

And the lisp of the split-banana frond
That talked us to sleep when we were small"

There is magic in such verse, and he can do more than express the exile's desire for his home-land; he can put into flaming words a man's love for the land in which he dwells, no matter where that land may be. "The Native Born" is an early and rather crude example of this power of his, but in "The Flowers" we have the same idea in a much more restrained and artistic form. It shows the wonderful scope of the man that he can interpret the home-love of the Canadian, the South African, the Australian, or the New Zealander with as much force as he can that of the Old Englander. And his having found a home that he loves in Sussex has not destroyed his power to appreciate the homes of others. The beauty of this fair county has inspired him to write a lovely piece of work which has been described as a masterpiece among descriptive poems. It is called "Sussex" and like the stories and poems of the "Puck" books, reflects the author's genuine love for this goodly land.

"God gave all men all earth to love,
But, since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Beloved over all"

While Kipling surveys mankind the world over he does so not from the dubious point of view of the cosmopolitan, but from the firm vantage-point of the patriotic son of the British Empire. It is merely his due to attribute to him the chief share among men of letters in that revival of the Imperial sentiment, both in Great Britain, and in the Dominions, which has been so striking a phenomenon for several years before the present war. But for his great work during those critical times, what might have happened to us when we were tried in the fire. To have re-awakened a great people to a sense of its duties and responsibilities, to have fanned the drooping flame of an enlightened but fervent patriotism—these are achievements of which few indeed can boast. And in according to Kipling our gratitude it is not necessary to disclaim any intention of disparaging the good work performed by other great men in years past, when the Empire seemed plunged in a fatal lethargy, and men appeared to have grown indifferent or insensible to Britain's mission and destiny. Lord Tennyson, for example, has no stronger claim upon the reverence and affection of all generations of his countrymen than the fact that from time to time he set the trumpet to his lips and blew a strain whose echoes will never cease to encourage and inspire the loyalty of a nation to its higher ideals. But old and neglected truths need to be presented in a fresh garb; and abstract principles constantly need to be driven home by concrete illustrations. It has been Kipling's enviable task to bring down patriotism from the closet to the street, and to diffuse its influence among millions of his fellowmen, who had hitherto remained unimpressed. Richard Le Gallienne, in the course of an extremely unsympathetic book on Mr. Kipling's work as an artist, states that the author wallows in technical terms until he becomes veritably debauched in them. "No Engineer," he says, "was ever so technical as Mr. Kipling." "To write thus," he goes on "is as though a man should undertake to translate a Greek poem and leave three-quarters of it in Greek. I venture to think," he says, "that a ragbag of Greek or German poets and philosophers would be

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