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A COMING PENTECOST.

BY THE EDITOR.

“THERE is a sound of abundance of rain!” Such were the words of Elijah to Ahab, while as yet the sky was cloudless and the parched ground languished for the showers which God withheld. For three years and six months there had been no rain in all the coasts of Israel.

“The earth seemed made of iron, heaven of brass,
And fissures in the soil were gaping wide
For the fresh rain that came not. Herbs and grass
Fell sere and dead, and buds and blossoms died ;
As day and night went round as wont, yet brought
No cheering interchange for hopeless thought.
The wells and mountain springs were dry and dank,
And Canaan's face became a chaos and a blank.”

To the people it was a time of sore distress. In the suggestive words of the Saviour, “Many widows were in Israel in the time of Elias.” The famine was sore in the land ; and as month after month passed by and brought no sound of rain, hope died out from the hearts of the people, and they sank in dull despair beneath the frown of God. Under these circumstances, we can imagine the eager expectation, that thrilled all hearts when from the western sea rose up the spreading clouds that gave token of the coming rain.

The line of thought suggested by this incident of Old Testament story is obvious enough ; and in giving it a spiritual application we do no violence to the spirit of the Scripture narrative. It is but an illustration of the fact that the seemingly less important parts of God's Word are full of suggestive lessons, and often unfold