

in an easier position, with his head better supported, he might have a chance of recovery. Yet he never gave expression to a single murmur. Besides the clergyman, he was fortunate enough to be assiduously attended by some excellent friends whom he had made on occasion of a former visit of his vessel to the same port. These he kept employed in reading the Scriptures aloud by night and by day. As he had formerly drunk deeply of the fount men call pleasure, he now drank insatiably at the pure Fount of Inspiration. "It is necessary to stop," one of his kind attendants would say; "your fever is rising." "It is only," he would reply with a smile, "the loss of a little blood after you leave." He lingered thus for about four weeks in hopeless suffering, but in the full possession of all his mental faculties, till death came to his relief, and he departed full of the hope of a happy immortality. The last tie that bound him to the world was his attachment to the lady whose name, so obscurely recorded, has introduced his story to the reader. But as death neared, and the world receded, he became reconciled to the necessity of parting from even her. His last request to the clergyman who attended him was, that, after his decease, he should write to his friend in —, and say, "that if, as he trusted, he entered, a sinner saved, into glory, he would have to bless her, as being, under God, the honored instrument of mercy."