

corroborates the statement published by the Abbe Barruel in his "History of Jacobinism." The occurrence in that letter of the comparison of Voltaire to Orestes, tormented by Furies, shews that Barruel, or whoever first published Tronchin's remark, must have had it either from his own lips, or this identical letter.

As Barruel's narrative is necessary for comparison, and as some of our readers may not be able promptly to refer to it, we will transcribe it.

"It was during Voltaire's last visit to Paris, when his triumph was complete, and he had even feared that he should die with glory, amidst the acclamations of an insatiable theatre, that he was struck by the hand of Providence, and fated to make a very different termination of his career.

"In the midst of his triumphs, a violent hemorrhage raised apprehensions for his life. D'Alembert, Diderot, and Marmontel hastened to support his resolution in his last moments, but were only witnesses to their mutual ignominy, as well as to his own."

"In spite of all the sophisters flocking around him in the first days of his illness, he gave signs of wishing to return to God, whom he had so often blasphemed. He called for the priest who ministered to him, whom he had sworn to crush, under the appellation of the Wretch. His danger increasing, he wrote the following note to the Abbe Gaultier:—'You had promised, sir, to come and hear me. I entreat you would take the trouble of calling as soon as possible.' Signed, 'Voltaire. Paris, the 26th February, 1778.'

"A few days after this he wrote the following declaration, in the presence of the same Abbe Gaultier, the Abbe Mignot, and the Marquis de Villevielle, copied from the minutes deposited with Mr. Momet, notary, at Paris:

"I, the under-written, declare, that for these four days past, having been afflicted with a vomiting of blood, at the age of eighty-four, and not having been able to drag myself to the church, the Rev. the Rector of St. Sulpice having been pleased to add to his good works that of sending to me the Abbe Gaultier, a priest, I consented to him; and if it please God to dispose of me, I die in the Holy Catholic Church, in which I was born; hoping that the divine mercy will deign to pardon all my faults. It ever I have scandalized the church, I ask pardon of God and of the Church. Second of March, 1778.' Signed, 'Voltaire. In presence of the Abbe Mignot, my nephew, and the Marquis de Villevielle, my friend.'

"Voltaire had permitted this declaration to be carried to the Rector of St. Sulpice, and to the archbishop of Paris, to know whether it would be sufficient. When the Abbe Gaultier returned with the answer, it was impossible for him to gain admittance to the patient. The conspirators had strangled every nerve to hinder the chief from consummating his recantation; and every avenue was shut to the priest, whom Voltaire himself had sent for. The demons haunted every access; rage succeeds to fury, and fury to rage again, during the remainder of his life.

"Then it was that D'Alembert, Diderot, and about twenty others of the conspirators, who had beset his apartment, never approached him but to witness their own ignominy; and often he would curse them and exclaim, 'Retire, it is you that have brought me to my present state! Begone! I could have done without you all; but you could not exist without me! And what a wretched glory have you procured me!'

"Then would succeed the horrid remembrance of his conspiracy. They could hear him, the prey of anguish and dread, alternately supplicating or blaspheming that God, against whom he had conspired; and in plaintive accents he would cry out, 'Oh Christ! Oh Jesus Christ!' and then complain that he was abandoned by God and man. The hand, which had traced in ancient writ the sentence of an impious and reviling king, seemed to trace before his eyes, *Crush them, do crush the Wretch!*

"In vain he turned his head away; the time was coming apace when he was to appear before the tribunal of Him whom he had blasphemed; and his physicians, particularly Mr. Tronchin, called in to administer relief, thunderstruck, retired, declaring that the death of the impious man was terrible indeed. The pride of these conspirators would willingly have suppressed

these declarations, but it was in vain. The Mareschal de Richelieu flies from the bedside, declaring it to be too terrible to be sustained, and M. Tronchin, that the furies those of Voltaire."

We shall now exhibit the lurid light shed upon this awful narrative by Dr. Tronchin's letter to M. Bonnet. Of its genuineness there can be no question.

Dr. Tronchin, who gives so terrible an account of Voltaire's death, was an eminent physician. He was a native of Geneva; was born in 1709, and died in 1781. He studied in Holland, under Boerhaave. In 1750 he was sent for to Paris to inoculate the children of the Duke of Orleans, which was justly considered a most perilous undertaking; especially as the king had expressed despicability at the experiment. He had however introduced the practice with great success in Holland and Switzerland, and ventured on the risk. The children did well, he was highly rewarded and honoured, and he rose to the highest dignities of his profession. But we must not any longer delay the insertion of his letter to Bonnet.

"He had imagined I would not see him, and this idea tormented him. In haste he wrote me a letter, perfumed with incense, in which he swears eternal esteem and regard to me. I visited him. 'You have been,' said he to me, 'my saviour, be here my tutelary angel, I have but one breath of life left, I come to yield it up in your arms. He probable spoke the truth; they will kill him.'

"If my principles, my dear friend, had required to be strengthened by any tie, the man whom I have seen become weak, agonize, and die before my eyes, would have secured them by a gordian knot; and comparing the death of the good man, which is but the end of a fine day, with that of Voltaire, I should have seen the difference which exists between a fine day and a tempest; between the serenity of the soul of the wise man who ceases to live, and the dreadful torment of him to whom death is the king of terrors. I thank God I did not need this spectacle, and yet *forte olim misisse jurebit*. The man then was predestined to die under my hands. I always told the truth, and unhappily for him, I am the only person who never deceived him. 'Yes, my friend,' he often said to me, 'you alone gave me good advice, if I had followed it, I should not be in the dreadful state in which I am; I should have returned to Ferney; I should not have become intoxicated with the incense which has turned my head; yes, I have swallowed nothing but smoke, you can do me no more good. Send me the physician for madmen. What fatality brought me to Paris? You told me when I arrived that an oak of eighty years old does not bear transplanting; and you spoke the truth; why did I not believe you? And when I had given you my word that I would set out in the invalid carriage which you had promised me, why did I not go? Pity me, I am mad.'

"He was to set out two days after the follies of his coronation at the theatre; but the next morning he received a deputation from the French Academy, which entreated him to honour it with his presence before his departure. He attended in the afternoon, and was made President of the Society by acclamation. He accepted the office, which is for three months. He thus claimed himself for three months, and of his promise given to me nothing remained. From this moment to his death, his days were only a gust of madness. He was ashamed of it, when he saw me he asked my pardon; he pressed my hands; he entreated me to have pity on him, and not to abandon him, especially as he must use new efforts to make a suitable return for the honour the Academy had done him, and to induce it to labour at a new dictionary like the *della Crusca*. The completion of this dictionary was his last domestic duty, his last passion. He had undertaken the letter A, and he had distributed the twenty-three other letters to twenty-three academicians, many of whom greatly irritated him by undertaking the task with an ill grace. 'They are idle fellows,' said he, 'accustomed to stagnate in idleness, but I will make them advance.' And it was to make them advance that, in the interval of the two sittings, he took, at his peril, so many drugs, and committed so many follies, which hastened his death, and which threw him into a state of despair and dreadful madness. I cannot recollect it without horror; as

soon as he saw that all which he had done to increase his strength had produced a contrary effect, death was ever before his eyes. From that moment rage took possession of his soul. Imagine to yourself the madness of Orestes *Lurus opistatus obui*."

And these are the last hours of a philosopher! The picture exhibited is not that of the mere dotage of extreme old age, but of an old age unsupported by those hopes and consolations which the Gospel of Christ alone can afford in a dying hour, and consigning in awful retribution to the drear horrors of remorse. We might the nurse who attended the death-bed of this wretched man, and who disclosed the horrors which his abashed followers wished to conceal, inquire on another occasion, when asked to wait on a sick Protestant gentleman, whether the gentleman was a "philosopher," for if he was, she would not incur the risk of witnessing such another scene as that of the death-bed of Voltaire.

There is a general corroboration of the fact of the wretchedness of Voltaire's latter days in the "Life of Marmontel," written by himself, and published after his death. Marmontel highly panegyrizes both Voltaire and Rousseau, whose infidel opinions he shared, and therefore he cannot be called a suspected witness when speaking of the miserable condition of his brother philosophers. Of both of them he says,

"If I had a passion for celebrity, two great examples would have cured me of it, that of Voltaire and that of Rousseau, examples very different, and in many respects quite opposite, but agreeing in this point, that the same thirst of praise and renown was the torment of their lives." Of Voltaire he adds, "To him the greatest of blessings, repose, was unknown. It is true that envy at last appeared tired of the pursuit, and began to spare him on the brink of the grave. On his return to Paris, after a long exile, he enjoyed his renown, and felt the enthusiasm of a whole people grateful for the pleasures that he had afforded them. The weak and last effort that he had made to amuse them, *Irene* was applauded, as *Zaire* had been, and this representation, at which he was crowned, was for him the most delightful triumph. But at what moment did this tardy consolation, the recompense of so much watching, reach him? The next day I saw him in his bed. 'Well,' said I, 'are you at last satiated with glory?' 'Ah! my good friend,' he replied, 'you talk to me of glory, and I am dying in frightful torture.'"

This short dialogue speaks volumes. To talk to a dying man of "glory!" And yet, in another sense, that theme so appropriate and so consoling. But then what "glory," and for whom? If we turn to that inspired book which Marmontel, and his dying friend rejected, we there find this engraved. That blessed record tells us of the many of what these philosophers accounted "glory," it inscribes upon the pomp and ambition of this feverish life, "Vanity of vanities, vanity of vanities, all is vanity." But does it leave the soul a prey to desolation? Does it empty without replenishing? Has it nothing to present calculated to fill that aching void which is felt in an immortal spirit, created for the service and enjoyment of God, when worldly pleasures and honours, "the husks which the swine did eat," are found incapable of satisfying its cravings for "glory and immortality." Is there nothing left to "glory in?" Listen to its reply—"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." "Hath called us to eternal glory by Christ Jesus." "We rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." "This sickness is for the glory of God." "It is even in dishonour, it is raised in glory." "We are changed from glory to glory." "Partaker of the glory that shall be revealed." "Ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away." "The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed to us." "Salvation in Christ with eternal glory."

VALUE OF THE SOUL.—The salvation of one soul from death, apart from the influence of that soul on others, is an ample reward for the longest and most toilsome period of service in any department of gospel labour. Try to form some idea of it, and never go to your school without carrying the idea with you. Look at this reward, and look at it again, in the light of the cross, in the light of heaven, and in the light of hell. Study it till your souls are fired

with ambition to gain it. Ponder over the prospect of any of your scholars perishing, till your souls are melted within you, and all your aim is to prevent it. The following incident gave me at the time of its occurrence a more vivid impression of the joy of saving one soul than all my previous reasonings. Having had occasion to go to England by steam some years ago, I was awakened on the morning after sailing by a noise over-head. With others I rushed to the deck, and heard the cry, "A man overboard." The person who now became the object of so much interest had been working at the bow of the vessel, and was thrown to a considerable distance from the ship, happily beyond the reach of the paddles, by a sudden stroke from some part of the rigging. The helmsman observed it, and had the presence of mind to throw out to him the life-buoy, as the ship sped past him, and now he was floating upon it. A boat was lowered, but the tide had carried him to a considerable distance, and an interval of painful and breathless anxiety elapsed before the result was known. At last his rescue was announced to those whose eyes could not serve them at so great a distance, by the joyful cry—"He's in the boat." Emotions which were till then suppressed and hidden, now disdained all restraint, and gushed forth in tears of irrepressible joy. And, as I turned away from observation, the words of the Saviour rushed into my mind, and the emphasis with which I now imagined them uttered in my ears, gave them more than the effect of the most novel and startling statement—"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—*Scottish Congregational Magazine.*

DODDRIDGE, WILBERFORCE, AND LEON RICHMOND.—About a century since, there lived an honest outlaw in London, who left behind him an orphan of such promise, that a noble lady offered him an university education for the church, with her patronage afterwards. This offer, which set before him a certain provision for life, the youth declined, casting his lot with the Independent Dissenters, among whom he lived and died, the minister of one of their meeting-houses in a country town. He left behind a little volume, entitled, "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," of which it is but moderate praise to say, that it has been the means of converting "the gift of the Holy Ghost" on more souls than any book since the apostles' times can hope to welcome as his spiritual children. . . . Just fifty years after, a copy of this little book fell into the hands of a young gentleman of gay and worldly habits, immersed in pleasure and public business, and who, though baptized and confirmed in the church, and educated at one of our Universities, was an utter stranger to the very first rudiments of spiritual religion. It was read, and thought over, and, in his case, as in thousands of others, it was made the means of changing his heart. He became "a new man;" he received "the gift of the Holy Ghost;" and the means by which this entire change was effected, was that little volume, the work of a Dissenting minister.—"The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." But the change became manifest by its fruits. The young gentleman hitherto, though only a layman felt inwardly moved to become a teacher of religion. He writes and publishes a book called, "A Practical View of Christianity,"—of which it may, perhaps, be said with truth, that the good wrought by it emanated that done by the volume to which its author owed his conversion. . . . We pass on a few more years, and we behold a young clergyman, who has just taken orders, without any just or serious views of his responsibilities, and without any personal knowledge of that Christianity which he has undertaken to teach. A copy of the "Practical View of Christianity" is put into his hand. He opens it; he is arrested by the power of the Holy Spirit; the night passes on, but he is unable to lay down the book until its perusal is completed; and he rises up a changed man. And the fruits of this change, even if we only think of what has already past, have probably exceeded either of the former. But when we add together the three works,—"The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul,"—"The Practical View of Christianity," and—"The Annals of the Poor," and contemplate their united effects on the Church of Christ,—not in