

idea of perfection equally exclusive and original.

You speak of Ceasar, of Alexander; of their conquests, and ~~not~~ of the enthusiasm ^{that} which they have kindled in the hearts of ~~their~~ ^{their} coddiers but can you conceive of a dead man making conquests, with an army faithful and entirely devoted to His memory? My armies have forgotten me, even while living, as the Carthaginian army forgot Hanibal.

Alexander, ~~XXXXX~~ Caesar, Charlemagne, and myself founded empires. But upon what did we rest the creations of our genius. Upon force. Jesus Christ alone founded His empire upon love; and at this hour millions would die for Him.

I have so inspired multitudes that they would die for me, ^{but}

~~God forbid that I should form any comparrison between the enthusiasm of the soldier and Christian love, which are unlike as their cause.~~

~~But after all,~~ my presence was necessary; the lightening of my eye, ^{their} my ~~eye~~ voice, a word from me; then the sacred fire was kindled in ~~XXXXX~~ hearts I do indeed possess the secret of this magical power, which lifts the soul but I could never impart it to anyone. None of my Generals ~~never~~ learned it from me, nor have I the means of perpetuating my name and love for me in the hearts of men, ~~and to effect these things without physical means.~~ Now that I ^{am} at St. Helena; ~~now that I am alone,~~ chained upon this rock, who fights for me? or wins empires for me? ~~zzzz~~ . . Who thinks of me? Who makes efforts for me in Eupope? Where are my friends? There are ^{only} two or three here, ^{to} ~~(who)~~ share and console my exile.

Such is the fate of great men! So it was with Caesar and Alexander. And I too am forgotten . . . ~~Behold the destiny, near at hand,~~ . . . I will die before my time, ~~and my~~ ^{My} dead body must return to the earth to become food for worms. Behold the destiny near at hand of him who has been called the great Napoleon. What an abyss between my deep misery and the eternal reign of Christ,