

verse as a dedication to our own great "Five Free Nations." For as "Aureate of the Greater Empire," Rudyard Kipling in all his poetry sings to these:—

"I have made for you a song  
And it may be right or wrong  
But only you can tell me if its true,  
I have tried for to explain  
Both your pleasure and your pain  
And "Nations" here's my best respects to you."

In the poetry as in the prose we share the early porringer with "Thomas Atkins."

Again, there is more here than there seems; more than metrical stories, there is much true and great poetry. For if by poetry is meant "the expression of emotion in musical rhythm," then is Rudyard Kipling a poet.

Listen! in "A Song of the English," he is describing the lighthouses that warn the English Coast.—"The Coastwise Lights," he calls them.

"Our brows are bound with spindrift and the weed  
is on our knees;  
Our loins are battered 'neath us by the swinging,  
smoking seas,  
From reef and rock and skerry, over headland, ness  
and voe,  
The coastwise lights of England watch the ships of  
England go."

The swing of the sonorous lines is as the swing