

consciences with the apology of inherited vice. They must believe the real reason for once."

"The real reason," Arnold heard himself stammer. It was his own voice, but it seemed the speaker was very far away.

"The real reason is that our so-called 'civilization' is our Menace. And will be our Destroyer. Unless, like Frankenstein, man who created it, destroys it. . . . This is only another of God's warnings. He is very tired of these human folk who will not be men. . . . And He is very tired of warning them, too. Unless they listen soon, He will destroy.

"That is why You had to be sacrificed. It was necessary that so-called Civilization should drag down a man meant to be good and force him to do evil. A man whose antecedents would defy all such petty little excuses as heredity, environment, original sin . . . a man whose ancestry was stainless and whose mind and body were clean and strong; a man who might have been a minister of the gospel; had he been let alone,—or a millionaire; had he desired to do things for himself and let the world go hang.

"But too many of the weak and helpless and ignorant and hungry had been sacrificed in previous warnings,—and to what end? It was too easy for them to fall, too brutally easy for so-called Civilization to kick them while they were down. And to satisfy its virtuous Self it was doing the virtuous thing.

"So somebody had to be sacrificed who hadn't any of the mob's ugly little reasons for rebellion? Who wasn't hungry or poor or envious,—who wasn't any of the ugly little things that make hate.

"And it had to be a man who didn't need money for himself. Who didn't want money at all if he must get it in the ugly little 'honest' ways a virtuous civilization applauds. A man who believed that when he wasn't helping, he was hurting.

"And, above all, a man who would finally come before the Law, and stand his trial, and show that it was helping that