

ling's vernacular. The one speaks the language of the courts, the other the jargon of the camps, but both alike appeal to the great English-speaking world. The one is the disciple of St. George, the other is accused of being the herald of St Jingo. To the former our soldiers are heroes, fitted by their avocation to sit at Arthur's Round Table, men whose glorious deeds have purged them of their grosser vices. To the latter Tommy Atkins is very man, with all his faults and failings thick upon him, an absent-minded beggar but a sturdy one. Tennyson idealizes his heroes, Kipling paints them as they are. Tennyson's lyrics abound in dramatic situations and striking word-paintings. Kipling sacrifices style to his conception of reality, and the kinship of tragedy and comedy is often in evidence. Tennyson like the less known but equally inspired poet, Gray, has left behind him a legacy of literature from which to expunge a page would be to reduce the heritage of the ages. Of Kipling's works it may be said, with pos-