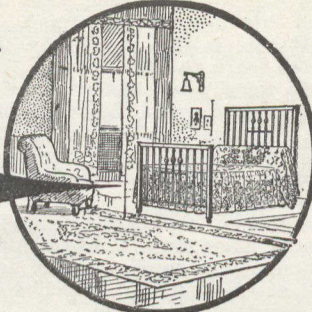
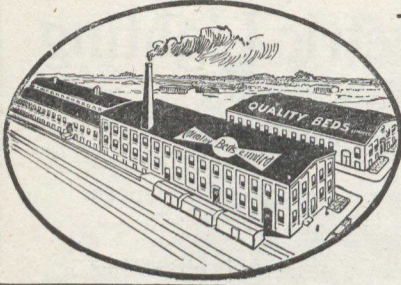


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N.1

put away from him, and when he slept at last the horrors mingled with his dreams. He dreamed his mother was dead and he stood beside her coffin, and suddenly as he looked the dead face was his own.

With a gasp he woke up to find her standing at his bedside, and to hear her whisper his name. The cheerful sunshine was streaming into the room, and in the freshness of the morning the fever of his soul subsided. Youth triumphed once more. Death receded into the far distance, grew dim and disappeared; it was very good to be alive.

Heartily ashamed of the nervous thrills and terrors of the night before, more than ever resolved to go through with his task, Hugh was in the liveliest spirits at breakfast, but his mother was quieter than usual. She smiled faintly when he waxed enthusiastic about McCarver or Sir Dominick, and more than once he surprised a questioning look in her anxious eyes.

"You are going to the hospital again this morning?" she asked when breakfast was over.

"Why, of course," he answered, "and every other morning. This is the principal thing I have got to do. Sir Dominick says it's the only way a fellow can learn his profession."

So he walked resolutely past the inviting door of the National Gallery, and was one of the first of the eager group that awaited Sir Dominick in the hall of the hospital.

The same enthusiasm kindled in him again as he followed the great physician on his mission of help and healing through the long, bare corridors, easing pain and saving life.

But at last the doctor and the group of students that followed him came to a bedside where a patient lay dead, where hope was passed, where human science was ignorant and helpless as the folly of a fool.

THE grey face of a young woman lay motionless on the pillow, the rigid form showing in outline under the primly folded coverlet, a pitiful mockery of life.

With a sudden rush Hugh's morbid horror of death came back upon him. Again he grew sick and faint, and feared he would fall. Shrinking quietly out of the crowd, he leant against the wall beside an open window that looked out into the life and bustle of the city. A broad green park showed close at hand where the children played, unconscious as the birds and butterflies of the inevitable doom.

Softly he stole out of the hospital, and flying from his own thoughts and fears, set out at a furious pace—in what direction he neither knew nor cared. After a while, with no recognition or remembrance of the streets through which he had passed, he found himself on an open country road with great trees sheltering a deep laneway, and patches of blue sky showing through the broken roof of green.

He had tasted the joys of life, ignoring the bitter drug that lies at the bottom of the cup that he, in common with all human kind, must drink when his time came. In the full enjoyment of beauty and art and nature he had forgotten death. He prayed that he might still forget it. But with the horrible reminder of the hospital and the dissecting-room, he knew the torturing thought would never leave him.

The same artistic temperament that gave the privilege of keenest enjoyment, imposed the penalty of keenest pain. He fought hard against his morbid fear, called himself a fool and a coward, who stumbled on the first step of the road he had chosen. The fight was still raging in his heart, the victory still undecided, when he returned miserable and worn out to his home.

His mother met him at the door and kissed him welcome with a cheerfulness that jarred upon his mood. It would be base, he felt, to disappoint her; to break his promise for what must seem to her mere selfish cowardice.

Her first words startled him like an echo of his thoughts.

"Of course, you cannot be a doctor, Hugh."