

thereof." The words would rouse the dying man. Once more he stood, in imagination, by the banks of Jordan; once more, floating in the breeze, come to him the prophet's mantle, and, strengthened in soul, in one last act would he sum up his whole life of faith, and with his latest breath repeat his first confession of faith. "And Elisha died." The old prophet departs in peace. A long, a toilsome journey is over. Angels bear him upwards; he rests in the bosom of his God.

The end of our lives often resembles their beginning. It seems as if the curving lines were to bend into a circle, and thus beginning and end to meet. The first public act of Elisha was in connection with Moab, and at the last these sons of the desert came as witnesses around him. They had placed the remains of Elisha in the niche of some rock-hewn vault, and rolled a stone before the entrance. Sadly, one day, a funeral procession moved to the graveyard, the same where Elisha lay. Glittering in the sun's rays, the poised lances of a troop of Moabites are seen. There is no time for deliberation; in the nearest sepulchre they lay the corpse they were bearing, and, wonder of wonders, "when the man was let down and touched the bones of Elisha, he revived and stood upon his feet."

From the first Elisha was a type of Christ, as Elijah had been of his precursor, and at last he appears to foreshadow in his grave the power of that tomb in which Jesus had lain, and the reality of that life and resurrection which sprang from it. And so this miracle, seemingly the last wrought in Israel, stood out as a finger-post, pointing forward, through many centuries, to Him who was to come, and to that great miracle in which all former miracles were summed up and fulfilled—a miracle which proclaims with the voice of God, "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out her dead."

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