

Chapter 17

Elias by his prayer shutteth the heauen from raining. 6. Is fed by a crovv, 15. and by a vvidovv of Sareptha, 16. vvhoſe potte of meale, and barrel of oyle diminisheth not. 17. Her ſonne dieth, and is rayfed to life.

And Elias the Theſbite of the inhabitants of Galaad ſaid to Achab: Our Lord liueth the God of Iſrael, in whoſe fight I ſtand, if there ſhal be theſe yeares dew and rayne, but according to the wordes of my mouth. ² And the word of our Lord came to him, ſaying: ³ Depart from hence, and goe agaynſt the Eaſt, and be hidde in the Torrent carith, which is agaynſt Iordan, ⁴ and there thou ſhalt drinke of the torrent: and I haue commanded the rauens that they feede thee there. ⁵ He therfore went, and did according to the word of our Lord: and when he was gone, he fate in the Torrent carith, which is againſt Iordan. ⁶ The rauens alſo brought him bread and fleſh in the morning, in like maner bread and fleſh in the euening, and he dranke of the torrent. ⁷ But after certayne daies the torrent was dried: for it had not rayned vpon the earth. ⁸ Therfore the word of our Lord came to him, ſaying: ⁹ Arife, and goe into Sareptha of the Sidonians, and thou ſhalt tarie there: for I haue commanded a wydow woman there to feede thee. ¹⁰ He aroſe, and went into Sareptha. And when he was come to the gate of the citie, the wydow woman appeared to him gathering ſtickes, and he called her, and ſayd to her: Geue me a litle water in a veſſel, that I may drinke. ¹¹ And when ſhe went to fetch it, he cried after her ſaying: Bring me alſo, I befeche thee, a morſel of bread in thy hand. ¹² Who answered: Our Lord thy God liueth, I haue no bread, but ſo much meale in a potte as a hand can hold, and a litle oyle in a veſſel: behold I gather two ſtickes, that I may goe in, and dreſſe it for me and my ſonne, that we may eate, and die. ¹³ To whom Elias ſayd: Feare not, but goe, and doe as thou haſt ſayd: but firſt make for me of the fame meale a litle harth cake, and bring it to me: and for thy ſelf

and thy fonne thou shalt make afterward. ¹⁴ For thus fayth our Lord the God of Ifrael: The pottle of meale shal not fayle, nor the veffel of oyle be diminished vntil the day, wherein our Lord wil geue rayne vpon the face of the earth. ¹⁵ Who went and did according to the word of Elias: and he did eate, and she, and her houle: and from that day ¹⁶ the pot of meale fayled not, and the veffel of oyle was not diminished, according to the word of our Lord, which he fpake in the hand of Elias. ¹⁷ And it came to paffe after thefe thinges, the fonne of the woman, the goodwife of the houle, fel ficke, and the fickeneffe was verie vehement fo that there remayned no breath in him. ¹⁸ She therfore fayd to Elias: What is to me and thee thou man of God? comest thou vnto me, that myne iniquities might be remembred, and thou mightest kil my fonne? ¹⁹ And Elias fayd to her: Geue me thy fonne. And he tooke him from her bofome, and caried him into the vpper chamber where him felf abode, and layd him vpon his bed. ²⁰ And he cried to our Lord, and fayd: O Lord my God, ^awhat, the widow alfo with whom I am after a fort fufteyned, haft thou afflicted, that thou wouldest kil her fonne? ²¹ And he ftretched forth, & meafured him felfe vpon the childe three tymes, & he cried to our Lord, and fayd: O Lord my God, let the foule of this childe, I befeche thee, returne into his bodie. ²² And our Lord heard the voice of Elias: and the foule of the childe returned into him, and he reuiued. ²³ And Elias tooke the childe, and brought him downe from the vpper chamber into the lower houle, and deliuered him to his mother, and fayd to her: Behold thy fonne liueth. ²⁴ And the woman fayd to Elias: Now, in this I haue knowen that thou art a man of God, and the word of our Lord in thy mouth is true.

^a To this question (fayth S. Auguftin) the prophet answered in fpirite: No. For God killed not this childe to afflict fo good a mother, but to confirme her in true religion & comforte her by rayfing him from death. So Lazarus died not to remaine dead, but to be rayfed to life, for Gods more glorie. *Ioan. 11. v. 4. S. Aug. li. 2. q. 5. ad Simplicia.*