

"JESUS WEPT."

What an interest it gives to that scene of weeping to think that, at that eventful moment, the Saviour had before him the bereaved of *all time*—that his eye was roaming at that moment through deserted chambers and vacant seats and opened graves, down to the end of the world. The aged Jacobs and Rachels weeping for their children; the Ezekiels mourning in the dust and ashes of disconsolate widowhood—"the desire of their eyes taken away by a stroke;" the unsolaced Marys and Marthas brooding over a dark future, with the prop and support of their existence swept down—the central sun and light of their being eclipsed in mysterious darkness.

Think, throughout the wide world, how many breaking hearts there are—how loud the wail of suffering humanity, could we but hear it!—those written childless and fatherless and friendless and homeless. Bethany processions pacing with slow and measured step to deposit their earthly all in the cold custody of the tomb! Think of the Marys and Marthas who are now going to some "grave to weep there," perhaps with no Saviour's smile to gladden them, or the desolate chambers that are now resounding to the plaintive dirge, "O Absalom, Absalom, would God I had died for thee; O Absalom, my son, my son!" Think of all these scenes at that moment vividly suggested and pictured to the Redeemer's eye—the long and loud *miserere* echoing dismally from the remotest bounds of time, and there "entering into the ear of the God of Sabaoth," and can you wonder that *Jesus wept*!

Blessed and amazing picture of the Lord of glory! It combines the delineation alike of the tenderness of his humanity and the majesty of Godhead. His *humanity*: It is revealed in those tear drops falling from the human eye on a human grave. His *Godhead*: It is manifested in his ability to take in with a giant grasp all the prospective sufferings of his suffering people. Weeping believer! thine anguished heart was included in those Bethany tears! Be assured thy grief was visibly portrayed at this moment to thine omniscient Saviour. He had all thy sorrows before him—thy anxious moments during thy friend's tedious sickness; the troubling suspense; the nights of weary watching; the agonizing revelation of "no hope;" the closing scene! Bethany's graveyard became to him a picture-gallery of the world's aching hearts; and *thine*, yes! *Thine* was *there*! and, as he beheld it, "*Jesus wept*!"

"Jesus wept! These tears are over,
But His heart is still the same;
Kinsman, Friend and Elder Brother
Is His everlasting name.
Saviour, who can love like Thee,
Gracious One of Bethany!

When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Pillow of the troubled soul,
Surely none can feel like Thee,
Weeping One of Bethany!