

dec 10

sunday solace - the devil's burden

"there remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God." heb 4:9 kjv

the rest includes victory, "and the Lord gave them rest round about; ... the Lord delivered all their enemies into their hand" - josh 21:44 "He will beautify the meek with victory." psa 149:4

and now, a little story.

an eminent christian worker tells of his mother who was a very anxious and troubled christian. he would talk with her by the hour trying to convince her of the sinfulness of fretting, but to no avail. she was like the old lady who once said she had suffered so much, especially from the troubles that never came.

but one morning the mother came down to breakfast wreathed in smiles. he asked her what had happened, and she told him that in the night she had a dream.

she was walking along a highway with a great crowd of people who seemed so tired and burdened. they were nearly all carrying little black bundles, and she noticed that there were numerous repulsive looking beings which she thought were demons dropping these black bundles for the people to pick up and carry.

like the rest, she too had her needless load, and was weighed down with the devil's bundles. looking up,

after a while, she saw a man with a bright and loving face, passing hither and thither through the crowd, and comforting the people.

at last He came near her, and she saw that it was her Saviour. she looked up and told Him how tired she was, and He smiled sadly and said: "my dear child, I did not give you these loads; you have no need of them. they are the devil's burdens and they are wearing out your life. just drop them; refuse to touch them with one of your fingers and you will find the path easy and you will be as if borne on eagle's wings."

He touched her hand, and lo, peace and joy thrilled her frame and, flinging down her burden, she was about to throw herself at His feet in joyful thanksgiving, when suddenly she awoke and found that all her cares were gone. from that day to the close of her life she was the most cheerful and happy member of the household.

and the night shall be filled with music,
and the cares that infest the day,
shall fold their tents like the arabs,
and as silently steal away.

– longfellow

worry is a form of unbelief; of not trusting God. our unbelief is always wanting some outward sign. the religion of many is largely sensational, and they are not satisfied of its genuineness without manifestations, etc.; but the greatest triumph of faith is to be still and know that He is God.

the great victory of faith is to stand before some impassable red sea, and hear the Master say, "stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord," and "go forward!" as we step out in faith, without any sign or sound, our feet take the first step into its waters. marching forward we shall see the sea open before us and close behind us.

if we have seen the miraculous workings of God in some marvelous case of healing or some extraordinary providential deliverance, i am sure the thing that impressed us most has been the quietness with which it was all done, the absence of everything spectacular and sensational; of the utter sense of nothingness which came to us as we stood in the presence of this mighty God. how easy it was for Him to do it all without the faintest effort on His part or the slightest help of ours but faith!

it is not part of faith to question, but to obey. the ditches were made, and the water came pouring in from some supernatural source. what a lesson for our faith!

are you craving a spiritual blessing? open the trenches, and God will fill them. and this, too, in the most unexpected places and in the most unexpected ways.