

time when, in his station in life, there were few who had any serious convictions about sacred things, and very many who made themselves merry at all that savoured of earnestness in religion and decorum in social life. We "greet" him, therefore, as Paul desired Aquila and Priscilla to be greeted, "as a helper in Christ Jesus." He lived in the time of Fielding and Smollett, and he, like them, had to subsist by his pen; but in what a higher and purer region than theirs did his lofty intellect range! He lived and he wrote in such wise that he was admired and visited by Mr. Wesley. The pure and cultivated Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Hannah More, and Miss Burney were among his choicest friends. Burke and Windham, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and a host of others of equal rank and talent, formed part of that brilliant circle in which he moved. Whenever he had grace enough to tie his garters on his stockings, button the knees of his nether garments put on his shoes with silver buckles, and, more than all, a clean shirt and powdered wig, he was welcomed to any circle which he chose to enter; and his conversation was devoured with greater voracity than he devoured his victuals or drank his sixteen or twenty cups of tea. For fifteen years he was the guest—always welcome, and at free commons—of Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, of Streatham. It was deemed an honour to receive him into their house, and there, as elsewhere, philosophers, poets, statesmen, and cultivated men and women in other walks of life, listened to his utterances with rapt attention and admiration.

But there is another reason why we notice Dr. Johnson. His works, although a mine of thought and wisdom, have become neglected by all but a few, on account of the style in which they are written. It is not English nor is it Latin, but a mixture of the two, rather uncouth to modern ears. The Doctor was a stately gentleman—if not always in his dress, at least in his notions of personal dignity. He was born at Lichfield—an episcopal city; and even from his childhood his senses were awed by the sight of doctors, proctors, and all the retinue of an episcopal residence. Those only who have lived in such a city can realize the effect which such surroundings have on the general temper and manners of the people. Lichfield now produces hosiery for young and old; "clouds" for ladies' wear in winter; and an