

our friend got up one morning, he found his grass had been all cut by his wicked neighbor, who was beginning to dry it for himself.

'Now I cannot be silent any longer; that is too bad,' the peasant thought. 'I can do nothing but claim my right by law. What otherwise will become of me?'

The following morning he went into town early to go to the judge. His neighbor saw him go, and called after him, 'I suppose you are going before the judge to accuse me; go on, if you have the courage to do it.' Silently he continued his way. He arrived earlier in town than was necessary, and went to see a distant relative of his, a shoemaker.

'Where are you going so early in the morning?' the shoemaker asked as he entered. 'I am going before the judge,' our friend answered, a little embarrassed. (Was he thinking of those words in I Cor. 6: 1, 4, 7?)

'You are going to law? What for?' asked the shoemaker. The peasant told him all that his wicked neighbor had done to him, and how he was forced to stop him. 'Is this not too bad?' he concluded.

'Yes,' replied the shoemaker; 'but tell me, is the meadow really your property?'

'Yes, of course: I inherited it from my father, and he had it from his father, who bought it. I have the papers at home. I am perfectly certain that it is legal property.'

'If it is truly your own, you may accuse your neighbor justly,' replied the shoemaker, in a peculiar voice. After a moment he began again, 'Are you quite sure that it is legally your own?'

'Yes, of course. I have inherited it from my father. He had it from my grandfather, who bought it. I could show you the papers if I had them here.'

'If it is really your own you may accuse him,' said the shoemaker, again in the same tone. After another pause, he said a third time, 'Is the meadow truly your own?' And he spoke these last words with such a stress that the peasant felt quite struck, and relapsed for a moment into meditation. Then suddenly his face gleamed, and he exclaimed in a loud voice:

'No, no! you are right, the meadow is not mine! House, property, and all I have and all I am, is not my own; all is my Master's!'

'Then you can let him take care of His own,' was the shoemaker's simple reply. The peasant shook hands gratefully with his friend and adviser, thanking him for his excellent teaching, and he went home without having gone to law.

The neighbor saw him from a distance. 'Well, have you accused me?' he called out. 'No; I have not been to the judge,' the peasant replied quietly. 'Oh, you have not had enough courage,' the former remarked sarcastically.

'Listen; I want to tell you something,' our friend began. 'I see now that the meadow is not my own; it belongs with all I have and am to my Master, the Lord; and as long as he lets you cut my grass, I will willingly let you do it.'

And then he turned to go. Suddenly the other jumped up, hastily taking his hand, and, pressing it, said with deep emotion: 'Now I see that you are a real Christian. I never would believe it before. Say, can you forgive me for what I have done? I shall never touch your meadow again; and what I have spoiled I shall pay back to the last farthing. And if I come to you to-night, will you tell me how you became a Christian? I must try to be better too, I know; I cannot remain like this.'

We need not add our friend's feelings at these words and what he replied. The Lord gave him grace that evening in all he said; his neighbor became a new and better man, and both became close friends from that time.—Young People's Paper.

## Our Unexplored Bibles.

(By Rev. H. M. Simpson.)

In the city of London on one occasion, I went with a friend to call upon a gentleman to whom we had a letter of introduction.

We were received very graciously at the merchant's place of business. This relieved us, for we knew how averse some persons are to either giving or receiving letters of introduction.

We spent a large part of the beautiful morning in seeing the sights in the immediate vicinity of our newly-made acquaintance's office. We saw many things well worth seeing.

One incident of the morning I have not forgotten. Reaching the curbstone, not many squares distant from our starting point, our accommodating guide suddenly stopped and said: 'Now, gentlemen, I know no more than you do of this great city beyond this street. I am a total stranger over there.' He then told us that, though born and brought up in London and having acquired his fortune there, he had seldom, during his long life-time, for any reason, gone into the city beyond. He said that he had lived during his entire life in a pleasant suburb, to and from which he passed in the omnibus every day. He really wished that he could be of further service to us, but it was impossible. The rest of the city was 'terra incognita' to him.

Does it not seem as though this old Londoner's relation to his native city may pretty well represent the relation of an unfortunate class of persons to their bible? Some men live in familiar parts of God's great Word, while all beyond is unknown to them.

It is very true that it is well to become especially familiar with some portions of the holy bible. And it is also true that the frequency with which some subjects are presented in the bible indicates that the Holy Spirit, by whom the bible was inspired, regarded some topics, and therefore some parts of Scripture, as of greater importance than others. But:

The outlook from Mont Blanc or the Matterhorn is more worthy the capacity of a creature made in the image of God than the mere view seen by the Savoyard in his nook of security down in the Chamouni Valley.

A convert from newspapers and novel reading made a discovery, and, to put it in his own words, declared, 'The bible is no end of a book.'

A convert from Judaism, who was both an inspired reader and writer, has declared, 'All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.'

In Paris, Benjamin Franklin was once in the company of some of the most brilliant men of France. While learned and witty, they were also very skeptical, and impolite enough to treat the bible with great scorn, calling it not only a piece of gross deception, but saying that it was totally devoid of all literary merit.

Franklin alone dissented. When called upon for his opinion, for he was a great favorite with his friends, he excused himself from giving a direct answer such as they sought, saying that his mind had been much occupied upon a book of apparently

rare excellence and force which he had purchased at a Paris bookstore. And, speaking of literary characteristics, he remarked that possibly it might interest the gentlemen present to compare his newly acquired book with the old book which they were criticising.

And so with their consent he read the following:

'God came from Teman and the Holy One from Mount Paran. His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of his praise. His brightness was as the light; he had horns coming out of his hand, and there was hiding of his power. He stood, and measured the earth; he beheld, and drove asunder the nations; and the everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills did bow; his ways are everlasting.'

These words made a deep impression. The listeners were full of admiration, and said they were superior to anything they had ever heard. They were 'beautiful,' 'grand,' 'sublime.'

Then said Mr. Franklin, 'Gentlemen, I have read to you a part of the prayer of Prophet Habakkuk. I have read from the old bible which you have been so severely criticising.' They did not know the bible.—Living Epistle.

## The Will of God.

(Thy will be done.)

I worship thee, sweet Will of God!  
And all thy ways adore,  
And every day I live I seem  
To love thee more and more.

Thou wert the end, the blessed rule  
Of Jesus' toils and tears;  
Thou wert the passion of His heart  
Those three and thirty years.

And He hath breathed into my soul  
A special love for thee—  
A love to lose my will in thine,  
And by that loss be free.

I love to kiss each print where thou  
Hast set thine unseen feet;  
I cannot fear thee, blessed Will!  
Thine empire is so sweet.

I love to see thee bring to nought  
The plans of wily men;  
When simple hearts outwit the wise,  
Oh, thou art loveliest then!

When obstacles and trials seem  
Like prison walls to be,  
I do the little I can do,  
And leave the rest with thee.

I know not what it is to doubt;  
My heart is ever gay;  
I run no risk, for come what will  
Thou always hast thy way.

I have no cares, O blessed will,  
For all my cares are thine;  
I live in triumph, Lord, for thou  
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

And when it seems no chance or change  
From grief can set me free,  
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,  
And gayly waits on thee.

Man's weakness waiting upon God  
Its end can never miss,  
For men on earth no work can do  
More angel-like than this.

Ride on, ride on triumphantly,  
Thou glorious Will, ride on!  
Faith's pilgrim sons behind thee take  
The road that thou hast gone.

He always wins who sides with God;  
To him no chance is lost;  
God's will is sweetest to him when  
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that he blesses is our good,  
And unblest good is ill:  
And all is right that seems most wrong,  
If it be his sweet Will.  
—Faber.