



IN the early time, when all things happened of which the fables are the record, there were horses amany travelling on the main road in company. In time there came out of a cross street a man who drove a fair load of hay. Since that all proceeded awhile in one direction, the horses were, not unnaturally, curious concerning the merits of the grass. One, therefore, who knew the manner of their seeking, said to the others, "Behold now, I shall go forward and observe this hay, and do you stay behind whilst I am gone?" So running up he caught out a great mouthful, thinking his judgment would be none the worse for that he was hungry. And returning well filled he reported, "This hay to me seemeth sweet and well dried, with just the modicum of salt that fixes the taste. Do you advise your masters to buy the like. As for me, I have fear there is too much poverty about that ever I should enjoy such fare." Then they came to a town where was a packman with his boxes opened; and among the children who stood agape in a circle about him was one round whose neck hung a string of pearls, which seeing the packman praised to the end of praises, so much that the child made no complaint when one pearl was removed by cajolery. Now there is no moral to this story, for it was told by the thieves themselves, and every one knows that the moral of a fable is directed against some frailty of the hearer. But if there was any punishmet it must have been a light one, else the race of book reviewers had never come into being.

It must be confessed in view of the foregoing veracious allegory that it is very wrong to use the little gem on the next page but one for the advantage of this magazine, when there is no excuse for so doing save that a beautiful little book, labelled "Poems by John B. Tabb," hath come into reviewing hands. Yet there is another justification too. Write how one may anent the hundred and sixty-four poems within the dainty covers of the book, it is impossible to indicate the depth, the insight, the truth, the delicacy and the beauty of these faultless chisellings of verse