

Under the Sanctuary Lamp.

Mount Thabor.



As the darkness from the hills of Gaulanitis creeps over Galilee and the crimson glow is fading where the western sky drops into the sea, He climbs the mountain with Peter, James and John. He must have been as weary as the day He sat at Jacob's well and asked for the cool water that sprakled beyond His reach. Do the efforts which He makes to reach our hearts fatigue Him? Who could think so that knows? He never tires struggling for our poor souls. We know the reason full well. "Where there is love there is no labor; or if there is labor, the labor is loved."

An entrancing view lay before our Saviour's eyes from the woody heights. Away in the distance the various objects stood out clear and distinct before the day had faded. How clear our spiritual vision becomes, when we look round about us from the altar! From its height and under its influence we see with a strengthened spiritual vision.

Every least detail of that gorgeous panorama He saw in the dying light of that evening, but not as distinctly as He sees every slightest circumstance, every minutest particular of our griefs, our joys, our hopes and our fears, and with us sorrows and rejoices.

"His face did shine as the sun, and His garments became as white as snow." For a moment the fear-stricken Apostles may have thought the sun had changed its course and come back Mount Carmel and was again glistening on the snows of Hermon or on the cedar groves of Lebanon, so dazzling was the aureole of brightness which lit up and radiated from the Master's face and garments.

When we kneel before His altar does He not make His face shine before our spiritual vision, and we realize that He is beautiful "above the children of men?" Do we not then feel that we must exclaim with St Peter:

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