

Or a short graphic simile brings the scene before our eyes, as, when David Balfour says, "I stood before her like a stopped clock."

All those devices, and a certain conscious directness are, no doubt, tricks of the trade; they do not involve creative power. But creative power was not lacking in Stevenson even in his youth; it was only dormant, and in the meantime he, like Keats, had learned to write. He knew how to use his instrument. His finished work sparkles and shines like the finest product of the jeweller's art, each gem cut and polished, glowing with colour, glancing with light, and every one enhancing the beauty of the rest.

Cosmopolitan by force of circumstance and the pressure of necessity, Stevenson was at heart a true Scot—"touch me, and you shall find the thistle"—and he retained throughout life what he calls a Scottish accent of the mind. We may, therefore, be pardoned if we claim for his fellow-countrymen a more delicate appreciation of his flavour than can in the nature of things be enjoyed beyond the Scottish Border. He was not free of the national self-consciousness, and his Scotch accent of mind is quite pronounced in the account he gives of his landing at the leper settlement on Molokai. There were lepers in the boat, and two Sisters of Mercy, who had devoted their lives to the work of nursing the sufferers from that loathsome disease. He writes, "I do not know how it would have been with me had the Sisters not been there. My horror of the horrible is about my weakest point, but the moral loveliness at my elbow blotted all else out, and when I found that one of them was crying, poor soul, quietly under her veil, I cried a little myself; then I felt as right as a trivet, only a little crushed to be there so uselessly I turned round to her and said something like this: 'Ladies, God Himself is here to give you welcome—I'm sure it is good for me to be beside you, and I hope it will be blessed to me. I thank you for myself, and the good you do me' I made my speech partly because I was ashamed to do so, and remembered one of my golden rules, 'When you are ashamed to speak, speak up at once.' But, mind you, that rule is only golden with strangers; with your own folks there are other considerations." I am sure this confession finds an echo in every Scottish heart.

Theology and metaphysics, the ideal Scottish pursuits, were in him qualified by wide toleration and sympathy and an acute sense of the actual, but the passion of patriotism was of the keenest; and I understand that to realize the poignancy of the longing to which he gives expression, you must yourself be an exile from the "grey huddle of hills." He calls it a wrench even to be buried under alien sod. "If I could only be buried in the hills under the heather and a table tomb-