

he was destined to live and die an exile. Perhaps his life was really more useful, and exercised a wider and more beneficial influence than would have been possible at home; perhaps his own character developed more favourably in that atmosphere than it might have done there. In the Vailima Letters, written to Sydney Colvin, we are admitted to the privilege and pleasure of intimate acquaintance with Stevenson. We can trace the play of many diverse qualities and their union in an attractive and winning possibility. "To those about him," says Mr. Colvin, "he remained the impersonation of life and spirit, maintaining to the last the same charming gaiety as ever, the same happy eagerness in all pursuits and interests, and fulfilling without failure the words of his own prayer, 'Give us to awake with smiles, give us to labour smiling; as the sun lightens the world, so let our loving kindness make bright this house of our habitation'!"

He went to the grave at last, crowned with love and the honour that love bestows, and we gratefully join hands with the Samoan chiefs who expressed their allegiance in a visible form and ours in a figure, when they cut out for Tusitala the Road of Loving Hearts.

META PETERSON.