

"The Flowers" is as distinct an appeal for Imperial Federation as the volume contains:

"Far and far our homes are set round
the seven seas,
Woe for us if we forget, we that held
by these
Unto each his mother beach, bloom,
and bird, and land,
Masters of the seven seas, oh love and
understand.

The Song of the English begins with an invocation of the same kind; a prologue of the swelling act of Imperialism.

"Hear now a song—a song of broken
interludes,
A song of little cunning; of a singer
nothing
Through the naked words and mean
May ye see the truth between,
As the singer knew and touched it in the
end of all the earth."

The broken interludes in truth celebrations of the objects that denote Britannia's rule of the waves, the "Coastwise Lights," "The Deep Sea Cables," "The Song of the Dead," "The Song of the Sons" and the "Song of the Cities" that ring round the world from Bombay to Halifax. Moreover, this Imperialism is of a practical nature. He disapproves the insular patriotism of the English.

"What should they know of England who
only England knew."

And presents the island as the ganglionic centre of the system.

To the hearth of our people's people,
To her well-ploughed windy sea,
To the hush of our own dread high-altars
Where the Abbey makes us bow,
To the grist of the slow ground ages,
To the gain that is yours and mine,
To the Bank of our Open Credit,
To the Powerhouse of the Line.

And the colonies as self-governing kingdoms who stand like full-grown sons ready to defend their mother country.

Draw now the three fold knot firm
on the nine fold bands,
And the law that ye make shall be law
after the rule of your lands,
This for the waxen Heath, and that
for the Wattle-bloom,
This for the Maple leaf and that for
the Southern Broom,
The law that ye make shall be law and
I do not press my will
Because ye are sons of the blood and
call me mother still."

Then he presents the ships of England as the shuttles that weave the web of Empire.

"Come up, come in from Eastward,
from the guard ports of the morn,
Beat up, beat in from the Southerly, O
gipsies of the horn,
Swift shuttles of an Empire's loom that
weave us main to main,
The Coastwise lights of England give
you welcome back again!

Go, get you gone up-channel with the sea-
crust on your plates,
Go, get you up to London with the sea-
crust on your plates,
Haste, for they talk of Empire there, and
say it any seek
The lights of England sent you and by
silence shall ye speak."

Truly the writer of these poems is the unchallenged Laureate of Greater Britain.

In regard to his Barrack Room Ballads we must take exception to the statement that he takes the music hall ballads as a model. Rather we would say that he uses them as a point of departure. He might apply to his own work in the form of the songs of the people what he assigns to the banjo "The war drum of the white man round the world."

"And the tunes that mean so much to
you alone,
Common tunes that make you choke and
blow your nose,
Vulgar tunes that bring the laugh and
bring the groan,
I can rip your very heart strings out
with those."