

now to get right. Observe, it was not to know what was right, but to bring myself to do what was. You must know, when I first set out in my present mode of life, my gracious Maker provided me with a tutor who was to accompany me as a mentor. I could not see him, but I could very sensibly feel his reproofs and understand his admonitions.—He advised me to retire with him awhile. I felt my face glow at the motion I knew what it was for; I dreaded the severe account I was going to be brought to; but there was no avoiding it; with trembling dread I retired. ‘Come,’ said my mentor, ‘sit down.’

I replied, ‘He certainly was wrong.’ ‘Stop,’ said my mentor, ‘it is you I have to deal with—you have done wrong, who by precept and example ought to lead in the way of peace.’

‘But I ought to exhort, and reprove, and rebuke.’

‘Stop, sir,’ said my mentor, ‘and call to mind that the snuffers on the altar should be pure gold. Reproofs and rebukes come with a very ill grace from an offender!’

‘An offender!’

‘Yes, an offender; suppose any of your hearers in like circumstances, what advice would you give them?—Suppose them offended by a brother, you would advise them to be calm, to suspend their judgment, to seek an opportunity alone with the supposed offender, address him in the language of love, of charity, hope it was not so bad as was expected; at least you would hope the intention was not bad, &c., &c. Thus you would have advised your hearers, thus you have not done; you have by your conduct, in this instance, injured your cause—injured your Master’s cause, and, perhaps, made wounds that may never be healed. You know not at this moment, what this kind friend is suffering; what his dear wife, his venerable parent, each of whom, having a regard for both, can say nothing, but must suffer in silence. O, you have done very wrong.’

The tears gushed in my eyes. I thought of praying. ‘No,’ said my mentor, ‘not yet; you should first do right. Go, and acknowledge your fault.’

‘I cannot.’

‘You must, indeed you must.’

‘But he will treat me roughly.’

‘You deserve it, you must bear it: you will at least have the pleasure of knowing you did all you could, in your present circumstances, to repair the wrong you have done. When thus you have done, should you not meet forgiveness and reconciliation from him, you may apply to your offended Master; and peradventure, you may find forgiveness and reconciliation from him.’

I went out with an aching heart, experiencing the full force of the truth as I went along. ‘The way of the transgressor is hard.’ I arrived at his dwelling; I entered his doors; but O! with what different sensations, when unconscious of offence! I found him reading; he did not lift up his head, he did not speak; I could not. His dear companion blushed, she trembled, she spoke. However, he read on. I attempted once and again to bring out what my mentor charged me to do—I failed. At length, for I must come to it, I