

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.  
 Developement, and progress makes His children wiser be,  
 And those who follow after us inherit more than we,  
 While those who've gone before us, who labored 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 overladen table.  
 Are like the blessed Jesus in the vineyard labor,  
 Finds the well of water and offers to his neighbor,  
 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.

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### THE COMPANY OF MY BOOKS.

When sitting in my library and communing 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