

possibilities fashioned by men without, by which our achievement or failure shall be counted. In such a community there is room for the Joseph Watts, and the Christopher Masters, for Paul Arringtons, and Max Astons. Not all are called to one pattern or one law of life; the accident of birth has no impassable barriers here. The motive and not the deed is the real touchstone of achievement, for to achieve unworthily is to deny the inner self which is akin to Life itself.

It is to the hidden mysterious self the Spring calls with clarion voice. To rose, to oak, to wind-tossed pine, to bird, to man, calls to an awakening, for the fulfilment of the Life within, each in its own order, since there is room on God's earth for all.

All else but the fulfilment of ourselves is but the husk of things, by which we are deceived and blinded, till we lose ourselves in vain endeavour to fulfil that which is and must be stranger to us, purposes of man at war with our souls. Such thoughts filtered through Anne's mind and she slowly passed from them into the blissful hour of union with the mother of all. Set free for the timeless space of one minute from the trammels of personality into the real self that *was* her in the mind of the Eternal Purpose. From such a moment she awoke to new vigour and new understanding, new and humble awe, of the vastness of Life under her little comprehension.

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Up the glade there came a man walking with a quick step and alert eyes. Anne saw him and made no movement. She just sat still as a purpose came to her, straining the silence almost to breaking point.

He saw her and came across the dusty brown carpet, and sat down by her in silence too. In the stillness the spell that had held Anne so enthralled descended again. She heard again the rushing pulse of Life, the voice