

Surely, in toil or fray
Under an alien sky,
Comfort it is to say,
"Of no mean city am I."

It passes from the city to the birth-land that by closest ties of sonship to the mother country: it includes the shepherd on his hill, the ploughman drawing his furrow, the miner delving his ore, the white sails and long smoke trails on all the seas, where the swift shuttles of the great loom ply backward and forward; it embraces finally the whole congeries of thought and dream and deed which below the Northern Star and the Southern Cross make up the majestic unity of Empire of which unity the flag serves as emblem; and at every stage of development the emotions are fed by rights, by sounds, by the very scents of the East and West of land breeze and sea breeze, by all brave memories and tender associations. But Kipling's feeling of Empire is solemnized by the weight of real things and by a knowledge of the cost of Empire. The Song of the English includes, as part of the cantata the "Song of the Dead." The sea wife by the Northern Gate, who breeds her roving sons and sends them over the sea in no mood of shallow emotion; only in the depth of her own heart she is proud that her sons have indeed been men. There is a wail in Tommy's chorus as he tumbles in to the troopship and sees in imagination the large birds of prey on the far horizon, keen scented and expectant, but nevertheless Tommy falls in on the troop deck. The widow at Windsor's party is not all cakes and jam but you can't refuse the card when the widow gives the party and the end of the show is satisfactory to the Colonel:

"We broke a king, we built a road,
A courthouse stands where the regiment
 grew,
And the river's clean where the raw
 blood flowed
When the widow gave the party."

The price of admiralty is blood and
"Lord God we ha' paid it in full." But

the dreamers whose dreams were a prophecy to go forth, and leave their homes on the sand-drift, on the veldt side, in the fern-scrub still summons our gentlemen adventurers and the dead cry to us:

"Follow after, follow after, we have
 watered the root
And the bud has come to blossom that
 ripens for fruit."

It is no lust of territory or empty pride that can help us to sustain the white man's burden; we bear it because this also is the day's work appointed for us by the Master of All Workmen.

"Keep ye the law—be swift in all
 obedience,
Clear the land of evil, drive the road,
 and bridge the ford,
Make ye sure to each his own,
That he reap where he hath sown,
By the peace among our peoples let men
 know we serve the Lord."

Such is the religious feeling for Empire. Even in his earlier work, Departmental Ditties, the solemn note is struck at least once in the finest poem of the collection "The Galley Slave."

"Our women and our children toiled be-
 side us in the dark—
They died, we filed their letters and we
 heaved them to the shark—
We heaved them to the fishes, but so fast
 the galley sped
We had only time for envy for we could
 not mourn our dead."

It may be doubted whether the Society of Imperial Federation has accomplished as much for its purpose as these poems of Kipling. From the first he labored on this theme in "The Widow at Windsor" in the Atkin's dialect and he made a more express contribution to it in the "English Flag." Of the Seven Seas more than half the contents are devoted to it, for "The Merchantmen," "The Liner She's a Lady," "The Flowers" and "The Song of the Banjo," are as much poems of the British Empire as "The Song of the English" and "The Native Born." Indeed the ending of