

liver needs no gnawing any more. Heracles slays the eagle with an arrow from his resistless bow. And now the final and full reconciliation with "the deep detested sire" cannot long be delayed. Heracles again consummates it. As an expiation for the sins of Prometheus he offers the undeserved sufferings and voluntary death of a god—Chiron, "most just of the Centaurs" whom he had unwittingly wounded with a poisoned arrow and who, in the unstanched anguish of his wound, longed to find his only relief in Hades. Hermes, probably, is sent to set Prometheus free from his bonds. And now, not as once he thought merely in terms of a compact, but rather as the perfect seal of amnesty and submission he reveals the secret of that marriage which he had hidden so close and hugged to his revengeful heart so long. Voluntarily besides he assumes the weeds of penitence, a willow wreath, and in memory of his chains an iron ring. And so the chastened spirit, once so indomitably proud, stoops to be exalted, and finds its truest adornments in the badges of humility. Pain and mercy have done their perfect work upon him. Instructed by his own case, by that of Cronos and the Titans, by the sorrows ending in a far more exceeding weight of glory of Io and Heracles, he is now ready to "sing songs of victory in praise of Zeus and win wisdom altogether," of Zeus, the great world-ruler, who, though the pathways of his thought are shrouded in darkness, "subdues and reconciles all things to himself, guides to a good end, and "teaches wisdom through suffering." And so he is fit at length to take his place as a greatly worshipped power in the "harmony of Zeus," to be installed side by side with Athene and Hephæstus in the groves of Academe, and there under the headship of him who never desired aught but the perfection of mankind, and would have secured it but for the short-sighted interference of Prometheus, by one flash of momentary pain, to labour in the congenial task of the culture and civilization of humanity. What else does Zeus desire and labour for himself? Has he not deigned time and again to stoop to mortal wedlock, to mingle the vigour of his blood with the poor flow that courses in man's feeble veins for the begetting of heroes—to help "the poor creatures of a day," only a little less imperfect now than when Prometheus' short-sighted championship stereotyped their imperfection—heroes like Heracles,

"Men near to Zeus, for whom on Ida burns  
High in clear air the altar of their sire,  
In whom still pulses full the blood divine."

#### ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

The news of the death of this brilliant writer came unexpectedly, and lovers of literature will regret that no more of those marvellously

strong tales, which made his fame, will ever again appear to delight and entrance them. Robert Louis Stevenson was a Scot of the Scots, born of a family that had set up great lighthouses on the coast, and brought up in the shadow of Edinburgh Castle. Though he has written little about his native land yet she has had the best of his work, her moors, locks and mountains provided his strongest literary inspirations, and his Scotch romances of *Kidnapped*, *David Balfour* and *The Master of Ballantrae* form perhaps the author's most substantial claim to fame. Only a Scotsman could draw appreciatively the catechist, Mr. Henderland, and tell of his dealings with David Balfour. "There are two things that men should never weary of, goodness and humility; we get none too much of them in this rough world and amongst cold, proud people; but Mr. Henderland had their very speech upon his tongue, and though I was a good deal puffed up with my adventures and with having come off, as the saying is, with flying colours, yet he soon had me on my knees beside a simple poor old man, and both proud and glad to be there." And who but a Scot would quote from the shorter catechism as to "his want of original righteousness and the corruption of his whole nature?"

*The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is the story which established Stevenson's reputation on its broadest basis. It suited equally well those who enjoy a good story for its own sake, and that considerable class of readers who have far more relish for the moral side. It is a question whether the author took more pains "to point the moral or adorn the tale." Most readers will probably be struck by the impressive moral lesson more than by the wonderful art of its presentation, but Henry James perhaps comes nearest the truth when he remarks, that while "there is a genuine feeling for the perpetual moral question, a fresh sense of the difficulty of being good and the brutishness of being bad, what there is above all, is a singular ability in holding the interest." For tragedy of the kind of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, Stevenson had an "almost unholy gift," which he exercised occasionally, as in *The Master of Ballantrae*, but more especially in the strong gruesome story of *Thrawn Janet*, and the trials of the Reverend Murdoch Soulis in his moorland parish of Balweary.

*Dr. Jekyll* is often quoted as a book that met with great success and made an impression without the aid of a heroine, and Mr. Stevenson has the reputation of being heartlessly independent of the fair sex. But from the nature of many of his stories, it is not easy to find them a place. He has really no proper accommodation provided for them, as witness the case of Catriona and David Balfour in their travels. Women are not generally inclined to use