

pilgrim from Natal asserted, he only partook of the fumes. The coals burned bright in the great brass braziers, and filled the damp, stone-walled, uncarpeted refectory with a genial warmth. Brother Stephanos had finished his coffee and the third glass of his yellow cordial; one of his eyelids drooped, and it was time for the siesta. Suddenly Maroo rose from the table; his eyes had fallen with favor upon a narrow bench which stood by the wall. He walked softly over to it, and then quietly stretched out his great spare limbs, aching with fatigue and fever, upon it. Then he looked contentedly about him through his half-closed eyes. He was evidently enjoying the warmth and comfort of the place. At last he was at home, at ease. But suddenly a sharp look of suspicion shot across his features. His eyes rested upon each one of us in turn with a gaze of closest scrutiny. Then cautiously, with a smile that smacked of reassurance, he drew from out the capacious folds of his white garment the

holy writings, and placed them under his head as a pillow, where no man might lay hands on them without awakening him. And soon he was asleep, with the stern lines of his features relaxed and a childlike smile playing like fleeting sunshine upon his lips.

Brother Stephanos ransacked the vestiary, and finally produced a travel-worn blanket, in which he wrapped the thinly clad form of the sleeper. The pilgrim from Natal looked at the goatskin roll upon which our happy brother pillowed his dreams, and then he said with a curiously earnest ring to his voice that I had never heard before:

"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John
Bless the bed that he lies on."

"Some of these Ethiopians," whispered Brother Stephanos, "show faith and aptitude for right principles. I do not despair but that some day they will be found worthy of admission into the true Church."

THE LORDS OF SONG

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

*WHEN God had winged the choral spheres
To sweep through spacious night,
One laggard star that soaring swerved
He plucked from out the flight:*

*He brake its fire between His hands,
It fell in shredded flame;
On bridled winds across the void
The lords of singing came,*

*To rule the world by right of song,
To raze the towers of Death,
And hurl high-throned oblivion down
With storm of chanting breath!*

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS

Personal Recollections and Appreciations

BY GEORGE W. SMALLEY

II

THERE are certain reputations in literature which take you by storm whether you will or not. They are not merely reputations, they are obsessions. Mr. Rudyard Kipling's is one of these. Like him or not, he is a force in modern English and American life, and he has to be reckoned with. We have forgiven him much, for there was much to forgive; but forgiveness implies forgetfulness, and the whole of that business belongs to the past. Widely known as is his personality, not all the best of him is known. He has written of late years so copiously, and has engaged himself in publishing controversies of such a kind that there are those who accuse him of taking a view of literature which seems mercenary. It is an unjust accusation. His are not among the books which sell by hundreds of thousands; at most the thousands are to be computed by scores. In literature, as in other walks of industry, a large income does not necessarily imply an accumulated fortune.

If I refer to such matters, it is as preface to an anecdote. We all know the "Recessionary"—thus far the poetic climax of Mr. Kipling's career. The journal to which it was addressed for publication sent to its author, by way of acknowledgment, a check for a very large sum. Mr. Kipling returned the check. "I will not," he said, "take money for a poem on such a subject as that. It was written from other motives." He would not make a trade of patriotism, nor merchandise of the Queen's Jubilee.

Beyond dispute he is the poet and herald of imperialism. England so regards him, and accepts him. He has, in the judgment of the English people, struck the true imperial note; not once, not twice, but again and again, and it echoes round the globe. Tennyson, with his "Form, riflemen, form," was thought to have inspired, or largely helped, that volunteer movement of which, in these last two years, the English have seen great results. But Mr. Kipling, they will tell you, has done a far greater service. At a critical, perhaps perilous, moment of its history, he has made those songs of the nation which, as we were long since told, are more than

its laws. The Little Englanders sneer at him as the poet of the music hall. They might as well say Mozart was a composer for the hand organ. Genius cannot be vulgarized. And it is partly because Mr. Kipling is the lyrical voice of the strongest public impulse of his time that he stands in a relation to his own countrymen far closer than to us, or to any but his own people.

The protests against the latest blast on his trumpet, "The Islanders," are taken here at more than their true worth. Not only Little England, we are told, but other Englands, are against him. He has tried to force the hand of the Government about conscription. He has outraged the national feeling for sport by his "flanneled fools." He has insulted the men fighting in South Africa, and I know not what other nonsense, including an assertion that his best friends in the press have turned against him. No doubt he has been criticised and opposed. It is the way of Englishmen to speak out; and it is also the way of Englishmen to endure censure and unpalatable opinions, to say their say about them, and then go on as if nothing had happened. And, in fact, I believe Mr. Kipling's place in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen was never higher than it is to-day. He by his manly verse, and Mr. Chamberlain by his manly answer to the German chancellor, are the two voices of England on the two subjects which lie nearest to her people's thoughts and feelings.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is a difficult subject if only because she is a woman; and there are other reasons why I, at any rate, must write of her with reserve. Your public wants to know something about the woman as well as about the writer. Well, it may be possible to say so much as the public could find out for itself if it had the opportunity—if, for example, it lived in England, where Mrs. Ward is to be met by that important part of the public which is known as society. She has been, of course, an object of curiosity; and still is. People wanted to meet the author of "Robert Elsmere," and they now want to meet the author of "Eleanor."

Her social horizon has broadened a good