

bring an empty basket. When thou standest before His door, knock boldly,—not as a beggar knocks—knock like one who belongs to the house; not as a vagabond knocks who stands in fear of the police; knock as a friend, as a guest who feels assured of the warmest welcome, and if admittance is not at once granted thee take the staff of His promises and strike loudly at the door of the mansion, and see if He do not give unto thee, and if not out of love, yet, like that friend in the Gospel, because of thine importunity.”

We dare not touch lest we should mar the impressive, tender picture presented by the joy and grief, the anguish and exultation, of the home at Shumen, where Elisha was so hospitably entertained. The mystery of God's providential dealings with His people, the transitoriness of all things earthly, the power of effectual prayer, are lessons that lie upon the surface of the narrative, while, at the same time, the conscious existence of the spirit apart from the body, and other doctrines that stand related to the future, are suggested and taught by the resurrection of the dead child to life.

Elisha seems to have been peculiarly benevolent in his attention to cases of private distress. While he visited the schools of the prophets, he was not regardless of their temporal necessities. He saw them oppressed with famine, but instantly relieved them by his fatherly care. His miraculous powers were exerted at one time to prevent their being poisoned by noxious herbs, at another to feed an hundred of them by multiplying the very food which had been provided for himself, and which he generously gave up for their sustenance. So, too, we are required “to be ready to every good work,” and to “look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.”

Few histories, even in the Bible, are more replete with interest and instruction than the history of Naaman, the Syrian. Proclaimed by the public voice the bravest hero, the first soldier of his nation, yet a dark cloud hangs over him, for he is a leper—his body an ulcer, his skin a festering crust. “Would God my Lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria, he would heal him of his leprosy,” was the exclamation of a Hebrew maiden who was a slave in Naaman's household. To Jericho Naaman