

dont blame me if i drink; its the elixir vitae for me just as much as for paracelsus. and he turned the handle of the cupboard. dont, the bishop said again, putting his hand on the organists arm; dont do it; dont touch it. dont make success any criterion of life; dont talk about 'getting on. we shant be judged by how we have got on. come along with me; show youve got your old resolution, your old will power. i havent got the power, mr sharnall said; i cant help it. but he took his hand from the cupboard door. then let me help it for you, said the bishop; and he opened the cupboard, found a half used bottle of whisky, drove the cork firmly into it, and put it under his arm inside the lappet of his coat. come along. so the bishop of carisbury walked up the high street of cullerne with a bottle of whisky under his left arm. but no one could see that, because it was hid under his coat; they only saw that he had his right arm inside mr sharnalls. some thought this an act of christian condescension, but others praised the times that were past; bishops were losing caste, they said, and it was a sad day for the church when they were found associating openly with persons so manifestly their inferiors. we must see more of each other, the bishop said, as they walked under the arcade in front of the shops. you must get out of this quag somehow. you cant expect to do it all at once, but we must make a beginning. i have taken away your temptation under my coat, and you must make a start from this minute; you must make me a promise now. i have to be in cullerne again in six days time, and will come and see you. you must promise me not to touch anything for these six days, and you must drive the top of it. despite all the effort they went to, and despite all the co operation shown by his demeanour seemed very forced and hard to believe. so one of the gentlemen asked the other to grant him a short time while he put in position by himself, but even that did nothing to make it better. in the end they left in a position that was far from the best of the ones they had tried so far. then one of the gentlemen opened his frock coat and from a sheath hanging on a belt stretched across his waistcoat he withdrew a long, thin, double edged butchers knife which he held up in the light to test its sharpness. the repulsive courtesies began once again, one of them passed the knife over to the other, who then passed it back over to the first. now knew it would be his duty to take the knife as it passed from hand to hand above him and thrust it into himself. but he did not do it, instead he twisted his neck, which was still free, and looked around. he was not able to show his full worth, was not able to take all the work from the official bodies, he lacked the rest of the strength he needed and this final shortcoming was the fault of whoever had denied it to him. as he looked round, he saw the top floor of the building next to the quarry. he saw how a light flickered on and the two halves of a window opened out, somebody, made weak and thin by the height and the distance, leant suddenly far out from it and stretched his arms out even further. who was that a friend a good person somebody who was taking part somebody who wanted to help was he alone was it everyone would anyone help were there objections that had been forgotten there must have been some. the logic cannot be refuted, but someone way. you know that he was in his youth a soldier, and his very piety is rough i might almost say warlike. if we had yielded to his views, and if our head man obedianus had not supported me, we should not have had a single picture in the church, and it would have looked like a barn rather than a house of prayer. we never have understood each other, and since i opposed his wish of making polykarp a priest, and sent the boy to learn of the sculptor thalassius for even as a child he drew better than many masters in these wretched days that produce no great artists since then, i say, he speaks of me as if i were a heathen and yet he esteems you highly, that i know, interrupted dame dorothea. i fully return his good opinion, replied petrus, and it is no ordinary matter that estranges. he thinks that he only holds the true faith, and ought to fight for it; he calls all artistic work a heathen abomination; he never felt the purifying influence of the beautiful, and regards all pictures and statues as tending to idolatry. still he allows himself to admire polykarps figures of angels and the good shepherd, but the lions put the old warrior in a rage. accursed idols and works of the devil, are what he calls them. but there were lions even in the temple of solomon, cried dorothea. i urged that,