

## The Man of Sorrows.

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OH! BLESSED SOLACE! 'Tis a Father's rod—  
No rod of wrath, but of unchanging love.  
No stroke inflicted which He could have spared!  
Infinite Wisdom has with Love combined  
To make the blow accomplish—and no more—  
Its salutary End. A *Father's* rod!  
The thought represses ev'ry falling tear,  
Checks ev'ry murmur, mitigates each pang.  
Unerring parent!—Mourner! can you doubt  
*His* Faithfulness? Then look to Calvary!  
Behold that bleeding, dying Lamb of God!  
'Twas love for *Thee* that sent Him from His  
    throne,  
The bosom of Paternal love (whereon  
His head was pillow'd from Eternity),  
And nail'd Him there! 'Twas love for *THEE* evoked  
The fearful summons from the lips of Justice:  
"Awake, O sword!" and the avenging weapon  
Refused to slumber in its sheath, till drench'd

In blood to which Divinity gave worth!  
Omnipotence Itself (to speak with awe)  
Could, of supreme affection, give no pledge  
Higher than this. And dare we entertain  
The thought, that He, whose nature and whose  
name

Is Love,—could send us one superfluous pang,  
Impose a needless burden, or permit  
The thorn to pierce, He knew would pierce in  
vain?

That Cross becomes the blessed guarantee  
That all is needed! Mercy infinite  
Prevents one drop from mingling in the cup  
Which could have been withheld. Thou God of  
Love!

Vouchsafe us grace to bow beneath Thy Rod;  
And breathe (although it be through burning  
tears,

And half-choked utterance)—“Thy will be done!”

“Even so, Father! for it seemeth good  
To Thee!”—And, oh! forbid that whatsoe’er  
Thy Wisdom may appoint, should from our hearts  
Draw one repining or rebellious sigh.

“I will be dumb, and open not my mouth,

Because THOU didst it!"—and it must be well—  
"Although Thou slay me, yet I'll trust in Thee!"

Oh! Holy Man of Sorrows! dare I breathe  
One murmuring sentence? What this Cross of  
mine

Beside that Cross Thou didst endure for me?  
A few brief tears and transient sufferings  
Compose my sum of trials; but Thy woes  
Claim, as exponents, Mighty drops of Blood!  
Unanswerable challenge from the lips  
Of the Almightyest of all Sufferers,  
"Was ever any sorrow like to Mine?"  
Afflicted Mourner! bitter though the cup  
Which thou art call'd to drink—"CONSIDER HIM"  
Who drain'd the wine-cup of His Father's wrath;  
Whilst from His anguish'd Soul was wrung the cry  
Which robed the Sun in sackcloth, and made Earth  
Affrighted heave convulsive to her core,  
As if her pillars trembled to support  
The Cross where hung her Maker! What are  
The complex suff'rings of a suffering world?  
Dust in the balance when compared to this!  
Mournful howe'er thy history, although

'Tis written (like the plaintive prophet's roll)  
In characters of mourning and of woe,  
Telling of rifled households—aching hearts—  
The tear scarce dried when call'd to flow again;—  
Yet, what thy gloomiest seasons, when compared  
With the Cimmerian darkness which impall'd  
His agonised bosom?—when the Sun  
Of Deity was shrouded in eclipse,  
And hid the countenance which from Eternity  
Beam'd love ineffable! Oh, Child of God!  
Ne'er can there issue from thy quiv'ring lips  
The anguish'd cry which once arose from *His*—  
“*My God!* why thus hast THOU forsaken Me?”

Yes, Mourner! thou hast still thy Cov'nant God.  
Die whoe'er may, HE LIVES!—That thought is  
bliss!

Amid the ruins of thine Earthly joys,  
This portion still survives—*Omnipotence!*  
And surely, with a portion such as this,  
Thou need'st no other! Blessed compensation!  
When the Eternal God the cistern shivers,  
That He, the blessed Fountain-head, may come  
To take its place, and be the “All in all!”

Behold, there sits upon the throne of Heaven  
A sympathising "KINSMAN!" Not a pang  
Can rend thy bosom, but He felt the same!  
In all thy sufferings, think that "Jesus suffer'd!"  
In all thy tears, remember "Jesus Wept!"  
Rejoice—the pulses of that Mighty Heart  
Upwards in glory, vibrate to thine own  
Responsive; and though inaccessible  
He sits enthroned, and myriad ransom'd ones,  
Casting their blood-bought crowns before His feet,  
Swell the loud anthem, "Worthy is the Lamb!"  
Yet undergoes no change that Heart of Love,  
Nor, 'mid the blaze of glory, can forget  
One Pilgrim Sufferer! Those eyes that shed  
O'er human grave a flood of human tears,  
Still look with pity on this desert world;  
And Bethany's Chief Mourner still is thine!

Go! search the catalogue of human woes,  
And say what Cross there can be laid on thee,  
The Man of Sorrows felt not? Calumny—  
Reproach—Ingratitude—the death of loved—  
The treachery of trusted followers—  
Faithless desertion of His tried disciples,

When needed most. Behold Him forced to beg  
A cup of Water from the profligate  
He ransom'd with His blood ! See Poverty  
His only birthright ! Houseless wanderer !  
Oft His unpillow'd head denied repose.  
While foxes had their holes—the birds their  
          nests—

Oft was the mount His home, His couch the sod,  
His canopy the Sky !—Behold His Soul,  
Bowing in anguish underneath a woe  
Tongue cannot tell, when o'er him burst a cloud  
Surcharged and blacken'd with His "FATHER'S"  
          wrath !

Behold Him nail'd in anguish to the Tree !  
Mark the convulsive throb—the closing eye—  
The quiv'ring lip—and the expiring groan !  
MESSIAH DIES !—Is not the hour of death  
Thus sanctified by Death's great Conqueror,  
Who, as he vanquish'd, felt Himself the sting  
He died to pluck away ? Who, then, can dread  
To meet the foe their Lord hath overcome ?  
Who on the willows of the grave can hang  
His Harp disconsolate ? Tuned are its chords  
By this Almighty Sufferer, to words

Whose sweetest melody in this consists,  
That HE THAT PATH HAS TROD!—"Yea, though  
the Vale

Of death alone I tread—(yet not alone,  
For THOU art with me)—I shall fear no ill;  
Thy rod and staff shall comfort me!"

I love

To think, as King of kings, upon the Throne  
Of Universal Empire seated is  
The God-Man Mediator!—With the Roll  
Of Mystic Providence committed safe  
Into HIS hands! In all His vast domain  
Nothing too great to be beyond His sway,  
Nothing too mean to be beneath His care!  
While it is He who wheels in realms of ether  
Worlds upon worlds; gives to the wand'ring  
comet

Its tortuous course, tracking immensity,  
In cycles measuring a thousand years;  
'Tis He who "feeds the ravens when they cry,"  
Pencils the hue of ev'ry desert flower;  
Its summer verdure upon ev'ry blade  
Of grass bestows; of ev'ry forest leaf

The fall He watches ; and of ev'ry pulse  
He marks the beat ! The swarming myriads  
In boundless space each movement owe to Him,  
From the small insect fluttering in the breeze,  
Up to the waving of the Angels' wings  
Before the Throne ! Away ! ye votaries  
That raise your altar to an "Unknown God !"  
Ye deify as *Chance* and *Accident*,  
And call His will "inexorable fate !"  
There is no chance-work in the oracle  
Of Righteous Heaven !— Each high behest comes  
forth

The Ordination and Supreme decree  
Of Wisdom, Love, and Mercy infinite !  
The Parent mourns his Child's untimely end  
With aching heart ;— the idol of his bosom  
Snatch'd from him in the twinkling of an eye !  
Was it the lightning-flash that struck him down ?  
Traced was the lightning's wing'd path by God !  
Was it the waves engulph'd him ? Every billow  
Roll'd at the bidding of Omnipotence !  
Was it disease that hurried him away ?  
The worm unseen which sapp'd the treasured  
gourd,

Was sent by Him! This is the history  
Of every death: "The suffering God ordain'd—  
Prepared the sable shroud—and dug the grave!"  
Our times are in His hands, and at the hour  
He thinks befitting, but no sooner, He  
Our Breath recalls.—'Tis His prerogative  
To do with us and ours as pleaseth Him;  
We could not be in safer custody.  
Jesus our Shepherd!—choosing us our pasture,  
Selecting with unerring faithfulness  
And tender love, for each their earthly lot.  
Left to ourselves, how oft might we incline  
To choose the evil and refuse the good!  
Christian! rejoice that though His way may seem  
Often mysterious, as He led His Saints  
Of old, He leads thee still, in faithfulness.  
Trust Him in darkness! He will vindicate  
All his procedure, and receive at last  
The homage from ten thousand thousand tongues,  
"Righteous art Thou! O Lord!"

Exalted Jesus!

Wielding Creation's sceptre, unto whom  
Can I commit my everlasting all,

If not to Thee? How wondrously uniting  
Divinity with Human tenderness!  
While myriad Angels from Eternity  
Adored Thee, fearless in Thine arms there smiled  
The helpless Babe! Amid a varying world,  
Thyself alone continuing unchanged;  
Among the faithless, Faithful to the last!  
"Thou, for Adversity the Brother born,"  
"The Friend that cleaveth closer than a Brother!"  
His not a formal world's cold interchange  
Of sympathy (unworthy of the name);  
Into our every sorrow He can enter  
With sensibilities none else can feel.  
Oh! blessed thought! Immanuel's heart combines  
The Might of Godhead with Humanity  
In all its tenderness. The God who counts  
The number of the stars, can also count  
The number of my sorrows, for Himself  
Has felt them all! The mightiest of all Beings  
Is thus the kindest! I can upwards look  
In trembling transport to His throne, and say,  
"God! yet my Brother! Brother! yet my God!"