

THE "MAN OF SORROWS."

O ever homeless Stranger !
Thus dearest Friend to me ;
An outcast in a manger,
That Thou might'st with us be !

How rightly rose the praises
Of heaven, that wondrous night,
When shepherds hid their faces
In brightest angel-light !

More just those acclamations,
Than when the glorious band
Chanted earth's deep foundations,
Just laid by God's right hand.

Come now, and view that manger,
The Lord of Glory see,
A houseless, homeless, Stranger,
In this poor world, for thee,—

" *To God, in th' highest, glory,
And peace on earth,*" to find ;
And learn that wondrous story,
" *Good pleasure in mankind.*"

(How bless'd those heavenly spirits
Who joy increasing find,
That, spite of our demerits,
God's pleasure 's in *mankind* ;

And chant the highest glory
Of Him they praise above,
In telling out the story,
Of God come down in love !)

Oh, strange yet fit beginning,
Of all that life of woe,
In which Thy grace was winning
Poor man his God to know !