

Behold My Servant — and the Beloved of Song of Solomon 5

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Behold My Servant — Matthew 12 and Three Voices from Heaven

Matthew 12:18–21 quotes Isaiah at length: behold my servant, whom I have chosen, my beloved, in whom my soul has found its delight. The word behold is one of the most valuable pieces of advice in all the Scripture. Hebrews says, looking unto Jesus. At the beginning of the book it says that; at the end it says, consider him. John the Baptist said it twice: behold the Lamb of God. And here it is again: behold my servant. The four Gospels each present the Lord Jesus in a particular character. Behold the man is the essence of Luke's Gospel. Behold your king is Matthew's. Behold the Lamb is John's. And behold my servant is Mark's. And the three passages in Matthew's Gospel where a voice from heaven speaks all converge on this same word of delight.

Matthew 3:17: this is my beloved Son, in whom I have found my delight — at His baptism. Matthew 12:18: behold my servant, my beloved, in whom my soul has found its delight — quoted from Isaiah. Matthew 17:5: this is my beloved Son, in whom I have found my delight; hear him — on the Mount of Transfiguration. A threefold cord not quickly broken. Once God simply declares His delight. Once He says, behold the one in whom I delight — use the eye. The third time He adds, hear him — use the ear. Beholding and hearing. That is everything for the Christian walk.

He is the one whom God has chosen. The sovereignty of God is the foundation both of salvation and of service. No man is saved by an act of his own will. No man is useful in service by virtue of his own gifts. God gives the gift; God

distributes as He pleases. And the Lord Jesus, in stooping to become the servant, became the chosen one rather than the chooser. That measure alone speaks of how far He stooped. My beloved, in whom my soul has found its delight: everything He ever did gave delight to the Father's heart. Everything He did not do would have been less than perfect, and that is why He did not do it. He was God's perfect servant.

Behold my servant, whom I have chosen, my beloved, in whom my soul has found its delight. — Matthew 12:18

He shall not strive nor cry; neither shall any man hear his voice in the streets. The Lord Jesus, as the King of Israel, was not out in the streets organising rallies or getting out the vote. He was the King, and they were not treating Him like a King, and He did nothing to compel them. A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench — the most feeble and fragile things, the gathering reduced to two or three, the testimony more smoke than light — He does not break them or quench them. He has power to help and to cast down, as the prophet told Amaziah. But His ways in this period are gentle. He will bring forth judgment unto victory. On His name shall the nations hope. The judgment is His, the timing is His, and the nations' hope rests in Him, not in our impressive testimony.

Song of Solomon 5 — What Is Thy Beloved More Than Another Beloved?

Song of Solomon 5 opens with the bridegroom in his garden, gathering myrrh and spice, having drunk his wine with his milk, calling his beloved ones to eat and drink abundantly. He is at work — his head is filled with dew and his locks with the drops of the night. He is not withdrawn but active, working in the night season for others. The bride, however, is asleep. I sleep, but my heart waketh — she is not in communion with his thoughts about others, not awake to what he is doing. She had her feet clean, she had put off her coat, she had settled into the

comfort of her blessings. We can get more occupied with our blessings than with the Blessor himself.

When his hand entered through the hole of the door, her bowels were moved for him. There was love. But she was slow to rise. When she opened the door, he was gone. And she had to go out into the streets to seek him — and the watchmen accosted her and wounded her, because her presence in the streets at night looked wrong. And she appeals to the daughters of Jerusalem, those who had rather despised her: if you find my beloved, tell him I am sick of love.

And their question calls forth from her a burst of praise: what is thy beloved more than another beloved, O thou fairest among women? Sometimes the Lord uses the question of the world to stir us out of our coldness and into testimony. And her testimony is magnificent: my beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand. His head is as the most fine gold — divine righteousness, perfection that will never fail as Nebuchadnezzar's head of gold failed. His locks are bushy and black as a raven — ageless, Jesus Christ the same yesterday and today and forever. His eyes as doves, fitly set — those eyes of deepest love that observe all our ways. His cheeks as a bed of spices — those cheeks that men struck and spat upon, precious to every heart that loves Him. His lips like lilies dropping sweet-smelling myrrh — never man spake like this man. His hands always occupied in the Father's work. His legs as pillars of marble upon sockets of fine gold — He cannot fail. Yea, he is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and this is my friend.

This is the one that the Father has called us to behold. He is made unto us wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption — all of those things we lacked and could not produce, He has become for us from God. If we were filled with the enjoyment of what God has given, we would not hanker after the empty things of the world, any more than one who has eaten well hankers after food that cannot satisfy.

