

the ladies in the portico, approached Lord Restormel and Glanville in a state of considerable excitement.

"Do you see that?" he said. "It's the old, old story—clericalism—clericalism—clericalism. Everything would be so clear—everything so grand—so glorious—if only the world would free itself from this nightmare of dogma and discipline."

"Well, my dear fellow," said Glanville, "you must let us have your own views by-and-by. Come," he continued, "let us join our friends in the portico. We won't even countenance the Bishop's rites by observing them."

"Well, Mr. Glanville," said Lady Snowdon as they approached, speaking, as she generally did, with a spacious and commanding suavity, "we don't think it at all fair that all our intellectual leaders, having excited our interest at dinner, should with one accord desert us, especially as Mrs. Jeffries has monopolised the guidance of the Church. Only Mr. Hancock has been faithful to us. Come, sit down here. He, Mrs. Vernon and I have been hatching a little plot, which we're very anxious to propose to you. But first—come closer all of you. I must ask Mr. Glanville something."

Glanville, Lord Restormel, and Mr. Brompton found seats as they were bidden, and completed an intimate circle of which Lady Snowdon was the centre.

"And now tell me," said Lady Snowdon, in a tone discreetly modified, "the Bishop is going on—isn't that so?—in Sir Roderick's yacht. And she, too, Mrs. Jeffries—and her husband? Is Captain Jeffries anywhere near?"

"He's there," said Glanville, nodding towards a spot where Captain Jeffries, seated on a step, was lost in solitary meditation. "But he won't hear. By the shape of his back I know he's thinking of Newmarket. Yes—they are going, all three, and one or two of the others. The Bishop wants to visit the scene of some late evictions. That's why I asked him to come here."

"Well, then," said Lady Snowdon, "as soon as the orthodox