

into the house one day with a smile on his face, saying that some logs were lying partly on his ground, partly on our neighbour's, that he had drawn them over onto his, but conscience so troubled him that in desperation he had picked them up and hurled them back again.

"His first published book, 'The Revolt of Tartarus,' he wished destroyed, and did destroy all copies he could lay his hands on. As a child I stood in mute wonderment to see him tear the books and cast them from him, ruthlessly pulling them from what I thought their beautiful blue and gold covers. A prose story written later, 'The Advocate,' shared the same fate. Had my father not possessed that wonderful patience and determination characteristic of the English, he never would have been able to publish the works he did, for they represent all the little leisure, and time stolen from needful rest and recreation. Yet I know after all they were his happiest hours. I do not remember how long he was in writing 'Saul,' but 'Saul,' 'Malzah,' 'Zaph' and his hosts, were household words for many years. He wrote under conditions at times that would have been impossible to most men, for seated at a table of an evening, the family all gathered round him sewing or reading, the piano perhaps being played by one of us in an adjoining room, he wrote steadily on, utterly absorbed, lost to all surroundings. He wrote during the earliest morning hours, and loved when the house was still to write far into the night. . . .

"He was very human in his sympathies, keen to suffer or enjoy, lofty in his ideals, but not demonstrative in his affection. God in nature was a theme he loved to talk about; the future, and a future state, he thought much on, and was not altogether, at one time, quite orthodox, according to some.

"He loved Canada's beautiful maple trees, her gorgeous autumn leaves, her silent country, and the snow. Often did he climb Mount Royal to see the sun rise from its summit, and gaze on old St. Lawrence lying prone below. Returning for breakfast, he would dwell upon the glory we sleepers had lost by not following his example. The elements in commotion, a storm brewing or breaking, the starry heavens, all called forth words of rapture, and—shall I say it—if a street fight was in progress he wanted to look on; the dramatic element was too strong to be resisted. He had a violin, and so used it as to suggest the idea that it was a sort of safety valve for pent-up feeling. His love for music is shown in "Saul." He would join our little family concerts for a few moments, throwing in his rich, deep voice in rolling abandon, then would slip away again to his writings and proof-sheets.

"My father made several trips to Boston with reference to the publishing of his books, and was asked to meet some literary people at the home of the late Miss Cushman.

"How much he regretted that so much of his life had to be devoted to newspaper work I leave you to imagine. . . .

"More than 'Jephthah's Daughter,' 'Saul' was his best beloved work. His words were, and they were uttered as a prophecy—"Saul" will live long after I am dead.' Still, how often do the thoughts of inventive brains, and the rich effusions of deep hearts, go to oblivion. . . .

"I remember how sensitive he was to the praise or adverse criticism contained in reviews of his books. . . .

Highland Park, Illinois.
July 23rd, 1901.

HELEN MIDDLEMISS.