the largest picture in the collection: portrait of a thin, bent man—who stands bareheaded, and, wrapped in his long cloak, holds a slouch hat in hidden hands as he looks upon his friend with a wonderful, enigmatical, yet most kindly smile.

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Leaning forward in his big chair, when that tiresome morning's post is done with, the owner of the room scribbles, in pencil nearly always; or, leaning back in the chair, he dictates. This is the settled method of production. Mr Stone transcribes the pencilled writing; Mrs Burgoyne takes the dictation. Then the master works upon the clean manuscript; then it is typewritten by Miss Gregory, spinster cousin of the vicar, down in the village; then the master works again on the typed copy—and then the little stream of gold is there. So small—matter for one printed page a good day's work. It seems impossible that thus—so little in a day—he yet can build his monument of precious metal.

In the order of the hours, correction comes first and then, production; the typed matter, then the manuscript, then the scrape of the marvellous pencil, or the grave, slow tones of the word-weighing yet inspired voice.

There are rare days when the pencil flies, driving on fast, filling the small sheets, four, five, six of them, ere it stops abruptly—the gold flowing out in a molten, rapid stream. But such days are very rare. What Stone has learned to look for is so little, so very little, that every time he thinks of it his wonder deepens. Can it be that thus are built such monuments?

Stone thinks of it and speaks of it to Wren again and again. As he stoops over his desk busily transcribing, or verifying the references, or sorting out and tabulating the vast mass of collected data from which are drawn those footnotes to each printed page of the completed books, he is filled with the wonder of the work itself. How is it done? Measuring the greater by the less, comparing such work with common work, bow best might one form a clear conception of the process by which day after day in this silent room the work goes on? Through all the months of preparation, throughout the long