and I hope you will get on well enough one of
these days."

"But I did try to do right," I stammered
forth; although my heart told me, if I had tried
aright, I should have succeeded.

"Rome wasn’t built in a day, Fanny; neither
can you expect to get over your faults and build
up your character in a day. You must be will-
ing to prune off your bad habits one by one, as
the gardener prunes off the worthless limbs of a
tree,—and in due time, by continued labour, he
sees the tree healthy and thriving; so if you try,
you’ll find your character improving every day.
It will need great care, and at first will cause
you much trouble, for it is very hard to break
away from old habits; but make up your mind,
Fanny, that you will leave the things that are
behind, and press forward, and with the assist-
ance of God you will succeed. You are young
now, and your case is by no means a hopeless
one."

These words of encouragement pierced the
clouds which enveloped my mind, as the bright
rays of the sun pierce through the thick and
foggy mists. Even I might hope for happier
days—I who had all my life failed in everything
I had undertaken. Aunt Patience said "Rome
was not built in a day;" it took a long time,