

or knowledge he choked them back, in a fear of madness. He must not go mad or die, leaving his work undone: and yet he had half lost the meaning of that work on which his will was locked.

At length there came a stretch of smoother grass, across which he went in a pitiful pride at walking erect and more swiftly. In the midst of which something tripped him and he fell heavily. Rallying from the fall, he reached out to feel for the stone or root which had snared him. He touched a cluster of leaves, a long stem weighted with silken blossoms; it was a foxglove that had worsted him. With a muttered curse, he clenched his hand on the tough stem and snapped it; then laughed aloud and jarringly; he had sunk to such vengeance.

Leaving the foxglove with its damasked bells low on the sere grass, he dragged himself up and went on. But the fall had shaken him, and more and more the ground grew hostile to his tread. Again he stumbled and again, and once an edge of stone gashed his temple as he dropped: he wiped away the blood with his scarf and his long hair and faltered forward. At first he had paused sometimes to call into the unanswering vacancies; but now breath failed him and courage. On and on; the moor began to slope steeply and he was forced to help himself as best he could with his bound hands, grasping at thorny bramble trails and frail flowering things which broke beneath his touch. Then the slant of earth was gone from beneath his hands; he made a diffident upward step, another, and leaned forward, seeking to test his ground. Overbalanced by the movement he slipped on the smooth dry grass and plunged headlong. His lifted arms broke the fall, but he rolled over and over and lay at last bruised and breathless. He had come to the bank of a dried river-bed, and was stretched on the short grass, green and velvet fine, which marked the river's course.

For a while he remained without stirring, overwhelmed by the mere ignominy of his blind and baffled course, and when