building up of plan, in all the time, as now, of creation, whence comes the impetus, what are the guides that govern and control the work?

To Stone it seems that in the preparation stage, his employer takes little trouble, never worries, never urges himself to concentrated effort. He is like a man labouring in darkness below the ground, knowing intuitively that as he mines and quarries he is never far from the right line. An inner sense, some latent adjustment had served him, would always serve him. Long use had made him easy as he toiled thus in the dark-in the vast thought-cavern filled with the débris of dead thought: the confused rubbish heaps left by other men's work. And he seemed to know when the cavern walls were wearing thin. Here the drill again: here the pick again: such little blows against the prison walls—the mountain walls of immemorial ignorance—tap, tap, tap—thinner, thinner. He knows. Then "Stand back!" A last shower of crumbling rubbish, and the light pours in-the good light of day. Never again will men be held in this thought-prison.

But outwardly, it is nothing at all. A quiet, painstaking man muddling over trifles: a kind old man not particularly quick, although possessed of much simple shrewdness; astonishingly facile in conviction, apparently; respectful to the opinion of others; really, perhaps, attaching no more importance to the opinion of a man of science than to the opinion of a cab-

driver.

"Stone, I wonder if old Kendrick was right about the snake bite and motor reflexes? The dear old boy was so mighty confident that no one ever seems to have questioned him," and he looks round and smiles benignly at his assistants. "I have wondered about it before. I believe I made a note once. Stone, I do wish you would hunt out that note for me."

Then the storehouse is visited; the orderly storehouse is explored; the necessary portfolio is brought forth, and the note

is found.

"Sixty-three! Bless me! As long ago as that?" and Mr Burgoyne reads the note. "Quite insufficient evidence. Com-