

career was when, in the company of his afterwards to be distinguished pupil, he

“ Along the dusky highway near and nearer
drawn,
Saw in heaven the light of London flaring
like a dreary dawn,”

on his approach to that great metropolis. Did he go, like Tennyson's farmer boy, with high hope, or could his sober spirit forecast the thirty years' toil with poverty, and musty books, and interminable streets, in contrast with his companion's rapid rise to wealth and popularity? Could David beguile the way of weariness with his mimetic gaiety, or did his mentor even there snub him for his volatility and vanity? All the ruts and hard roads were for Johnson, and for Garrick “the primrose paths of dalliance.” Which was the best? Was there envy in the sigh that Samuel breathed when David showed him his elegant villa, and in the suggestion that such complacent possession might make a death-bed terrible? This may have been a natural expression of Johnson's ever-present morbid feeling about death. At any rate, Garrick is said to have taken ample revenge for any Johnsonian thrusts and offences by his hilarious mimicry of the philosopher's domestic endearments. Peace to the manes of these strangely-contrasted yet ever friendly spirits!

Much comment has been passed upon Johnson's association with the dissolute poet, Richard Savage; and it is suspected to have been injurious both to the moralist's character and reputation. Will not pitch defile the fairest finger? If we touch live coals must we not be burned? Possibly, for I have picked them up and cast them immune into the grate. Yet you run your risk. But in the last account, a few scars have been proven of some advantage. They were thrown into association by the most

natural order of events. Poverty and misery had made them companions. They had paced the streets of London together without a lodging place. They were brought into real sympathy, having so many things in common; and when Savage left London for the west of England, they parted for the last time in tears. An unguarded association with the brilliantly vicious we would not advise; neither will we admire the Pharisee who discards them. Charity and pity might well plead for Savage, since from his infancy his life was blasted. The heart of childhood requires the shelter of home in which to repose and seclude itself; it must have the nutriment, the freedom, and the security of love; its element is confidence; it asks for moral sympathy and guidance. Savage knew none of these things. He was the unhappy bastard of base rank. He was flung by the act of his reputed mother (who was certainly no Cornelia), from the height of rank and affluence to a gulf of poverty and disgrace. He, like Noah's dove, “flitting between rough seas and stormy skies,” found no permanency and little solace on the earth, and died at last in a prison, with no regarding eye but that of his pitying jailor. Johnson, on the other hand, was the child of love, and could look back upon a home that had in it something of happiness at least, and upon virtuous, affectionate, intelligent, and respected parents. He was sound in the moral base of his life, and Savage was very unsound. Like Prince Henry, in the company of Poins and Falstaff, he seemed as one misplaced, and therefore liable to be misinterpreted and misjudged; but he maintained a moral elevation above all such association, while he learned therefrom much of high value.

“The strawberry grows underneath the
nettle,