

pling in its own solitude with its new perceptions of truth and duty—still, if the fact be creditable to Episcopalians, I may record it to their praise, that I never met with either layman or priest among them, who seemed so much as to care, whether a wanderer should come into his fold or not; but I felt many a time perplexed by the indifference with which they appeared to entertain a subject, on which my own mind was expending its most restless and intense anxieties. Whether those on the other rounds of the ladder, reaching by God's ordinance from earth to heaven, were so far above me, as not to understand the pressure of an atmosphere that they had never breathed, or had not the skill to reach the helping hand so low; and that those lower down upon the same perceived so little difference between my elevation and their own, as to wonder that I should have suffered inconvenience or should have desired a change; or whether both high and low had forgotten that that ladder, with its facilities for climbing to the skies, was for me as much as for them; it would be irrelevant, and perhaps unbecoming, at present to inquire. It is enough to say, that I was excluded from the sympathies of Churchmen, both high and low; and, in looking at the past, I often feel like one who has made his way across some desert, where the foot-prints of the wanderers, in a thousand different directions, seemed rather to bewilder than to guide, and who therefore must ascribe his preservation and his better fortune to the grace that kept his eye upon the guiding star.

I may not be able to tell the precise moment, up to which I remained a Presbyterian, nor the moment at which I became from conviction an Episcopalian; but one thing I know, that "whereas I was blind, now I see." To speak more accurately, while "seeing men as trees walking," I