

the higher air. In like manner, when reading the prayers, Dr. Adamson seemed to be governed by old Herbert's recommendation that the Church prayers ought to be prayed. He was especially anxious to slur nothing, to slight nothing, to neglect nothing, that belonged to the service of the sanctuary. He wished to do all things reverently and in order, and he succeeded.

Children and the inferior animals loved him and he them, for his nature glowed with sympathy towards most living things. It was a pleasant sight to see his troop of dogs grouping themselves about him on his return home, and presenting their cold noses to his regard to receive the touch of kindness which they were sure to get; or to see his mouse coloured cats, from sheer affection, twine and twist about his feet and polish his boots with their glossy skins, till the hint was given to them to perch on his table or to nestle on his knee. The visitor must occasionally have been reminded of Goldsmith's Parson, and occasionally of Præds Vicar. The shy bookworm, the vagrant sportsman, the "ruined spendthrift," or the "broken soldier," were not unfrequently guests at the Doctor's table; and the belated traveller or the casual passenger might turn into his modest mansion, "claim kindred there, and have the claim allowed." The cordiality of his greeting was an infection which seemed to run through his household. The dogs and even the cats of the family seemed to catch it, and according to their capacities make it known to you.

For Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
Upon the portal's steps collected,
Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say,
Our master knows you, you're expected.

* * * * *

Whate'er the stranger's cast or creed
Pundit or Papist, Saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
And welcome for himself and dinner.