

outside. You'll find coffee, Roderick, and everything else, on the terrace."

"Our host," said the Bishop to Sir Roderick, as he went with him through the open window, "is endowed with a fine intellect—but an intellect gone astray. Were it only as healthy as yours, he is a man of whom I could make anything."

Sir Roderick was pleased by this compliment, but he did not entirely comprehend it; and seeing that Captain Jeffries overheard it, he could not resist winking at him.

As soon as the last dark flutter of the Bishop's coat-tails had vanished the party at the dinner-table assumed slightly easier attitudes.

"I think," said Mr. Hancock, indulging himself in a smile which he had been long suppressing, "our right reverend friend was not very happy in his apologetics. If modern psychology shows us anything at all, it shows us that our supposed immediate consciousness of freedom is a delusion—pure delusion—an absolute inversion of facts. If the doctrines of evolution and heredity have any truth in them whatever—and even Bishops to-day don't any longer reject them—man has not a single faculty the natural origin of which is more easily traceable than the natural origin of conscience is. Conscience no more represents the direct voice of a deity than the human body represents his direct creation—that is to say, so far as positive science can inform us."

"And tell me, Mr. Hancock," interposed Seaton, joining in the discussion for the first time, "does science dissolve our consciousness of our own existence as completely as it dissolves our consciousness of obligation and freedom? Or is it good enough to spare that?"

"It all depends," said Mr. Hancock good-humouredly, "what you mean by the word '*us*,' or by *self*, and *we*, and *I*. If you mean by *we* and *I* some simple and indissoluble entity—which is what the Bishop means—science dissolves our existence like sugar in a cup of tea. *I* is merely an expression