

honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."

It is to me always interesting and instructive to hold converse with a good man on the eve of his departure from time; truly, "the chamber where a good man meets his fate is privileged beyond the common walks of life, quite on the verge of heaven." In that honest hour hypocrisy throws off its mask, the ungodly change their vanity for vexation of spirit, while the good man feels and sings

"'Tis a blessing to live, but a greater to die;
And the best of the world is its path to the sky."

The Prophet Elijah had his day of storm and tempest. Who is there among the great reformers of the church, upon whose path the storm cloud did not burst? But the stormy day is past, and is followed by the beautiful evening tinged with the golden light of another world. The mariner, so long out upon the wave, buffeted by fierce winds and tossed on a stormy sea, has at length found the welcome of the waiting ones in the long sought harbor of rest. The soldier, having fought his last battle, exchanges his helmet for his crown, saying, "Oh happy day! that fixed my choice."

In looking at the last years of the Tishbite, we have a new and unexpected picture to contemplate. In his earlier years we see a man of as stern stuff as ever preacher was made of. Just the man for Carmel and Jezreel. His mission was of an aggressive character. He was to pull down the lofty citadel of idolatry in the court of Ahab. He was a heaven-sent messenger of fire and judgment to Jezebel and Samaria, an uncompromising antagonist of Baal and his worshippers. A vindicator of the divine righteousness, an avenger alike of Israel's defiled sceptre