

evening, she had averted her mind from the contemplation of the next stage that awaited her and from its conclusion. She had kept all her faculties bright and eager for her work, demanding of them a cheerful and undiluted application to it, to the exclusion of all else. Now they were needed for that no longer, and she wished, alone and undisturbed, to take them up to her future, give them a good look at it, and ascertain what they really thought about it all. This she did now, presenting the case to them uncoloured and unvarnished, and asked their views on it.

Well, she was quite sure she did not like it at all, but she was equally sure she was not afraid. She hated illness, she hated pain, and she did not in the least want to die. But these three things, illness, pain, and death, indubitably and immediately awaited her. She would very gladly have cancelled the first two altogether: she would have certainly chosen, had it been possible, to be concerned with the third without further delay. But when, dismissing these two depressing prospects, she presented the third to her mind, she was aware that mixed with her thorough dislike of it was an intense curiosity. She hid her face, and instantly began to peep. . . . She could form no idea what it would be like, nor what was the nature of that which should follow it, for that there was a hereafter she had no doubt at all. Broadly, and on Christian