

Would fain proclaim to sinners far and near  
A love which can remove all guilty fear,  
And love beget.

It passeth *praises* ! that dear love of Thine,  
My Jesus ! Saviour ! yet this heart of mine  
Would sing a love so rich—so full—so free,  
What brought a rebel sinner, such as me,  
Nigh unto God.

And Jesus, when Thee face to face I see,  
When on Thy lofty throne I sit with Thee ;  
Then of Thy love in all its breadth and length,  
Its height and depth, its everlasting strength,  
My soul shall sing.

One feels how poor these few words have been on this wondrous subject, for what deep, full, moral glory shines out, and ever will, in connection with the Lord Jesus as the The Servant ! And when he comes forth as the Conqueror (Rev. xix) having on His blessed head "many crowns," methinks that of THE SERVANT will (if it be possible) outshine all the others in its surpassing brilliancy.

Finally, what practical effect, dear reader, will this little meditation have on you and me ? I will close by simply quoting two or three Scriptures, praying that the Spirit may seal them home with power in your soul and mind. "As the Father hath sent Me, even so send I you" (John xx. 21). "Whoever will be chief among you, let him be your *servant* ; even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom" (Matt. xx. 27, 28).