

a Christian ;' and now that I am at St. Helena, why should I dissemble that which I believe at the bottom of my heart."

On another occasion, during a conversation with General Bertrand, an avowed unbeliever, the subject of Christ and His divinity was discussed, and the Emperor, after expatiating at great length, and with lively enthusiasm, on the character of Christ the human and Christ the Divine, expressed himself as follows :

"In every other existence but that of Christ, how many imperfections. Where is the individual who has never been governed by circumstances or places ; who has never succumbed to the influence of the times ; who has never compounded with any customs or passions ? From the first day to the last, Christ is always the same, majestic and simple, infinitely firm and infinitely gentle."

Leaving our readers to draw their own conclusions and form their own opinions of the religious side of Napoleon's character, we pass on, with a certain degree of sadness, to the closing scenes of his short but brilliant career.

The shadows still were closing in upon him—days and weeks, dark with fog and damp with cheerless, chilling rains, aggravated his disease, and hourly he grew weaker.

On rare occasions, when the sun shone kindly and the sea-breezes were less boisterous, he would venture into the garden, feed the fishes in the large basin that he had had constructed, and acting upon the advice of his physician, seek escape from inactivity by gardening, of which occupation he gradually grew very fond. His friends and attendants were all pressed into the service, and willing hands soon transformed the grounds of Longwood into a bower of beauty ; nor was the homely kitchen-garden forgotten.

But summer days are brief,
Though summer days are kind,
While changeful is the leaf,
And changeful is the wind.

And the dismal weather, which on October 14th, 1820, ushered in the sixth and final year of his imprisonment, found him unable to leave his wretched apartments, and slowly and surely sinking.

Why dwell on the painful scene ? Each week, each day was but a repetition of the last, rally succeeded relapse, relapse followed rally, and the end came swiftly. Even now Sir Hudson Lowe heaped indignities upon his dying foe. He insisted that one of his orderlies should personally see "General" Bonaparte each day and report upon his condition, and on one occasion