

not look as if this was a roundabout road to the well? After all this about Naaman, and who Naaman was, and what was wrong with him, then in the second verse we are away off to the Syrians. What about them, and what about this little maid who waited on Naaman's wife? Ah, out of little seeds great oaks grow. Out of little events great events come. Great doors turn upon small hinges; and such a thing as this wonderful story of God's gracious dealing with poor Naaman turns upon that seemingly trivial incident, that a marauding, thieving band of Syrians, when they crossed the borders and went into Israel, took away captive this little maid. They "builded better than they knew." I can imagine that the band of Syrians came back, and all their booty was a little maid. Oh, how their companions laughed at them! It seemed to have been a poor excursion, a great deal of toil and trouble and effort for very little, when they came back with only this girl. Perhaps they brought more, but I almost think that the narrative wishes to emphasize that that was about the size of the haul on that occasion. They fetched with them a little Hebrew maid. "Who hath despised the day of small things?" No wise man. Fools do it every day. Do not despise little folk. Do not despise little things. Do not despise the day of small things. What a great work this little maid did. She has found for herself a conspicuous place in the picture-gallery of God's Word. She shall be exhibited to all eternity. Were there not kings and queens and mighty men that burnt and blazed, and paraded for a little, and then went down to dusty death? Their name and their memorial have perished with them. But that little lass, a stranger in a strange land, away there in Syria, lives for ever, here in the imperishable record of the Word of God.

"She waited on Naaman's wife. And said unto her mistress, 'Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy.' And one went in, and told his lord, saying, Thus and thus said the maid that is of the land of Israel." What a simple testimony she bore. Pardon me for, perhaps, beginning to spiritualize too suddenly, but it is the main part of our work here.

What interest there is in this old story! Just the interest which comes from the story in so far as it represents spiritual and eternal verities for ourselves to-night. Ought not preachers of the Gospel to be like this little lass, just knowing one thing, and knowing that one thing well enough to say it, and to say it boldly, and to say it again and again, to fill the people's ears with it, and, although at first they may laugh, and at first they may

scoff, and at first they may jeer, to keep saying it? "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy." What a splendid preacher she was! She had all the qualifications of a first-rate, successful preacher. She had a message, and she spoke that message simply and directly, and she spoke it with great assurance. The world has always had a great many more philosophers than it knew what to do with. Do not be proud, my young fellow, and pull your moustache, and put a glass in your eye, and talk "philosophy." It is about the windiest of nonsense, and it has filled the ear of intelligent people for far too long a time. Philosophy has had its innings, and scored very little. We might give a chance to the Gospel might we not? Now, we ought to be all like this girl. She is really a type for all preachers and Sabbath-school teachers. At any rate, it told on somebody who heard it; and that somebody went and told Naaman, and it so told upon him that he said, "There is something in it."

Now, the same thing is working in and through the Gospel yet. On the surface it seems to be a weak, foolish, despised and despicable thing—the word of a witless lassie against all the misery and blighting power of leprosy. But God has chosen the weak things, the base things, things that are despised, to do His work, to bring to naught things that are, to save souls, to give to His eternal fame and honor.

Do we know this Gospel? Do we know the prophet that is in Israel—no longer Elisha, but the Lord Jesus Christ, the Prophet of the prophets, the King and Lord and Head of them all, the Incarnation and Embodiment of all healing and spiritual virtue? Then, if we know Him, let us not only know Him in our hearts, but let us simply and sincerely testify for Him, and He will spread our testimony on the wings of the wind, and make it tell as He did with this little girl, "One went in and told his lord." The king of Syria writes to the king of Israel. Crowns sometimes drop upon very unworthy heads. Both of these kings cut very sorry figures, do they not? The king of Syria was going to do it all, and he said, "Go to, go, and I will send a letter to the King of Israel." "And Naaman departed, and took with him ten talents of silver, and six thousand pieces of gold, and ten changes of raiment." How this poor girl's little simple gospel is being spoiled! Did she say a single word about kings, or about talents of silver, or about changes of raiment? Then see how they have corrupted the simplicity of her simple testimony. Does not the Gospel suffer in the same way still? Is it not