



“ Sky! I am the God man ”

The scene was lonely, but not desolate. On all sides were towering hills crested with rocks and trees. Some were all aflame with golden gorse, splashed with purple patches of blooming heather, vivid against the gray-green grass; others stood in rocky grandeur, bare of any growth save the meanest scrub, or, here and there, a gaunt fir, dark against the limestone walls; in the distance rose the tallest of them all, a noble peak with graceful, grassy slopes, where chestnut trees stood formally in lines, like giant sentries marshalled in review before a court of slender, haughty poplars. Wanton, ascetic and aristocratic.

“Paradise is surely not more fair,” he cried, then added, with a growl, “nor hell more dry. One little human touch—a swinging sign before an inn—and Elysium would wither up in envy. The simplest desires are the

hardest to achieve. Here am I, without a single ambition but to drink—if I had Aladdin’s lamp this moment, I would merely ask my genie for a draught of ale!”

Surely a pathetic confession for a man who had but recently claimed himself a god!

For a few minutes he scanned the hills around, but they appeared to hold out little hope; none of them sent forth the welcoming call of cattle, nor the beckoning finger of chimney smoke. His road descended steadily for three-quarters of a mile, then seemed to turn abruptly to the right, losing itself behind a limestone tor which rose to a sheer height, almost on a level with where he stood. He growled an oath, and swung down the slope with angry speed.

Now, at the foot of the hill, the road actually split itself into two paths, one which skirted round the