

Certainly his face looked as if it was not yet within sight of the total of the days that had passed over it : it might easily have belonged to a man who was his junior by ten years, and you would not have been in the least surprised to hear that he was but thirty. Something of the elasticity of youth still lingered on it : the eyes, set rather far apart, were quite unwrinkled at their outer corners, and in them there still lurked the sparkle of early manhood. As yet there was no slackness or droop about his mouth or the lines of his chin, and the oval from ear to ear was lean and well defined. His hair, thick and uncompromisingly wiry, was still untouched with grey, and his whole head, carried very erect, was young and vigorous. His face, it may be added, did not boast a single feature approaching distinction of any kind, but it was an extraordinarily pleasant one, and would certainly do very well for a man of forty, since there is no harm, even at that mature epoch, in any one, man or woman, appearing a good deal younger than he is, and so candidly amiable.

Edward Heaton's face was a very faithful incarnation of his mind, but whereas no physiognomist can seriously object to a man of forty looking like a man of thirty, the psychologist must be listened to with respect, if he tells us that a man of forty ought not to have the mind of a man of thirty. Mental youth, elasticity, the power of looking forward and planning eagerly are very excellent things in their way, but it