





But were our eyes unsealed, as the prophet opened those of his servant Dothan, you would discern, brands and above that howling rabble, a more august gathering. Legions, whose blest warrior would have turned to paleness the cheek of Cæsar at the head of all his hosts, are gazing there; yet withheld by some dread sentence, they do not interpose. Angels, that excel in might and in glory, watch that desolate sufferer with adoring interest. That much outraged victim, seemingly rejected of a man and abandoned of God, is my Maker. In that lowly form is veiled the Incarnate Godhead. The angels that smote Sennacherib's camp, and slew the first-born of Egypt, have bowed often their heads to this being, as their Lord and their Creator. Excited as are his enemies, they could frame no consistent accusation against him to justify their enmity. There, under reproach, anguish and cursing, dies the only one of Adam's race that knew no sin. For no guish of his own is he suffering, but to cancel that of his murderer, man. Thus viewed, what elements of grandeur and tenderness, of the loftiest splendor and the lowliest condescension, blend in that dread sacrifice! Do men look with interest on greatness in misery? It is here: the King of Glory dying as a malefactor. Are they touched with sympathy for distress? How deep was the anguish even of his patient spirit, when he cried out, invoking a Father who had hidden his face! Should wisdom attract, here was the great Teacher whom all Judea had admired, speaking as never man spake,—the heavenly Teacher, for whom Socrates had taught himself and his scholars to hope. He is here giving his lessons on the cross. The good man, dying ingenuously, of whom Plato had glimpses, is here, the exemplar of perfect innocence, enduring the treatment due to consummate wickedness. That sacrifice stirs all worlds. Hell misses its expected prey, and the spell of despair over the accursed earth is broken, while Heaven stoops to behold its King incarnate and dying, that he may acquiesce in its allegiance a revolted province of his empire; in the same act including his mercy, and satisfying his justice, whilst his expiring breath through magnifies his law and announces his gospel. That sacrifice may well have power with man, for it has power with God. To the human mind, it presents in the closest union and in their highest energy, all the elements of sympathy, awe and tenderness. It blends a Divine majesty that might well overawe the haughtiest, with a winning gentleness that would reassure the most desponding. It might well be, at the same time, a theme for the mind of an angel to study, without grasping all its vastness; and a motive for the mind of the Sabbath school child to feel, without being repelled by its loathsomeness. It has power, practical power—popular power—permanent power. It is God's remedy for sin; and with the accompanying influences of his Spirit, it can avail as the remedy for all forms of man's sin, as that sin is infused into, and as it is found enveloping either the literature of the world, or any other product of the human mind. Let us but transcribe that truth into the heart, and illustrate it in the life; or rather, let the renewing grace of God's Spirit so transfer it into the soul of man, let me be enabled to believe in this Divine Sufferer, as my Saviour—to feel that with him I am dying to the world, and that, with him too, I shall rise again from the grave, see him on the judgment throne and follow him into the gates of Paradise; and with those truths firmly grasped by the mind, what has the world left, wherewith to allure, wherewith to appeal me? I have thrown myself loose from the trammels of earth. Its cords have perished at the touch of an ethereal fire.—Disengaged from its entanglements, its bonds sundured and its anuses parted. I soar aloft, to sit, in the language of Paul, in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. I rise yet higher, and in the awful language of Peter, I, the heir of corruption, and once the lordman of death, am made "a partaker of the divine nature." Here is



**For the Alabama Reader**

On hearing the awful death of a young man,  
who died of smallpox.

And there was no black path for the dead creature  
 And his death bed with stripes, and with agony  
 rung.  
 For a blasted hour, earned to God in Le-fell,  
 As a spirit strath back from the caverns of  
 Hell.  
 As a thunder, re-echoed his down of the grain  
 And no, no-mountain hills, against the storm.  
 As a storm, over his mountains, under his  
 black, cloud  
 As a stamp, as a horse in the very hand  
 And the light in of you, and the sun told

his damned soul is poured in the gift of the  
pair.  
Thou shalt eternally's eyes are open, and  
God's vials of wrath will be poured on his soul,  
and the wail of his soul, from beneath the  
ground.  
Just forever ascend - I am lost! - I am lost!  
Manton, July 24, 1845.

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