

*would* not see, set it before them so, that indeed they *must* see. All of his writings are strong and notable, and some are truly great and true, and will, I truly believe, last with the language. And to recognize what a painter, an artist, of nature he was, read this:—

“I have never seen such a night. It seemed to throw calumny in the teeth of all the painters that ever dabbled in starlight. The sky itself was of a ruddy, powerful, nameless, changing colour, dark and glossy like a serpent’s back. The stars, by innumerable millions, stuck boldly forth like lamps. The milky way was bright, like a moonlit cloud; half heaven seemed milky way. The greater luminaries shone each more clearly than a winter’s moon. Their light was dyed in every sort of colour—red, like fire; blue, like steel; green, like the tracks of sunset; and so sharply did each stand forth in its own lustre that there was no appearance of that flat, star-spangled arch we know so well in pictures, but all the hollow of heaven was once chaos of contesting luminaries—a hurly-burly of stars. Against this the hills and rugged tree-tops stood out redly dark.”

What prose writer can better that? It is as perfect in its way as a poem of Tennysons’.

He lies, now, wrapped in the flag that flew over his ship in many a happy sea-voyage among the glowing isles of the South Pacific, an English ensign, fit emblem of his patriotism, and his gypsyism. And where he lies buried, when his monument is raised, there will be a beacon mark to his beloved seamen. Yea, and his words are, and will be landmarks to many thousands, living, and as yet unborn.

What fitter end could be wished for him. ?

ALFRED ERWIN.