

"Well," said Mr. Hancock, anxious to make things pleasant, "I congratulate the Bishop on an admirably lucid statement. Even if we can't all of us quite go with him theoretically, we all go with him practically. Without what I call this 'working hypothesis of freedom,' what would become of morality? What would become of religion? What, I will even venture to say, would become of business enterprise?"

"And you may ask also," said Lord Restormel in a low musical voice, laying a finely-shaped hand on Mr. Hancock's gratified shoulder, "what would become of love, of romance, of poetry? We all of us remember a certain poem by Sappho—I've no doubt the Bishop has birched many a boy for not being able to construe it—in which she describes by its signs the love that has made her deathless. We remember the fire, the cold, that ran through her shuddering body, the dimmed eyes, the confused murmuring in her ears. To quote Swinburne's echo of her, we can still see the face '*White as dead snow, paler than grass in summer, ravaged with kisses!*'" The face of the Bishop at these words underwent a curious change. "Well," Lord Restormel continued, quite unconscious of the fact, "I can only say that if Sappho had no will of her own—if her soul was nothing but the sum of her nerves and tissues—then a headache means no more than a stomach-ache; and that not only Sappho's poetry, but all the love-poetry in the world, is not poetry at all, but a doctor's diagnosis in metre."

It would have been so difficult to imagine Sappho, in even her most abandoned moments, feeling either fire or cold on account of the Bishop of Glastonbury, that the very mention of her ravaged complexion within a four-mile radius of his presence constituted an incongruity of which nobody was more conscious than himself.

"Don't you think," he said to Glanville, "that this room is getting very hot? Sir Roderick and Captain Jeffries, I see, have both gone to the window. Don't let me disturb you; but, with your permission, I will join them."

"By all means," replied Glanville. "Have your coffee