

years! though an age were too little for the much I have to do."

4 On my saying, we could not do too much; that heaven was a blessed place—"So much the worse.—'Tis lost! 'tis lost!—Heaven is to me the severest part of hell!" Soon after, I proposed prayer,—“Pray you that can; I never prayed. I cannot pray—nor need I. Is not heaven on my side already? It closes with my conscience. Its severest strokes but second my own."

5 Observing that his friend was much touched at this, even to tears—(who could forbear? I could not)—with a most affectionate look, he said, “Keep those tears for thyself. I have undone thee.—Dost thou weep for me? That is cruel. What can pain me more?"

6 Here his friend, too much affected, would have left him.—“No, stay—thou still mayst hope; therefore hear me. How madly have I talked! How madly hast thou listened and believed! but look on my present state, as a full answer to thee, and to myself. This body is all weakness and pain; but my soul, as if stung up by torment to greater strength and spirit, is full powerful to reason; full mighty to suffer. And that which thus triumphs within the jaws of immortality, is, doubtless, immortal,—And, as for a Deity, nothing less than an Almighty could inflict what I feel."

7 I was about to congratulate this passive, involuntary confessor, on his asserting the two prime articles of his creed, extorted by the rack of nature, when he thus, very passionately exclaimed:—"No, no! let me speak on. I have not long to speak.—My much injured friend! my soul, as my body, lies in ruins; in scattered fragments of broken thought—

8 "Remorse for the past, throws my thought on the future. Worse dread of the future, strikes it back on the past. I turn, and turn, and find no ray. Didst thou feel half the mountain that is on me, thou wouldst struggle with the martyr for his stake; and bless Heaven for the flames!—that is not an everlasting flame; that is not an unquenchable fire."

9 How were we struck! yet soon after, still more. With what an eye of distraction, what a face of despair, he cried out! "My principles have poisoned my friend; my extravagance has beggared by boy! my unkindness has murdered my wife!—And is there another hell? Oh! thou blasphemed, yet indulgent LORD GOD! Hell itself is a refuge, if it hide me from thy frown!"

10 Soon after, his understanding failed. His terrified imagination uttered horrors not to be repeated, or ever forgotten. And ere the sun (which, I hope, has seen few like him) arose,