

the sympathy of love, though it was sorrow. This is a blessed character of the Lord's sorrow. Love brought Him to the cross we well know; but His sorrow there had not the present joy of a ministration of love. He was not dealing with man, but suffering in His place, in obedience, from God, and for man. Hence it was unmingled, unmitigated suffering; the scene, not of active goodness, but of God forsaking; but all His sorrows in His ways with men was the direct fruit of love, sensibly acting on Him—He felt *for* others, about others. That feeling was (oh! how constantly) sorrow in a world of sin; but that feeling was love. This is sweet to our thought. For His love He might have hatred, but the present exercise of love has a sweetness and character of its own which no form of sorrow it may impart ever takes away: and in Him it was perfect. I do not indeed deny that righteous anger filled His soul when occasion called it forth—we know it did—yea, brought out such denouncement of woes, as I believe nothing but perfect love could produce; for what must He have felt of those who took away the key of knowledge, and entered not in themselves, and hindered those that were entering? Righteous indignation is not sorrow, but the love that gives birth to it, where it is *righteous*, stamps its own peculiar character upon it.

Another source of sorrow (for what has not Christ drunk at?) was perhaps more human, but not less true—I mean the violation of every delicacy which a perfectly attuned mind could feel.