

ness of the representations of native artists, with which the fans, screens, and vases one sees in England are ornamented.

While we were going about, a letter was brought me, containing the sad news (received here by telegram) of the death of Tom's mother. It was a terrible shock, coming, too, just as we were rejoicing in the good accounts from home which our letters contained. I went on board at once to break the bad news to Tom. This sad intelligence realised a certain vague dread of something, we knew not what, which has seemed to haunt us both on our way hither.

MOUNT OF TRANSFIGURATION.

BY THE REV. DR. LIPSCOMB.

While He thus spake, there came a cloud, and overshadowed them: and they feared as they entered into the cloud.

And there came a voice out of the cloud, saying, This is My beloved Son: hear ye Him.—St. Luke, ix. 34, 35.

THE evening lamps were shining on the shores of Galilee,
And high above, the azure lights gleamed with them o'er the sea;
Far upward in the silence stood Mount Tabor's dusky height,
Whose forests kept with quiet stars the fellowship of night.

And thither bent the Saviour's steps with growing weight of care,
Each onward step a quicker throb to find repose in prayer;
And thither went the chosen three who shared His private hours,
As senseless things the fragrance share of twilight's dewy flowers.

And bowing there with lonely heart, the saddened Saviour prayed,
While on His friends the weary night with heavy slumbers weighed,
But suddenly the sleepers start beneath celestial light,
To see a morn of glory rise from out that shadowy night.

Then Hermon witnessed from afar the swift-ascending glow,
And quickly caught this midnight morn upon its brow of snow;
Then Pisgah's eye her risen dead with silent wonder greets,
While Carmel's grove Elijah's name once more with joy repeats.

But soon, too soon, the splendour passed, the ecstatic vision fled,
Lo! Tabor's Mount had reared a cross whose shadows o'er it spread;
And 'neath the cloud that veiled the Cross, the three sank down with fear,
Whose hands had grasped the rainbow hues, to build their dwellings here.

Who would transfig'ring glory feel, must feel the fearful cloud,
While silent awe and holy dread his earthly senses shroud;
'Twas thus the Man of Sorrows found the strength to bear His Cross,
'Tis thus the stricken heart of grief finds gain in every loss.