

ELIJAH'S INTERVIEW.

By Campbell.

God was not in the *Whirlwind*—nor in the *Thunder*—nor in the
Flame, but in the *still small voice*

On Horeb's rock the prophet stood—
 The Lord before him passed ;
 A hurricane in angry mood
 Swept by him strong and fast ;
 The forest fell before its force ;
 The rocks were shivered in its course ;
 God was not in the blast.
 'Twas but the whirlwind of his breath,
 Announcing danger, wreck, and death.

It ceased. The air grew mute—a cloud
 Came muffling up the sun ;
 When, through the mountain, deep and loud,
 An earthquake thundered on :
 The frightened eagle sprang in air,
 The wolf ran howling from his lair :—
 God was not in the storm.
 'Twas but the rolling of his car,
 The trampling of his steeds from far.

'Twas still again—and nature stood
 And calmed her ruffled frame :
 When swift from Heaven a fiery flood
 To earth devouring came.
 Down to the depth the ocean fled,—
 The sickening sun look'd wan and dead,
 Yet God filled not the flame.
 'Twas but the terror of His eye
 That lightened through the troubled sky.

At last a voice all still and small,
 Rose sweetly on the ear ;
 Yet rose so shrill and clear, that all
 In heaven and earth might hear.
 It spoke of peace, it spoke of love,
 It spoke as angels speak above,
 And God himself was there.
 For oh ! it was a father's voice,
 That bade the trembling heart rejoice.
