

better eat bread in his own land and prophesy there; but so far as the prophecy has any effect, it should be at such a time most salutary.

Mr. McCallan enquires whence I obtain my conception of the "world of Tommy Atkins." Why, to what source should we go for a revelation on these matters but to the gospel according to Kipling? If in my humble way I have done injustice to the life and character of Tommy Atkins, then I am sinning in good company, for the great Imperialist has offended in like manner and in infinitely greater degree. Whatever redeeming qualities Kipling may assign to his Tommy Atkins, Tommy is always, both in the prose works and the verse of the author, the private soldier, and is generally roystering and reckless, often lewd, and in most cases profane and given to drunkenness. Gordon or Havelock is a type unknown to the pages of Kipling but the Mulvaney type occurs over and over again. The Commander-in-Chief of the Imperial forces in South Africa is no more like Kipling's Tommy Atkins than Joshua is like Jehu.

It may seem finical and hypercritical to speak seriously of the dress in which Kipling has seen fit to deck his latest and most popular effusion, "The Absent-minded Beggar." Of course, everybody knows that Kipling composed it with a laudable object—to raise funds for the soldiers going and gone to South Africa. It has served its purpose extremely well, and now that it has done so, perhaps the wisest thing to do would be "willingly to let it die." Yet I cannot forbear asking the question,—is the coarseness and the intolerable cockney dialect essential to its success? If so, then it is a humiliating confession to make, that the imperial intelligence cannot be touched by more refined means. And if not, what excuse is there for the means used, unless it be that Kipling is more at home with such language and such expressions?

Mr. McCallan asks, "is not the 'Song of Steam' Kipling's own song?" Truly it is, but whether the admission is a disparagement or an encomium is a matter of opinion, on which Mr. McCallan and I may possibly differ. The Song of Steam, and all that it implies and suggests,—physical force, material advancement—are great themes in their way possibly, but they are not the greatest. The power of womanliness, the power of beauty, the power of love, the power of 'Sweetness and Light,'