

fermented in his head and gave him a rarefied religion over and above his work. "It was not much of a creed," Kipling tells us, "it only proved that men had no souls and there was no God and no hereafter, and that you must worry along somehow for the good of humanity. I do not say a word against this Creed. It was made up in town, where there is nothing but machinery and asphalt and buildings, all shut in by the fog. Naturally a man grows to think that there is no one higher than himself, and that the Metropolitan Board of Works made everything. But in this country (India) when you really see humanity—raw, brown, naked humanity—with nothing between it and the blazing sky, and only the used up, over-handled earth under foot, the notion somehow dies away, and most folk come back to simpler theories. Life in India is not long enough to waste in proving that there is no one in particular at the head of affairs. For this reason,"—and here comes his conclusive argument for the existence of a Great First Cause, the Supreme Sovereign,—“The Deputy is above the Assistant, the Commissioner above the Deputy, the Lieutenant-Governor above the Commissioner and the Viceroy above all four, under the orders of the Secretary of State, who is responsible to the Empress. If the Empress be not responsible to her Maker—if there is no Maker for her to be responsible to—the entire system of our administration must be wrong. Which is manifestly impossible.”

This then is Kipling's quaint apologetic and it is not a bad defence of the Faith. Paley argued up to God from the physical order of the world; Kant from the moral order of the universe; and now Kipling comes with his argument, just as valid, from the political order. A Creed has well been defined as a "working theory of Life." Now McGoggin's Creed was very bad, as it unfitted him to do his work of obeying orders; but Kipling's Creed was the ideal working theory of life for India.

Not only does this tale reveal the author's earnest work-a-day notion of the universe, but it also shows his thorough-going contempt for shallow unbelief. "If McGoggin," he goes on to say, "had kept his Creed to himself... no one