

Kipling lives on his thoughts and as he knew the heart of McAndrew, so he delights the heart of the sailor, when e'er he brings a ship, of whatsoever nature, into the horizon. Ships are not structures of steel and wood, and are not propelled by steam generated along with filthy coal smoke, they are living things with a conscious power and pride all their own, living through the throbbing of their engines which call for as much love and care as the heart of any woman. No, Romance has not left the sea as the "damn ijit" thought. The ships of old might spread their wings, but the pulse of the screw has, at least to some fond hearts, a truer touch of life.

In "The Liner She's a Lady" we have ocean traffic brought before us. The greatest line steamer is the lady of the sea, which

"The Man o' war's 'er 'usband and 'e's always 'andy by"

but England's merchantmen are the true workers that keep the world moving. The following verse is perhaps the best indication of the thought :

"The liner she's a lady, and if a war should come,
The Man o' war 'er 'usband, and 's'd bid 'er stay at home;
But, oh, the little cargo boats that fill with every tide
'E'd 'on to up an' fight for them, for they are Eng-
land's pride."

In "The Derelict" we meet a broken hearted wreck, an involuntary servant of evil, who, shorn of all her pristinest comeliness, must henceforth wander aimlessly till some final "comber" shall bring the death she longs for. Yet till then she must remain, perhaps in her own words—

"Whipped forth by night to meet
My sister's careless feet,
And with a kiss betray her to her master!"

"Mulholland's Contract" gives us a glimpse of life on a modern cattle ship, and the proverbial inconsistency of the sailor, with his desire for peace and his continued hankering for the sea, is set forth along with some higher thoughts in the "Last Chantey." The world has ended and "there shall be no more sea," whereat the mariners greatly rejoice, but their cry is soon heard—

"Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,"
Crying, under Heaven, here is neither lead nor lea!
Must we sing for evermore
On the mudless, glassy floor?
Take back your golden fiddles and we'll beat to open sea."

and their prayer is heard and the sea restored

"That such as have no pleasure
For to praise the Lord by measure
They may enter into galleons and serve Him on the sea."

Once more we must echo the cry "Romance is not dead." All Kipling's ballads, prove it from the "Snarleyow" for the artillery, "Fuzzy Wuzzy" for the infantry, and the "Bolivar" and "Clamperdown" for the sea, but here we have the very subject touched in "The King," where each successive generation has had the old cry "Farewell Romance" on their lips, and when, nevertheless, he contends that

"In dock and deep and mine and mill"
it is yet to be found.

Some years ago Rudyard Kipling was merely a ballad writer. Now few would refuse the name of poet as a reward for many of his pieces. Among such we would include "The True Romance" and the "Hymn before Action," a poem and a true prayer of the truly brave. It ends:—

"E'en now their vanguard gathers,
E'en now we face the fray—
As Thou did'st help our fathers,
Help thou our host to-day!
Fulfilled of signs and wonders,
In life, in death made clear—
Jehovah of the thunders,
Lord God of Battles, hear!"

A ballad belonging to no class of life in particular is "The Song of the Banjo." Not long ago I overheard a vigorous discussion on the merits of the banjo, which, one side contended, had no semblance of music in its tinny soul, while the other urged the opposite view, but with the result common to most such discussions—none. Whether Kipling includes the banjo in his category of musical instruments or not, is unknown; but certain it is, that its praises are sung and echoed as the one instrument from a hundred which can go anywhere, everywhere, and thrive.