

vast and teeming storehouse until the English youth discovered it to the world. Sweltering heat, fever-laden air, the stench of miasma, did not seem an atmosphere to breed contributions to literature. Superstitious natives, intriguing English officials, plain, common-place British soldiers, seemed poor material indeed out of which to weave tales to fascinate half the world. Yet that is what Kipling has done. He has shown us ruins of ancient cities and monkeys sitting in circles in the king's ancient council chamber, cholera-smitten camps, great star-lit heavens, hot moist orchids that make mouths at you, wolves with hearts of men, Indian princes and exiled British soldiers; and he has sketched both places and people with Shakespearian fidelity. He has a child's capacity for wonder. A world that was growing *passe* to dull ennuied eyes, became by the magic of his touch rejuvenated, and when much that was prosaic passed through his soul it shone resplendent with the light of old Romance.

In himself Kipling possesses the qualities that make for greatness. He has humility. He has reverence—reverence for religion, notwithstanding much that is seemingly irreverent. Deep down is a well of sympathy with the religious faith of his fathers, none the less pure and sincere because the soulless imitation of it is laid bare with withering scorn. He reverences heroism, self-sacrifice and a seeking after God wherever he has found it. He reverences woman. Why this talk of Kipling's low ideal of womanhood? He certainly has not spared the lash in castigation of certain society women who amuse themselves "playing tennis with the seventh commandment." Long may his righteous indignation continue, and heroically may he stand foursquare against all such immorality! But in Kipling's work there are glimpses of sweeter women than Mrs. Hanksbee and the Dainty Iniquity;

he has shown us women who are fitted to rank as the true life-comrades of brave strong-hearted men, women whose ambition is far other than that of "holding a salon together with their eyelashes."

Kipling has paid dearly for his popularity. He has been placed in a false position by fulsome laudation on the part of non-discriminating admirers—people who would fain make us believe that his power is without limit. He himself has uttered a protest against this sort of thing in a letter prefixed to Monkshood's "Rudyard Kipling, the Man and his work." In this letter he says: "There are so many ways in which a living man may fall from grace, that, were I you, I should be afraid to put so much enthusiasm into the abidingness of print until I was very sure of my man." Kipling has his limitations and faults. He has not the far-reaching flight of imagination that makes the very stars of heaven coigns of vantage from which these human souls of ours may view an eternity of space and time; such imagination as enabled Keats to write of the song

"that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements opening on
the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

But Kipling's imagination is strong and sound; his poetic gift is full of irresistible force; he sweeps us along with the resonant refrain—

"Oh, East is East, and West is West, and
never the twain shall meet,
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's
great judgment seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border,
nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face,
though they come from the ends of the
earth!"

Kipling may not have that power of awaking emotions hitherto beyond the sphere of consciousness, emotions which leave us awe-struck when we contemplate the tempest-tost soul of King Lear, but he has in a very high degree, the power to make real and