

THE
BIBLIOTHECA SACRA

EASTER PRELUDE.

BY PROFESSOR GABRIEL CAMPBELL, D.D.

"THIS IS MY BELOVED SON: HEAR HIM."

WHAT bode these tones? Immortal soul,
Attend. Pierced unto death, pardon
He speaks. Compassion meets the hand
That slays. Men sinning slay themselves
Unconsciously. Sin maketh blind.
Surely the Father will accede;—
Self-offering pleads the Crucified:

"FATHER, FORGIVE."

Forgiveness not alone but gifts,
Heirship, a shared throne, the King
Thorn-crowned bestows. The guilty prays:
Lord, me remember, in thine hour.
The Royal Son, exalted by
The crucial shame, replies (Times, worlds
Are mine. Thy wealth untold is now)

"TO-DAY . . . PARADISE."

O wealth of wealth. All waits for all.
Hearts keep the treasure; Love enshrines
The law. The King is husband, and
His realm his Bride. Heaven's glory crowns
Earth's ties. Christ marks the one who bore
Him, bearing woman's woe, and to
His follower most beloved commends:

"BEHOLD THY MOTHER."

Hight, depth of agony. No cup
 May tempt to bar the consciousness.
 Disease nor sin beclouds the power
 To feel. Perfection suffers—so
 The deed is perfected. It is
 Our frame he wears. But list:—Upon
 The Cross, its pulseless arms, he sinks—

"I THIRST."

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What isolation. Where are hosts
 Of Heaven? And where the Father? May
 No miracle relieve? Nay, nay;—
 Alone to grapple Death—tho' God
 In darkness hide—this conquers it.
 Earth reels; rocks rend; from graves uprising
 The dead, hearing the Death-King call:

"MY GOD . . . FORSAKEN."

Alone—yet victor. Night of doom,
 Thou'rt broken. Life, Redemption dawn
 Upon the world; irradiate
 Hope, Immortality; robes white,
 For sinful men.—Good-Will and Peace,
 Sing on, O Seraphim.—Well may
 The doomed Deliverer proclaim:

"IT IS FINISHED."

Blest Son. God still is near. His face
 Mortality had veiled. Rent is
 The veil. Tho' rends the Conqueror's heart,
 He views uncounted sons made heirs
 Forever. Lo, a Father's arms
 Extend. The mortal bows its head.
 Immanuel breathes a parting trust:

"FATHER . . . MY SPIRIT."