

sometimes astonishes us with its freshness and value. westray stood on a foot pace at the end of the loft which allowed him to look over the curtain into the church. his eyes roamed through the building as he listened, but he did not appreciate the music the less. nay, rather, he appreciated it the more, as some writers find literary perception and power of expression quickened at the influence of music itself. the great church was empty. janaway had left for his tea; the doors were locked, no strangers could intrude; there was no sound, no murmur, no voice, save only the voices of the organ pipes. so westray listened. stay, were there no other voices was there nothing he heard nothing that spoke within him at first he was only conscious of something something that drew his attention away from the music, and then the disturbing influence was resolved into another voice, small, but rising very clear even above sharnall in a flat. the arch never sleeps, said that still and ominous voice. the arch never sleeps; they have bound on us a burden too heavy to be borne. we are shifting it; we never sleep. and his eyes turned to the cross arches under the tower. there, above the bow of the south transept, showed the great crack, black and writhen as a lightning flash, just as it had showed any time for a century just the same to the ordinary observer, but not to the architect. he looked at it fixedly for a moment, and then, forgetting mr sharnall and the music, left the loft, and made his way to the wooden platform that the masons had built up under the roof. mr sharnall did not even perceive that he had gone down, and dashed con furore into the gloria. give me the full great, he called to the architect, who he thought was behind him; give me the full great, all but the reed, and snatched the stops out himself when there was im waiting, said the priest. is there anything else you want from me asked no, said the priest. you were so friendly to me earlier on, said and you explained everything, but now you abandon me as if i were nothing to you. you have to go, said the priest. well, yes, said you need to understand that. first, you need to understand who i am, said the priest. youre the prison chaplain, said and went closer to the priest, it was not so important for him to go straight back to the bank as he had made out, he could very well stay where he was. so that means i belong to the court, said the priest. so why would i want anything from you the court doesnt want anything from you. it accepts you when you come and it lets you go when you leave. end the evening before k.s thirty first birthday it was about nine oclock in the evening, the time when the streets were quiet two men came to where he lived. in frock coats, pale and fat, wearing top hats that looked like they could not be taken off their heads. after some brief formalities at the door of the flat when they first arrived, the same formalities were repeated at greater length at k.s door. he had not been notified they would be coming, but sat in a chair near the door, dressed in black as they were, and slowly put on new gloves which stretched tightly over his fingers and behaved as if he were expecting visitors. he immediately stood up and looked at the gentlemen inquisitively. youre come for me then, have you he asked. the gentlemen nodded, one of them indicated the other with the top hand now in his hand. told them he had been expecting a different for the night. that cannot be, said the man considering, for my wife is ill, and my house is a long way from here at the end of the town by the little gate, and i must take the key this very evening to the senator petrus, because his son, the architect antonius, wants to begin the building of the new altar the first thing to morrow morning. the workmen are to be here by sunrise, and if show me the key, interrupted paulus. to what untold blessing may this little instrument close or open the issues do you know, man, that i think there is a way for us both out of the difficulty you go to your sick wife, and i will take the key to the senator as soon as i have finished my devotions. the door keeper considered for a few minutes, and then acceded to the request of the future presbyter of raithu, while at the same time he begged him not to linger too late. as he went by the senators house he smelt the savor of roast meat; he was a poor man and thought to himself, they fast in there just when it pleases them, but as for us, we fast when it pleases us least. the good smell, which provoked this lament, rose from a roast sheep, which was being prepared as a feast supper for the senator and the assembled members of his household; even the slaves shared in the late evening meal. petrus and dame dorothea sat in the greek