

experts learned from him. He has renewed the workman's pride in his work and restored their mystery to the crafts. His influence was everywhere for good. It permeated all classes; doctors, clerics, joiners, clerks, engineers, all speak of this man's work with commendation. They find beauty in it, they find magic and strangeness, and hints of inscrutable forces and mysterious powers, and constant reminders of something unimaginable beyond. Its action is always to excite their zest for real life, to send them back into reality more exultantly, simply because it names and uses the actual trite tools of each man's trade. Kipling knew his public well, and knew how to write for it, with the result that certainly no living writer in England is regarded with such wide-spread and spontaneous veneration. It is good to think that in all human probability he will be long with us to continue his work and to enhance his fame. Much as he has accomplished in the past, there remains much for him to accomplish in the future. His influence during these times of stress and peril has been admirable and worthy of the Bard of Empire. And it is with the exquisite and solemn "Hymn Before Action" that we leave the author who has so strangely moved and fascinated us, and who has enlarged our horizon on one wholly neglected side:

The earth is full of anger,
The seas are dark with wrath,
The nations in their harness
Go up against our path:
Ere yet we loose the legions—
Ere yet we draw the blade,
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles, aid!

High lust and froward bearing,
Proud heart, rebellious brow—
Deaf ear and soul uncaring,
We seek Thy mercy now!
The sinner that forswore Thee,
The fool that passed Thee by,
Our times are known before Thee—
Lord, grant us strength to die!

Ah, Mary pierced with sorrow,
Remember, reach and save
The soul that comes to-morrow—
Before the God that gave!
Since each was born of woman,
For each at utter need—
True comrade and true foeman—
Madonna intercede!

E'en now their vanguard gathers,
E'en now we face the fray—
As Thou did'st help our fathers,
Help Thou our host today!
Fulfilled of signs and wonders,
In life, in death made clear—
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles, hear!