

her side. Her look told him instantly that intelligence was reviving, and that already conscience was at its sickening task of accusation. That she should be able to recall what had happened with any precision he knew to be impossible. Memory is an obscure and complex blending of the mental and the physical, the offspring of that mysterious union of mind and body which still puzzles the psychologist and biologist. The drugged faculties, groping darkly, were seizing on blurred, isolated impressions, on tags and threads of remembrance which they vainly strove to piece coherently. For the broken glimpses seemed at once to reveal and to hide, to suggest and to obliterate. Not till next day did the tragedy reshape itself sharply in her mind; and then her remorse was pitiful. His anguish was no less keen, nor one whit easier to bear.

The great act of judgment has three scenes or stages. First, we judge ourselves in general complacently and smugly, but at times and in moods of rare honesty with poignant condemnation. Next we are judged by others, wrongly for most part, as is almost inevitable. Finally, we are judged by One with whom there is no limit of perception and no possibility of error. At one and the same time the Herricks had to face the ordeal of this triple judgment. They stood arraigned before themselves, before the world, before God. How were they to endure?

In the afternoon, when he ought to have been going about his pastoral duties, visiting the sick, helping the needy, perhaps lifting the fallen, Herrick went into his wife's room and locked the door behind him. For once he was to do a day's pastoral work at home, the most arduous, the most trying he had ever undertaken. When he passed out again at the end of two hours, bent and stricken as with old age, it might have been