

lines, she believed that she was going to be taken care of, and into that care she found that she was perfectly willing and even eager to trust herself. Such shrinking as she had she was sure was physical. It was not fear: her mind at least was unterrified.

Marion's eyes fell upon a new novel which had arrived from the lending library a couple of days ago. She had not yet had time to glance at it, for she had been too busy with writing to think of reading. And though she had dedicated this hour to appropriate meditation, she found that she had to make an effort before she could dismiss her desire to start on this volume at once, for she had heard brave things about it. But the worst of it was that in a space of quite a few minutes she appeared to have got to the end of her appropriate meditations. She was quite sure that the less she thought about illness and pain the better, for no amount of anticipatory thought would alleviate them, and, on the other hand, it was possible that she might not have so much to bear, in which case to have thought about it at all would be a waste of nervous energy. Again, having once formulated her conviction about death, she found that her mind, instead of harking back to dwell on it, kept wandering away from it. She had no bent towards unpractical speculation, and no data except those she had already accepted to build theories upon. She had devised for characters in