

cape from the punishment that I deserve. But he would know — he cannot see, nor hear, nor speak, but he would know — as he seems so strangely, so wonderfully, so supernaturally to know and understand everything. And, oh, he means so much to me, to us all, for it is he, more than any one else, who has saved us from — from what we were. And he loves us. It would shatter his faith, ruin all that his life has meant to him, and — and we cannot bring him grief and sorrow like that. Oh, what can we do! What *can* we do! We cannot stop — and we cannot go on! We cannot stay here even if we returned the money successfully, and we cannot stay here if we kept it as it is; for things would still have to go on as they are, even if we didn't mean to steal any more, no matter what we might say or do, for it's beyond our control now, and to stay means that we should still have to live and lead our double lives, still have to practise hypocrisy and deceit, and — and I cannot — we cannot do that any more. And the only way to get away from it all is to run away — and we can't do that, either! There is — the Patriarch. We cannot leave him — to break his heart — with none he loves to care for him. We can't do that. He is a very old, old man, and — and I think he has been happy with us, and — and we must make him happy always as long as he lives. We cannot go away and leave him. We can't do that." Then, in a heart-broken, despairing cry: "We can't do — *anything!*"