

he was brought as a lamb to the slaughter

by William MacDonald

Transcript

“...he was brought as a lamb to the slaughter.” (Isa. 53:7b)

I once saw a lamb die. It was a most moving, most awful sight.

As it was brought to the place of execution, it looked especially lovable. Children would have loved to cuddle it. The young of every species are darling—kittens, puppies, chicks, calves and colts—but a lamb is especially appealing.

As it stood there, it was a picture of innocence. Its white fleece, without blemish, gave the appearance of purity. It was gentle and mild, helpless and defenseless. Its eyes were especially expressive; they spoke of fear, of pathos and poignancy. There seemed to be no reason why anything so young, so beautiful should have to die.

Now the legs were tied and the pathetic lamb was lying on its side, breathing heavily, as if aware of impending death. With one deft motion, the butcher moved the knife across the throat. The blood poured out over the ground. The little body was convulsed by the death throes, then shortly it lay still. The gentle lamb had died.

Some of the spectators had turned away from the sight; it was too sad to watch. Others were wiping away the tears. No one wanted to speak.

By faith I see another Lamb dying—the Lamb of God. It is a most blessed, most awful sight.

This Lamb is altogether lovely, the chief among ten thousand, the fairest of the fair. As He is brought to the place of execution, He is in the prime of life.

He is not only innocent—He is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, without spot and without blemish. There seems no reason why anyone so pure should ever be put to death.

But the executioners take Him and nail Him to the Cross, hands and feet. There He suffers the concentrated torments and horrors of hell as a Substitute for sinners. Through it all His eyes are filled with love and forgiveness.

Now His suffering time is ended. He dismisses His spirit and His body hangs limp on the Cross. A soldier pierces His side and out gushes blood and water. The Lamb of God has died.

My heart is filled. Scalding tears flow freely. I fall to my knees and thank Him and praise Him! Just to think—He died for me! I will never cease to love Him.

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