

Then follow Cape Town, Melbourne, Brisbane, Auckland, and the rest.

The Mighty Mother answers :

Flesh of the flesh that I bred, bone of the bone that I bare ;
 Deeper than speech our love, stronger than life our tether
 Wards of the Outer March, Lords of the Lower Seas,
 Ay, talk to your grey Mother that bore you on her knees !
 In the day of Armageddon, at the last great fight of all,
 That Our House stand together and the pillars do not fall,
 Draw now the threefold knot firm on the ninefold bands.

These are certainly stirring and noble lines, "*O ! si sic omnes,*" would that his poems were all written in so elevated a vein. In "*McAndrew's Hymn*" the old Calvinist engineer sings the lesson of Law, Order, Duty which his engines declare.

In the "*Hymn Before Action,*" the British sailor prays :

The sinner that forswore thee,
 The fool that passed thee by,
 Our times are known before thee—
 Lord, grant us strength to die !

The ineradicable love of her sons for their Motherland is finely expressed in the following :

Far and far our homes are set round the Seven Seas,
 Woe for us if we forget, we that hold by these !
 Unto each his mother-beach, bloom and bird and land—
 Masters of the Seven Seas, oh, love and understand !

In "*The Sea-wife*" and "*Last Rhyme of True Thomas,*" the very spirit of the old ballad poetry is caught.

Hitherto we have only words of commendation for Mr. Kipling's last volume. In much of the remainder he has sung unworthily of his great powers. He seems to us a sort of literary combination of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. In his better moods he is magnificent, in his lower moods he is utterly ignoble. "*The Mary Gloster*" is a sort of modern version of Browning's "*The Bishop Orders His Tomb.*" But Browning's poem gives us a wonderful insight into the spirit of the Italian Renaissance. Kipling's is the dying charge to his son of a wicked, avaricious, old sea-captain who had "*made himself and a million—ten thousand men on the pay-roll, and forty freighters at sea.*" His philosophy of life is earthly, sensual, and devilish.

Still worse are the barrack-room ballads. Strange that Mr. Kipling is so fond of exhibiting the seamy side of soldier life, as if there were no other side. God pity the Empire if its defenders are such a set of brute-men, consumed with a lust of drink and blood and blasphemy, without even the virtue of physical courage. These pictures we believe to be a slander on the character of the British soldier. Why select the most degraded wretches as types of the whole? There are thousands of God-fearing men in the army, including many Wesleyans and men of the type of *Have-lock's* praying band.

While Mr. Kipling's noble poems of patriotism, we believe, will live as long as language, his odious barrack-room ballads will be sunk ten thousand fathoms deep in the sea of oblivion.

THE YALE LECTURES FOR 1896.

BY THE REV. N. BURWASH, S.T.D.

Chancellor of Victoria University.

The Yale lectures on preaching have long since established themselves in a foremost place in our theological literature. Dealing with a most important living and practical interest of the Christian Church, and enlisting the ablest pulpit talent of the English-speaking world, they have given us not a few volumes of abiding value. The lectures for the present session are delivered by the famous literary divine, "*Ian Mac-laren.*" Those of last year were given

by Dr. Vandyke, of the Brick Church in New York, and are now before us in printed form.*

On opening the volume something of a surprise meets us at the very outset. The lectures heretofore have dealt at large with the methods of preaching. This

* "*The Gospel for an Age of Doubt: the Yale Lectures on Preaching for 1896.*" By Henry Vandyke, LL.D. New York: The McMillan Company. Price, \$1.75.