

is obvious that these attractive qualities are not sufficient by themselves to secure the entire approval of the recording angel. For the time certainly comes when it is better to cease making vague and cheerful plans, and indeed scrutinizing the future at all, but to take hold of the present and without further pause begin doing something with it. And if the psychologist in his sour way tells us that a man of forty ought to have done that long ago, it is impossible wholly to disagree with him.

Edward Heaton found himself so much in accord with the sour psychologist that as he finished dressing he made some excellent resolutions, such as he often did when he looked cheerfully forth on the morning of another day, and this rather unpleasant reminder in the fact that he was indubitably forty put an edge on to the steel with which he prepared to carve himself into the immediate future. He told himself that, though he felt young enough (and in matter of physical and artistic vigour was young enough), it was certainly time to give visible token of the reality of his powers, and set to work without delay. There, below his bedroom window, was the roof of his arena, the studio in which he had so many delightful little gatherings, which grouped themselves round different sketches of his, in each of which, when he began it, he divined a potential masterpiece. There they stood, some slightly dirty, some even a little faded, some still not yet quite dry,