

close of the happy period which intervened between the first and second attacks of his cruel malady; and that what suggested its composition were the too truly interpreted indications of a relapse. His mind had been wholly restored to him; he had been singularly happy in his religion: and he had striven earnestly, as in the case of his dying brother, to bring others under its influence. And now, too surely feeling that his intellect was again on the eve of being darkened, he deemed the providence a frowning one, but believed in faith that there was a "smiling face" behind it. In his second recovery, though his intellectual stature was found to have greatly increased,—as in some racking maladies the person of the patient becomes taller,—he never enjoyed his whole mind. There was a missing faculty, if faculty I may term it: his well-grounded hope of salvation never returned. It were presumptuous to attempt interpreting the real scope and object of the afflictive dispensation which Cowper could contemplate with such awe; and yet there does seem a key to it. There is surely a wondrous sublimity in the lesson which it reads. The assertors of the selfish theory have dared to regard Christianity itself, in its relation to the human mind, as but one of the higher modifications of the self-aggrandizing sentiment. May we not venture to refer them to the grief-worn hero of Olney,—the sweet poet who first poured the stream of Divine truth into the channels of our literature, after they had been shut against it for more than a hundred years,—and ask them whether it be in the power of sophistry to square *his* motives with the ignoble conclusions of their philosophy?

Olney stands upon the Oolite, on the northern side of the valley of the Ouse, and I approached it this morning from the south, across the valley. Let the reader imagine a long green ribbon of flat meadow, laid down in the middle of the land-