

blow of the hand. One hand lies on the arm of the chair, it is white and small like a woman's or a child's; yet is it not the hand that has struck down Christ and the Saints, and cast blood upon the shrines of God? Is it not the hand of Cain who slew his brother?

And now, O assassin, since such thou art, strike home! It is thy turn now. Thou hast waited and watched on wearily for this—thou hast prayed madly to God and to our Lady of Hate that this moment might come—and lo! the Lord has put thine enemy, the enemy of thee and of thy kind, into thine hand. Kill, kill, kill! This is Napoleon, whose spirit has gone forth like Cain's to blight and make bloody the happy homes of earth, who has wandered from east to west knee deep in blood, who has set on every land his seal of flame, who has cast on every field, where once the white wheat grew, the bones of Famine and the ashes of Fire. Remember D'Enghien, Pichegru, Palm; and kill. Remember Jena, Eylau; and kill. Dost thou hesitate? Then remember Moscow! Remember the Beresina, choked up with its forty thousand dead! Remember the thousands upon thousands sleeping in the great snows!—and kill, kill, kill!

Dost thou doubt that this is he, that thou hesitatest so long? Thy face is tortured, and thy hand trembles, and thy soul is faint. Thou camest hither to behold a Shadow, an Image, a thing like that Form of black marble set up as a symbol in the dark earth. Far away the Emperor seemed colossal, unreal, inhuman: a portent with the likeness of a fiend. To that thou didst creep, thinking to grapple with the Execrable. And now thou art disarmed, because thou seest only a poor pale weary *Man*!

Think of thy weary nights and famished days; and kill. Think of the darkness that has come upon thy life, of the sorrow that has separated thee from all thou lovest best—think, too, of the millions who have cried even as sheep driven to the slaughter; and kill. He had no pity; do thou have none. Remember, it is this one life against the peace and happiness of Earth. Obliterate this creature and Man perhaps is saved. If he awakens again, war will awaken—Fire, Famine, and Slaughter, will awaken too. Kill, kill!

The sleeper stirs once more, his glazed eyes half open