



AFTER THE RAIN.

## Chautauqua Song.

REV. JOHN O. FOSTER, A.M.,  
General, III.

Read in the Hall of Philosophy, August  
7th, 1884.

## I.

LET others sing of battles, of heroes true  
and brave,  
Of kingdoms won by valour, on land or on  
the wave;  
A grander theme before us, for which the  
nations sigh,  
When truth shall grasp the standard, and  
hold the banner high.

Through long and weary ages, grim giant  
Wrong has trod,  
And crushed his mangled victims beneath  
the blood-stained sod.  
The day of better forces has dawned upon  
the land,  
And right is might forever, and evermore  
shall stand.

And here beside these waters, this sunny  
summer sea,  
With right and truth a motto, and God and  
liberty;  
We hail the coming morning, the ages'  
golden day,  
And bless the God of heaven that wrong  
has fled away.

Chautauqua's thought is spreading o'er all  
the peaceful land,  
And pure instruction widens and deepens in  
demand;  
And bound like kindred families, the new  
Assemblies rise,  
Till ev'ry zone th' Circles own, beneath the  
bending skies.

The fathers of this impulse, wrought wiser  
than they knew,

They laid a firm foundation whereon the  
fabric grew,  
And year by year their plannings, collecting  
Christian lore,  
Have halted many worthies before this  
open door.

And in the distant ages, in marble pure and  
white,  
With memories of blessings in scintillations  
bright,  
A host of Bible students shall keep this  
natal day,  
And on the busts of Vincent, coronal  
wreaths shall lay.

## II.

## THE HALL IN THE GROVE.

When evening shadows softly creep across  
the inland sea,  
The Circles meet, and willing feet come  
tripping o'er the lea,  
They come to bless each other's hearts, in  
song and thought and prayer,  
And study lore from nature's store so richly  
garnered there.

The Circles may from day to day through  
all of coming time,  
Inspire with truth the coming youth to  
search with zeal sublime,  
And from this Hall the words shall fall that  
round the world shall ring  
With stronger will than ever fell from lips  
of priest or king.

What strength is here, or gathered there,  
within the mighty throng,  
How grand the army at the front, some  
sixty thousand strong.  
Let no one feel a Crystal Seal confers the  
last degree,  
When Seals are caught, but never bought,  
in C. L. S. and C.

What fellowship is in the grip of warm and  
friendly hands,

And badges worn and vespers said, are  
tokens of these bands;  
But mottoes strong or sweetest song can  
never give the charms  
That ever rest within the breast of those in  
Jesus' arms.

That Hall, within the classic grove, with  
members far and wide,  
Sends them away as billows play on ocean's  
swelling tide.  
They go in other lands to spread the choicest  
truths abroad,  
Or glean the grain from hill and plain in all  
the fields of God.

The beacons burn, the torches blaze, the  
altar flames arise,  
And hallowed light descending bright,  
beams from the bending skies.  
Our God is here, let us adore, and love the  
joy profound,  
We meet, we part, but every heart shall  
call this holy ground.

A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD girl, living in Con-  
necticut, is a good reader and very fond  
of poetry. A few days ago a gentle-  
man of eighty-eight years called on  
her grandfather, who is eighty-four  
years old. The little girl, wishing to  
entertain them, brought out her book  
of poems and selected one which she  
thought would please them, as it re-  
ferred to old men entitled, "What can  
an old man do but die?" every verse  
ending with that cheerful sentence. The hearty laugh that followed from  
the two hale and hearty old gentlemen  
satisfied her that her efforts were appre-  
ciated.

## After the Rain.

WHAT a beautiful pastoral picture  
is here shown—a characteristic English  
scene. The quaint, old straw-thatched  
timbered house, overshadowed by the  
majestic elms, the laden ferry crossing  
the stream—in Canada we would surely  
have a bridge instead—the fishermen  
in the foreground, the farmer har-  
rowing the soil, and behind all the  
glorious arch—God's bow of promise  
—set in the heavens.

When eyes that watched the flood rise and  
decline,  
First saw the bow of beauteous colour  
blended,  
Which spanned a threatening cloud, then  
slowly faded,  
Each heart relied on that assuring sign.

So when in Christ, the dazzling light divine,  
Spreads out its heavenly splendours softly  
shaded  
In clouds of flesh, our trembling faith is  
aided  
On God's sure truth and mercy to recline.

To see Him, once to holy John was given,  
"Clothed in a cloud, a rainbow round  
His head,"  
Earth's green memorial wearing still in  
heaven;  
And when God looks upon that blessed  
token  
Encircling "Him who liveth, and was  
dead,"  
He keeps His covenant of peace unbroken.  
—R. Wilton.

## Salvation for the Young.

BY MRS. P. A. POST.

A FEW years since, at the Round  
Lake camp-meeting, in a children's  
meeting, a Sabbath-school girl arose and  
said, "At ten years of age God con-  
verted my soul, and I knew it; at  
eleven years of age He sanctified me;  
and now I am a little past twelve, and  
God has kept me. No one need ever  
tell me Jesus cannot convert, sanctify,  
and keep children." The streaming  
eyes and emphatic manner assured the  
listener of the validity of her testimony.  
Though hers was a very plain face we  
could but exclaim, "That girl has a  
crown of glory infinitely transcending  
those around her attired in worldly  
fashion," and we soliloquized thus:  
"What a responsibility rests upon  
parents, guardians, preachers, teachers,  
and indeed upon every disciple of Jesus,  
if children may be brought into the  
"fold" thus early! And who doubts it?  
We well remember a girl of fourteen  
summers who had been a member of  
the Church four or five years. She had  
been trained by pious parents, who  
were especially interested in securing  
for themselves and their large family  
all the fulness of the blessing of the  
Gospel of peace. The subject of per-  
fect love was presented from the  
pulpit, taught in the social meetings  
and in the pastoral visiting. Several  
sought this pearl of great price  
and found, and with the rest M—.  
The pastor, in leading the class, said,  
"M—, you have been seeking the  
blessing of perfect love for several  
days; have you found what you  
sought?" She rose and said, with  
much emphasis and feeling: "Yes.  
While in prayer the blessing came,  
clear, and satisfactory." Years passed,  
and a few days since we received a letter  
from her father, saying, "M— is a  
lovely disciple of Jesus, and a member  
of the faculty of the University of  
—." "A light set upon a hill that  
cannot be hid." O, that a baptism of  
the Holy Ghost may fall upon the  
families of the Church.