

humour, appeal irresistibly to Kipling; and such stories as "The Captive" (the American who invented a machine gun and sold it to the Boers and fought with it against the British in South Africa) are as wholly appreciative of the American captive, and his point of view, as of the British point of view. "The Captive" is very American and very diverting; not least so in his criticisms of his countrywomen.

I have found nine lamps for Kipling; let me find a few more to outshine definitely the seven churches and the lamps of architecture.

There is the tenth lamp of philosophy. I really mean philosophy; good pragmatist philosophy, the only philosophy of value—ethics. Kipling is a moralist, like all his countrymen.

He is a moralist, even if his is not exactly the complete and perfect morality of the New Testament; there is morality for men if not for women, for lay men if not for ecclesiastics, running through all his books side by side with the running beer and waving flag: the stern and masculine morality which consists in courage, honesty, truth-speaking, and hard work. "Never tell a lie and never borrow money" was Richard Burton's compendium for life, to each of his sons, when he called him into his study, at the age of fifteen or thereabouts, before launching him on the world. Kipling has the primary and essential moralities of the earlier dispensation. If his books lack something of the secondary and more exquisite refinements of Christian morality, still even these were intended—we have reason to believe—to supplement, complete, and fulfil, not to destroy and supersede the earlier groundwork: and even in the secondary moralities he does not offend like some of his contemporaries, whom we have been discussing.

I have quoted "If" already, and "The Bolivar" already. I will illustrate Kipling's ethics instead, negatively, by quoting Tomlinson and "The Conversion of Aurelius McGoffin" ("Plain Tales from the Hills," pp. 151, etc.).

This is the sort of stuff which makes Kipling good reading for academic souls, for souls oblivious of an older and wider creed, who have taken in its place Tolstoy or Ibsen or some