

"Then take the O. L. S. C. phase of the prospect of one hundred thousand persons, on subjects which cannot fail to develop their better faculties. What does it mean for the future? I cannot tell! it is beyond my comprehension. I look upon the O. L. S. C. as one of the most far-reaching, in its possibilities, of any instrumentality which has yet been devised for the intellectual elevation of our race. That the interest in the course is not a transient one is evident from the fact that nearly, if not quite, all of the graduates of the present year have expressed their intention to continue the work in the special courses provided. This is a result which Dr. Vincent has confidently expected from the outset; it is a life-long course of study.

"And so I say, Chautauqua for ever! and may God bless and preserve Dr. J. H. Vincent, the beloved king of Chautauqua."

Naaman the Leper.

BY ROBERT AWDE, ESQ.

[We have pleasure in presenting this admirable poem, which so well illustrates a recent Sunday-school lesson.—Ed.]

Come with me, reader, over sea and land,
Lend ear and heart, and all you can command,
And we, perchance, may then with keener zest
Resume the studies that we love the best.

A Syrian home, palatial in extent,
With ample grounds—where art and culture lent

A thousand charms of form, of taste and hue,
To make both it and landscape fair to view.
Long galleries lined with scenes of battle fame,

Where Syrian arms have stamped the victor's name;

Here trophies hang—spoils of successful war
In Palestine and in Egypt far.
Here costly gems and ornaments of gold,
A precious store, too numerous to be told;
While skins, rugs, carpets, spread the ample space

Where female charms lend their peculiar grace.

The grounds were kept with more than usual care;

Adorned with trees and flowers surpassing fair:

Some, with their fruitage, pleased the pampered taste;

Some rich in foliage, others stately graced
The far extending walks, or stood alone
To charm the eye with beauty all their own.

Here fountains sparkle, rainbow-hued they play;

There murmuring streams o'er cascades leap
in spray,

To lose themselves in windings through the dell,

The cool retreats where dryads love to dwell.

Here nymph-like forms, embowered in sylvan shade,

Invite the wanderer to a peaceful glade
Where, undisturbed in meditation sweet,
The midday hours may pass unknown to heat.

Here comes the owner. See his favourite bower,

His loved retreat near by the watchman's tower,

From which the view, extending far and wide,

Commands the plain for miles on either side;
While near at hand, in bright, translucent sheen,

Rolls on the Pharpar, set in fadeless green,
Here voicing anthems o'er its rocky bed,
There in the plain a belt of silver spread—
Behold the man we've come so far to see:
Naaman, lord. A warrior brave is he.
A general bold. A man of high renown.
A royal favourite. King without a crown.
A mighty man in battle. See his shield,
Dented and hacked on many a hard-fought field

Where Israel's foemen met him in the fight,
And Israel's king had learned to fear his might.

For had he not victorious borne away
A host of captives taken in the fray,

Both male and female swelled the victor's train—

And Israel wept, her captives worse than slain

These were at rest; those, victims of a fate
All might conjecture, none might mitigate.

Yet special grace was not unfrequently shown,
And some were treated even as their own.

Hence do we find Daniel and his friends,
Tho' captive held, the Court made such amends

As royal favour linked to merit won,
Tho' jealous princes grieved the justice done.

So in Naaman's household we shall find
A Jewish maiden serving the refined

And noble Thesma—proud Naaman's wife—
Whose favour won is worth far more than life

She reigns an Empress in her own domain,
Her word appoints and rules the courtly train

Of meek attendants waiting her command;
While one alone is privileged to stand

Near by her mistress. She is small and young,

And she alone can speak the Hebrew tongue
Which Thesma likes, and oft it suits her best

To speak a language foreign to the rest.
Besides the child is of such grace and mind,
Of knowledge rare, of manners so refined,
Her mistress loves her, and 'tis plain to see
Restraint has fled, the maid, tho' slave, is free.

Her young heart bounds responsive to the touch

Of kindly feeling, loves her mistress much;
And in her converse freely speaks and tells
Of all the thoughts that in her bosom dwells.

This wondrous freedom, born of innocence
And guileless love that knows of no pretence,
Made childless Thesma more acutely feel
The hidden grief which time could never heal.

One day, when sitting at fair Thesma's feet,
Telling of childhood's days and memories sweet—

Of that dear land the Hebrew loves so well,
She spake of plagues and judgments that befell

Their kings and people when their God they grieved

By breaking laws which they from heaven received.

She told of prophets—men who feared not kings—

Who, quite indifferent to all earthly things,
Cursed God alone, who made the earth, sea, sky,

The sun and moon, and all the stars on high.

"These men have power with God," the maiden said;

With His permission they can raise the dead.

She told of him who prayed unto the Lord,
And at his cry the dead son was restored;

How that Elijah prayed it might not rain
For three years and six months; and then again

How at Mount Carmel, on that wondrous day

When Israel's God heard this same prophet pray,

First that the fire from heaven might come and burn

The sacrifice; and that the Lord would turn
His people's heart from idols. How God heard

And answered him. Then when he prayed again

And asked the Lord, He sent abundant rain.
More than the little maid rehearsed the tale,
And as the romantic, Thesma listened, pale
And all absorbed, drinking her every word.
The maiden, Elisha, said, "O that my lord
Were with, Elisha, said, "O that my lord
He would restore him of his leprosy."

This word of faith fell on the listening ears
Of Thesma, and her eyes were filled with tears.

The maiden seeing, with much feeling said,
"The God, who at the brook Elijah fed;
Who raised the widow's son; who sent the fire;

Can cure Naaman if he so desire.
O that my lord would seek the prophet's face!

The God of Israel is the God of grace."
A great hope entered Thesma's heart. She spake

Unto a courtier, asking him to break
In gentle words the matter to the King

Benhadad. Who said, "Go to, go and bring
Naaman, for him surely will I send
Naaman a letter to the king, my friend;
And with a goodly present in his hand
Bespeak the boon I cannot well command."

So journeyed Naaman, with courtly train,
A royal chariot, and a guard of men

All armour-clad, mounted on sprightly steeds,

And full provisioned for prospective needs.
They reach Samaria, the royal home
Of Joram, and announce that they have come

From King Benhadad on imperial quest,
Bearing a letter with his seal impressed.

King Joram reads: "Behold, I sent to thee
Naaman, to be healed of leprosy."

With consternation in his kingly face
Jehoram said, "I am in wretched case,
See how this King Benhadad seeks to make
A quarrel with me. Wherefore should he take

This strange device? My fears again revive.
Am I a God, to kill and make alive,
That he should send his servant unto me
That I may heal him of his leprosy?"

Alas! he cried, and rent his clothes in grief,
And Naaman turned and went without relief

Elisha heard what Israel's king had done,
And sent a message, "Send this seeking one
To me, and he shall know there is a God
In Israel." Then, leaning on his rod
Or staff, Elisha prayed, "O Lord God, hear
And answer give while yet he draweth near."

So when Naaman came along that way
Elisha sent his servant out to say,
"Go wash in Jordan seven times, and then
Thy flesh, o'er as a child's, shall come again."

Which, when Naaman heard, he fumed in rage,

"I surely thought he'd come forth and assuage

By word or contact this my foul complaint;
But he insults me. And as if constraint
Of pride or loathing kept him from my side,
Sends me a message, 'Wash in Jordan's
tide!'

Must I, in presence of his countrymen,
Thus stoop to him to wash, and wash again
Even seven times, as tho' I were impure?
I would prefer some less degrading cure.
Arbana, Pharpar, our Damascus streams,
Are better far than Jordan, tho' it gleams
Through yonder trees with beams of heavenly light.

Turn, horsemen, turn! Lead on! I hate the sight."

His servants loved him, and in tears drew nigh,
One spake, "My father, would'st thou not comply

If he some hard thing had required of thee?
Much more, then, this. We near the river, see!

Behold a pathway leading down, I pray
Thee be entreated, turn not thou away."

Naaman's pride was humbled, for he saw
That true obedience is the test of law;
And so he gat him down in humble mien
And dipped, and dipped seven times, and
he was clean!

With strange delight he looked upon his skin,
Pure, pinky, soft, a new life coursed within;
His quickened heart, the rosy colour threw
Into his face; he felt that all was new.

Quick he returned with grateful heart to see
The man of God; and was surprised when he

Refused to take a gift, but gladly heard
Him give the glory to Jehovah, Lord
Of heaven and earth, whose power all worlds control,
Who answered prayer, and made the leper whole.

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Indulgent reader, in this picture see
The leprous spot a type of sin in thee;
Thou canst not cure, nor yet thy doom elude.
Then listen to the sweet beatitude:
"Blest is the man of lowly, contrite heart."
Christ never says to such an one depart.
If thou but ask humbly of Him for aid,
Tho' He come not, nor on thy heart be laid
His hand, yet if in faith thou but obey
His mild command, thy sins shall pass away,
And, like Naaman, thou shalt quickly feel
With rapturous joy, He does forgive and heal.

Faith and obedience must precede the cure;
But, blessed truth, He makes the tainted pure.

Gives joy and peace, such as naught else affords—

Ours is the bliss; the glory is the Lord's.
Toronto, Sept. 30, 1885.

Sun-Storms.

ALL things in the universe are comparative. Could one fancy the microscopic beings which inhabit a drop of turbid water endowed with intelligence, they might be supposed to study what they can discover of the sort of world with much the same of the great world that men have in reaching after the truths of astronomy. To their brief existence the usual term of human life would be countless ages. Not to continue a very fruitless speculation, it may be said that wonderful as is the following account of the prodigious activity of the great forces at work in the sun, these storms are not more furious in comparison with our own than are our animalcule experiences in his world.

How can we, who are bewildered and appalled by the fury of our planet's cyclones and volcanic eruptions, form a conception of the terrible energy of natural operations on the sun?

Professor Nowcomb suggests that if we call the solar chromosphere an ocean of fire, we must remember that it is an ocean hotter than the fiercest furnace, and as deep as the Atlantic is broad.

If we call its movements hurricanes, we must remember that our hurricanes blow only about a hundred miles an hour, while those of the chromosphere blow as far in a single second.

There are such hurricanes as, coming down upon us from the north, would, in thirty seconds after they had crossed the St. Lawrence, be in the Gulf of Mexico, carrying with them the whole surface of the continent in a mass, not simply as ruin but of glowing vapour, in which the vapours arising from the dissolution of the materials composing the cities of Boston, New York, and Chicago, would be mixed in a single indistinguishable cloud.

When we speak of eruptions, we call to mind Vesuvius bursting the surrounding cities in lava. But the solar eruptions, thrown fifty thousand miles high, would engulf the whole earth and dissolve every organized being on its surface in a moment.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Mistress of the White House to Girls.

THE following is an extract from an article by Miss Elizabeth Cleveland: "I wish some strong, bright angel stood before you just now, who you read, girls, to flash before you, as no words of mine can, the power you possess to help or to hinder the cause of temperance; to make you feel your responsibility, because you are girls in this matter; to shudder at its weight, and to never cease trying to fulfil it. Doubtless you have heard a great deal about the value of your frowns! What a man must do by a blow a woman can do by a frown. When the time comes that the young man who now shares his time in your society and the saloons; who jokes about temperance in your presence, and takes a glass, socially, now and then, is made to feel that these things cannot be if you are to be his companion at party, ride, or church; that good society cannot tolerate these things in its members; in short, that this kind of man is unfashionable and unpopular, then alcohol will tremble on its throne, and the liquor-traffic will hide its cancerous face."—*Portland Herald.*