

"Well," my father said, "I fancy that wavering of spirit between God and the world, is a trial to every beginner in the Christian fight; but if the heart be right and pure, it gets less and less a trouble, and faith grows stronger and more fixed. I do not condone the evil or sin, for of course it is an evil, but I say it is natural, and therefore may be remedied by God's grace. Pray, my dear fellow, pray for light and strength, and then believe that both will be granted."

"Thank you, sir," said Hazlewood, as they entered the gate which led into the Vicarage garden, "I will think over what you have said. I hope it will all come right, rather I hope that I shall come all right."

That afternoon as Elton and I were lying out on the grass near the summer house, smoking, he said to me,

"Did you hear our conversation as we came home from church this morning? I love to talk to your father about religion. I have never heard anyone speak with such sincerity of heart. There is something in his manner which makes you feel at once that the man is giving utterance to the real feelings in his soul."