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Robert Louis Stevenson.

BY ALFRED ERWIN.

"The situation of the Master's grave—lay beside a chief landmark of the wilderness, a certain range of peaks, conspicuous by their design and altitude.—The Master of Ballantrae."

How aptly this description of the burial place of that keen subtle adventurer, the Master of Ballantrae, which the great romancer wrote years ago, applies now, to himself, the master of writers! So he lies now, there on the high summit of Vaea, "a place no wider than a room and flat as a table. On either side the land descends precipitously; in front lies the vast ocean and the surf-swept reefs; to the right and left, green mountains rise, densely covered with the primeval forest;"—so his son-in-law, Mr. Lloyd Osborne describes it, in a printed letter from Samoa.

It was his expressed wish to be laid there, when the Grim Destroyer, Death, had gained his inevitable victory. Not for him was the Golgotha of the roaring town, or to be laid in some city of the dead among hundred others; no—for *this* he said;

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie;
Glad did I live, and glad I die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me :—
"Here he lies where he longed to be ;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."