

come to be *bishopped*, as it was then called. The bishop examined us, not at all in one article of faith, but in a church-yard; in haste we were set in a rank, and he passed hastily over us, laying his hands on our heads and saying a few words, which neither I nor any that I spoke with understood, so hastily were they uttered, and a very short prayer recited, and there was an end. But whether we were Christians or infidels, or knew so much as that there was a God, the bishop neither knew nor inquired."

Baxter's mental education was hardly more complete. He was at first under the instruction of curates, for whose character he had little respect. His next instructor, "during no less than two years never instructed him one hour, but spent his time, for the most part, in talking against the factious Puritans." He got some classical training from Mr. John Owen, master of the free school at Wroxeter, and from his care went to Mr. Richard Wickstead instead of to the university. Here he got no teaching, but had access to a good library, of which he made faithful use. His dignified reply to Anthony á Wood's captious question as to the place of his education is worth recalling. "As to myself my faults are no disgrace to any university, for I was of none. I have little but what I read out of books and inconsiderable helps of country tutors. Weakness and pain helped me to study how to die; that set me on studying how to live; beginning with necessities I proceeded by degrees, and am now going to see that for which I have lived and studied." The allusion to "weakness and pain" brings out the life-long struggle Baxter had with ill-health. He was always in the hands of the doctors; from first to last no fewer than thirty-six tried their hands upon him. Orme in his biography says: "He was diseased literally from head to foot; his stomach flatulent and acidulous; violent rheumatic headaches; prodigious bleedings at the nose; his blood so thin and acrid that it oozed out from the points of his fingers and kept them often raw and bloody, etc., etc.," and then naively adds: "To be more particular would be disagreeable." Baxter himself says of one of his illnesses: "I was restored by the mercy of God and the help of Dr. Bates, and the *moss of a dead man's skull*, which I had from Dr. Michlethwait." And yet despite this frightful catalogue of diseases and their medical treatment, Baxter lived to write more than a hundred and fifty treatises; to be an army chaplain under Cromwell; to fulfill a long and arduous pastorate at Kidderminster, and to endure imprisonment after a trial before Jeffries.

At the age of eighteen Baxter was recommended to seek employment at the court of Charles I. It sounds odd to hear from his biographer that he was "introduced to Sir Henry Newport, the Master of the Revels, who took him to Whitehall." A month's experience of its gayeties drew from him the verdict: "I had quickly enough of the