

vivid all the emotions of every-day experience.

Perhaps his most serious fault is prodigality of production. If he could reserve his pen but for high creative work; if he could but remember Goethe's words to Eckermann that the native land of poetic powers and poetic action is the good, the noble and the beautiful; if he would not do things to order, there would be less of the ephemeral in the volumes that bear his name. His needless coarseness has so often been referred to that criticism of it has become a commonplace. This coarseness may or may not be a fault. Those who daintily turn from many of his themes, would do well to remember that tip-toeing away from the seamy side of life with averted eyes or a look of condescension, may be but a subtle form of selfishness. In this connection it is well to remember that no one has written with more *tendresse* of the ways of little children than Rudyard Kipling. If his literary hail-good-fellowship takes him into unsavory and disreputable places, he is never found dallying there. He lets us know his opinion of the man who sent Jack Barrett to Quetta; nor is there any mistaking his estimate of Anne of Austria

"Who looted first  
The little silver crucifix  
That keeps a man from harm."

If coarseness is inseparable from the Carlylean earnestness with which he exposes hypocrisy, deceit and sham, we can forgive it. Everywhere may be read the tremendous moral—whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. Righteousness with Kipling is no sentimental twaddle. His sarcasm is never surer than when it shows what the so-called philosophic religion of the teacher with the taper fingers and the very tired look in his eyes, really is.

Like every great writer, this impetuous singer, and supreme story-

teller has a style all of his own. He may ignore rules of rhetoric; he may offend against rhyme and rhythm; he may overstep the bounds of grammatical good taste; but his witchcraft of insight and unbounded fancy, united to his simplicity and directness, give unique distinction to his literary expression; and the writer of the *Jungle Books* takes rank with the unknown authors of the *Arabian Nights*, not less for the matchless interest of his stories than for their perfection of form. More than this, Kipling has given us the point of view from which to judge his own work and that of every other imaginative writer. Nowhere has the secret of the true relations between realism and idealism in art, been more gloriously uttered than in the stanzas to the *True Romance*.

"Thy face is far from this our war,  
Our call and counter-cry,  
I shall not find Thee quick and kind,  
Nor know thee till I die:  
Enough for me in dreams to see  
And touch Thy garments' hem:  
Thy feet have trod so near to God  
I may not follow them."

These are not the words of a vulgar realist; they are the words of one who is in close touch with the eternal verities.

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### O.N.C. vs. H.C.I. Senior Leaving.

The first venture of the College basketball team on foreign ground was not very successful. On Feb. 7 they met the Senior Leaving Team of the Collegiate, and were defeated by a score of 21 to 4. This however scarcely indicates the game. The chief weakness of the College was in shooting, but with a few practices they will be able to put up a hard fight. The following was the team: Defence, Reid and Saunders; centre, Brady; forwards, Jolly and Black.