

contempt which is accompanied with so much of the substantial blessings of life. But the world should not allow this. It should say, "No, no, Messieurs Tailors, we see through the folly of our jesting, and would rather want it altogether, than pay so much more than is proper for our coats. So, if you please, we'll make a new arrangement. We'll agree never more to reckon up nine of you as necessary to make a man,—never more to speak of either goose or cabbage,—in short, we'll give up the whole of this system of obloquy, and make men of you, if you will only give us a discount of five per cent. off your charges." Let the world do this; and, if the tailors be not by this time quite hardened in endurance, and impervious to all shame, I think we might all save a good deal of our incomes every year, and yet the amount of genuine mirth not be much diminished.

DOCTOR LETTSON.

Few inherited better qualities or were more eccentric than the late Dr. Lettson. While he associated with literary men, communicated with literary works, and wrote and published his medical experience, he gave gratuitous aid to the needy, and apportioned his leisure to useful and practical purposes.

In a work, called "Moods and Tenses," lately published, I find anecdotes of the doctor, which I had sent to a literary publication,* reprinted without acknowledgement, and extracted since into other works. In addition to the printed anecdotes of so amiable a man, I trust, that you will not be unwilling further to illustrate his character by an anecdote or two, until now untold.

The first is of a lady and her servant. The doctor was once called in to attend a sick lady and her maid servant. On entering the passage, he was asked by the nurse into the lady's chamber. "Very well," said he mildly, "but is there not a servant ill also." "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Then let me prescribe for her first," he rejoined, "as her services will be first wanted." His request was complied with; and as he predicted so it proved,—by the second visit the servant was convalescent. "I generally find this the case," observed the doctor, good-humouredly, to his friend; "Servants want physic *only*, but their mistresses require more skill than physic. This is owing to the difference between scrubbing the stairs and scrubbing the teeth."

The second anecdote refers to books. Whenever a friend borrowed a book from the doctor's library, he rarely lent it but with this stipulation, that the supposed value of the book should be deposited, with the name of the borrower, and the title of the volume with date, in the vacant place until the book was restored. "Though attended with some pains, I find this a good plan," said the doctor; "many of my sets would otherwise be imperfect. I feel pleasure in lending my books, (many I give away,) but I like to see my library, like my practice, as regularly conducted as possible."

The third anecdote relates to the cure of filching. The doctor had a favourite servant, who manifested the frailty of taking that which did not belong to him. John had abstracted a loaf of sugar from the store closet, and sold it to a person that kept a shop. Shortly afterwards, on the carriage passing the shop, the doctor desired John to go in and order a loaf of lump sugar, and to pay for it, which was accordingly done; but when they returned home, John suspecting his master's motive, made a full confession of the crime, fell on his knees, implored forgiveness, and was pardoned on his solemn promise of future honesty.

The fourth anecdote is worthy of the consideration of medical practitioners. The doctor having been called to a poor "lone woman," pitied her desolate situation so much, that he shed tears. Her person and room was squalid; her language and deportment indicated that she had seen better days; he took a slip of paper out of his pocket, and wrote with his pencil the following very rare prescription to the overseers of the parish in which she resided,—

"A shilling *per diem* for Mrs. Maxton: money, not physic, will cure her. LETTSON."

That the doctor was not a rich man may be easily accounted for, when it is considered that at the houses of the necessitous he gave more fees than he took. At public medical dinners, anniversaries, and lectures, he must be well remembered by many a truly vivacious companion, with a truly benevolent heart and good understanding.

THE VILLAGER'S HYMN TO THE SCRIPTURES.

Lamp of our feet, whose hallowed beam
Deep in our hearts its dwelling hath,
How welcome is the cheering gleam
Thou sheddest o'er our lowly path!
Light of our way! whose rays are flung
In mercy o'er our pilgrim road,
How blessed, its dark shades among,
The star that guides us to our God.

Our fathers, in the days gone by,
Read thee in dim and sacred caves,
Or in the deep wood silently,
Met where thick branches o'er them waved,
To seek the hope thy record gave,
When thou wert a forbidden thing,
And the strong chain and bloody grave
Were all on earth thy love could bring.

Our fathers in the days gone by
Read thee while peril o'er them hung,
But we beneath the open sky,
May search thy leaves of truth along;
Fearless, our daily haunts among,
May chant the hallowed lays of old,
Once by the shepherd minstrel sung,
When Israel's hills o'erhung his fold.

In the sweet morning's hour of prime
Thy blessed words our lips engage,
And round our hearts at evening time
Our children spell the holy page:
The waymark through long distant years,
To guide their wandering footsteps on,
Till thy last loveliest beam appears,
Written on the grey churchyard stone,

Word of the holy and the just!
To leave thee pure, our fathers bled,
Thou art to us a sacred trust,
A relic of the martyr dead!
Among the valleys where they fell,
The ashes of our fathers sleep,
May we who round them safely dwell,
Pure as themselves the record keep!

Lamp of our feet, which day by day
Are passing to the quiet tomb,
If on it fall thy peaceful ray,
Our last low dwelling hath no gloom.
How beautiful their calm repose
To whom that blessed hope was given,
Whose pilgrimage on earth was closed
By the unfolding gates of heaven!

*Literary Chronicle, 1819, p. 392.