

WHERE THE PATH BREAKS

CHAPTER I

IN dim twilight a spark of life glittered, glinted like a bit of mica catching the sun, on a vast face of gray cliff above a dead gray sea. There was nothing else in the world but the vastness and the grayness of the cliff and the sea, till the spark felt the faint thrill of warmth which gave to it the knowledge of its own life. "I am alive," the whisper stirred, far down in the depths of consciousness. Next the question came, "What am I?"

At first just that infinitesimal bright glint lived where all the rest was dead, or creation not yet begun. Then slowly the answer followed the question: "I am I. A man. I was a man. I am dead. This