



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

ELIJAH'S PRAYER.

(JEHUDA IBN GIAT.)

THE glory of the Lord I will declare
 At eventide, when rose Elijah's prayer,
 What time, the weak and sinful multitude
 From day to day their evil works pursued,
 And those who feared the Lord were sore distress'd,
 Brought low, and by their enemies oppress'd.
 Then while the people gazed, the priests of sin
 Were gathered unto him, who sought to win
 The erring crowd to hear his holy word,
 Acceptable and pleasing to the Lord.

“Oh! may my prayer approach thy throne, Most High,
 And be thine ear attentive to my cry,
 When that the hour of Mincha draweth nigh.”

Thus, unto all the people gathered round,
 His words of gracious wisdom did resound,
 Each unto each with understanding bound.

“Oh! foolish and unwise, who nothing know,
 How long, unsure and halting, will ye go,
 'Twixt two opinions, ever to and fro?”

“Seek where the truth is found—if in the Lord
 Or in another—be the truth adored.”

And all the people answered not a word.

He cried aloud: “Nay, hearken once again.
 I, only I, of all the many slain
 A prophet of the Lord alone remain.

“The while the priests of Baal, who daily stand
Bending before the works of craftsmen’s hand,
Four hundred count and fifty in the land.

“Choose ye a bullock then with fitting care,
And offer it upon your altar there.
I for myself will likewise mine prepare.

“Then this to all who fain the truth would see,
And follow after it a sign shall be—
Who answereth with fire, God is he.”

And they, when these wise words to silence fell,
Seemed to repent, whose hearts did erst rebel,
For all made answer: It is spoken well!

“Be ye, the many, first,” he said again,
“Prepare your altar, bring the bullock slain,
But let the fire unkindled yet remain.”

They called in folly on an empty name,
“O Baal, answer us, thy power proclaim!”
But neither voice, nor sound for answer came.

Then mocked Elijah them and mocking said:

“Call with a loud voice, be ye not afraid,
Call, for he is a god—be undismayed.”

Then leaped they on the altar they had built,
And cut and gashed themselves with knives, and spilt
Their blood with evil rites of shame and guilt.

Weary they grew and faint, as time sped by,
And their souls sank within them hopelessly,
Until the hour of Mincha had come nigh.

The man of God, the prophet, then ignored
For a brief period the holy word¹,
While he repaired the altar of the Lord.

For every tribe, as was their wont always,
He took a stone, as in the ancient days,
Wherewith the altar of the Lord to raise.

¹ In allusion to the law forbidding offerings elsewhere than in the temple.

He laid the offering, duly purified,
 Upon the altar, and on every side
 He dug a trench around it, deep and wide.
 "Fill it with water till it overflows,"
 He bade them next. Then at the long day's close,
 Even at the Mincha hour, Elijah's prayer arose.

O Lord of all!
 God of my fathers, hear me when I call.
 Let it be known
 For evermore that thou art Lord alone;
 That I, even I,
 Thy servant am, who still unceasingly
 To serve thee run,
 And at thy bidding all these things have done.
 Hear, when I pray,
 And make thy people know thy power this day,
 And turn once more
 Their hearts to thee, as in the days of yore!
 Then fell there fire from heaven at his word,
 And all the people cried with one accord,
 "The Lord is God—He only—God and Lord!"

ALICE LUCAS.

A DIRGE FOR THE NINTH OF AB.

O THOU afflicted, drunken not with wine¹!
 Cast to the earth thy timbrel; strip thee bare;
 Yea, make thee bald²; let not thy beauty shine;
 Despoil of comeliness thy presence fair;
 Lift up a wailing on the mountain height³;
 Turn thee to all thy borders; seek thy flight.

And cry before the Lord
 For thresholds waste,
 For thresholds waste;

¹ Isa. li. 21.

² Mic. i. 16.

³ Jer. vii. 29.