

the mystic Frenchwoman, — undoubtedly sincere, though not always judicious, in her devotional aspirations, — that he travelled on one occasion twenty miles to see her picture. He urged him, too, during that portion of partial convalescence in which his greater poetical works were produced, again to betake himself to the composition of original hymns; but it was the hour of the power of darkness, and this second request served but to distress the mind of the suffering poet. He had “no objection,” he said, “to giving the graces of the foreigner an English dress,” but “insuperable ones to affected exhibitions of what he did not feel.” — “Ask possibilities,” he adds, “and they shall be performed; but ask no hymns from a man suffering from despair, as I do. I could not sing the Lord’s song, were it to save my life, banished as I am, not to a strange land, but to a remoteness from His presence, in comparison with which the distance from east to west is no distance, — is vicinity and cohesion.” Alas, poor Cowper! — sorely smitten by the archers, and ever carrying about with him the rankling arrow in the wound. It is not improbable that one of the peculiar doctrines of the Mystics, though it could scarce have approved itself to his judgment, may have yet exercised a soothing influence on the leading delusion of his unhappy malady; and that he may have been all the more an admirer of the writings of Madame Guion, — for a great admirer he was, — in consequence of her pointed and frequent allusion to it. It was held by the class of Christians to which she belonged, — among the rest, by Fenelon, — that it would be altogether proper, and not impossible, for the soul to acquiesce in even its own destruction, were it to be God’s will that it should be destroyed. We find the idea brought strongly out in one of the poems translated by Cowper; but it is in vain now to inquire respecting the mood of strangely-mingled thought