

"The noblest men methinks are bred
Of ours, the Saxo-Norman race;
And in the world the noblest place,
Madam, is yours, our Queen and Head.

Your name is blown on every wind,
Your flag thro' Austral ice is borne,
And glimmers to the Northern morn
And floats in either golden Ind.

I give this faulty book to you,
For, tho' the faults be thick as dust
In vacant chambers, I can trust
Your woman's nature kind and true."

The British Empire has been extended far since Tennyson wrote these lines. The "Golden Ind" of the East has been enlarged and the British flag has been borne through and over Austral ice to within 111 miles of the South Pole. This second verse suggests Kipling at his best in "The Flag of England." Kipling sent the poem to Tennyson, and the old Laureate, then 82 years of age, sent back to him a word of praise. Note Kipling's reply: "When the private in the rank is praised by the general, he cannot presume to thank him, but he fights the better next day"—and so the enthusiasm of patriotism and of empire spreads.

Thirdly: Tennyson has left us three or four poems which are invaluable to the British people from the Imperialistic standpoint—they recall the glorious deeds of Britons in foreign parts. These are:

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington;

The Revenge;

The Defence of Lucknow; and

The Charge of the Light Brigade.

Tennyson abhorred war, he was for peace, not, however, for peace at any price, because, as he said, "peace at all price implies war at all cost"—he looked forward to and longed for the time

"When the war drum throbs no longer, and the battle flags are
furled

In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World."