

struggled like a captive with his chain. And yet, who has not felt this galling fetter? To secure by industry and good behaviour an unsullied reputation among my fellows had been something more than a dream of my life. Now to have my name cast out as evil—to be regarded as a turncoat, an apostate, a traitor, a vagabond—to be the butt of ridicule, and the object of religious anathemas from those whose friendship I had so fully enjoyed (O! who can bear the scorn of friends!)—all this was terribly trying to my unrenewed nature. But as I was thus counting the cost, I was enabled to submit by recalling the words of Jesus: ‘If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me.’ And like my Saviour, ‘who made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant,’ that he might bear the sins and reproaches of us all, I saw that I must be willing to endure the offence of the cross, and be as the filth and offscouring of the world, for the Lord’s sake.”

“How long,” questioned Monsieur Grenier, “did it take you to reach this conclusion?”

“As nearly as I can remember, it was several days. Every step I took in advance was closely contested. When one mountain peak was reached, I saw before me a still higher one to be scaled.