

ideal self, a best that lies underneath all the surface follies and sins—'a soul of goodness in things evil'—even in things evil," she added emphatically; "a soul of goodness which is bound somewhere to show itself."

"You have a wonderful faith in human nature," I said, watching her face, which the moonlight seemed to touch into new beauty and serenity.

"Isn't it the only way to uplift human nature?" she answered almost vehemently. "Unless we have faith in it, unless we are sure—sure—sure that the Divine is there behind and within the human, ready to shine through, we keep human nature on a low level. *Believe in it.* Believe in it all the time. Believe that the Divine is in man behind the human, and that presently the Divine will shine out, as this moonlight shines out over the world. Never lose faith in the humanity which was made in the image of God."

She said no more. We stood side by side looking out over the shining plain, but her very presence made me glad, made me feel I had found a new friend. And when presently we turned to go back to the hotel, her blue eyes turned from the great landscape to my face.

"One can always go on having faith," she said, "when there's a view like this in the world. It makes one realize the poet's words:—

"'And I smiled to think God's greatness lay around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness His rest.'"