

Let Not Man Put Asunder

that Mr. Vassall is very religious. But, of course, you might break him of that."

"I am not sure that I should want to. His religion seems to be part of him."

"That is, perhaps, true. And then religion is so tolerated now. Professor Pembury told me the other day that at Harvard it didn't count against a man, even in the best and most intellectual sets. I should only fear that if Mr. Vassall insisted on your going to his church—"

"I did go once."

"And—?"

"I was rather touched. It was last spring, when I first began to know him."

"Did he ask you to go?"

"No, but he seemed pleased when I told him I had gone."

"What a curious caprice on your part!"

"I wanted to get the range of his ideas. We had talked about a lot of other things, in which I could understand him. But here I seemed to be outside. In his religion he was in a world to which I had no key."

"And so finding the door open you went in."

"I looked in only. I was within the church, but outside the ideas."

"Yet you say you were touched?"

"Less by the religion than by his part in it. He seemed so simple and honest. One felt the presence of something not only sincere in his belief but fearless in his attitude towards the world."

"What a strange girl you are, Petrina! There are times when you seem to be so independent; and then suddenly you lapse into the conventional; I hesitate to say the commonplace."

"Say it, if you like, mamma. For me nothing is