this the case that Seaton felt almost shocked at the flippant temerity with which Glanville addressed him.

" I'm much afraid," said Glanville, " that Mr. Seaton and I have—I trust only for a moment—separated an Eloisa from an Abelard."

The other, however, was above the reach of levity. " No— no," he said. " I am sincerely gratified by seeing you.   Did you happen to hear what that young woman said ?   It shows—what I always find—that by far the most difficult thing to instil into the ordinary mind is the idea of universal causation."

" And who," asked Glanville, " is your fair pupil ? "

" A Miss Walsh," said the other solemnly, " a Miss Kathleen Walsh—niece, I believe, Mr. Glanville, of your agent, and daughter of a Protestant clergyman. You see those scales, and the air-pump.   I'll tell you the use I was making of them. Miss Walsh, with whom I frequently take a constitutional walk in the morning, is interesting on account of the candour with which she reveals the workings of her mind.   She informed me that in church last Sunday there had been prayers for rain. I asked her if she believed in the efficacy of such means of improving the weather.   She manifested surprise at my doubting it.   I have been just now having a little grave talk with her on the subject—illustrated by experiments.   I had that mutton-chop brought in—my evening's dinner—and, as she remarked, not a large specimen of its kind.   We weighed it ; and then I asked her if she would think it right and reason- able to offer up a prayer that the chop might be made larger. She said no.   It would be foolish and presumptuous—presump- tuous because it would be asking God for a miracle, and foolish because it implied the belief that He perhaps would work one ; whereas miracles, she added, as every Protestant knows, came to an end with the death of the last Apostle.   Very well then, I said, let us now turn to this air-pump.   I explained to her the nature of the contrivance.   I exhausted the glass bell.   I made her understand a vacuum ; and showed her how, on turning a tap, the air rushed into it.   I then said to her, would