onfine himself to a glass of milk.
st knowledge of him, could truth-
like London.
of a poet and the grandson of a
ulable elements of the eccentric
centric aristocrat who so often fig-
tructive democrat. That great gen-
raham, whom I knew more slightly
nfoundly, was the same sort of un-
he had a sort of Scottish serious-
seriousness; while Noel's humour
lf Irish but always mainly humor-
urse, in shocking people and taking
ember how he used to say, shaking
brooding concentration: "Ah, how
t the work of a clergyman's life;
uch distracting and different duties!
d the scenes at the Butterfly The-
Pimpernel; all the evening doing a
otle; back to the club after dinner,
ct, he occupied much of his time
ally fantastic but more intellectual.
g out the headquarters of incred-
wrote an amusing record of them
. He had a special affection for an
g grey whiskers, living in the sub-
ppeared, was King Solomon David
s not afraid to protest, as a prophet
considered the pomps and vanities
n the interview by coldly rebuking
g sent in a visiting-card inscribed,
nce all such official titles were abol-
pensation. Conrad delicately insin-

uated, in self-defence, that there seemed to be something about calling oneself Solomon David Jesus, which might raise rather grave problems of identity and a somewhat formidable historical comparison. And anyhow, an old gentleman who called himself King could hardly insist on such severe republican simplicity. However, the monarch explained that his title had been given him by an actual voice speaking out of the sky; and the Rev. Conrad admitted that he could not claim that his visiting-card had been thus written at dictation.

Sometimes, instead of his visiting the New Religions, the New Religions visited him, which was rather more alarming. He and his wife, a very charming little lady whose demureness was perhaps a little deceptive, had gone out to a matinee and came back to find ten Doukhobors eating their tea. Doukhobors, it may be explained to those who have had no such happy visitations, are a sect of Russian Pacifists and practical Communists, who believe in living by mutual hospitality. It is a curious and mystifying circumstance, by the way, that while the Doukhobors lived in Russia and had differences with a foreign authority, they invariably behaved themselves like a band of saints and according to the highest pattern of primitive Christians; but when they crossed to Canada, and came under a British authority, they were strangely demoralised, and degenerated into dangerous fanatics who used to go about stealing horses out of carts and cows out of sheds; because they disapproved of the captivity of animals. Anyhow, Conrad Noel, who certainly would not have thought the worse of them for defying either the Russian or the British Empire, had met a member of this sect somewhere; and I suppose in some hazy and hearty fashion invited him to pay a call some day. He was there with nine others like unto himself, stowing away