renewed, I, bitterness, I force myself to feel, look, speak kindly, forgive, if these people. It will cost a mortal pang to do it, but it ought to be done. I believe, by Christians. And done now. If we wait till time has dulled our memories somewhat it worn off the keenness of the edge, we may begin to say forgive,—when it is only that we are forgetting. I remember hearing a poor paralytic woman, struck down in the flush of her womanhood, say, I have earned to take such credit to harry for her renunciation—"I am done with the world now—give it up freely." When the fact was, the words had given her up. I think we are very apt to deceive ourselves in this way. It seems to me, that these hatreds, resentments, envies, whatever we call them, are not to be suffered to die out, nor to be allowed to live till certain conditions are complied with by the offenders; they must be taken hold of in all their vigor, and the crotches I pulled up root and branch, as it is with a long pull, a strong pull, a pull altogether. I say pull this up with the deepest shame, that