

ments are not true. I only say that, myself, I am unable by reason to reconcile them. I would ask you if *you* could," he added with friendly deference; "only I know that it takes generally longer to defend a belief than to attack it; and we can't call on you, like highwaymen, to stand and deliver here."

"I have not the smallest objection," said the Bishop, mollified by Glanville's manner, but speaking nevertheless in a tone of almost contemptuous concession, "I have not the smallest objection to giving you a short answer. It is one which is not new, but which will also never be old. The operation of free-will suggests numerous difficulties to the mind. The degree to which circumstances and inherited tendencies interfere with it is one of these. But the fact of our freedom is no whit more doubtful on account of them than the fact of our consciousness being temporarily associated with matter is made doubtful by the fact that it is not only difficult, but impossible, to understand what the nature of this strange association is. Consciousness of self, as we all know, is logically our first certainty—consciousness of self as a single and indissoluble entity; but our consciousness of freedom is really no less fundamental. *I think, therefore I am*, may be equally well rendered by *I will, therefore I am*. Yes, Glanville, wait—for I am going a step farther—" And the Bishop spoke as if he were warming at last to his work. "With equal distinctness we are conscious of one thing more—not only that we exist, not only that we will freely, but that being, of two courses, able to will either, we are under an obligation to a lawgiver higher than ourselves freely to choose one and freely to renounce the other. There you have what the Americans call bed-rock—the individual indissoluble self with its three primary attributes—existence, freedom, obligation. In these three data of consciousness you have natural theology in a nutshell. No science," said the Bishop, contemptuously brushing away a few profane crumbs which had ventured to settle on his apron, "no science can touch them."