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Stevenson's Undaunted Faith

Alice Brown
The barrow episode was printed in 1891, and *Tess* was published in three volumes in the same year. Stevenson's *Uma*, however, appeared in 1892. Perhaps the impression of simultaneousness lodged in Stevenson's memory because Hardy's "The Pursuit of the Well-Beloved" appeared in the *Illustrated London News* in 1892, following Stevenson's story after a gap of only a few weeks in September.

In any case, the four-dot gap in Sidney Colvin's version of the R. L. S. letter to Barrie is now filled.

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**STEWONSON'S UNDAUNTED FAITH**  
**By Alice Brown**

*What did Stevenson believe?... To him, life was evidently the heroic blazonry of the captain who stands unblenching on the bridge, knowing the fire smoulders below, and inwardly sworn to ward off panic till the hour of help... *Pulvis et Umbra*, the one dark confession of his life, girds us anew for the fray. For through its very gloom, he proves himself a man like as we are, a man who shrank and then trod firmer yet. No such picture exists of world-making and destruction, of the things that breed and die, of hand to hand conflict doomed always to end in dissolution. The strangeness of it all, and stranger still that man should strive! That he should live even spasmodically for others, should struggle to be cleanly, forego delight! Seen in despairing mood, the whole scheme becomes a hideous, swarming phantasm of life, breaking every instant into rotting death. Then having made that most tragic avowal, he can add:  

"Let it be enough for faith that the whole creation*  

*Quoted by special permission of Miss Alice Brown, from *Robert Louis Stevenson: A Study* by A. B., with a Prelude and a Postlude by L.I.G.—Boston: Copeland & Day, 1895... 250 copies printed, May 1895, by the Heintzemann Press, Boston.
groans in mortal frailty, strives with unconquerable con-

stancy; surely not all in vain.”

It is a shallow hopefulness that would escape the vision of decay. “If life be hard for such resolute and pious spirits, it is harder still for us, had we the wit to understand it.”

But though we join the cry of lamentation, we must in honor swell the response of hope. That Stevenson could hold up his head and troll his careless ditties to the sun, after that Miserere of the soul, opens the mind like a flower to the possibilities of humanregnancy. One man has looked hell in the face and stayed undaunted. One man has peered over the gulf where suns are swinging and unmade stars light up the dusk, and yet retained the happy sanity of our common life. He returned from his Tartarean journey lifting to the unseen heaven the great, glad cry of ultimate obedience. Therefore will we not despair, nor wish one thorn the less had sprung before his feet. We are the stronger for his pain; his long conflict helps to make our calm. For very shame, we dare not skulk nor loiter now; and whither Stevenson has gone, there do we in our poor, halting fashion seek the way.

HARDY’S DEFFERENCE TO HIS PUBLISHERS

By Carl J. Weber

SIXTEEN months after Stevenson’s declaration to Barrie, “Surely these editor people are wrong,” Thomas Hardy commented in very similar language on the same sort of experience. Stevenson retained a memory of “the slashed and gaping ruins” of his manuscript. But just as his memory proves, on examination, to be inaccurate, so Hardy’s remarks—if they are correctly reported—exhibit a similar unreliability. Since these remarks have, so far as I know, never received any attention in all the fifty years