

"If blood be the price of admiralty," is repeated three times in the third and last verse, and we are conscious as perhaps we never were before of what we have paid for the Empire of the seas.

The "Deep Sea Cables" brings us to the depths of the ocean where the thought, that even here, "a league from the last of the sun," the words and thoughts of men pass back and forth. is rather striking, but one of the best of these sub-divisions is "the Song of the Sons." Men of the empire are "one from the seeds of the earth" and Mother England is charged to

"Judge, are we men of the blood?"

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Hear, for thy children speak, from the utmost parts of
the sea."

England hears, and further on we find her answer:—

"Truly ye come of the blood."

and go away strong and comforted, assured we are

"Flesh of the flesh that I bred, bone of the bone that I
bare;

and

"In the day of Armageddon, at the last great fight of all,
That our house shall stand together and the pillars do
not fall."

Thus is the patriotism of every loyal heart roused and we feel well able to follow her advice;

"Stand to your work and be wise—certain of sword and
pen,
Who are neither children nor gods, but men in the world
of men."

"Peace is our portion" is the gist of the verse. Montreal and Quebec join in contributing to the "Song of the Cities." All the principle cities of the colonies are represented, Halifax and Victoria being two other representations of "this Canada of ours." This completes the "Song of the English," an echo of the cry of the dead and of the living, of Mother England and her sons, of the depths of the sea and the fair centers of England's greatness.

But how is this! We have quoted much, we have said little. With what excuse? None, but with what reason? Kipling. How can we infuse

a just idea of these ballads if we do not let each judge for himself? How can we make men rejoice, that he lives and doubly rejoice that he is a son of the empire and a subject to the Widow of Windsor? No, we must quote and leave the rest to our readers.

We must not suppose, however, that we are to find nothing but patriotism. Patriotism there is enough to stir us but not to tire; but the same rapid vivid pictures appear before us in other realms even where least expected. Who, for instance, would dream of inflicting modern machinery upon us in a ballad? Yet, here it is. In McAndrew's Hymn we are introduced to the "dear Scots engineer" who has spent all his life among his engines which, to him, seem to live, move and have their being. He and steam have grown together, and he recalls, with a chuckle, the day when ten pounds pressure was all allowed, and compares this with his one hundred and fifty five. He goes over his life, giving glimpses here and there, but through all we hear the working and throbbing of the engines. His similes and examples show how much poetry may be obtained by those who understand the form of these great structures. Some "damned ijit," as he calls him, has inquired

"Minister McAndrews, don't you think steam spoils
romance at sea?"

But the question he had scorned to answer and prays

"Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the song
of steam."

Mr. Kipling would have satisfied the old man, for as we proceed we hear the groaning, moaning, throbbing harmony and "fra skylight—lift to furnace bars" we find his "beasties"

"Singing like the morning star for joy that they are
made,"

working all together and teaching the lesson of

"Law, Order, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience,
Discipline."

The old engineer has become a poet and we are carried on and on till suddenly all is overthrown by the clear clang of the "stand by" gong.