

## JESUS AT THE GRAVE OF LAZARUS.

"Jesus wept."—JOHN xi. 35.

It was not to her brother's new-made grave,  
That Mary, from her chamber, went to weep,  
But to her Lord, so full of power to save,  
Who passed Himself through death's dark, swelling wave,  
To turn death's terrors into peaceful sleep.

She knew His love. She sat in happier hours  
A soul-rapt listener at His holy feet ;  
Drank in His living words like April showers,  
Like dew distilled upon the opening flowers,  
As heavenly music to her spirit sweet.

How changed the scene was now ! Her happy home,  
Where Jesus ever was a welcome guest,  
Sickness had entered, death's dark shadows come ;  
Lazarus was now an inmate of the tomb :  
Distracting thoughts and anguish filled her breast,

Had they not sent to tell Him of their pain ?  
"He whom thou lov'st is sick," their strong appeal ;  
They looked, but still they looked, and looked in vain ;  
At such an hour, what could His feet detain ?  
Did not His heart for their affliction feel ?

"Oh that He'd come ! or, even speak the word !"  
A hundred times her burthened spirit sighed ;  
The thought, "I am forgotten by the Lord,"  
With wound more piercing than a two-edged sword,  
Mary, may-be, thy tempted bosom tried !

Now all is o'er-gone is that brother dear ;  
Jesus nor came, nor spake the sought-for aid ;  
Four days have passed since death reigned master here,  
And they had weeping followed slow his bier,  
And in the silent tomb his body laid.

Many have gathered to that house of woe ;  
Well it was known to be the loved retreat,  
Where, after toil and conflict with the foe,  
From strife and tumult, Jesus used to go,  
And with these friends enjoy communion sweet.