

thou hast seen, then what thou hast heard; and since they be children tell them of battles, kings, horses, devils, elephants and angels; but omit not to tell of love and such like. All the earth is full of tales to him who listens and the poor are the best of tale-tellers for they must lay their ear to the ground every night.' "

" ' Peace be with thee and with thy book. And now 'tis good-bye between us for I go soon, on a long journey, a longer one than thou, for the term of my years is accomplished.' "

Into the mouth of old " Gobind," the sadhu, has Kipling put these words and it was Rudyard Kipling himself who said farewell and left the old man sitting in the sunshine, huddled under his quilt, -- came away proceeding to write stories, to tell to the world tales of men and women, Love and Fate, and Life and Death. And, assuredly, he has kept his word, he has told the world stories, and the soul of old " Gobind" may rest in peace.

Rudyard Kipling then, and upon his own profession, is essentially a story-teller, in prose or in verse, a teller of tales. Oftentimes, it is true, he is more than this, and much more; but in such way nevertheless has he chosen modestly to designate himself and so accordingly is he to be adjudged. That much of his prose is a masterpiece of pure, terse, vigorous Anglo-Saxon, and that much of his verse is true poetry, can only make us feel that he is better than his word, that we are the gainers, the immense gainers, of his own bargain. For, as it were, while promising only a barn-dance he has given us a Charity Ball.