

with any approach to the effectiveness of the bare verse itself. Moreover, John B. Tabb is a Catholic priest, and, as every one knows, the riches of such an one are common property. It may not be known to you, madame, but there are some men who glory in a book whose pages have much margin and little type, provided that the type and paper are alike aristocratic. These men are few, indeed, for there is vastly too much common sense in the world for the beautiful ever to be loved enough. But a woman does not ask reasons for everything, and if a book comes into her hands which is beautiful in its own right, and yet contains a thousand threads of beauty and truth withal, she accepts it with reverence and without question. It would be too much perhaps, when only some two thousand copies have been printed, to hopefully adapt the fervent desire of St. Alphonsus Ligouri, who wished that a copy of one of his books might be put in the hands of every Christian, but every reader of this magazine should at least desire to have a copy of this book of Father Tabb's poems.

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It is to be feared that Mr. W. B. Yeats, whose spiritual home is in the fairy forts of Ireland, while his body irks in the city streets, does not read WALSH'S MAGAZINE; on the other hand the present scribe does read whatever the Bookman can prevail upon Mr. Yeats to write. The obvious deduction from these premises is that Mr. Yeats should not be lightly accused of plagiarising, and yet in the March number of the English edition of the Bookman the eccentric Irishman who cares more for a Sligo peasant's story than for the latest quotations from the stock market not only deals with Miss Edgeworth's novels, but treats of them in precisely the same fashion as was done in this department last month. But that has nothing to do with the story Mr. Yeats clips from the Autobiography of Carleton, which having been discovered is now given to the world, and will no doubt reach this section of the globe after a while. Carleton, by all accounts, was Celtic-Irish every inch. His father knew every old story of fairy and folk lore that had crept into the traditions of Ireland since long before the days of Cuchullin. And he could and did recite them in English or in the kindly olden tongue as demand willed it. Then too, Carleton's mother had as many generations of the Celt behind her as had her husband, and, moreover, she had a voice famous in all the county for its sweetness, and when there was a waking and her presence was anticipated, never a neighbor would miss hearing her raise the keen. So that the youngster came in the nature of things to be full up and running over with the poetry and the mystery, the genius of his people. One story told him was of a wonderful priest who, when necessity arose, had faith strong enough to enable him to walk upon the waters. If the priest could do so, why not he? Then followed days of preparation, of meditation upon faith and its powers, and in the end doubt gave way before enthusiastic conviction. He chose, with a reserving eye in case of accident, a shallow pool in the vicinity. Upon the surface there floated a lily leaf, and the doubting one, doubting in the highest moment of his ideal confidence, cunningly put his hope in the resisting power of that frail leaf. Lack-a-day. His foot was on the lily leaf, and the next instant he was up to his neck in the black water.