

break asunder the ties of brotherhood, which time and a friendly intercourse and many an occasion of "sweet counselling together," have long and endearingly connected; to withhold the homage that nature seems to claim for the ashes of the cherished dead, by appearing to insinuate a defect in their religion, and, with motives easy of misapprehension, to leave "the dead to bury their dead"—to overcome the countless expedients and sophistries to which the heart resorts, in order to persuade itself that whatever be the secret conviction, it is at least unnecessary to avow it openly; to encounter the obloquy that one must look for, in breaking old associations for reasons that, by implication, offend human pride; to admit that I have "run without being sent," and have performed the holiest offices of the altar without the Lord's anointing; to "go out not knowing whither," and incur the necessity of long probation, before I may earn the confidence of my brethren in my new relations; to be day and night agitated and unhappy on a question, on which it would be imprudent to seek sympathy either in the ties about to be sundered, or in those about to be formed; to "go up to this Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there;" to feel *goaded on* by inexorable truth, to the fatal moment of proclaiming the change my mind has undergone; and, at last, under a pressure of conviction, which it would be unsafe longer to resist, and impossible ultimately to overcome, to take my new position, and yet to have not a doubt that I am right in taking it; this is a task that lays under exhausting tribute every resource and element of our frail nature. The patient investigations, and the sifting of reasons, the earnest longings for Divine guidance, and the searchings of heart; the wakeful nights and anxious days, wearing the spirits and corroding the health; now a determination to dismiss the