

work may be—will not be denied "The Vision Splendid;" and we are therefore prepared to believe—as we really find on re-reading his books—that Rudyard Kipling, the most modern of poets in every sense of the term, continues, in a work-a-day form, but in a worthy spirit, the religious traditions of Milton and Wordsworth, of Tennyson and Browning.

Take, for instance, his lines of dedication to "Soldiers Three," which appeared eleven years ago in India :

" Lo, I have wrought in common clay  
Rough figures of a rough-hewn race,  
For pearls strew not the market place  
In this my town of banishment,  
Where with the shifting dust I play,  
And eat the bread of discontent.

" Yet is there life in that I make.  
O, Thou that knowest, turn and see.  
As thou hast power over me,  
So have I power over these,  
Because I wrought them for Thy sake,  
And breathed in them mine agonies.

" Small mirth was in the making, now  
I lift the cloth that cloaks the clay,  
And wearied at Thy feet I lay  
My wares ere I go forth to sell.  
The long bazaar will praise, but Thou  
Heart of my heart, have I done well?"

The young man who offered such a prayer as he went forth to sell his literary wares was not utterly devoid of religious reverence.

Three years later appeared "Life's Handicap," and that religion was the dynamic emotion of this work also is evident from the closing lines :

" By my own work before the night,  
Great overseer ! I make my prayer.

" If there be good in that I wrought,  
Thy hand compelled it, Master, Thine !  
Where I have failed to meet Thy thought,  
I know through Thee the blame is mine.