

young Englishman got of the best that there was in the teaching of the day, and from the 'Religio' one learns that he developed from it an extraordinary breadth of culture, and a charity not always granted to travellers. He pierced beneath the shell of nationalism into the heart of the people among whom he lived, feeling at home everywhere and in every clime; hence the charity, rare in a Protestant, expressed so beautifully in the lines: 'I can dispense with my hat at the sight of a cross, but scarce with the thought of my Saviour.'

He must have made good use of his exceptional opportunities as he was able to boast, in a humble way it is true, that he understood six languages.

Returning to England in 1634 he settled at Shibden Dale, close to Halifax, not, as Mr. Charles Williams has pointed out, to practice his profession, but to recruit his health, somewhat impaired by shipwreck and disease. Here, in Upper Shibden Hall, he wrote the 'Religio Medici,' the book by which to-day his memory is kept green among us. In his travels he had doubtless made many observations on men and in his reading had culled many useful memoranda. He makes it quite clear—and is anxious to do so—that the book was written while he was very young. He says: 'My life is a miracle of thirty years.' 'I have not seen one revolution of Saturn.' 'My pulse hath not beat thirty years.' Indeed, he seems to be of Plato's opinion that the pace of life slackens after this date, and there is a note of sadness in his comment, that while the radical humour may contain sufficient oil for seventy, 'in some it gives no light past thirty,' and