

influence of love. In the child, as in the adult, life is the main thing. Life without love is but a semblance of life.

"For life with all its yields of joy and woe,

And hope and fear \* \* \* \*

Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love."

"The peace and the dear privacy" ascribed to the home by the poet, is dwelt upon in Ruskin's beautiful characterization:

"This is the true nature of home—it is the place of Peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home; \* \* \* But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by Household Gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love,—so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light,—shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea;—so far it vindicates the name, and fulfils the praise, of home."

### *Kipling.*

PAPER READ BEFORE THE LITERARY SOCIETY BY MR. L. E. JONES, B.A.

It is long since a morsel of verse has constituted an historical event of importance for two hemispheres; but, portance for two hemispheres; but, without exaggeration, is what certain short poems of Kipling's have been. To have something to say no doubt helps a voice to carry far and 'to attract people's attention, and Rudyard Kipling certainly has something to say and says it in no halting and hesitating manner but as he himself says "after the use of the English in straight-flung words and few." It is true that he sometimes twangs the banjo and beats the drum, and with these he has not done ignobly yet in such poems as "The Recessional" and the "Hymn before Action" has

touched the solemn organ stops and appealed to the deepest feelings of our race.

What has been described as the newness of Kipling's work is probably due to the fact that he deals in no half truths. He deals with humanity as it is and in firm dark unmistakable outline draws the "Thing as he sees it for the God of things as they are." His heroes are no idle vacuities in the shapes of men, but men of bone, blood and muscle who stand to their work and are strong. The soldier he depicts as he is, reckless defiant, bullying, swearing, heartless, brutal—but then comes the master-stroke, for how much more is the soldier than this when he responds to the call of duty, and at a word steps forward and faces death. So he draws all his characters in their ugliness, deformity and baseness and then champions them by revealing any redeeming features they may possess.

In his imperial poems Kipling has had the great good fortune to divine the moment at which some public sentiment of Imperial power is about to announce or disclose itself and then by one hour to anticipate that moment in his song. The sense of of brotherhood of the blood was stirring in many English hearts before he wrote but it was one of the native born who gave it resonant utterance. His feeling for Empire is characterized by two chief features: first, it is based securely upon concrete fact: and secondly it rises at the summit to a solemn and even religious sense of duty. It is not a flourish of rhetoric nor intoxication with a vague theory but it is rather a gathering up of his myriad observations into an ideal unity. It has its origin in "the little things a fellow cares about"; it clings much to kinship and comradeship:

"I have eaten your bread and salt,  
I have drunk your water and wine,  
The deaths ye died I have watched beside,  
And the lives that ye led were mine."

it rises to civic loyalty and pride: