doubt on it. In this way, so far as the intellect can tell us anything, you and I, with our minds, are a couple of superior cabbages, and our lives mean as much, and mean as little, as theirs. You yourself are brother of that chair you are now sitting on. We both are brothers of the cigars we will now smoke."

"My dear Rupert," exclaimed Seaton, "you are a veritable Saul among the prophets. But all you have just said I could put into Hegel's language; and you'd see that there's as fine a religion in it as any you believe yourself to have lost."

"That reminds me," said Glanville, as he handed his friend a cigar-box, "I've another bone to pick with you. Before you get back to Hegel again, I must convince you of sin as to that."

"Well," said Seaton, "and what is it? Attack me. Shoot at me. I'll receive your arrows like a Saint Sebastian."

"What I'm going to attack you about," said Glanville, "is the meaning you attach to religion. You talk of religion-and our friend Professor James agrees with you-and so do all these modern religious philosophers—as though in practice it were confined to its pure undiluted essence, which is, you say-and I don't care to question this-some private and direct connection of the individual mind with the universal. Thus James, as you will see, finds the typical facts of religion in the pangs and raptures of conversion, and the exaltation of mystical ecstacy; and when you and he and all of you talk about the loss of religion, it seems to you merely to mean the subtraction from life of those isolated moments of existence in which only a few participate. But when I talk about religion and the loss of it, I mean something much wider. You are thinking of it in concentration. I am thinking of it in If religion were nothing but an affair of diffusion. conversion and ecstasies, you would be perfectly right in supposing that the growing number of cockneys who prefer an excursion on the river to the seductions of divine service, and find in the loss of their Sabbath the gain of a new

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