

It follows the army in its marches, and rules the camp at the halt, it comforts and cheers the outcast, rejoicing at success and mocking at defeat, it plays the part of a mad but kindly sprite, always ready to sympathize

" In the silence of the camp before the fight,  
When it's good to make your will and say your prayer,  
You can hear my strumpty tumpty over night,  
Explaining ten to one was always fair.  
I'm the prophet of the utterly absurd,  
Of the patently impossible and vain —  
And when the thing that could'nt has occurred,  
Give me time to change my leg and go again."

The superior insight into scene and character of artists, of words and of the brush, over men of ordinary training, and their thankfulness that such should be the case, is set forth in the "Story of Vey," while the three volume novel is treated in analogy as the old "Three Decker," the modern and more readable production comparing to a modern steamship, which, however, may when

"Threshing, crippled with broken bridge and sail."  
See the old three decker with all her ordinary set plats

"Calm as the Flying Dutchman, from truck to trailail dressed."

The idea is an easy one and one well carried out causing us to rejoice that the old three volume is as extinct as the three decker.

One other piece before we leave the "Seven Seas"—"An American." This picture is a peculiar one, in many respects reminding us of the obnoxious Yankee set forth by Dickens. His saving points can be found if we search for them, but our general impression after reading the ballad is, that the subject of its inspiration was or is one who

" Enslaved, illegal, state,  
He greets th' embarrassed gods, nor fears  
To shake the iron hand of fate  
Or match with destiny for beers."

The picture, however, we must remember, is called "An American" and therefore those of us to whom the picture seems untrue, may at least be thankful that Americans of our acquaintance do not conform to this type.

Kipling closes the "Seven Seas" proper with the "Se trina of the Tramp Royal" when, having tried the various ways of life, he expresses himself

" It's like a book, I think, this blooming world,  
Which you can read and care for just so long,  
But presently you see that you will die,  
Unless you get the page you're reading done.

Gawd bless this world, whatever she 'ath done—  
Excep' when awful long I've found it good,  
So write, before I die, 'I liked it all.'"

We are now free to spend a few minutes with Tommy A., who first appears as a six years service man. Being discharged and not understanding how raw recruits may be accepted while "a man that is 'andled 'an made" is discharged, with no hope of return, he has determined, and with the aid of the winking sergeant manages to circumvent Her Majesty's resolutions.

I'm 'ere in a ticky ulster an' a broken billycock 'at,  
A-layin' on to the sergeant I don't know a gun from a hat;  
My shirt's doin' duty for jacket, my socks sticking out o' my boots,  
An' I'm learnin' the damned old goose-step along o' the new recruits!

Describes his method of getting "Back to the Army Again." "Soldier an' Sailor too" treats of the marines in our navy, their faults and their merits as well as their relations to their brothers ashore, typically expressed in

" We've fought 'em on Trooper, we've fought 'em in dock,  
an' drunk with 'em in returns,  
When they called us seasick scull'ry maids, and we called 'em ass marines.

But Tommy's admiration is also forthcoming, and though he admits "once in a while we can finish in style," still, he is not anxious to try, therefore does not stint his praise, knowing full well

" It makes you feel better o' you an' your friends, an' the work you may 'ave to do,  
When you think o' the sinker's Victoriars Jollies—soldier an' sailor too!  
Now there isn't no room for to say ye don't know—they 'ave proved it plain and true—  
That whether it 's Widow, or whether it 's ship—Victorier's work is to do,  
An' they done it, the Jollies—'er Majesty's Jollies—soldier an' sail or too!"