

the thoughts that he had rehearsed so often lately. Dying! . . . But Death was something quite different. Dying hurt so cruelly because one was still alive. That was no reason for thinking that Death would hurt too. Dying hurt because Death was not come, not because it was. Well; if Death did not hurt; if Death ended the pains of dying; what would Death begin? Obviously it must begin something. . . .

He suddenly began to think of the Grail. (He had talked about the Grail quite lately to someone—oh! yes—to Jim.) Well, drinking the Grail was very bitter. Enid had first really set his lips to it; and then the physical pain had begun a little later. But when the Grail was empty; when the moment came that the last drops had been swallowed—what then? Obviously the first long draught of new air must be sweet. . . .

The Grail!

That was the Cup of Sacrifice, was it not? That was why he had had to drink it; old Morpeth had told him all about that. It was for his father, among other things. So here he was, in the bed in which his father died; and in the same room. What a fool he had been about this room! The shadows were only dreadful, so long as one looked at them from the light: there was no real harm in them when one stepped forward into their midst. . . .

(Yes; that lemon taste was delicious. And it was very pleasant to have one's hands held.)

Then he began to wonder whether anyone else were in the room. He was sure Aunt Anna hadn't finished her list. What about the doctor? He must ask. . . . No; it was not worth the trouble. He would think about Death instead.

Then, imperceptibly, the walls closed about him again; but he did not notice them. He was considering Death. . . .

(iv)

Once again at some remote point in time, detached from all experience, he found that his consciousness was still