

it really is amusing, and you might make believe that you are disgusted with the whole thing for the fun of hearing it. What about Kipling, and his father, mother, sisters, brothers and aunts, who have gone into literature on the strength of his fame? People who know, and whom I have heard of, who have been at Simla and elsewhere, say that Rudyard must have fallen in with a very Bohemian lot, for good society in these places is by no means what he deplets it. It would be sad indeed if it were. *The Light That Failed* is a strong book, too strong for most respectable nerves, and, while heroic in a heathen sense, without an ounce of Christianity. *The Barrack Room* and other Ballads are full of profanity, yet many teach an economic and a moral lesson. I admire Fuzzy Wuzzy in his home in the Soudan, and Tommy Atkins:

: "It's Tommy this, and Tommy that,
and Tommy how's your soul?
But it's thin red line of heroes when
the drums begin to roll."

The Ount is good, and the Road to Mandalay carries you right off into a song, a plaintive Lotus eater's song.

Tomlinson is awful, yet there are lots of Tomlinsons, cowardly wretches, neither brave enough nor fit enough for either heaven or hell. The world is full of Tomlinsons, and there are not a few in the Church. What is to be done with them? Wipe them out, I think.

By the bye, a writer in the *Montreal Gazette* gives Mr. Horatio Hale the credit of comparing the Basque with the Huron-Iroquois languages before anybody else. This is a mistake. The first to do so was M. Julien Vinson, professor in Paris. The first on American soil was the Talker, whose papers on the subject, in the *Proceedings of the Natural History Society of Montreal*, were thought so absurd by the ignorant men of that day that he was no longer asked to contribute to the same. Perhaps, Mr. Hale got his inspiration from those absurd papers. If I did not know Basque a hundred times better than some men who prate so much about it, I would hold both tongue and pen on the subject for ever. It is time to stop, for:

For children you should never let
Your angry passions rise.

