

sense of touch, you might spend a whole summer at Trouville and paddle on the beach every day in the smartest of all possible bathing-dresses; but you wouldn't, except by the look of it, be able to tell water from vacancy."

"Or, again," said Seaton, "let us put the case in another way. Scoop up the water in your hands—let it trickle in drops through your fingers. What do you know of each drop, except the look and the feel of it? You can't get inside it, or know what it really is apart from its relation to yourself. Or take this pillar, which is made out of white stone. We call it white; but it's white on the surface only. If you told that to a boy he would probably chip it with a chisel, to show you that it was white all through; but, however often he chipped, he would only show you new surfaces. The inside would always elude him."

"I remember," said Mr. Hancock, "when I was a youngster I used often to wonder what chocolate was like inside. If I broke a stick in two, the inside seemed to be a light brown. If I bit it or sucked it in two, the inside seemed to be dark. You're quite right, Mr. Seaton. We can only know surfaces; and what we know of them, as you say, is merely the ideas we form of them. Of the insides of things—regarded as the insides—we can form no idea at all; except, of course——"

"Yes," said Seaton, "except?——"

"Except," said Mr. Hancock, "in respect of the relation they bear not to ourselves but to one another. We can, for instance, know their specific gravity."

"True," replied Seaton; "but that merely means that we can know their behaviour as invariably presented to our minds. A boy throws a pebble at another boy, but he does not know what he is throwing."

"He knows," said Miss Leighton, "that if it hits the other boy it will cause the other boy a great deal of annoyance."

"Exactly," said Seaton. "He knows the behaviour of an unknown something."