

And yet it is just in such devious ways as these that Kipling is universal, and reaches deep and far into the complex heart of human life.

From the tense, anguished cry of "The Banjo,"
"By the bitter road the Younger Son must tread";—

"In the twilight on a bucket upside down
Hear me babble what the weakest won't confess, -
I am Memory and Torment—I am Town!
I am all that ever went with evening dress.'—
and the deeper groan of the "Gentlemen Rankers":

"We have done with Hope and Honour, we are lost
to Love and Truth,
We are dropping down the ladder rung by rung."—

Kipling's strong voice bears us onward through the tears and travail of it all, upward, hopeful, glad and loud, till it ends in that grand paean of the Empire Builder: "The Young Queen":

"She came to the Old Queen's presence in the Hall
of Our Thousand Years—

In the Hall of the Five Free Nations, that are peers
among their peers;

Royal she gave the greeting, loyal she bowed the
head,

Crying: "Crown me, my Mother"—and the old
Queen stood and said:—"

And this far-reaching, leader, voice, is the voice
of a man not yet old.

His own work he humbly presents in this wise,
to the Great Master Workman:—

"One stone the more swings to her place
In that dread Temple of Thy worth,