

there were, and I among them, I one of them.

Yet even so I strove. I aped their cunning, their avarice, their folly; in the end I became head of them.

And now—yes, now at last! the iron rod was in my hand. I raised it to smite—when, lo!

In my struggles I had almost forgotten the Faces. One of them was gazing at me between the eyes.

Yet this time came no merciful swoon to my relief. Conscious of the horror I stood, gasping; while he, no longer an elusive phantom, but real, positive, awful, shot the dreadful pain, the paralysing fear, through

every tiniest path of my who'e being.

Then the supreme, the unutterable pang—and blackness—blackness—blackness.

I came to myself. My quiet friend stood smiling by me.

“Well!”—his soft voice wooed my sense to life—“how do you like the vision?”

I was still shaking, sweating, shrivel ed by the terror of it all.

“You were wise.” I replied, “did you call the name of it Death?”

“Nay!” he answered, with grave sorrow in his eyes, “methinks its name is Life.”

