

you; hug'd your Minerva in my bosome, and voted it my *vade mecum*.' . . . 'I am of that opinion still, that next the "Legenda Dei," it is the master piece of Christendome; and though I have met sometimes with some *omnes sic ego vero non sic* men prejudicating pates, who bogled at shadowes in 't, and carpt at atoms, and have so strappadoed me into impatience with their senseless censures, yet this still satisfied my zeal toward it, when I found *non intelligunt* was the nurse of theire *vituperant*, and they onely stumbled for want of a lanthorne.'¹

While interested actively in medicine, Browne does not seem to have been on intimate terms with his great contemporaries—Harvey, Sydenham, or Glisson—though he mentions them, and always with respect. He was a prudent, prosperous man, generous to his children and to his friends. He subscribed liberally to his old school at Winchester, to the rebuilding of the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, and to the repairs at Christ Church, Oxford. A life placid, uneventful, and easy, without stress or strain, happy in his friends, his family, and his work, he expressed in it that harmony of the inner and of the outer man which it is the aim of all true philosophy to attain, and which he inculcated so nobly and in such noble words in the 'Religio Medici' and in the 'Christian Morals.'

A description of him given by his friend, the Rev. John Whitefoot, is worth quoting: 'He was never seen to be transported with mirth or dejected with sadness; always cheerful but rarely merry, at any sensible rate; seldom heard to break a jest, and

¹ Wilkin, vol. i., p. 253.