

The ballads and sea chanteys are the real songs of the army and the sea distilled and poetized. They are what the inept singers would like to sing. Whether Mr. Kipling appreciated the soldier or sailor more it would be difficult to determine. He gives us chiefly the rollicking and the gay side of the soldier's life but the grave and noble side of the mariner's life. To him the sailor is the busiest of heroes to whom danger is the common place of daily life. Not so the red coat. He has his periods of revelry, has hours of ease, his outbursts of riot, his play time and singing time, his jolly marches and imposing parades. He is the merry devil-may-care fellow up to the very moment that the bugle sounds for battle, and he then pulls himself together with grim determination to fight till the last drop of blood has run out of his veins. There are many beautiful things among these poems such as "Mandalay," the "I, Envoi" to Many Inventions and "For to Admire," but now and then comes a verse of awful pathos as "Mary Pity Women," and "Gentlemen Rankers."

Kipling's view of the world is essentially a religious view. With his keen and well perception he sees a world that is "wondrous large," one that holds "a vast of various kinds of men," sinners, male and female, the coward, the bully, the cheat, the brave, the strong, the weak, the eas, the gentleman, the vain pretender, the simple hero, all seem to have a place in this large world where passion clashes with passion, and deed wrestles with deed. Possessing an unwearied curiosity, he views this changeful spectacle infinitely pleased to observe "the different ways that different things are done" of which things some are odd, "most awful odd," yet upon the whole this world is highly interesting to the intelligent spectator.

" Gawd bless this world ! What ever she
'ath done

Excep' when awful long, I've found it
good,

So write before I die, "E liked it all."

In general his feeling is the devout one that it is his task to "draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as they are," as he says with greater dignity in presenting to the master a completed volume of his tales.

" One stone the more swings to her place,
 In the dread Temple of Thy worth,
 It is enough that through Thy grace
 I saw naught common on Thy earth."

Naught common however much is unclean.

But above this turmoil of passions, above this scene of shames and heroisms, of evil doing, weak doing, mean doing, brave doing rises the immutable law; and that is best in life whether it be toil or suffering or sorrow which brings men into obedience to this law or rather into active co-operation with it. Even the goose-step is a stage in the evolution of order, for the young recruit is silly keeping himself awful, much as he does his sidearms, and it is well for him that he should be hammered; it is well that he should be put in the way of

"Gettin' clear of dirtiness, gettin' done
with mess,
Gettin' shut o' doin' things rather more-
or-less."

Not Carlyle himself could have more sternly condemned the folly of doing things rather-more-or-less than does Kipling; and in the building of a man he especially honors pukka workmanship. On that awful day when Tommy ran squealing for quarter, and the Major cursed his maker, and the Colonel broke his sword, the root of evil lay in the fact that "we was never disciplined." And in the true beat and full power of his engine, with faithfulness in every crank and rod, M'Andrews reads its lesson and his own "Law, Order, Duty and Restraint, Obedience, Discipline."

The law and order of the world again is presided over by the Law Giver, the Maker of men, who knows the value of an honest workman, of a strong man, who has ever walked "in simpleness and