

"You'd like him to come at once?"

"Directly after mass, if he will be so kind. . . . And I want to see Jim after breakfast. . . . It isn't eight yet?"

"Not quite."

"You're going to mass?"

"If you don't want me."

"I'm all right," said Nevill. "Charleson was here just now. . . . The nurse has gone down for breakfast, I suppose?"

"I think so."

"Aunt Anna."

"Yes, my dear."

"I do want to say something after all. . . . I want to be quite sure, you know. . . . You're perfectly happy, aren't you?"

"Yes," she said, quite deliberately. "I'm perfectly happy."

He smiled, still with closed eyes.

"I knew you were. It was ever since the *Pidd* was put up, wasn't it? I'm sorry I didn't tell you about it before; but I had to do it my own way, you know. . . . You'll let it stop there, won't you? . . . I told you about Frascati, didn't I?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Well; it all dates from that, you know. Those are the two points. . . . I began to see that, after my operation—as soon as I knew I couldn't live. I saw the point then. Everything fits in perfectly, you know, as soon as you see that. Enid, and everything else."

"My dear, you're too tired—"

"No, I'm not. . . . I want just to say it, bang out. . . . What an ass I was! . . . I wanted to be a Jesuit first, you know. . . . Then I was angry when I was told I mustn't be. . . . Then I tried Enid—instead of God, you know. . . . And then I was routed out of that. . . . And then I tried just being happy alone—Nature . . . and all that rot, you know. . . . And then I got ill. . . . I see the point now . . . you do too, don't you? . . .