

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

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Take up the White Man's burden—
Send forth the best ye breed—
Go, bind your sons to exile
To serve your captives' need;
To wait, in heavy harness,
On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child.

Take up the White Man's burden—
In patience to abide
To veil the threat of terror
And check the show of pride;
By open speech and simple,
An hundred times made plain,
To seek another's profit
And work another's gain.

Take up the White Man's burden—
The savage wars of peace—
Fill full the mouth of Famine,
And bid the sickness cease;
And when your goal is nearest
(The end for others sought)
Watch sloth and heathen folly
Bring all your hope to nought.

Take up the White Man's burden—
No iron rule of kings,
But toil of serf and sweeper—
The tale of common things,
The ports ye shall not enter,
The roads ye shall not tread,
Go, make them with your living
And mark them with your dead.

Take up the White Man's burden—
And reap his old reward—
The blame of those ye better
The hate of those ye guard—
The cry of hosts ye hurl—
(Ah, slowly!) Down the light—
'Why brought ye us from bondage,
Our loved Egyptian night?

Take up the White Man's burden—
Ye dare not stoop to less—
Nor call too loud on Freedom
To cloke your weariness.
By all ye will or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent sullen peoples
Shall weigh your God and you.

Take up the White Man's burden—
Have done with childish days—
The lightly-proffered laurel,
The easy ungrudged praise:
Comes now, to search your manhood
Through all the thankless years,
Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom
The judgment of your peers.

KIPLING VERSES.

Kipling sent Capt. Robley D. Evans
the Iowa, a set of his works, and
them these verses:

Zogbaum draws with a pencil,
And I do things with a pen,
But you sit up in a conning tower,
Bossing eight hundred men.

Zogbaum takes care of his business,
And I take care of mine;
But you take care of ten thousand
Sky-hooting through the brine.

Zogbaum can handle his shadows,
And I can handle my style,
But you can handle a ten-inch gun
To carry seven mile.

To him that hath shall be given,
And that's why these books are sent
To the man who has lived more storied
Than Zogbaum or I could invent.