

If when he reached his journey's end,
 And warmed himself in Court or College,
 He had not gained an honest friend,
 And twenty curious scraps of knowledge;—
 If he departed as he came,
 With no new light on love or liquor,
 Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
 And not the vicarage nor the vicar.
 His talk was like a stream which runs
 With rapid change from rocks to roses,
 It slipped from politics to puns,
 It passed from Mahomet to Moses.
 Beginning with the laws which keep
 The planets in their radiant courses,
 And ending with some precept deep
 For dressing eels, or shoeing horses.

* * * * *

He wrote, too, in a quiet way
 Small treatises and smaller verses,
 And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
 And hints to noble lords, and nurses.
 True histories of last year's ghost,
 Lines to a ringlet or a turban,
 And trifles for the Morning Post,
 And nothings for Sylvanus Urban. *
 And he was kind, and loved to sit
 In the low hut, or garnished cottage,
 And praise the farmer's homely wit,
 And share the widow's homelier pottage.
 At his approach complaint grew mild,
 And when his hand unbarred the shutter
 The clammy lips of fever smiled,
 The welcome which they could not utter.

HIC JACET. The tenanted grave in the cemetery of Montreal tells where he rests; the unoccupied place in the community of Ottawa instructs us that he has left no successor.

* Besides such "nothings," Dr. Adamson contributed occasionally to *Blackwood* and the *Dublin University Magazine* as well as to some minor serials. The *Bibliotheca Canadensis* informs us that sermons by him were published on the following subjects: *The death of Lord Sydenham*; *Things to be Remembered*; *On the order of Divine Service Daily throughout the year*; *On the Churching of Women*; *Human suffering and Heavenly sympathy*; *Fast Sermon on the War between Great Britain and Russia*, and an 8vo volume on *Salmon Fishing in Canada*.