

the flags at Lynton flew at half-mast, because the man who had been a friend to one and all in the old town, had disappeared from the scene which he loved best on earth.

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Looking backward upon the grave-stones along the lengthening road of life, who has not felt that among the sleepers beneath these stones there is one, here or there, of whom it is quite impossible to think as dead? You may have seen them in their coffins, followed them to the grave, and watched the grass and flowers grow on the mounds above them, but still, whenever you think of them, they are in the midst of life, working, striving, forging ahead; keenly interested in many things and people; happily absorbed in living, and so integral a part of the drama of life that a world without their active presence seems unthinkable.

Sir George Newnes was one of these vivid, powerful personalities, and even as I finish this impression of his ardent life, and remember the June days when he lay in the silent room from which the floral tributes overflowed in a wide stream of living colours; or the golden sunshine when we put our last posies of roses, mignonette and wild flowers from his own hill under the high pyramid of flowers on his grave, I cannot yet believe that he has disappeared for ever.