

Where then, was he ?

Then, as he considered this, he, too, began to thrill and vibrate. From beneath rose up thin, imperceptible tides ; or, rather, he perceived now for the first time that he was in them still ; that he was not yet as wholly apart as he had thought from all acts and volitions and experiences. But they were thin and subtle, as befitted his new condition ; and he saw that he could yet act. . . .

Then a great and piercing sorrow surged through him, not indeed at the memory of his sins and rebellions, but at his consciousness of their very essence. It was not that life passed before him as a series or progress of events, but that the quality of it—as he had lived it—had a thin and bitter aroma which he had never suspected. And, as there met him from above that piercing breath of the world to which he went—as clean and sharp and radiant as the light reflected from snow—these two tides mingled in him like a chord of sorrow and love and ecstasy. . . . Every image faded from him ; every symbol and memory died ; the chasm passed into nothingness ; and the Grail was drunk, and colours passed into whiteness ; and sounds into the silence of Life ; and the Initiation was complete.

THE END