

I must here speak by theory alone, saying not that which I know, but that which I suppose to be most probable. The evil side of my nature, to which **I had** now transferred the stamping efficacy, was less robust and less developed than the good which I had just **deposed**. Again, in the course of my life, which had been, after all, nine tenths a life of effort, virtue and **control**, it had been much less exercised and much less exhausted. And hence, as I think, it came about that Edward Hyde was so much smaller, slighter and younger than Henry Jekyll. Even as good shone upon the countenance **of the** one, evil was written broadly and plainly on the face of the other. Evil besides (which I must still believe to be the lethal **side of man**) had left on that body an imprint of deformity and decay. And yet when I looked upon **that** ugly idol in the glass, I was conscious of no repugnance, rather of a leap of welcome. This, too, was myself. It **seemed** natural and human. In my eyes it bore a livelier image of the spirit, it seemed more express and single, than the imperfect and divided countenance I had been hitherto accustomed to call mine. And in so far I was doubtless right. I have observed that when I wore the semblance of Edward Hyde, none could come near to me at first without a visible misgiving of the flesh. This, as I take it, was because all **human** beings, as we meet them, are commingled out of good and evil: and Edward Hyde, alone in the ranks of mankind, was pure evil.