

courage. Thomas Stevenson espoused the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman, a charming lady whose son is worthy of her simply because he resembles her. As he was an only child, it was but natural that his father should desire to train him up for the profession which was the family's inheritance, and seemed to be its mission as well. But at an early age the boy gave "promise of a disappointment." When but three and a half years old the instinct for composition began to stir within him. His father was absent from home, and his little son dictated a long letter to him, setting forth among other things that he had seen a bird's nest, "and how nice it was for there to be pretty eggies in it for the wee birdies to eat!" At six his uncle offered prizes among the youngsters of his family for histories of Moses. Robert, Bible-taught, was full of Moses and very anxious to contribute and win a prize, but how could he when he was unable to write? His mother came to his rescue by acting as amanuensis. Soon afterward, when he had learned to wield a pen, he wrote a history of Joseph, and a very creditable history it was for so small a boy. Both compositions were illustrated by his pencil, his ancient Hebrew subjects disporting garments much resembling those of modern Scotchmen. He was delicate from birth, often ill, and while yet very young manifested consumptive tendencies, which later assumed the fibroid form of pulmonary disease. When a boy it often became necessary to seek milder skies than those of rugged Scotland, and so long visits were paid to Southern Europe; upon scenes then stamped on his impressionable mind he has drawn in writing many of his stories. At twelve he went through the Brenner Pass in the Tyrol; we have the impression transcribed in "Will o' the Mill." He has always been fond of long tramps, and before his health became seriously impaired was able to cover five miles in an hour. He several times tried to get over a mile in ten minutes, but could never manage it. On one of his tramps so fascinating was the scenery before him that he made an inconsiderately long detour. To regain home required an exertion under which he came near sinking. This bit of experience was in his mind when he came to describing David Balfour's utterly fagged out state as a fugitive in "Kidnapped." Ill-health has placed bounds to a natural activity which would delight in the whole round of out-door sports. Caution restrains him to quiet, unextended walks; to sailing, with just a little rowing now and then on calm water. Once in Switzerland, he was so delighted with coasting as to over-exert himself at it, and bring on the first of his hemorrhages.

With such unavoidable interruption as illness occasioned, Master Stevenson received an excellent education. At school it was his invariable practice to start a manuscript magazine among the boys, always contributing a story to it himself. His compulsion to write grew stronger and stronger upon him, but his talent came to the birth neither soon nor easily. In "Memories and Portraits" he says:—"All through my boyhood and youth I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler; and yet I was always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write. I kept always two books in my pocket, one to read, one to write in. As I walked my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words; when I sat by the roadside, I would either read, or a pencil and a penny version-book would be in my hand, to note down the features of the scene or commemorate some halting stanzas. Thus I lived with words. And what I thus wrote was for no ulterior use, it was written consciously for practice. It was not so much that I wished to be an author (though I wished that too) as that I had vowed that I would learn to write. That was a proficiency that tempted me; and I practised to acquire it, as men learn to whittle, in a wager with myself. Description was the principal field of my exercise; for to any one with senses there is always something worth describing, and town and country are but one continuous subject. But I worked in other ways also, often accompanied my walks with dramatic dialogues, in which I played many parts; and often exercised myself in writing down conversations from memory."

When sixteen he wrote an account of the Pentland Rising, which so pleased his father that he had it printed for private circulation. His father—good man—was so convinced that dioptric lights and mathematical investigations into the propagation of waves were among the chief ends of man, perhaps the chiefest of a Stevenson, that the evidences of his son's ambition were quietly blinked. On went the work of preparing the youth for the profession passionately beloved of his father. Harbours and light-houses in construction were visited, and Robert was given tasks in a carpenter's shop and a brass foundry. Incidentally he was brought to ship-yards for such knowledge as circulates in their tarry air. It soon became clear that his heart was in none of these things. One evening his father and he had it out, and he acknowledged that he cared for nothing but literature. "That's no profession," said his father, "but you may be called to the bar if you choose." So, at the age of twenty-one, he began to study law, not however to the abandonment of his pen. His pen was soon to prove full inheritance of his father's constructive genius, but the gift was to be applied elsewhere than on brawling reefs and sea-coasts. In 1873, when in London, Mr. Sidney Colvin saw some of his work and at once recognized its power and promise. He introduced the young author to the editor of the "Portfolio," in which his paper "Roads" soon appeared. A second article, written that same winter at Mentone, "Ordered South," came out in Macmillan, and is reprinted in "Virginibus Puerisque." It alone among all his writings gives a picture of the life he has led for years as an invalid, journeying from one health resort to another. "Ordered South" cost its author three months labour. He felt that he had it in him to write, but to prove it demanded inflexible persistence. His rich mine of expression was gold to be sure, but when did ever mine yield its treasure, smelted, refined and minted?

A legal career abandoned for letters, Mr. Stevenson began work with an earnest industry only limited by his precarious health. Whilst staying at the Burford Bridge inn, where he went to be near his friend, George Meredith, he made a study of the rascal-hero, Villon, reprinted in "Men and Books." His subject inspired him to write concurrently one of his strongest short stories, "A Lodging for the Night." Here he began the first "New Arabian Nights," continuing them through five months of travel which included sojourns in London, Edinburgh, Paris, Barbizon and Le Monastier. This last place came in during his tour in the Cevennes, described in his "Travels with a Donkey," an exquisite little book, entertaining, sprightly and philosophic. He gives us his motive for the tour quite candidly:—

"Why any one should desire to visit either Luc or Cheylard is more than my much-inventing spirit can suppose. For my part I travel not to go anywhere, but to go, I travel for travel's sake. The great affair is to move; to feel the needs and hitches of our life more nearly; to come down off this feather-bed of civilization and find the globe granite underfoot and strewn with cutting flints."

His travels in the Cevennes concluded, his little donkey Modestine sold and paid for, our author found himself greatly invigorated for his work. That autumn and the following winter he wrote "Providence and the Guitar," and the "Inland Voyage." "The Pavilion on the Links" was next commenced in London, to be finished during his first visit to America in 1880. Whilst in California an event occurred which, let us hope, may yet induce him to take up his permanent abode within the wide latitudes of America. This event was his marriage to Mrs. Osbourne, *née* Van De Grift. This gifted lady was born in Indianapolis during Mr. Beecher's pastorate there, and was baptized by him. Her literary talent has enabled her to give her husband invaluable aid as collaborator. An office within recent months also bestowed upon her son, Mr. S. Lloyd Osbourne.

(To be continued.)

Some people never pay anything but visits to their relatives.



MR. HARRY LEE, of the Hamilton Yacht Club, has purchased the cutter Vera, of Port Dover. She is a fine cruising yacht of 30 feet l. w. l., and was built for Mr. Ball, of Port Dover, in 1884, from a design by A. Cary Smith, of New York.

PETERSON TO ROW HANLAN.—Arrangements are being made for a single scull race between Henry Peterson, of Salt Lake City, the Pacific Coast champion, and Ed. Hanlan, who is now in San Francisco. Peterson's friends have already put up \$2,500, and the chances are the race will come off at Garfield Beach about Aug. 1.

BASEBALL is getting to be all the rage in Cuba. At the last game in Havana the attendance was 9,000. The Spaniards never used to patronise any other sport than bull fighting, but now they take far more interest in baseball. Leading citizens assert that baseball will kill bull fighting, and a couple of years from now the latter sport will never be heard of again in the island.

DONOVAN, the winner of the Derby, has been a wonderfully good servant to his master, for as a two-year-old he won 11 races out of 13, worth over £16,000, while this season his victory in the Prince of Wales' Stakes at Leicester was worth £11,000, and in the Newmarket Stakes £6,000. To this must be added the £4,000 won at the Derby, and his future engagements comprise many valuable races, which, given good health, he cannot well lose.

WINNIPEG GUN CLUB.—The Winnipeg Gun Club is the senior club of the province, and was organized in March, 1884, with W. R. Hamilton, who has since removed to Montreal, as president. The original members and founders of the club were C. W. Armstrong, Frank L. Patton, W. R. Hamilton, A. Holloway, M. Putnam, F. H. Morrice and B. E. Chafey. The club has splendid practice grounds on Furby street in that city, and is in a fairly prosperous condition. Its membership list includes the following well-known sportsmen:—A. Holloway, C. W. Armstrong, S. P. Clark, F. H. Morrice, James Joss, P. A. Macdonald, T. G. Poyntz, R. Girdlestone, H. M. Williams, B. L. Chafey, R. A. Rutten, F. L. Patton, H. J. Eberts, G. W. Allan, T. Howard Wright, H. M. Howell, A. Clarke, G. F. Galt, G. Andrew, H. Galt, W. F. Henderson, G. T. Tempest, A. E. Richards, C. W. Graham, John Galt, C. A. Boxer, J. McL. Holliday, D. Smith, J. R. Waghorn, F. Drummond, Major Bell, M. B. Currie, W. A. Thompson and G. D. Wood.

WHAT BALL TOSSERS DO.—The profession of the baseball player never stood as high as it does to-day. There never was a time when the morals of a young man were investigated upon his seeking an engagement as to-day. The drinkers are being surely and quickly weeded from the ranks, thanks to the severe penalties that are being called for under the rules. The business has attracted a large number of college bred men, and it offers them congenial occupation with large salaries. Many ball players pursue their studies in the winter and play ball in the summer, earning enough to defray all the expenses of their education. Saunders, of the Philadelphia Club, took a course in civil engineering last winter; Gunning, of the Athletics, was in attendance at the medical school of the University of Pennsylvania; Bingham, of Harvard, is to graduate from Harvard this year; Knowlton, of the Eastern Club, is a member of the Harvard medical school; Garfield, of the Pittsburg Club, is studying at Oberlin University; Mead and Cahill, of the New Haven team, are graduates of Holy Cross College in Worcester; Tyng is a Harvard graduate, Wagenhurst comes from Princeton, and many other instances could be mentioned. Nor must the cases of Messrs. John M. Ward and James H. O'Rourke, of the New York Club, be forgotten. The former took the course of Political Science in Columbia College, and, with the latter, attended the lectures in the Yale law school, where they received their degrees of LL.B., and were afterward admitted to practice before the bar of Connecticut. Mr. Ward is undoubtedly the most intelligent ball player in the profession. He is a most prolific writer for the magazines and the press, and he has written a book on baseball, which is decidedly the best and most comprehensive of the kind ever issued.—*Boston Herald*.

SONNET.

"Oh! set me up upon the Rock that is higher than I."—*Psalms*.

Higher than I! O infinite Friend of man!
Higher than saint or seer can reach, else dark,
That silent sea on which we all embark
Rolls round the shore of Life's uncertain span.
From sin's mysterious abyss, no plan
But Thine redeems. Christ, the sole star-like hope,
Though searching eyes the wide horizon scan,
Piercing the gloom, where, that ray lost, we grope
From desert realms by unbelief attained,
Or heights by struggling human virtue gained;
Help us to climb—though never to Thy scope
In earth or heaven the creature be sustained.
Yet, echoing David's need, lift me, I cry,
To that strong Rock that higher is than I.
June, 1884.

A. C. JENNINGS.