

J. B. Tabb will have to be measured by a high standard of excellence, before his work will suffer severely, even from such odious things as comparisons. Frequently his productions mark him as no ordinary bard, and the following quatrains might be considered as worthy offspring of mighty minds:—

FATHER DAMIEN.

O God, the cleanest offering
Of tainted earth below,
Unblushing to thy feet we bring
"A leper white as snow."

PREJUDICE.

A leaf may hide the largest star
From Love's uplifted eye;
A mote of prejudice out-bar
A world of Charity.

THE SHADOW.

O shadow, in thy fleeting form I see
The friend of fortune that once
clung to me.
In flattering light thy constancy is
shown;
In darkness, thou wilt leave me all
alone.

And, by the way, the above remarks lead us to suggest a comparison between this last quatrain and the expression of a like idea by the immortal Milton:

"In prosperous days
They swarm, but in adverse with-
draw their heads
Not to be found, though sought."

Without attempting to institute a comparison between the two authors themselves, (for there is but one Milton in English literature), still, it seems to me, that in this particular instance, J. B. Tabb's picture of the false friend is decidedly the more meritorious, and would be estimated as a notable specimen if associated,

even with the name of any of our greatest masters. The lines addressed to Father Damien are equally remarkable, while the second quatrain above presented, poetically describes how easily "trifles light as air" may become the prejudiced "confirmations strong as Holy Writ."

Passing by a large number of noteworthy poems, we now come to the third part of the book containing the Sonnets. And here we are in a quandary regarding which poems are most worthy of presentation to the reader. Each is an assertion of its author's genius, conveying words of eloquent commendation. Few living writers, perhaps none, can append their names to lines of more marked excellence, than those which our author entitles "Solitude," while for an example of forcible, natural description, it might require long and persistent search to find anything more expressive or more imaginative than "A Winter Twilight." Through lack of space we will present only the former.

Thou wast to me what to the chang-
ing year

Its seasons are,—a joy forever
new;

What to the night its stars, its
heavenly dew,

Its silence; what to dawn its lark-
song clear;

To noon, its light—its fleckless
atmosphere,

Where ocean and the overbending
blue,

In passionate communion, hue for
hue,

As one in Love's circumference
appear.

O brimming heart, with tears for
utterance

Alike of joy and sorrow! lift thine
eyes