

THE LIFTED VEIL

he could barely distinguish her figure as something dark against the faint color of the bindings in a bookcase behind her. "I want to know this," she said at last. "Admitting that I'm repentant, in the sense you've given to the word, what will repentance do for me?"

"What do you want it to do for you?"

Again there was a pause for consideration. "I want it to put me back where I was before."

"Back where you were before—in whose estimation?"

"In my own. Can it do that?"

"It can't, of course, blot out the facts."

"Then what can it do?"

"It can give them another significance."

"What kind of significance?"

"It can make them the occasion of your turning to Good—God."

"But I'm not sure that I am."

"Then it can't do any more for you than it has done already. It can make you give up sin—and be unhappy."

He allowed her time to turn this over in her mind. "What is turning to God?" she asked at last. "Is it going to church?"

"No; going to church has very little to do with it. Many people go to church who've never turned to God; and some people have turned to God who never go to church. I can't put anything so vast into a few words, any more than I can gather the sky into my hand, but I can give you a clue to what it means. Turning to God is perhaps first of all the training of one's mind to live with Good rather than with Evil. When you begin to do that—"

He could feel a certain eagerness in the tone with which she interrupted him. "Yes? What?"