

hold on until the end

"for we have become partakers of Christ if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast to the end" heb 3:14

it is the last step that wins; and there is no place in the pilgrim's progress where so many dangers lurk as the region that lies hard by the portals of the celestial city. it was there that doubting castle stood. it was there that the enchanted ground lured the tired traveler to fatal slumber. it is when heaven's heights are full in view that hell's gate is most persistent and full of deadly peril.

"and let us not grow weary while doing good, for in due season we shall reap if we do not lose heart." gal 6:9

"do you not know that those who run in a race all run, but one receives the prize? run in such a way that you may obtain it." 1 cor 9:24

in the bitter waves of woe
beaten and tossed about
by the sullen winds that blow
from the desolate shores of doubt,

where the anchors that faith has cast
are dragging in the gale,
i am quietly holding fast
to the things that cannot fail.

and fierce though the fiends may fight,
and long though the angels hide,

i know that truth and right
have the universe on their side;

and that somewhere beyond the stars
is a love that is better than fate.
when the night unlocks her bars
i shall see Him—and I will wait.

– washington gladden

and now, a little story.

“there is only one thing,” said a village blacksmith,
“that i fear, and that is to be thrown on the scrap
heap.

“when i am tempering a piece of steel, i first beat it,
hammer it, and then suddenly plunge it into this bucket
of cold water. i very soon find whether it will take
temper or go to pieces in the process. when i discover
after one or two tests that it is not going to allow
itself to be tempered, i throw it on the scrap heap and
sell it for a cent a pound when the junk man comes
around.

“so i find the Lord tests me, too, by fire and water
and heavy blows of His heavy hammer, and if i am not
willing to stand the test, or am not going to prove a
fit subject for His tempering process, i am afraid He
may throw me on the scrap heap.”

when the fire is hottest, hold still, for there will be
a blessed “afterward”; and with old job we may be able
to say, “when He has tested me, i shall come forth as

gold.” job 23:10

the problem of getting great things from God is being able to hold on for the last half hour. He will not willingly throw someone upon the scrap heap, but there is a place for treasure and there is a place for trash. your faith, your endurance is more precious than gold to God and He would have it be the purest it could be. stay while the Master crafts His treasure.

i know the devil is hard at work, but so, is our God. even i feel the peace of death calling me home, but God's way is life. now, Lord, when the end is within our sight, grant your people strength for that last mile. in Jesus name!