

ON THE LINE

The King's Threshold : and On Baile's Strand. Being Volume III. of Plays for an Irish Theatre. By W. B. Yeates. (Bullen, 3s. 6d. net.) It seems to us a strange thing, that the poems and plays of Mr. Yeats can be bought for money. They are of such ethereal quality that we might look to pay for them in rays of the sun or the moon. Yet, as he says himself, it was the poets who first invented gold and silver :

If you are a poet,
Cry out that the king's money would not buy,
Nor the high circle consecrate his head,
If poets had never christened gold, and even
The moon's poor daughter, that most whey-faced metal,
Precious.

Mr. Robert Bridges once used the beauty of silver and gold as a powerful argument against a Socialist; here it is thrown in the face of a king, the reproof lying apparently in the fact that he would never have found out the value of money, if poets had not happened to take a fancy to it, on account of the colour. However that may be, the little book itself is fairly gold in everything except the tiresome tendency to vanish. There is nothing for lovers of poetry to do but to buy it, and it is not their fault if they get something that money could never buy.

Of the two plays, the first is, to our thinking, the finer. Although there are several persons, there are only three