

*type, the deadly-respectable type.* That is certainly not the type in which anybody would include you."

"No," replied Glanville, "it is not. And I was just on the point of saying to you that although these clerico-academic-scientific persons may be infinitely cleverer than I am, I have in this one respect a very great advantage over them. I think about the same things that they do. I feel many of the things that they feel. But I approach their subjects with a far wider experience. I am as much at home with Aspasia as I am with Mary and Martha—with Pericles, as I am with St. Paul. I happen to combine in myself all that attracts men to religion and philosophy, with all that distracts them from it; and so when I happen to agree with the clerico-academic-scientific persons—whose prolonged society, I confess, would bore me to extinction—and when I express what they say in the common vernacular of the world, my version of the matter ought to carry more weight than theirs. If I say that I can't live without religion, you may take it that I'm stating an experience implicit in that of men at large. If a parson or a professor says so, that really is little more than a lawyer's saying that he can't live without the law. Well—what do you think? Do you agree with me now, or don't you?"

"Better," said Seaton, putting down his book—"better than I did before you explained yourself. There are certain incidental points as to which I differ from you still—such as the extent to which this incubus of modern knowledge is felt. But my chief objection has to do with the nature of this knowledge itself. It seems much less important to me than it does to you; and this is the reason—this is the chief reason—why your view of the situation differs so much from mine."

"Don't stop," said Glanville. "Go on—I am all attention."

"Well, then," said Seaton, "to begin. You speak of your modern knowledge or of science as something that stands by itself, in opposition to all other knowledge."