

THE ANNUAL DIGESTS

Although in Brobdingnag no law
Contained more words than twenty-two,
The books which Gulliver there saw
Seemed huge as haystacks to his view.

They towered some twenty feet in height
And were proportionately wide,
And he was given of steps a flight
To mount and read from side to side.

No end nor limit know our laws,
The annual digests swell and grow,
Expanding swift, without a pause
Their huge impending shadows throw.

Then on our backs their authors pin,
Like burden bound by Pharisee,
Or Christian's wallet full of sin,
Or Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea.

These books portentous threaten soon
To make our bored profession sadder,
And publishers must grant the boon
To give with every one a ladder.

