

"Herzian wave of tuberculosis," *plus* Fanny Brand, *plus* chloric ether, *plus* "the superb glasses—red, green, and blue"—which throw up temporarily an induced Keats, all these touchings of things common come perilously near to burlesque, and again the *deus ex machinâ* reminds us of a pantomime goblin. In the course of the story the author affirms that

in all the millions permitted them there are no more than five—five little lines of which one can say: These are the pure Magic. These are the clear Vision. The rest is only poetry.

Two of these are from the "Ode to a Nightingale," three from the "Vision of Kubla Khan." We wonder if Mr. Kipling forgot, or if he purposely omitted, what De Quincey calls

that unique line—the finest independent line through all the records of verse,

'A lady of the lake
Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance'?

The very striking allegory entitled "Below the Mill Dam" appeared in our own pages.

"They" is, to our thinking, one of the best stories Mr. Kipling has ever written, from the opening verses of "The Return of the Children"

Neither the harps nor the crowns amused, nor the cherubs' dove-winged
races—

Holding hands forlornly the Children wandered beneath the Dome,
Plucking the radiant robes of the passers-by, and with pitiful faces
Begging what Princes and Powers refused:—Ah, please will you let us go
home?

Over the jewelled floor, nigh weeping, ran to them Mary the Mother,
Kneeled and caressed and made promise with kisses, and drew them along to
the gateway—

Yea, the all-iron unbribeable Door which Peter must guard and none other.
Straightway She took the Keys from his keeping, and opened and freed them
straightway.

to the last scene of all, a passage which few whose best-beloved have gone before them will read without a swift, stabbing pang: