

**THE GREAT GOD
PAN AND THE
INMOST LIGHT**

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The great God Pan and The Inmost Light by Arthur Machen

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ARTHUR MACHEN

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INMOST LIGHT**

THE GREAT GOD PAN





The Great God Pan
and The Inmost Light

by Arthur Machen

AUTHOR OF 'THE CHRONICLE OF
CLEMENDY,' AND TRANSLATOR
OF 'THE HEPTAMERON' AND
'LE MOYEN DE PARVENIR'

Qui ferrumpit septem, illum mordebit serpens

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THE GREAT GOD PAN.

THE EXPERIMENT.

“ I AM glad you came, Clarke ; very glad indeed. I was not sure you could spare the time.”

“ I was able to make arrangements for a few days ; things are not very lively just now. But have you no misgivings, Raymond ? Is it absolutely safe ? ”

The two men were slowly pacing the terrace in front of Dr. Raymond's house. The sun still hung above the western mountain-line, but it shone with a dull red glow that cast no shadows, and all the air was quiet ; a sweet breath came from the great wood on the hillside above, and

with it, at intervals, the soft murmuring call of the wild doves. Below, in the long lovely valley, the river wound in and out between the lonely hills and, as the sun hovered and vanished into the west, a faint mist, pure white, began to rise from the banks. Dr. Raymond turned sharply to his friend.

“Safe? Of course it is. In itself the operation is a perfectly simple one; any surgeon could do it.”

“And there is no danger at any other stage?”

“None; absolutely no physical danger whatever, I give you my word. You were always timid, Clarke, always, but you know my history. I have devoted myself to transcendental medicine for the last twenty years. I have heard myself called quack, and charlatan, and impostor, but all the while I knew I was on the

right path. Five years ago I reached the goal, and since then every day has been a preparation for what we shall do to-night."

"I should like to believe it is all true." Clarke knit his brows and looked doubtfully at Dr. Raymond. "Are you perfectly sure, Raymond, that your theory is not a phantasmagoria, — a splendid vision, certainly, but a mere vision after all?"

Dr. Raymond stopped in his walk and turned sharply. He was a middle-aged man, gaunt and thin, of a pale yellow complexion, but as he answered Clarke and faced him, there was a flush on his cheek.

"Look about you, Clarke, you see the mountain, and hill following after hill, as wave on wave, you see the woods and orchards, the field of ripe corn, and the meadows reaching to the reed-beds by the river. You see me standing here beside you, and hear my voice; but I tell you that