

of the seas themselves—a stanza that Swinburne only might have written.

And again in "The Feet of the Young Men":

"Do you know the blackened timber, do you know  
that racing stream,  
With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end.  
And the bar of sun-warmed shingle where a man  
may bask and dream,  
To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend.  
It is there that we are going with our rods and reels  
and traces  
To a silent, smoky Indian that we know,  
To a couch of new-pulled hemlock with the star-  
light on our faces,  
For, the Red Gods call us out and we must go."

And the "Wet Litany" of the Channel Fleet in  
a fog:—

"When the waters' countenance  
Blurs 'twixt glance and second glance,  
When the tattered smokes foretun  
Ashen 'neath a silvered sun  
When the curtain of the haze  
Shuts upon our helpless ways,  
Hear the Channel Fleet at sea!  
Libera nos, domine!"

And this is Kipling in his loftier mood, the mood  
of Byron, Campbell and Scott.

But these moods are as various as "Mulvaney's"  
and wide as the excursion of "Tomlinson"—"down  
to Gehenna and up to the Throne."