

we are beaten and drenched and buffeted and driven hard against that cold, blue surface. And the ragged edges of the rocks make bruises on our foreheads.

Some days we become exceeding weary with looking at the great blank wall—and with having looked at it already for many a day, and many a day.

"It is so high and so thick," I say.

"It is so long," says my friend Annabel Lee.

To all appearances we have gone as far upon the road as we ever can go. We can not get over the wall of blue stones—and we can not walk round—and we can not go through. There is nothing to indicate that it will ever be removed.

The field for conjecture as to what lies on the other side of the road is so vast that we do not venture to conjecture.

But we have talked often and madly of the wall itself.