

XLV

AS the vicar and the doctor left John Smith's cell, there came out of the deep shadows of the long corridor a figure, old, forlorn, very infirm. With a haunted look this rather grotesque creature shuffled forward, and fixing tragic eyes upon the doctor's face muttered in an alien tongue:

"He is risen. He is risen."

The doctor reproved him sharply. "Why, Goethe, what in fortune's name are you doing here! Go at once to your own side and don't let me see you here again. Strict instructions were given that none of the patients were to be seen in the west wing just now. I must look into this. Go at once to your own side."

The old man slunk away, still muttering softly, "He is risen. He is risen."

The doctor was obviously annoyed by the incident. "Gross carelessness on the part of someone," he said. "The deputation is already due, and the Home Office desires us in the special and quite unprecedented circumstances of the case to present as normal an appearance as we can. In other words, it doesn't want