

himself but cannot interpret, is to get the people of this country to understand that when the Englishmen born over-sea assert themselves, and express their glory in and love for the new land, they are not somehow injuring or slighting the old home. When Englishmen hear of, and but partly understand, the ideas of young Australia, young Canada, or young South Africa, as the case may be, they sadly or bitterly declare that there is no love of England left in the Colonies, and that the men of the new lands think only of themselves, and dislike or are indifferent to the mother-country. The way in which the pride and exultation of the "native born" is conveyed makes that pride and exultation misunderstood. When we hear people talk a language which we do not know, we are always apt to think that they are full of anger and contempt, and that we are the objects of this anger and contempt. Now the uninspired social analyst or the statistic politician might have preached and analysed for years, and yet not have got the nation to understand the true spirit of the "native born," and how in reality it neither slights the old land nor injures the unity of the Empire. His efforts to prove that the passionate feeling of the "native born" should be encouraged not suppressed, fall, for the most part, on empty ears. He may convince a few philosophers, but the great world heeds him not. But if and when the true poet comes, he can interpret for the mass of men and make clear and of good omen what before seemed dark and lowering. Take the new poem by Mr. Kipling to which we have just alluded. The poet does not reason with us, or argue, or bring proofs,—he enables us to enter into the spirit of the "native born," and by a flash of that lightning which he brings straight from heaven he makes us understand how the men of Aus-

tralia, and Canada, and Africa, feel towards the land in which they were born. Thus interpreted, their pride ceases to sound harsh to our ears, and we realise that the "native born" may love their deep-blue hills, their ice-bound lakes and snow-wreathed forests, their rolling uplands, or their palms and canes, and yet not neglect their duty to the mother-land or to the Empire and the race. Surely a man who can do this has done something, and something of vast importance for the whole English kin. He has dropped the tiny drop of solvent acid into the bowl, and made what was before a turbid mixture, a clear and lucent liquor. But we must not write of the poem and not remind our readers of its quality by a quotation. To show its power of interpretation, take the first three verses :

We've drunk to the Queen, God bless her!
 We've drunk to our mothers' land,
 We drunk to our English brother
 (But he does not understand) ;
 We've drunk to the wide creation
 And the Cross swings low to the dawn—
 Let toast, and o' obligation,—
 A health to the Native-born !

They change their skies above them
 But not their hearts that roam !
 We learned from our wisest mothers
 To call old England "home,"
 We read of the English sky-lark,
 Of the spring in the English lanes,
 But we screamed with the painted lories
 As we rode on the dusty plains !

They passed with their old-world legends—
 Their tales of wrong and dearth—
 Our fathers held by purchase
 But we by the right of birth ;
 Our heart's where they rocked our cradle,
 Our love where we spent our toil,
 And our faith and our hope and our honour
 We pledge to our native soil !

The verses, and those that follow, are a positive initiation. As we read them our hearts beat and cheeks glow, and as by fire we realise the feeling of the "native born,"—how he loves his own land, and yet gives his homage to "the dread high alters" of