

the whole ending with L'Envoi. It closes with Heaven and its Artists:

"And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame ;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame ;
But each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star ;
Shall draw the thing as he sees it, for the God of Things as They Are !"

There is the keynote of Rudyard Kipling's work! It is realism, as coarse at times as Zola's worst. But, again, when he gets a true subject, as in 'McAndrew's Hymn,' with all its technicalities, his work is beautiful, almost inimitable. To draw or paint things as they are in Heaven is all right, for God's will is done there, and the things of Heaven are God's things. But here on earth, where we still pray, 'Thy Kingdom Come!' there are beas-tial things, and bad men's things, and devil's things. Draw saints as the Bible draws them, and you must put in here and there a shade of the blackness of the pit; paint sinners as it paints them, and you cannot withhold a ray of the true light of heaven. Kipling's new Barrack-Room Ballads are not up to the standard of the old. That in praise of the marines, called 'Soldier and Sailor Too,' is about the best. Others are repulsively vulgar in their ugly realism. A Song of the English is like the modernized version of an old prophet. A verse of the Song of the Cities, represents Quebec and Montreal:

"Peace is our portion. Yet a whisper rose
Foolish and causeless, half in jest, half hate.
Now wake ye, and remember mighty blows,
And, fearing no man, wait !"

This is briefly, but eloquently and most appropriately expressed.

Mulholland's Contract is excellent. He was a ship cattle-man, and made, like Jacob of old, a contract with God that, if he would bring him safely through his voyages he would glorify His holy name. Here are the last three stanzas: