

the universe which he willed to exist. The young surgeon had a mind capacious enough to be impressed by this feeling of surprise. He began to see, and to wonder he had missed seeing it before, that Christianity is in keeping, if we may so speak, with the other productions of its Author; that to a creature solely influenced by motive, no moral code, however perfect, can be efficient in directing or restraining, except through its connection with some heart-influencing belief; that it is essential to his nature as man that he meet with a corresponding nature in Deity, a human nature like his own, and that he must be conscious of owing to Him more than either his first origin or his subsequent support, or any of the minor gifts which he shares in common with the inferior animals, and which cost the Giver a less price than was paid on Calvary. It is unnecessary to expatiate on the new or altered feelings which accompanied the change, or to record the process of a state of mind described by so many. The surgeon, in his last letter to his friend, dwelt on these with an earnest, yet half-bashful delight, that, while it showed how much they engrossed him, showed also how new it was to him either to experience or describe them.

The next she received regarding him recorded his death. It was written at his dying request by a clergyman of Jersey. He had passed a day, early in April, in the cabin of the little vessel, engaged with his books and his pen; towards evening he went on deck; and, stepping on the quay, missed his footing and fell backwards. The spine sustained a mortal injury in the fall. He was carried by the unskilful hands of sailors to lodgings in the town of St. Helier's, a distance of five miles. During this long and painful transport, he was, as he afterwards said, conscious although speechless, and aware that, if he had been placed