

so ungracious as they believe them to be.

Yours, T. W. BILSON.

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## MY BOOKS.

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BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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SADLY as some old mediæval knight  
Gazed at the arms he could no longer wield,  
The sword two-handed and the shining shield  
Suspended in the hall, and full in sight,  
While secret longings for the lost delight  
Of tourney or adventure in the field  
Came over him, and tears but half concealed  
Trembled and fell upon his beard of white,  
So I behold these books upon their shelf,  
My ornaments and arms of other days ;  
Not wholly useless, though no longer used,  
For they remind me of my other self,  
Younger and stronger, and the pleasant ways  
In which I walked, now clouded and confused.

*From "Ballads of Books." (Coombes.)*

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THE paper trade of central Germany has decided to hold an exhibition in the Merchant Society House at Leipzig, at Easter, which, it is expected, will be very successful.—*Illustrirte Zeitung für Buchbinderei.*