

precisely. The reality of the matter, Lady Snowdon, is the subject not of knowledge, but of agnosticism."

"Yes," said Glanville sharply, "but here I must insist on one thing. If we never can know that the Supreme Being is conscious—if His consciousness remains from us for ever hidden behind the veil—He is not conscious for us in any practical sense; and we practically don't doubt about His consciousness, but we deny it."

"Except," said Mr. Hancock, "except as a working hypothesis, supposing we should—though I don't say we are—in need of it."

"But," continued Glanville, taking no notice of this interruption, "while we look on the general mind as being conscious mind or no, religion, in the light of science, is utterly unaffected. In either case we are ourselves parts of this mind. We are so many processes or phenomena which it controls, not we. It is working inside us. It, not we, is ourselves, and all that is worst in us is a part of it, just as much as what is best. In no personal sense can it help us and come to our rescue, any more than the boiler of a locomotive can come to the rescue of the driving-wheel. However conscious it might be, it would regard us, its parts, not less impotently than its parts would regard it. Our prayer to it would be like spray blown back from the rocks. It would not ask about our poor separate destinies, as Matthew Arnold has said,

More than it asks what waves,
In the moonlit solitudes mild
Of the midmost ocean have swelled,
Foamed for a moment, and gone."

"I am not sure, Rupert," said Lord Restormel slowly, "that even thus some religion would not be possible, though it would be a religion transfigured beyond the recognition of the Churches."

"I am sure," said Seaton, "that a religion would still be