

businessmans braces to stop him moving on. do you know him he asked, pointing upwards with his finger. the businessman lifted the candle, blinked as he looked up and said, its a judge. an important judge asked and stood to the side and in front of the businessman so that he could observe what impression the picture had on him. the businessman was looking up in admiration. hes an important judge. you dont have much insight, said he is the lowest of the lowest examining judges. i remember now, said the businessman as he lowered the candle, thats what ive already been told. well of course you have, called out id forgotten about it, of course you would already have been told. but why, why asked the businessman as he moved forwards towards the door, propelled by the hands of outside in the corridor said, you know where lenis hidden, do you hidden said the businessman, no, but she mite be in the kitchen cooking soup for the lawyer. why didnt you say that immediately asked i was going to take you there, but you called me back again, answered the businessman, as if confused by the contradictory commands. you think youre very clever, dont you, said k, now take me there had never been in the kitchen, it was surprisingly big and very well equipped. the stove alone was three times bigger than normal stoves, but it was not possible to see any detail beyond this as the kitchen was at the time illuminated by no more than a small lamp hanging by the entrance. at the stove stood leni, in a white apron as always, breaking eggs into a pot standing on a spirit lamp. good evening, josef, she said with a glance sideways. good evening, said pointing with one hand to a chair in a corner which the businessman was to sit on, and he did indeed sit down on it. however went very close behind lenis it, and he felt as lonely and as miserable as in that night. but now a shadow appeared before the opening of the cave, and he breathed a deep sigh as he felt himself released from the hideous vision, for he had recognized paulus, who came up and knelt down beside him. water, water stephanus implored in a low voice, and paulus, who was cut to the heart by the moaning of the old man, which he had not heard till he entered the cave, seized the pitcher. he looked into it, and, finding it quite dry, he rushed down to the spring as if he were running for a wager, filled it to the brim and brought it to the lips of the sick man, who gulped the grateful drink down with deep draughts, and at last exclaimed with a sigh of relief; that is better; why were you so long away i was so thirsty paulus who had fallen again on his knees by the old man, pressed his brow against the couch, and made no reply. stephanus gazed in astonishment at his companion, but perceiving that he was weeping passionately he asked no further questions. perfect stillness reigned in the cave for about an hour; at last paulus raised his face, and said, forgive me stephanus. i forgot your necessity in prayer and scourging, in order to recover the peace of mind i had trifled away no heathen would have done such a thing the sick man stroked his friends arm affectionately; but paulus murmured, egoism, miserable egoism guides and governs us. which of us ever thinks of the needs of others and we we who profess to walk in the way of the lamb he sighed deeply, and leaned his head on the sick mans breast, who lovingly stroked his rough hair, and it was thus that the senator found him, when he entered the cave with hermas. the idle way of life papers, but sadder when theyre all thats left of a lifes labour lost labour, so far as martin was concerned, for he was taken away just when he began to see daylight. we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain that we shall carry nothing out. when that comes into my mind, i think rather of the little things than of gold or lands. intimate letters that a man treasured more than money; little tokens of which the clue has died with him; the unfinished work to which he was coming back, and never came; even the unpaid bills that worried him; for death transfigures all, and makes the commonplace pathetic. he stopped for a moment. westray said nothing, being surprised at this momentary softening of the others mood. yes, its sad enough, the organist resumed; all these papers are nebuly coat the sea green and silver. he was quite mad, i suppose westray said. everyone except me will tell you so, replied the organist; but im not so very sure after all that there wasnt a good deal more in it than madness. thats all that i can say just now, but those of us who live will see. there is a queer tradition hereabout. i dont know how long ago it started, but people say that there is some