

He who never transgressed was himself  
"stricken for our transgression."

## VII

Love comes to the height of its power just in proportion as it pours itself out in service.

## The Lesson Heart, Talk

BY MRS. J. H. KNOWLES

The prophecy of Isaiah is an oratorio of the Messiah. The music sinks and sobs in minor cadence as he warns the nation of its sin and pleads for repentance and return to God. How it rises in victorious strains as he sings of redemption and deliverance! "Awake, awake, stand up, O Jerusalem, which hast drunk at the hand of the Lord the cup of his fury; thou hast drunken the dregs of the cup of trembling, and wrung them out. There is none to guide her among all her sons; neither is there any that taketh her by the hand of all the sons that she hath brought up. These two things are come unto thee; who shall be sorry for thee? desolation, and destruction, and the famine, and the sword; by whom shall I comfort thee?"

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good things, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good; that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth. Break forth into joy, sing together ye waste places of Jerusalem, for God hath comforted his people, he hath ransomed Jerusalem. The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations, and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God." It is the sighing and sobbing of captive Judah, the singing and shouting of exiles returned to their kingdom. It is the sighing and sobbing of a lost world, far from God; and the singing of a ransomed world redeemed and restored to the favor of God and the glory of his kingdom. The redemption is priceless; its cost is humiliation, suffering, death. It is complete and forever, "for the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee nor the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord."

Five hundred and fifty years after the prophet's soul, swept by the Spirit of God, poured forth this sublime music, its true Interpreter said, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might have everlasting life." The final strain is yet to be sung. Saint John heard coming ages marching to its music: "And they sung

He who follows duty, even in the darkest day, never follows a forlorn hope.

The darkness of Calvary lay between Christ and the day of his conquest.

Every vestige of truth is a part of the power that will issue in triumph at last.

a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book and to open the seals thereof; for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests, and we shall reign on the earth. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, forever and ever." Universal redemption by the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world; universal praise to the atoning Saviour wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities, upon whom was the chastisement of our peace, by whose stripes we are healed.

Travail of soul—satisfaction. One must pay high price for a thing of value. Here is One whose glory is what the world calls shame. "The marred visage has made him King." I must know the fellowship of his sufferings if I would share the glory of his crown. I must see the awfulness of sin and suffer travail of soul to save men from it. I may not sit at ease while one I love is under its power, nor yet while one whom God loves has not heard of the world's Saviour. "I stood one day upon an eminence of the great city and looked down. I looked upon its sins and sorrows. I saw the squalor beneath the glory, the rags beneath the costly raiment. I beheld the struggle for survival, the weariness of life, the recklessness that breeds crime; and as I beheld, I wept. And then I knew that I was bearing *thy* cross. That I knew that I was lifting that old, old burden of thine—the burden of Jerusalem that made thee weep. I used to sing only, 'Safe in the arms of Jesus'; it is for me no longer an adequate song. I cannot sleep if thou art suffering in the Garden. Rather would I have my arms round thee in the fellowship of pain. The fellowship with my pain brings rest to the labor of my heart; but my glory will be when I enter into *thy* labor."

## The Lesson in Literature and Art

1. "I will be wise,  
And just and free, and mild, if in me lies  
Such power; for I grow weary to behold  
The selfish and the strong still tyrannize  
Without reproach or check."—*Shelley*.

2. Verse 15. There are negroes in Central Africa who never dreamed that they were black until they saw the face of a white man; and there are people who never knew they were

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