

**STEVENSON
DAY BY DAY**

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Stevenson Day by Day by Robert Louis Stevenson & Florence L. Tucker

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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON & FLORENCE L. TUCKER

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Caroline P. Campbell
from her fellow Reviewers
M. G. F.

Nov. 20th 1911

A STEVENSON CALENDAR

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Request of
Mrs James Hamilton Campbell
1.25.22

. . . Those he loves that underprop
With daily virtues heaven's top,
And bear the falling sky with ease,
Unfrowning caryatides.

Our Lady of the Snows.



PREFATORY NOTE

∴

WE on this side the water think of Robert Louis Stevenson oftenest, perhaps, in his island home, working — this indefatigable “idler,” as he called himself — from six o'clock in the morning until four in the afternoon; dictating with his hands when voice as well as strength failed; and when he was better, moved by a restless and superabundant energy, the last to retire at night, and the first to rise in the morning. There is something peculiarly appealing in this isolation, as we fancy the lonely exile pacing through his nightly walk in the unlighted darkness while all of his household slept, and rising in the dusk of the Samoan morning with no cheerful, stirring sound of life to greet him but the monotonous chirp of a single lone bird.

It touches us like the recollection of the sleepless nights he tells of in *Nuits Blanches*, when the delicate child was held up by his faithful nurse to look out at the window, while together they wondered if in other houses little children were

wakeful; and again and again he asked, "When will the carts come in?"

Though he worked on faithfully and cheerfully to the very last, finding interest in the strange peoples about him, and sending back his messages to the world he had bidden farewell, we think his brave spirit must have sometimes cried out in that long night of banishment, "When will the carts come in?"

And thinking of him thus, our affection goes out to him even as before that fateful December day at Valaima and the making of the lonely grave on Mount Vaea; and there has been gathered here certain of his sayings into a sort of little storehouse of loving memory. The moral reflections dropped by the way are the personal side of a man, and as much as any known writer Stevenson has been loved for his personality. This little volume has been compiled for his friends—the selections are such as would be the remarks made in conversation with spirits congenial and sympathetic, and so appeal to every one alike; each has the same message for all, each is the word of cherished recollection.

F. L. T.

ATLANTA, GA.