

The word of God is nigh us, in our hearts we
 read,
 Printed there by wisdom to tell us what we
 need.
 All along the way through life God speaks unto
 His own,
 Furnishing enlightenment from seed that He has
 sown ;
 Needs no Bible, book, or creed, to teach His
 way to man,
 But in the closet of the heart is found His holy
 plan.
 Breathed in man the breath of life to fertilize
 the soul,
 That furnishes the oneness which makes His
 children whole,
 Let earthquakes come and swallow all, God
 can rebuild the same ;
 The people still will worship him and bless
 His holy name,
 Although there be no vestige left of forms to
 worship known,
 Yet God is equal to the task in caring for His
 own.
 His plans are laid, and changeth not, while
 man in progress makes,
 Learning little day by day, but God makes no
 mistakes.
 Development, and progress makes His chil-
 dren wiser be,
 And those who follow after us inherit more
 than we,
 While those who've gone before us, who labor-
 ed in the field,
 Had their own harvest, and the profits of the
 yield.
 Talents that are given each to the owner will
 produce
 And yield their equal portion when put to loyal
 use,
 And all obedient messengers, describing to the
 people,
 Journey with supplies from an overlaiden table,
 Are like the blessed Jesus in the vineyard
 labor,
 Finds the well of water and offers to his neigh-
 bor,
 From stream that never faileth, receives a full
 supply,
 The same that Jesus drank from, that never
 runneth dry,

In the cultivated garden, by prayer and works
 divine.

We learn that God is Saviour, providing bread
 and wine.

Siag Sing, N. Y.

H. G. M.

THE COMPANY OF MY BOOKS.

When sitting in my library and com-
 muning with my *silent friends*, my
 books, as they stand in chronological
 order on my shelves, I feel a strange
 delight in a peculiar confidence. They
 never fail to give me a sweet prospect
 of other worlds of thought and feeling,
 and if, perchance, I should differ from
 those printed pages, they allow me the
 privilege of holding my own opinion
 without dispute.

Books are but monuments of great
 men's minds ; they lift the veil that
 shuts us from the past and gives us
 views of other minds, that long since
 have been gathered home.

In the meeting with my books Virgil
 and Homer seem first to greet me.
 These blind poets of Italy and Greece
 have left monuments of everlasting
 greatness. After parting with my
 friends of a former age, Schiller, the
 German poet, comes to tell me that he
 belongs on the same shelf.

Then of our fair England comes our
 Father Chaucer, the lover and teacher
 from the book of nature. He sings to
 us sweet songs of brooks and meadows,
 and tells how he would "gladly learn,
 and gladly teach." Of my English
 friends next comes the Stratford Bard,
 who, by the Avon's side, transmitted to
 the world his immortal sayings that
 have become household words to-day.
 I next hail the advent of Alexander
 Pope, who pens those philosophic truths
 into my ears, and soothes my troubled
 mind by saying: "Whatever is, is
 right." Pope retreats and gives place
 to those of minor importance such as
 Thompson, Hood, &c., until I come
 down to Wordsworth, who now issues
 forth with that quiet meekness, and