

groaned in the spirit by reason of that calm, while a mighty star like a roaring glacier tumbling into some vast cañon, broke the stillness, as it streamed away to fall upon the rivers and fountains of water that shimmered by reason of its golden light as it rushed below; and then a darkness such as of an hour before a dawn, settled and blotted out the vision like a curtain falling before a hushed, thrilled audience.

Turning, those arrayed in white robes saw again the vast bridge span stretching before them, and below there arose a smoke, which darkened the spaces and the earth seemed burning as with fire, yet was not consumed.

The smoke ascended from the bottomless pit, opened by one of the gods of Zeus, who hath a name written in the Hebrew tongue, called Abaddon, known to Zeus and Zenophon as Apollos the beautiful, ever young, therefore remaining "Unto this last," and whose hair was ever flowing in the winds as the hair of women.

He thus addressed the destroyers: "To you I am known as Abaddon and Apollos. I never die. I remain unto the end, and now take my place upon the stage which