

"Full oft have I been praying so, and chiding His delay,
And, lo! the work was done, or ere my lips had ceased to pray;
For our ears are dull of hearing; stay and put them not to proof
Beneath the grinding of the wheel, and trampling of the hoof."

"Nay, it boots not," said the angel, "they are but the ghosts, of those
Three hundred priests of Baalim who fell beneath thy blows
That glorious day on Carmel; let them perish, as they cry
To the gods that cannot help them when they live, or when they die.

"Drive on, ye horses of the Lord, across the weltering throng,
It is the great Elijah ye are bearing now along,
Let them see him once again in the triumph of his faith,
And hear the bitter mockery, and taste the bitter death."

It was the great Elijah, the prophet stern and grand,
Faithful only to Jehovah he in all the faithless land;
Zealous even unto slaughter for the God of Israel
'Gainst Ahab and the minions of the Tyrian Jezebel.

But he answered, "Stay thy running, and let me here descend,
For the Lord has hither brought me surely for this very end;
Ah! this thing I had forgotten—day of glory and of dole—
And I wist not what did ail me, but its weight was on my soul."

Then he stepped down from the chariot, looking O so *meek* and *mild*,
For the burden of the glory made him humble as a child;
And he lifted up the prostrate head of one and then another,
For the burden of the greatness made him tender as a mother.

"Ye priests of ancient Sidon and of purple Tyre" he cried;
"I have heard a still small voice that hushed the storms of wrath and pride,
And God Who was not in the fire, and was not in the wind,
Was in the still small voice that spake to the unquiet mind.

"O worshippers of Ashtoroth, and priests of Baalim,
I thought to please Jehovah, and I only grievèd Him;
I flouted you, and mocked you, and I deemed that I did well
When I smote you in the name of Him, the God of Israel.

"But He hath no pleasure in the death of any man that dies,
He delighteth not in blood or smoke, of such a sacrifice;
Yea, not a worm is crushed, but the writhings of its pain
Touch a chord of His great pity, Who made nothing live in vain.

"He had patience with thee, Sidon, and patience I had none;
For the art of Tyre, perchance, He let the sin of Tyre alone,
Something He saw to stay His wrath, but I would nothing see;
Ye were the priests of Jezebel, and hateful unto me.

"I did not think how hard it is to find the way of truth;
I did not think how hard it is to shake the faith of youth;
Yet if I was walking in the light, the credit was not mine,
But God's, Who in His grace to me, had made the light to shine.