

Ouse, if he have any reverence for British bards, will turn aside into the quiet street at Olney, to look on the now dilapidated habitation and summer-house once occupied by the gentle and gifted author of the "Task." And he who follows the windings of the Nen, if he have any love for English divines, will hardly fail to thread the thoroughfares of Northampton, and find out the building, still undecayed, in which once lived the learned and laborious author of the "Family Expositor."

Identifying the locality, we can give form and substance to his manner of life as a theological and indeed almost universal professor—so minutely and reverentially traced by two distinguished pupils. Behold, then, his tall and slender form enrobed in academic costume, and his large features and good-humoured countenance encompassed by the curls of a flowing wig and an ample supply of snow-white collar, turned down over the shoulders, as he meets his young men at six o'clock on a summer morning, to open the day with short and solemn prayer. Later, at family worship, they read a chapter in the Hebrew Bible, Orton and Kippis, and such promising lads, performing the exercise with commendable diligence, but some of the idler fellows slurring over the task by slyly placing the English translation beside the original, which the professor, who is very short-sighted, is unable to detect. The reading, well or badly done, he goes on with his accustomed perspicuity to expound the paragraph, and to aid the young linguists by the light of his own ever-ready critical learning. After breakfast comes the grand business of lecturing, and forthwith he unfolds a formidable string of "propositions," "scholias," and "lemmas," bearing on some branch of ethics or divinity, which he illustrates by references without number to learned works, and erudite opinions:—all of these are at his finger ends, and as he reads or talks, the listening alumni jot down in Rich's shorthand the substance of what they hear. Civil law, hieroglyphics, mythology, English history, and nonconformist principles, logic, rhetoric, mathematics, anatomy, and the rudiments of other sciences, together with antiquities, Jewish and ecclesiastical, we are told all came in for luminous treatment by this man of large intelligence. Critical lectures, containing the germs of his "Expositor," are delivered weekly; and polite literature, heretofore but little regarded among nonconformists, but for which Doddridge, through mental predilection, and the training of Mr. Jennings, has acquired a decided taste, is not neglected in this wonderful hive of intellectual industry. Pastoral theology and the composition of sermons have a course of lectures devoted to them; and never does the warm-hearted professor appear more in his element than when, with vehement energy, he inculcates upon his students the necessity of "preaching Christ." One day is set apart for reading and examining themes, homilies, outlines, analyses, and translations; and on the Saturday previous to the communion day, he spends much time with his young men in devotional engagements, delivering some solemn discourse on the evil and danger of neglecting the souls of men; and never does his heart appear more strongly affected than at these seasons. Another of his engagements above all we like, and think it worth a good many of his lectures. Entering his well-stored library, we see him surrounded by groups of listeners, going from shelf to shelf, and giving a *vivâ voce* catalogue, which displays a surprising extent of knowledge, and recommending at what period of their course, and with what special views, particular books should be read, and which of them it is desirable they should be most familiarly acquainted with, when settled in the world. And now, in he comes, with a merry laugh and a ludicrous anecdote. A little girl has just been playing with a dog and nursing it in her lap, as he sat on the old-fashioned window-seat. And "do you know," she gravely asked, "who made you?" A look of blank wonder from the questioned animal was of course all that followed. "Shame on you," proceeded the young interrogator, with grave reproof; "you Dr. Doddridge's dog, and not know who made you?" "And if," after relating the comical story, he adds, "so much is expected from my dog, what may be ex-