

able value. Nor is it merely that His Person made all that service and obedience *voluntary*. There is something far more than its being thus voluntary. There is that in it which the *Person* ('My Fellow, saith the Lord of hosts') imparts—and who can weigh or measure that?

We know this full well among ourselves. I mean *in kind*. The higher in dignity—in *personal* dignity—the one who serves us is, the higher the value of the service rises in our thoughts. And justly so; because more has been engaged for us, more has been devoted to us, than when the servant was an inferior; more has the heart instinctively learnt that our advantage was indeed sought, or our wishes and desires made an object. We do not forget the *person* in the *service*. We cannot. And so in this dear mystery we are meditating on. The service and obedience of Jesus were perfect; infinitely, unmixedly worthy of all acceptance.

But beyond that—beyond the *quality* of the fruit—there was the Person who yielded it; and this, as we said, imparted a value and a glory to it, that are unutterable.

The same value rested on the services of His life which afterwards gave character to His death. It was His Person which gave all its virtues to His death or sacrifice; and it was His Person which gave its peculiar glory to all He did in His course of self-humbling obedience. And the *complacency* of God in the one was as perfect as His *judicial acceptance* of the other.