

stone like the martyrs where the whaups and plovers are crying! Singular that I should fulfil the Scots destiny throughout, and live a voluntary exile, and have my head filled with the blessed, beastly place all the time!"

His head *was* filled with it—it was at Vailima, with its sunny skies, soft airs, and windless days, in his ears "the pulse of the besieging sea," that he wrote—

"Blows the wind to-day and the sun and the rain are flying,
Blows the wind on the moors to-day and now
Where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are crying
My heart remembers how!

Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,
Standing stones on the vacant wine-red moor,
Hills of sheep, and the homes of the silent vanished races,
And winds, austere and pure.

Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,
Hills of home! and to hear again the call;
Hear about the graves of martyrs the peewees crying,
And hear no more at all."

As for Edinburgh, her very stones to him were dear. "I was born within the bounds of a city illustrious for her beauty, her tragic and picturesque associations, and for the credit of some of her brave sons. Writing as I do in a strange quarter of the world, and a late day of my age, I can still behold the profile of her towers and chimneys and the long train of her smoke against the sunset. I can still hear those strains of martial music that she goes to bed with, ending each day like an act of an opera to the notes of bugles It is the beautiful that I recall, the august airs of the castle on its rock, nocturnal passages of lights and trees, the sudden song of the blackbird in a suburban lane, rosy and dusky winter sunsets, the uninhabited splendours of the early dawn, the building up of the city on a misty day, house above house, spire above spire, until it was received into a sky of softly glowing clouds, and seemed to pass on and upwards, by fresh grades and roses, city beyond city, a New Jerusalem, bodily scaling heaven."

Yet how he recalls the horrors of the Edinburgh climate—"the laggard morn, the laggard day." And when he has caused unregenerate joy in the West by an unsparing criticism of the weaknesses of his native city, with what menace he turns on the rivals of Edinburgh—"I have not written a book on Glasgow yet!"

With this keen patriotism, this rooted and grounded love of country,