

A REVERIE.

O thou most holy One, loving and just,
 Thou whom we never find slighting our trust,
 I need not ask Thee to come and be near us
 That Thou might'st hear us ;

For Thou art ever unceasingly knocking
 At the door of our inner heart for an unlocking.
 O may we greetingly open the portal,
 For the Immortal.

And a sweet presence, that once was a stranger,
 Will be born there like the Christ-Child in the
 manger ;
 Will grow and increase more and more, unti
 in it we
 See the Divinity.

May we not blindly reject it, and cry
 As the Jews did of old, "crucify, crucify !"
 Lest we find, when too late, we have put out
 the light,
 And are wandering in night.

"Learn of me," has no lesson for those who
 neglect it !
 "I'm the light," has no beaming for those who
 reject it !
 "I'll guide thee" will fail in its mission to
 guide
 If we turn aside.

O why do we suffer the truth overgrown
 With vain-theological schemes of our own ?
 The way is so simple that none need to err
 'In the world anywhere.

It is but to dwell in the silence, 'mid all
 Of earth's babble, and list to the Voice, still
 and small,
 Revealing God's will, and ineffable plan,
 To thy conscience, O man !

If thou feelest too well up within all the best ;
 And a love indescribably pure fill the breast ;
 'Tis the presence of God, O worship ! adore !
 Fall down and implore.

Coldstream, Ont. E. M. Z.

BOOKS.*

There are more books in the world
 to-day than ever before, and more
 readers, also. In the days of Solomon,
 that wise king said: "Of making many

books there is no end." The books in
 use at that time required much toil in
 preparation, as every copy had to be
 written. Nobody thought of printing,
 and nobody thought of books as we see
 them. The "books" that Solomon
 saw were simply rolls of manuscript,
 and though he thought there were
 many in his day, it is quite likely that
 all the books in the world at that time
 would not number as many as may now
 be found in some single library. Go
 where you will you may see books,
 and, in spite of the hard times, their
 number is on the increase. If they
 were only all good books we might be
 glad of this increase for the sake of the
 world, which might grow much better
 under the influence of such reading.
 It is not every good-looking book that
 is a good book. Some of the most
 beautiful in printing, in binding, and in
 pictures are among the worst, and they
 should be dreaded all the more because
 of their attractiveness. Bad books
 should be shunned as we would shun
 poison. The title of a book is often
 the great attraction. Very often a
 book that is merely called "travels"
 will be set aside as dry and uninterest-
 ing ; where if it was called the "Won-
 derful Adventures of Captain Jackson,"
 or "Robinson Crusoe," it would be
 sure to attract attention. A great
 many authors and publishers under-
 stand this, and they try to give attractive
 names to their books. It is not best to
 judge too hastily of the character of a
 book by its title. A fine title may be
 associated with an uninteresting book,
 or even with a bad one, just as a hand-
 some face may be on a man who has
 but little brains or a bad heart. On the
 other hand, a plain, unattractive title
 may introduce you to a delightful and
 useful book, just as some people with
 very plain faces have great intelligence
 and goodness of heart. Look, there-
 fore, beyond the title before you decide
 your choice of a book. The table of
 contents will often give a very good
 idea of the character of the book
 though some books, I regret to say, are