

THE friends of Rudyard Kipling in this College were glad when the news came at last that he was beginning to recover from the attack of pneumonia which has been so nearly fatal to him. With a painful interest springing from a personal regard for one whom none of us have ever seen, but whom we know and love as the greatest and most thoroughly representative poet of our time, as the giant foreshadower of the British patriotism of a coming century, and especially as the friend of our Lady of the Snows, we have fearfully watched the daily bulletins that told of his battle with the last enemy. And now that the great author is himself out of danger, we learn with sorrow that his little daughter has succumbed to the same disease that threatened him. It is impossible not to feel a reciprocal interest in one who has so identified himself with the life and aspirations of his age. Kipling is no sunset poet, illumining with a saddened lustre the close of an epoch however splendid. He is not the last poet of a decaying age. His is the inspiration of the dawn. His sympathies are not with the past but with the living present and the unborn future. With a rugged, massive strength of purpose, he leads his contemporaries forward in the direction of their own blind instinct, interpreting to them the meaning of their vague strivings and half formed aspirations. It is this intuitive grasp of the moving forces of an age, this fineness of feeling rising almost to the vision of prophecy, that makes Kipling the leading factor in British Imperialism. Kipling's poetry has done more than anything else to knit

the British Empire and its peoples into a mighty unity, folded tight round old England, "the powerhouse of the line." We are living in an age of force such as the world has not seen. We aim not primarily at beauty, but at force. The powerful stroke of Kipling's hammer is helping to weld the British Empire into a mass that shall sway the world. The iron strength of Kipling's verse, surpassed only by the steel of Shakespeare, rings out the keynote of the approaching century. May Heaven watch over the yet youthful poet of Greater Britain and her Seven Seas, and keep him to complete the work he has but begun.



SEEING that Force is the only thing that exists, what is the good of all this fighting over the Ideal and the Real? It is nonsense to say that the Ideal alone exists. We know that the Ideal is the highest form of the Real, distinguished from other forms or aspects of Being only in degree, or intensity, or complexity of Force. It is not necessary to consider in this regard whether Force is personal or impersonal, spiritual or less than spiritual. Mind is only a higher development or evolution of Force than what we usually call matter. Just as the artificial, the product of human work, is the highest form of the natural and not something different from the natural, so the Ideal is not different from the Real, but is its highest development. There are not two worlds, one spiritual and the other material. One world is enough to occupy the attention of students struggling with the problems of Pedagogy.