

The Transfiguration.

“Who spake of His decease (Greek, *ἔξοδον*—*i.e.*, ‘going forth’) which He should accomplish at Jerusalem.”—ST. LUKE ix. 31.

THE Life Divine has gained its height,
Untouched by taint of death or sin ;
The Christ of God may enter in
Once more to Heaven’s eternal light.

The golden gates are opened wide
In welcome to the Heavenly Home ;
The sinless Son of man may come,
Undying, to His Father’s side.

Now in the heavenly glory drest,
With God before creation shared,
Upon the mount He stands, prepared
To enter His eternal rest.

Yet not of endless glory now
They speak together, He and they
Who stand beside Him on that day,
Nor of the Throne where angels bow ;

Of “going forth” in splendour bright
From earthly life, no word they say ;
They trace instead Redemption’s way—
The “going forth” through deepest night.

Oh ! wondrous theme their hearts to fill—
The Anguish in the Garden shade—
The Cross upon the Saviour laid—
The Death on Calv’ry’s darkened hill !

So from the Throne He now may take,
And from the Crown that waits Him there,
He turns away, the Cross to bear
For us, and our salvation’s sake.

Returning to the world below—
The vision passed, the glory gone—
The Saviour, once again alone,
Pursues His path of pain and woe.

O Lord, Who thus didst Heaven forego,
And prove once more Thy wondrous love,
Help us our love to Thee to prove
By lives that shall Thy glory show !

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