

but the long drawn-out suffering of continual enmity and separation from one's kind. And the subtle suggestion was constantly being made to me, not from any tangible person, 'What is the use of thus cutting yourself off from your kind like this? What good does it do? Even those good people ashore who preach at you and write books to you, telling you what sort of life you should lead, have no idea at all of your condition. They have home and wife and family and friends always at their hand. They lie armly and securely, they eat pleasantly and regularly, and all the amenities of social life are theirs for the taking. God does not expect, then, from you that you should lead a life of martyrdom which can have no possible good result. He wants you, as well as those even-tempered teachers ashore, to have a few of the pleasantnesses of life.' And so on. The fallacies underlying all these thoughts were dimly apparent, but only dimly, and gradually the conviction forced itself upon me that I had been trying to be righteous overmuch and doing harm instead of good.

Had I only then met with someone who would have persecuted me, scoffed at my Master and Friend, and done despite to the Holy One I loved