

Indian forest and its occupants and its German chief forester. Kipling has some appreciation, necessarily, of German efficiency, and his usual sympathy in painting rapidly the high lights of character and conversation. There is little French, by the way, in Kipling's books, only in "The Light that Failed," and yet with his instantaneous comprehension and insight he has, since the war began, caught the spirit of France, and his verses to France (in "France at War") might have been written no better had he spent half a life time reading French history. Read "Broke to Every Known Mischance," p. 1, of "France at War."

Now I turn on the seventh tap—England; especially the Southern counties and of the Southern counties the pleasant county of Sussex—a point of contact between Tennyson and Kipling—the last real laureate and the real present laureate; Sussex runs in the verses of each; Kipling celebrates it in "Puck of Pook's Hill," and in "Rewards and Fairies," and in "The Five Nations," but England generally is the burden of "The Song in Springtime" (D.D.) and of "The Broken Men" (The Five Nations"). Of a different key but belonging to the same organ are the well-known, often quoted verses in "The Seven Seas" ("A Song of the English") and "The English Flag" (in B.B.). I must not quote those household words to this academic audience. I will only remark in passing that here is a vivid statement of the bald fact at which the German rages and scoffs—that our Empire, like the Kingdom of Heaven, came not with observation, that it came not as his with far sight and foresight, through the scheming and lying of his Government for 40 years, nay for 75 years: through its paternal remittances to German traders: through bonuses and bounties: but came just of itself, with no Government's thought or aid, broadly speaking; by the restless energy of the race, the spirit of adventure: these are just good songs of patriotism.

And this tap also may be described as another double tap, for here comes in what some simple souls have fondly imagined to be all that there is in Kipling, and wherefore arid,