

ground that he picked them because he couldn't possibly help it?"

"My dear Roderick," said Glanville, "you might have kept him out of the card-room. That would have been quite sufficient. Nowhere else would he have robbed you of a single sixpence. You might have safely smoked and dined with him, or have walked with him in the Park, as I've very often seen you doing."

"Walk with him in the Park!" exclaimed Sir Roderick with increasing vehemence. "Walk in the Park in the morning with a man who, whether he could help it or not, would, as all London knows, be picking my pocket at night—or if not mine, yours! But it's not that, Rupert. You're quite on the wrong tack. The fellow *could* help it—let his head be what shape it will. He needn't have done it, and he did it; and I'd say the same, and I'd never be in the same room with him, if I knew he would never touch a card again till doomsday. God bless my soul!" he continued with a fresh access of ardour, "what would become of us all—the Bishop will bear me out—what would become of religion—what would become of morality—what would become of the turf, if we could none of us run straight when we were tempted to run crooked? And Marcus wasn't tempted—that's another point. What was a ten-pound note—what was a monkey—to him? He cheated because he was determined to cheat; and if the Committee hadn't done what they did—not that there was any question of that—I for one should have resigned, and I'll tell you on what grounds. I don't want," he said, "to usurp the Bishop's place—but I'm quite sure he'll agree with me—I should have resigned on the grounds that to condone a fault is to be guilty of it."

This new summing up of the Christian code of morality produced a silence which was tempered by a few slight smiles. It was however immediately broken by a quite unexpected speaker.

This was Miss Agatha Hagley, the young lady with the