A refined nature would have behaved better and perhaps have suffered less. Maurice was not intellectual, nor religious, nor had he that strange solace of self-pity that is granted to some. Except on one point his temperament was normal, and he behaved as would the average man who after two years of happiness had been betrayed by his wife. It was nothing to him that Nature had caught up this dropped stitch in order to continue her pattern. While he had love he had kept reason. Now he saw Clive’s change as treachery and Ada as its cause, and returned in a few hours to the abyss where he had wandered as a boy.

After this explosion, his career went forward. He caught the usual train to town, to earn and spend money in the old manner; he read the old papers and discussed strikes and the divorce laws with his friends. At first he was proud of his self-control: did not he hold Clive’s reputation in the hollow of his hand? But he grew more bitter, he wished that he had shouted while he had the strength and smashed down this front of lies, What if he too were involved? His family, his position in society - they had been nothing to him for years, He was an outlaw in disguise. Perhaps among those who t00k to the greenwood in old time there had been two men like himself - two. At times he entertained the dream. Two men can defy the world.

Yes: the heart of his agony would be loneliness. He took time to realize his, being slow The incestuous jealousy, the mortification, the rage at his past obtuseness these might pass, and having done much arm they did pass. Memories of Clive might pass. But the loneliness remained. He would wake and gasp ‘l've no onel” or “Oh Christ, what a world!” Clive took to visiting him in dreams. He knew there was no one, but Clive, smiling in his sweet way, said ‘l'm genuine this time,” to torture him. Once he had a dream about the dream of the face and the voice, a dream about it, no nearer. Also old dreams of the other sort, that tried to disintegrate him. Days followed nights. An immense silence, as of death, encircled the young man, and as he was going up to town one morning it struck him that he really was

dead. What was the use of money-grubbing, eating and playing games? That was all he did or had ever done.

“Life's a damn poor show,” he exclaimed, crumpling up the Daily Telegraph.

“The other occupants of the carriage who liked him began to laugh.

“I’d jump out of the window for two pence."

Having spoken, he began to contemplate suicide. There was nothing to deter him. He had no initial fear of death, and no sense of a world beyond it, nor did he mind disgracing his family. He knew that loneliness was poisoning him, so that he grew viler as well as more unhappy. Under these circumstances might he not cease? He began to compare ways and means, and would have shot himself but for an

unexpected event, This event was the illness and death of his grand- father, which induced a new state of mind.

Meanwhile, he had received letters from Clive, but they always contained the sentence, \*We had better not meet just yet. He grasped the situation now — his friend would do anything for him except be

with him; it had been thus ever since he first illness, and on these lines he was offered friendship in the future, Maurice did not cease to love, but his heart had been broken; he never had wild thoughts of

winning Clive back. What he grasped he grasped with a firmness thatthe refined might envy, and suffered up to the hilt.

He answered these letters, oddly sincere. He still wrote what was true, and confided chat he was unbearably lonely and should blow out his brains before the year ended. But he wrote without emotion. It was more a tribute to their heroic past, and accepted by Durham as such. His replies were unemotional also, and it was plain that, however much help he was given and however hard he tried, he could no longer penetrate into Maurice's mind.

Edward Morgan Forster, *Maurice* ( 1971- written circa 1913))