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ON THE TRANSFIGURATION.*

The MAN OF SORROWS, with three chosen disciples, ascends, let us say, the slope of snow-capped Hermon. It is a high mountain "apart," overlooking the folded hills of northern Palestine and the valleys where the "people had sat in darkness"—the land of Zebuloff and of Naphthali, Galilee of the nations. As He climbs the rough mountain-side does He not look at times in inexpressible sorrow towards the placid Lake, far southward, by whose shores He had wrought so many wonderful works and preached so often the Gospel of the Kingdom? Woe unto thee Capernaum! Woe unto thee Bethsaida! Woe unto thee Chorazin! Ye have opened your ears and hearts to the Pharisees and Saducees—devil-missionaries from Jerusalem—and shut ears and hearts against Jesus; and now at length the day of grace is past and ye are left to your deadly doom! Yonder, tinged into purple by the rays of the setting sun, are the hills that guard His childhood's home, loved but faithless Nazareth! At His feet are the springs that feed the Jordan whose windings His eye can trace through the far-off fertile valleys.

And now night comes down spreading her jewelled mantle over the scene. There is no voice nor sound but the sweet babble of hidden streams, and the sighing of the cool breeze through the lonely forest avenues. Hush! There is also the voice of earnest prayer; the Eternal Son is pleading with the Father; the Son of Man unbosoms all

his griefs, his fears, all his unutterable aspirations. He knows that the term of his earthly ministry is drawing to a close, that the dreadful conflict with death is at hand; and being Man there is for him a terror in death the King of terrors. He seeks fresh strength from the full fountains of omnipotence, and prepares for a conflict such as the Universe never saw before—never can see again. The chosen three fall asleep even as they did so ill-timely at Gethsemane: but Jesus prays on, forgetful of hunger, weariness and sleep, and all the claims of the frail tabernacle of clay. His locks are now wet with the dew of Hermon as he kneels hour after hour among the mountain lilies, mute witnesses of his Father's loving care.

See! a light from heaven is on the Son of Man. His prayer is heard; and as the stormy cloud often blossoms into rainbows, so this night of the shadow of death is crowned with light and glory. "He was transfigured before them, and his raiment became shining exceeding white as snow." "The fashion of his countenance was altered. And behold, there talked with him two men which were Moses and Elias; who appeared in glory and spake of his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem." Heaven has come down to men: or rather the Son of Man, resuming the glory which he had before all worlds, transforms the cold mountain brow into a trysting place between Heaven and Earth, the Mortal and the Immortal, the human and the Divine.

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There, white-robed and glorious, is JESUS the despised and persecuted Nazarene;

* Matt. xvii: 1-8. Mark ix: 2-8. Luke ix: 35-36.