

In the great synagogue of letters, this then is Kipling's chosen place, the humbler seat of the story-teller. The higher places of the poet or the novelist he has not taken. Let the titles of the aisle pray remember this, and that he speaks a way from his own place. If his voice dominates the others and at times fills full the aisles of the great synagogue so much the greater marvel is it, for it is the voice merely of one who telleth tales.

And now a picture of the man himself,—taking three impressions.

Rudyard Lake lies near Burslem in Staffordshire and there one picnic-day in summer John Lockwood Kipling met Alice Macdonald,—met and loved her. Oddly enough, children were they both of Wesleyan clergymen, he, a modeller and designer at the neighbouring potteries, a young man of promise, studious and artistic, a somewhat eccentric and enthusiast; she, a girl of intelligence, beauty and charm. Their vows were plighted 'neath a lucky star for when Lockwood Kipling, after spending some time at the Art Schools in Kensington, went to India as Professor of Architecture and Sculpture at the School of Art in Bombay he took with him Alice MacDonald as his wife. And there in Bombay in the Christmas week of 1865, a son was born to these two and they called him Rudyard for the love they bore their first trysting-place, the little lake in Staffordshire.

Rudyard, or "Ruddie" as he was called, grew a chubby-checked, independent baby in this great cosmopolitan Bombay,

"Between the palms and the sea
Where the world-end steamers wait."