

possible, though I won't tax your patience to-night by trying even to hint how."

"I too," said Mr. Brompton, "am sure of the same thing, though perhaps my religious programme would differ from Mr. Seaton's."

"I," said Mr. Hancock, "am on the side of the angels also. I still stick to my doctrine of the Agnostic's working hypothesis."

"If I'd anything to drink," said Glanville, "I'd drink to the health of the hypothetical Church. Well, it seems we shall have plenty to talk about to-morrow; and the day after, I announce that I have a surprise in store for you. And so, Hancock, as you took the word out of my mouth just now, will you, as our chairman, let me take your word out of yours, and declare, to save time, that our second conference is concluded? I'll only do one thing more. Church services generally end with a hymn. I'm going to suggest that we end with a hymn to-night. It's a hymn that was written by my inspired friend, Lord Restormel: and what he has just said reminded me of it."

"A hymn by me!" exclaimed Lord Restormel. "My dear Rupert, you're dreaming."

"No," said Glanville, "though you may have been when you composed it. You were lying, wrapped up in a magnificent fur coat, when you and I, by moonlight, were sailing in a boat on the Hellespont; and the words were supposed to be spoken not by a congregation to the Deity, but by the Universe to the souls of men. Let us have it. Don't be modest. I'll start you with the first line:

Souls of myself, which are I, as the stars in their shining places—"

Lord Restormel raised himself in his chair, not wholly displeased by this appeal. He took a large cigar from his mouth, and, encouraged by the solicitations of the party, recited the following lines, in a slow melodious voice: