 And for their quiet nests and plenteous food  
 Pay with their grateful voice.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,  
 Hear the soft winds, above me flying,  
 With all their wanton boughs dispute.  
 And the more tuneful birds to both replying,  
 Nor be myself, too, mute.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,  
 Gilt with the sunbeam here and there,  
 On whose enamell'd bank I'll walk,  
 And see how prettily they smile, and hear  
 How prettily they talk.

We must admit that in Cowley's poetry there are many inflated lines, much that is in bad taste, a continual attempt at saying sparkling and witty things, quaint conceits, strange fancies, and metaphysical quiddities. Dr. Johnson, in his interesting "Life of Cowley," brings together a great many passages which illustrate these characteristics of the poet. Let us here give one or two of them. He says on Knowledge :

The sacred tree 'midst the fair orchard grew :  
 The phoenix truth did on it rest,  
 And built his perfumed nest,  
 That right porphyrian tree which did true logic show.  
 Each leaf did learned notions give,  
 And the apples were demonstrative :  
 So clear their colour and divine,  
 The very shade they cast did other lights outshine.

In the "Davideis" his description, quaintly absurd, surely, in a very high degree, of the angel Gabriel's attire opens thus :

He took for skin a cloud most soft and bright,  
 That e'er the midday sun pierced through with light ;  
 Upon his cheeks a lively blush he spread,  
 Wash'd from the morning beauties' deepest red.

“This,” says the great critic, “is a just specimen of Cowley’s imagery. What might in general expressions be great and forcible he weakens and makes ridiculous by branching it into small parts. That Gabriel was invested with the softest or brightest colours of the sky we might have been told, and been dismissed to improve the idea in our different proportions of conception; but Cowley could not let us go till he had related where Gabriel got first his skin, and then his mantle, then his lace, and then his scarf, and related it in the terms of the mercer and tailor.” But with all this Cowley has some splendid verses, embodying very noble thoughts. His famous “Hymn to Light,” “First-born of Chaos,” is an example :

○   ○   ○   ○   ○   ○

At thy appearance Grief itself is said  
To shake his wings and rouse his head :  
And cloudy Care has often took  
A gentle beamy smile reflected from thy look.

At thy appearance Fear itself grows bold :  
Thy sunshine melts away his cold ;  
Encouraged at the sight of thee,  
To the cheek colour comes, and firmness to the knee.

His little poem, “To the Grasshopper,” reminds us of some of Wordsworth’s minor gems—

Happy insect ! what can be  
In happiness compared to thee ?  
Fed with nourishment divine,  
The dewy morning’s gentle wine !  
Nature waits upon thee still,  
And thy verdant cup does fill.  
Thou dost drink and dance and sing,  
Happier than the happiest king !  
All the fields which thou dost see,  
All the plants belong to thee :  
All that summer hours produce,  
Fertile made with early juice.

○   ○   ○   ○   ○

Happy insect ! happy thou  
Dost neither age nor winter know ;  
But when thou’st drunk, and danced and sung  
Thy fill, the flow’ry leaves among,  
Sated with thy summer feast,  
Thou retir’st to endless rest.

It will be seen from these extracts that Cowley was a true poet. Indeed, at his death he was regarded as the first poet in England; for Milton and Dryden, we may say, were still unknown. He was profoundly learned, had an exuberant imagination, and “was the first,” as one has said, “who imparted to English numbers the enthusiasm of the greater ode and the gaiety of the less.” The grandeur of his thoughts and the multiplicity and splendour of his images have led

some critics to compare him with Jeremy Taylor, the eloquent divine, and Edmund Burke, the eloquent statesman. Unfortunately he lived in an age of wretched taste in poetry. Spenser and Shakespeare had passed away, and were succeeded by a class of poets whom Johnson styles metaphysical, and whose faults he exposes, in his "Life of Cowley," in a strain of the happiest criticism. Their great defect lay in substituting wit for feeling and nature, and in fancying poetry to consist in subtle, far-fetched, and exaggerated conceits. These were the characteristics of Donne, Jonson, Herbert, Henry Vaughan, and, indeed, most of the poets of that period. Cowley shared in this vice to a considerable extent. He is always attempting to say witty things, and yet, in an admirable verse, he condemns exuberance of wit :

Yet 'tis not to adorn and gild each part,  
That shows more cost than art,  
Jewels at nose and lips but ill appear ;  
Rather than all things wit, let none be there ;  
Several lights will not be seen,  
If there be nothing else between.  
Men doubt because they stand so thick i' th' sky,  
If those be stars which paint the galaxy.

Addison says of our poet :

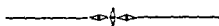
Thy fault is only wit in its excess,  
But wit like thine in any shape will please.

No doubt wit gives pleasure to most minds ; but the pleasure which we derive from reading Cowley's odes is, as Macaulay has remarked, a pleasure which belongs wholly to the understanding, and in which the feelings have no part whatever. His wit consisted in an exquisite perception of points of analogy and points of contrast too subtle for common observation. He continually startles us by the ease with which he yokes together ideas between which there would seem at first sight to be no connection. In one of his finest poems, "Lines on the Foundation of the Royal Society," he compares Lord Bacon (of whom he was an ardent admirer and an intelligent disciple) to Moses standing on Mount Pisgah gazing on the goodly land, the land flowing with milk and honey, stretching away northward before his eye :

From these and all long errors of the way  
In which our wandering predecessors went,  
And like th' old Hebrews many years did stray  
In deserts but of small extent,  
Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last,  
The barren wilderness he past,  
Did on the very border stand  
Of the blest promis'd land,

And, from the mountain's top of his exalted wit,  
 Saw it himself and show'd us it.  
 But life did never to one man allow  
 Time to discover worlds and conquer too ;  
 Nor can so short a line sufficient be  
 To fathom the vast depths of Nature's sea.  
 The work he did we ought t' admire,  
 And were unjust if we should more require  
 From his few years, divided 'twixt th' excess  
 Of low affliction and high happiness.  
 For who on things remote can fix his sight,  
 That's always in a triumph or a fight?

WILLIAM COWAN.



#### ART. IV.—THE SCHOOL OF SICKNESS.

DOCTORS OF MEDICINE gain but little instruction from Scripture Commentators on subjects bearing upon their profession. Look at the technicality said to characterize the narrative of "the beloved Physician." How essentially "*post hoc*" is the inference. Set aside tradition and Church History, and who may fairly deduce, from that Evangelist's version of the Gospel, evidence of the Medical more than of the Painter calling, or indeed of either one or the other? But devout minds have worked up a picture within the shadowy outline of a name, and unreality is consequently portrayed.

Why is this?

An explanation presents itself readily.

Apart from knowledge philological—a clear elucidation of original text—it follows that the Cleric's exposition of Disease must rest on one of two bases: the intellectual grasp of a highly educated man, or on "second-hand" medical knowledge. The latter would ordinarily take the form of popular handbook; occasionally, perhaps, of more direct and less fallible source. True, an element far higher is to be reckoned, factor-age, however, not limited to but one order of the community. Be it as it may, the outcome hitherto has been unprofitable to laymen. An interpretation strained when *not* coloured by theological bias; an adaptation of end to predetermined lines—this is no infrequent outcome.

The antecedent training bears fruit either in subordination of the natural to the non-natural, or the converse. We speak of clergy as a body. The pious if fanatical layman, working also in a groove—it may be deeper and more remote from the fountain-head—stands at the other pole.

"Truth" on the subject that heads this article may be