

"At the Dusseldorf Industrial Exhibition, a lady asked one of the official attendants, 'Where can I find the Bibles?' To which he scoffingly replied, 'The Bibles—oh! the Bible has its place outside.' The rest explains itself. The lady went to the Bible stand, and, a few days later, sent the enclosed poem, which I forward in the original German, and in a translation which I have attempted, and which will have at least one merit—that of being true to the sentiments of the writer. To avoid all misapprehension, I must say that the Council of the Exhibition is not responsible for the Bibles being outside. This is due to other circumstances, and we owe it to the friendliness of the Exhibition authorities that we were permitted to erect our Bible stand at all." The poem is entitled "*Die Bibel draussen!*" and may be thus rendered:

Astounded, we had gazed at glorious sights,  
Of two large provinces industry's noble fruits,  
And grace and taste had reared the structure,  
Where every art shone bright with cheerful ray

And such colour-play, and colour melody,  
And such rush and roar of the billowy, joyous life,  
Where spirit energy and soul-creative force,  
Titan-like, full many a height had scaled

Yes, Labour, thou leadest man to noble aims,  
Art in thyself a limpid well of bliss;  
Yet only then dost thou bring precious gains,  
When thou thyself art bright with beams divine,  
When thou, who sarest, wingest thine upward flight,  
And touchest Heaven with thy golden wand,  
And sing'st thy song to thy Creator's praise.

"Of all the gems show me now *the gem*,"  
I asked, "the Bible," "The Bible!"  
*The Bible has its place OUTSIDE,*  
Replied the man, and in his gestures  
And in his features' play was seen contempt.

"The Bible has its place outside!"  
Yet inside, in the world's very centre,  
Diffusing life and brightness.

"The Bible has its place outside!"  
Yet is she Queen,  
Reigning by lowliness, by love o'ercoming.

"The Bible has its place outside!"  
Yes, in yon humble tent, an unpretending mustard grain,  
And yet the tree whose leaves o'erspread the world,  
Under whose shade the millions refuge find.

"The Bible has its place outside!"  
Yet in its fountain clear the noblest art is seen to plunge,  
And then emerge, with eye clear as the sun,  
To wing its heavenward flight on eagle's pinions,  
"The Bible has its place outside!"  
No, *inside*, in the heart's most blessed "DEEP-WITHIN."

O strong and gentle tidings of great joy!  
Spite of them all, thou shalt be Conqueror, thou shalt win the prize  
Yes, come, come one, come all, and take God's precious gift—  
Not outside, inside be its place of honour,  
Ashamed let none be of the blessed Word.

Thus, like a pearl, it rests in the soul's hidden depths;  
Thus, like the gentle sun, it darts its healing rays,  
And, where it shines, strews life along its path,  
And makes the desert bloom, and dry lands moist with dew.

Strive *thou* to make the tidings of great joy,  
God's blessed Bible, thy soul's choicest treasure,  
And help to Jesu's praise to spread it far and wide,  
To earth's remotest bounds.

—B. & F. Bible Society Reporter for November.