

cient days, he himself was an embodiment of the best that they were. He was "one very parfit gentil knight." Think of the high courage with which he faced the crushing disaster of his later years, of the strenuous endeavour to meet and discharge every obligation, of the gentle courtesy that marked his whole demeanour at such a pass and see if it be not an epitome of the chivalrous and heroic. He was the demonstration of his own words

"Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!

To all the sensual world proclaim,

One crowded hour of glorious life

Is worth an age without a name."

This element of the romantic and heroic, we think, predominates in all his work. Nor do we see it, under his hands, confined only to the high born and great. Scott never told a more romantic story, nor painted a more heroic character than when in "The Heart of Midlothian," he drew the portrait of Jeannie Deans. That gracious, gentle "æ-fauld" daughter of the Covenant how she holds our love and exacts the tribute of our sympathy!

Scott has been harshly criticised for his treatment of the Covenanters in "Old Mortality," but he has compensated for his error, if error it was, in his depiction of the cowfeeder's daughter. She will rank for all time in the creations of literature with Beatrice, Cordelia, and Margaret. One cannot but remark here how singularly fortunate Scott was in his portraiture of women. Whether they were queens or peasants he appears equally happy in his treatment of them in their many moods. We are touched by the practical godliness of Jeannie Deans and moved deeply by the horror of that scene where, in her sudden frenzy, the unhappy Queen Mary, a prisoner in Loch Leven Castle, and maddened by the unfortunate allusion of her attendant, breaks forth "with a shriek wild and loud—Traitor! thou wouldst slay thy Sovereign—Call my French guards—*à moi! à moi! mes Français!*—I am beset with traitors in mine own palace—They have murdered my husband—Rescue! Rescue! for the Queen of Scotland!" She started up from her chair—her features, late so exquisitely lovely, now inflamed with the fury of frenzy and resembling those of a Bellona: "We will take the field ourself—warn the city—warn Lothian and Fife—saddle our Spanish barb—Better to die at the head of our brave Scotsmen, like our grandfather at Flodden, than of a broken heart, like our ill-starred father." (The Abbott, chap. 31.)

The art that could compass such extremes is a rare gift and its fruits will not readily be permitted to perish.

Scott's art makes its appeal very directly to the reader. There is in it but little of the suggestive and impressionistic. It is descriptive and realistic to a degree. The subtle analysis of human motives and the secret workings of the mind he concerns himself but little with. But in depicting the play of the emotions, the man in decision, and the man in action he certainly excels. For this reason, more than any other, he has gripped the mind and heart of the masses of men and will continue to do so. For one that reads Nathanael Hawthorne or George Meredith there will be found a hundred who will read Scott and his followers in the romance school. For one that "The House of the Seven Gables" or "The Egoist" will appeal to, a hundred will feel the call of Scott's "Ivanhoe" or Reade's