

but it was the same story - I remained in distress all day,
& towards night they became alarmed & wished to bring one of
the first operators in Paris, M. Lancelogue of La Charite
but he could not be found - & she poor thing passed a ter-
rible night - for they had fully impressed her with the dan-
ger - while my distress was a little mitigated by heavy
doses of opium. Next morning Lancelogue came, & oper-
ated with great caution, & my life was saved - but the
catheter was obliged to be left in for a day or two - & they
treated me severely with leeches &c. - By the Saturday
I was patched up for the journey to London - on the Thurs-
day following reached Glo'sten, & the next day, our dear
Home. - On the Sunday I took both duties, but was
rather thrown back by it - & the doctor forbid my offi-
ciating yesterday, so the people had to be content with
one late service - for I could get no help for the morning.
I am thank God much better, but even up to this
time I am obliged to depend entirely on the catheter,
having no natural relief: which however I am told
will come - that is, in God's good time. Have I not
reason to be most thankful for the mercy that spared me
& that postponed my illness to Paris, the centre of surgical
knowledge, instead of suffering it to come on in some ob-
scure Swiss or French town, where the blundering of a
country practitioner might soon have terminated my
days! - as to nursing, nothing could exceed the

efficiency & tenderness of my dear wife - and I am
most thankful to add that from Dr. Evans's examination
at Glo'sten it does not appear that she has suffered any
injury from it. - The doctors did not tell me so dis-
tinctly as they did her, the imminent danger I was
in - but I could pretty well infer their opinion - & I
hope that that distant facing of the last enemy might
not be without some use to me. I hardly ever thought
I should not recover - but still I knew I might not -
& I could see one or two things very plainly - one, the
vanity & emptiness of all mere intellectual pursuits -
what were they to me then? what could they do for
me? what comfort, what blessing, could they bring
me? - and another thing was, what I knew of course
well enough in theory, but had to be taught personally by
direct experience - the unutterable folly of putting off se-
rious thought to such a moment. The body & its distress-
es became so prominent, & force themselves so upon the
attention, that it would be vain to hope for much, then,
from the action of the mind. Had I left my repentance
to that hour, all must have been confusion & misery -
Had I then to learn faith, instead of attempting to exer-
cise it, all must have been doubt & gloom. I do not
know how I could have turned to God then, if I had
left it till then. - I know not how to express forcibly
enough this great lesson which I had to learn, & which
I trust will never be effaced from my mind.