

mitting these abominations, though by reading the next line any one would discover that these warnings were to save the people from the vices of the surrounding heathen nations. Of course, Voltaire knew that such representations were false. But when a man has let go all other moral restraints, we cannot expect him to be very scrupulous about truth.

The closing scenes in these two lives furnish, if possible, a more striking contrast than is found in their lives. Voltaire, at eighty-four years, lying helpless, sending for priests, disclaiming the work of his whole life, and declaring his desire to die in the Church in which he was born; cursing and driving from him the friends who came to his side to prevent his having access to a priest, praying to the Christ whom he had cursed, and realizing that while he had gone through life crying, concerning Jesus Christ, "Crush the wretch," he was now himself the wretch that was being crushed, altogether made up a scene which led his physician to declare that "the furies of Orestes could give but a faint idea of those of Voltaire" in his last hours.

John Wesley, at eighty-eight, lying down to die amid the friends whose love led them with him to the edge of the dark stream, using his last strength in the same efforts that had filled his whole life, singing the hymns that had solaced him in all his active years, and rejoicing in that Saviour whom he had ever trusted, contrasts with the former scene so forcibly as to compel, from even the most thoughtless, the reflection that, in the case of Voltaire, there must have been some tremendous mistake to result in the end in such bitter consequences!

When the audience has dispersed, and darkness is over all, frost gathering on the windows, and the door closed and locked, it

is always appropriate to inquire after the results.

In 1836, John Quincy Adams published at Boston an edition of Voltaire's great philosophical work. In his preface he said:

"Even after the Bible shall be laid aside, for anything more than a book of antiquated curiosity, as being the fruits of ignorance, and filled with absurdities, contradictions, fable, and fiction, this work of Voltaire, being as it were a library in itself, will be read with interest, it being so fraught with useful instruction."

John Quincy Adams is dead! Voltaire is dead! The book so highly commended is to-day unknown by name to ninety-nine out of every hundred of the earth's inhabitants! Not one in ten thousand of all who live ever saw it! But in some way the Bible does find its way into the hands of almost every child! Its truths encourage men's hearts in life, and sustain them in death!

Voltaire would doubtless choose to be known to posterity through his literary labours. How his desire is realized appears from the language of a competent critic, who, writing of Voltaire, says: "Of his dramatic pieces scarcely one rises to the highest line of dramatic art; his comedies, like his epics, are no longer read; his histories are sprightly and entertaining, but not authentic; and his essays, both in prose and verse, with, perhaps, the single exception of his historical disquisitions, cease to instruct."

The above, from the writer of the article on Voltaire in the *American Encyclopædia*, is sufficient to indicate the measure of his influence, both at home and abroad, at the present day.

Certainly no determining influence upon the French literature of his own day can be traced to