

whole, not a day of suffering. After death his countenance was singularly calm and beautiful, and not like a corpse so much as a statue. I myself closed his eyes.

One lesson has been very deeply imprinted on my heart by these few days. If this man's innocent and useful life (for I have no doubt that the greater part of his life has been both innocent and useful,) offered so many painful recollections, and called forth such deep contrition, when in the hour of death he came to examine every instance of omission or transgression, how careful must we be to improve every hour, and every opportunity of grace, and so to remember God while we live, that we may not be afraid to think of him when dying! And above all, how blessed and necessary is the blood of Christ to us all, which was poor Stowe's only and effectual comfort! God bless you, my dear love, in your approaching voyage. How delighted I should be to meet you at Boglipoor.

REGINALD CALCUTTA.

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TO. MRS. R. HEBER.

Furzedpoor, July 23, 1824.

Alas! alas! my beloved wife, what have you not gone through! Your letter of July 24, has just reached me from Dacca. God's will be done in all things! Your joining me is out of the question. But I need not tell you to spare no expense of a sea-voyage, or any other measure, which may tend to restore or preserve our dear children, or yourself, so soon as such a measure may appear desirable for any of you. . . . On these points I leave you in confidence to the advice of Dr. Abel and Mr. Shaw. I am at this moment strangely tempted to come to you. But I fear it might be a compromise of my duty, and a distrust to God! I feel most grateful indeed to Him for the preservation of our invaluable treasures. I pray God to bless Lady Amherst, and all who are dear to her, and to shew kindness ten-fold to her children, for all the kindness she has shewn ours. I am going on immediately, with a heavy heart indeed, but with trust in His mercies. Farewell!

REGINALD CALCUTTA

Vol. II. pp. 352—353.

Bereft thus of his attached friend and companion, and with a heart torn by the most painful anxieties concerning those who were dearest to him, the Bishop quitted Dacca on the 25th of July. Scarcely can we repress our inclination to extract the living delineation of the scenery which opened to his view, and the exquisite verses to his beloved wife, at page 182. We must, however, pass at once to his arrival at Boglipoor, 240 miles north by west of Calcutta, where he found, to his great gratification, his friends the Corries, who, equally with himself, experienced the most kind and considerate attention from the Judge and Magistrate, Mr. Chalmers. Indeed, it may be observed, once for all, that from gentlemen of all capacities in India, judicial, civil, and military, the Bishop invariably received, on every occasion, the most prompt and polite attentions, which were not only a tribute of respect to the high office which he sustained, but to that peculiar suavity and courtesy of demeanour which seemed indeed "made to engage all hearts." The people of Boglipoor are called Puhahrees, and are a much more intelligent and honourable people than the Hindoos. Their religious opinions are also peculiar. Here is stationed a