

than by your little sister's. Winifred's innocent words have often aroused within me unanswerable questions, and awakened cravings for a better, nobler life. Daryll, the life spent in opposition to God is spent also in opposition to the highest laws of its own nature. I have found that out. And now all the mists and shadows have flown, and God—our Father—stands in all the grandeur of His perfect character to constrain a willing service. It is easy to give to a Father what we refuse to yield to a Master. Have I made myself comprehensible? I think you will understand me."

He directed the letter to James Daryll, and posted it. He expected no answer, and none came.

What a change in a life does a sense of perfect freedom bring! Often, in the days that followed, Ericson looked back upon the past in wonderment. How could he have been so strangely blind? What was the mysterious power that had bound him down in the utter darkness of such marvellous error? Men often think thus when light has been substituted for shadow and gloom; the predominant feeling is, "Why have I not experienced this before?"

It is not to be supposed that this change passed unnoticed by the world. Materialists, who had been accustomed to class Philip Ericson as of their order; practical Atheists, who spoke of him as "one of us;" Free-thinkers, who pronounced him "a splendid fellow—a man of mind," all stood amazed, as, with cool deliberation, he passed over into the ranks of avowed Christianity. Unlike Errol, it cost him little effort to speak of his altered views. Utterly regardless of the opinion of others, scorning to keep back one iota, he quietly, but firmly, acknowledged his allegiance to God. Occasions continually arose when he was forced into an avowal of his religious sentiments; but he met them with such perfect self-possession and ease that gradually his opponents fell back, feeling that they might as well argue with a rock as with this calm, strong nature.

James Daryll was beset on every hand by eager questioners, but with impenetrable gravity referred them all to the fountain-head for information. The subject was openly, and sometimes angrily, discussed before him, but he listened in unruffled silence. What he thought none knew.

Ericson's letter he entirely ignored, inasmuch as he neither