

out of wounding

"through many tribulations we must enter the kingdom of God." acts 14:22

the best things of life come out of wounding. wheat is crushed before it becomes bread. incense must be cast upon the fire before its odors are set free. the ground must be broken with the sharp plough before it is ready to receive the seed. it is the broken heart that pleases God. the sweetest joys in life are the fruits of sorrow. human nature seems to need suffering to fit it for being a blessing to the world.

beside my cottage door it grows  
the loveliest, daintiest flower that blows  
a sweetbriar rose

at dewy morn or twilight's close  
the rarest perfume from it flows  
this strange wild rose

but when the rain-drops on it beat  
ah, then, its odors grow more sweet  
about my feet

ofttimes with loving tenderness  
its soft green leaves I gently press  
in sweet caress

a still more wondrous fragrance flows  
the more my fingers close  
and crush the rose

dear Lord, oh, let my life be so  
its perfume when tempests blow  
the sweeter flow

and should it be Thy blessed will  
with crushing grief my soul to fill  
press harder still

and while its dying fragrance flows  
i'll whisper low, "He loves and knows  
His crushed briar rose"

if you aspire to be a son of consolation; if you would  
partake of the priestly gift of sympathy; if you would  
pour something beyond commonplace consolation into a  
tempted heart; if you would pass through the  
intercourse of daily life with the delicate tact that  
never inflicts pain; you must be content to pay the  
price of a costly education—like Him, you must suffer.  
— f.w. robertson

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"for My thoughts are not your thoughts, nor are your  
ways My ways," says the Lord." isa 55:8 trust and obey  
for there's no other way - to be happy in Jesus but to  
trust and obey!