

TRUST IN GOD—TRUE WISDOM

NO. 392

A SERMON
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*“He that handles a matter wisely shall find good:
 and whoso trusts in the LORD, happy is he.”
 Proverbs 16:20.*

WISDOM is man’s true path—that which enables him to accomplish best the end of his being, and which, therefore, gives to him the richest enjoyment, and the fullest play for all his powers. Wisdom is the compass by which man is to steer across the trackless waste of life. Without wisdom man is as the wild asses’ colt, he runs hither and thither, wasting strength which might be profitably employed. Without wisdom, man may be compared to a soil untilled, which may yield some fair flowers, but can never field a harvest which shall repay the labor of the reaper, or even the toil of the gleaner.

Give man wisdom, wisdom in the true sense of the term, and he rises to all the dignity that manhood can possibly know. He becomes a fit companion for the angels, and between him and God there is no creature. He stands next to the Eternal One, because Christ has espoused his nature, and so has linked humanity with divinity. But where shall this wisdom be found?

Many have dreamed that they discovered it, but they have not possessed it. Where shall we find it? It were worth while to pierce the deep of the earth, to scale the heights of heaven, to traverse the deserts, to plow the sea, to fly through the illimitable fields of ether—all were too little if we might but find this precious thing at last.

“But” the depth says, “It is not in me.” And the sea says, “It is not with me.” It cannot be had for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof. It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. The gold and the crystal cannot equal it, and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold. No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls, for the price of wisdom is above rubies. The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it, neither shall it be valued with pure gold.

Whence, then, comes wisdom? And where is the place of understanding, seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living, and kept close from the fowls of the air? Destruction and Death say, “We have heard the fame thereof with our ears. God understands the way thereof, and He knows the place thereof.”

Let us listen, then, to the voice of the Lord, for He has declared the secret. He has revealed to the sons of men wherein true wisdom lies, and we have it in the text, “Whoso trusts in the LORD, happy is he,” and that sentence is put in conjunction with another which teaches us this truth, that to handle a matter wisely is to find good, and the true way to handle a matter wisely is to trust God. This is the short and brief method of escaping the greatest difficulties. This is the clue to the most intricate labyrinths, this is the lever which shall lift the most tremendous weights. He who trusts in the Lord has found out the way to handle matters wisely, and happy is he.

I shall take the text this morning, by God’s assistance, in two ways. First, we shall apply it to *the wise handling of matters with regard to time and this present state*, and then, secondly, with regard to *the handling of the eternal matters relating to our destiny beyond the grave, and endeavor to show how trusting in the Lord is handling this matter wisely*.

I. First, then, my dear friends, with regard to THE WISE HANDLING OF MATTERS OF TIME WHICH CONCERN OUR BODIES AND OUR SOULS, WHILE WE ARE HERE BELOW.

A man must be prudent in such a world as this. He will soon cut his feet if he does not watch his steps. He will soon tear his garments with thorns and briars if he does not choose his way. This is a land full of enemies, we must be wise or the arrow will suddenly find out a vulnerable place in our armor. We must be cautious, for we are not traveling in noonday on the king's highway, but rather at night-fall, and we may, therefore, be attacked by robbers, and may lose our precious treasures. He who is in a wilderness, and in a wilderness infested with robber bands, must handle matters wisely if he would find good.

How shall we handle these matters wisely? Three or four come forward to instruct us, and the first lesson is one which Satan often teaches the young and foolish spirit. He says, "To handle a matter wisely is to *make your own will your law*, and to do that which seems to be the best for you, be it right or be it wrong." This was the lesson which he taught to Eve, when in the serpent's form he spoke the serpent's wisdom, "You shall be as gods," said he, "Mistrust the goodness of your Maker, believe that He is afraid lest you should attain to equal power, and dignity with Himself. Pluck the fruit. 'Tis true He forbids, but who is JEHOVAH, that you should obey His voice? 'Tis true He threatens to punish, but do not believe the threatening, or if you believe it, dare it. He who cannot risk anything will never win. He that will not venture something, shall never make great gains. Do and dare, and you will be handling the matter wisely."

She plucked the fruit, and the next instant she must have perceived somewhat of her folly, but ere many hours had passed over man's head, he discovered nakedness, pains of body, weariness, toil, expulsion from Paradise, and tilling a thankless, thorny land, taught man that he had not handled the matter wisely, for he had not found good.

And you, too, you sons and daughters of Eve, when the old serpent whispers in your ear, "Sin, and you shall escape from difficulty, be just when you can afford to be so, but if you cannot live except by dishonesty, be dishonest. If you cannot prosper except by lies, then lie."

Oh! men, listen not to his voice, I pray you. Harken to a better wisdom than this. This is a deception which shall destroy you. You shall find no good, but you shall find much evil. You shall sow the wind and reap the whirlwind. You think that you dive into these depths for pearls, but the jagged rocks shall break you, and from the deep waters you shall never rise, except your lifeless corpse swim on the surface of the pestilential waves.

Be wise and learn of God, and close your ears to him who would have you destroy yourself, that he may gloat his malicious spirit over your eternal misery. It is never wise to sin, brethren, never. However it may *seem* to be the best thing you can do, it is always the worst. There never was a man in such a position that it would be really profitable to him to sin.

"But" say you, "some men have become rich by it!" Sirs, they have had sorrow with their riches, they have inherited the blasting curse of God, and so they have been really poorer than poverty could have made them. "But" say you, "men have mounted to the throne by breaking their oaths." I know they have, but temporary success is no sure sign of constant happiness. The Emperor's career is not ended yet, wait you in patience. But should he escape in this life, the perjurer shall meet his Judge, and then—

He that measures what man gains by what he seems to gain, has taken a wrong standard. There was never yet—I will repeat it—there was never yet any man who broke his word, who forfeited his oath, who turned aside from God's Word or God's law, who in the end found it to be profitable to him. He heaped up deceptions, he gathered together delusions, and when God awoke, and when that man awoke, as a dream when one awakes, so did he, or so shall he, despise the image on which his soul had doted.

But now the serpent moderates his hiss. "Do not sin," says he, "there is no necessity for downright dishonesty or theft, do not absolutely plunge yourself into vice, but be wise," says he, by which he means, "*Be crafty*, trim your sails when the wind changes, how can you reach your haven unless you learn to tack about? The straight road is thorny, take the by-path. There will be another path which will bring you back after the thorns and flints are passed. Why," says he, "will you dash your head against a stone? If there is a mountain in your way, why not wind about the base, why climb the summit? Does

not wisdom teach you that that which is easiest must be best, and that which is most consistent with the dictates of your own nature must after all be best for you?"

Ah! slimy serpent! Ah! base deceiver, how many multitudes have been thus deceived! Why, brethren, the reason why we have not more men in this age whom one could trust, why we have not in our high places more men in whom we could place confidence, is because *policy* has been the law of individuals, and the law of nations too, instead of that course of honesty which is like the flight of the arrow, certain and sure to reach its mark, not by tortuous windings, but by one onward straight line.

Why do persons so frequently inquire what they ought to do in such a case, not meaning what God's law would have them do, but what will bring the best result? The rules of modern craft and time-serving morality are difficult, because they are inconsistent, but honesty is simple and clear as the sunlight. It takes years to make a clever lawyer, grace however can make an honest man in an hour. Brethren, believe me, *policy* is not *wisdom*, and craft is not understanding.

Let me give you the case of another woman—Rebecca. Rebecca heard that God had decreed that her favorite son Jacob should be ruler of the twain. "The elder shall serve the younger." She could not wait for God's providence to fulfill God's purpose, but must needs deceive her blind husband. She dresses up her son with skins of goats, and cooks the savory meat, and sends Jacob, who was, though a good man, the very picture of a political and prudent professor, to meet his father and to deceive him.

Ah! if Rebecca had been wise, she would not have done this. Little did she foresee that the effect of this stratagem would be to drive her favorite son away from his affectionate mother, give him years of toil under Laban, cause him to make the great mistake of his life, the commission of the error of polygamy, and make him a far more afflicted man than he might have been had he been like Abraham or Isaac, who leaned not to their own understandings, but trusted in God with all their hearts.

Brethren, you shall never find in any case that any turning aside from a straightforward course will be for your profit. After all, you may depend on it, that the way to be most renowned among men is to have the strange singularity of being a downright honest man. Say what you mean, mean what you say. Do what you believe to be right, and ever hold it for a maxim, that if the skies fall through your doing right, honest men will survive the ruin. How can the godly sin? If the earth should reel, would he fail? No, blessed be God, he would find himself in the honorable position of David of old, when he said, "The earth is removed, I bear up the pillars thereof."

But now the serpent changes his note, and he says, "Well, if you be not sinful or crafty, at any rate, to succeed in life you must be very *careful*. You must fret and worry, and think much about it. That is the way to handle a matter wisely. Why," says he, "look how many are ruined from want of thought, and want of care? Be you careful over it. Rise up early, sit up late, and eat the bread of carefulness. Stint yourself, deny yourself. Do not give to the poor, be a miser, and you shall succeed. Take care. Watch, be thoughtful." And this is the path of wisdom according to him.

My brethren, it is a path which very many have tried, very many have persevered in it all their lives, but I must say to you this is not handling a matter wisely after all. God forbid we should say a single word against prudence and care, and necessary forethought, industry, and providence. These are virtues. They are not only commendable, but a Christian's character would be sadly at fault if he had them not. But when these are looked upon as the foundations, the staple materials of success, men are desperately in error. It is vain for you in that sense to rise up early, and sit up late, and eat the bread of carefulness, for "so He gives His beloved sleep." Oh! there are many who have realized that picture of old Care, which old Spenser gives in his Fairy Queene,

*"Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent;
No better had he, nor for better cared;
With blistered hands, among the cinders burnt,
And fingers filthy, with long nails unpared,
Right fit to rend the food before which he fared;
His name was Care; a blacksmith by his trade,*

*That neither day nor night from working spared,
But to small purpose iron wedges made;
Those are unquiet thoughts that careful minds invade.”*

Who wishes to have that picture come true of himself? I would infinitely rather that we could be photographed as being like Luther’s birds, which ate upon the tree, and sang,

*“Mortal cease from care and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow.”*

Care is good, mark, if it be good care. But care is ill when it comes to be ill care, and it is ill care if I dare not cast it upon Him who cares for me. Cotton has well said of covetous earthworms, “After hypocrites, the greatest dupes the devil has are those who exhaust an anxious existence in the disappointments and vexations of business, and live miserably and meanly, only to die magnificent and rich. For, like the hypocrites, the only unselfish action these men can accuse themselves of is that of serving the devil without receiving his wages. He that stands every day of his life behind a counter, until he drops from it into the grave, may negotiate many very profitable bargains, but he has made a single bad one, so bad indeed, that it counter-balances all the rest, for the empty foolery of dying rich, he has paid down his health, his happiness, and his integrity.”

Once again there is another way of handling a matter wisely, which is often suggested to young men, and suggested too, I am sorry to say, by Christian men, who little know that they are giving Satanic advice. “Well,” they say, “young man, if you will not be exceeding careful, and watch night and day, at least be *self-reliant*. Go out and tell the world that you are a match for it, and that you know it, that you mean to carve your way to glory, and to build yet for yourself an edifice at which men shall gaze. Say to the little men round about you, ‘I mean to tower above you all, and bestride this narrow world like a Colossus.’ Be independent young men. Rest on yourselves. There is something wonderful in you, quit yourselves like men. Be strong.”

Well, brethren, there are many who have tried this self-reliance, and their deception in this case has been fearful too, for when the day of fiery trial has come, they have discovered that, “Cursed is he that trusts in man” even though that man is himself, “and makes flesh his arm” though it be his own flesh. Broken in pieces they have been left as wrecks upon the sand, though they sailed out of the harbor gaily with all their sails filled with the wind. They have come back like knights unhorsed and dishonored, though they went out with their lance in hand and their proudly flaunting pennant, intending to push like the horns of unicorns and drive the whole earth before them. No man was ever so much deceived by others, as by himself. Be warned, Christian man, that this is not handling a matter wisely.

But what, then, is the way of wisdom? The text answers the question, “He that trusts in the LORD, happy is he.” So, then, if I understand the text aright, in temporal things, if we learn to trust in God, we shall be happy. We are not to be idle, that would show we did *not* trust in God, who works up to now, but in the devil, who is the father of idleness. We are not to be impudent and rash, that were to trust chance, but not to trust God, for God is a God of economy and order. We are to trust God, acting in all prudence, and in all uprightness, we are to rely simply and entirely upon Him.

Now I have no doubt there are many here who say, “Well, that is not the way to get on in the world. That can never be the path of success, simply trusting in God.” Ay, but it is so, only one must have grace in the heart to do it. One must first be made a child of God, and then he can trust his affairs in his Father’s hands. One must come to depend upon the Eternal One, because the Eternal One has enabled him to use this Christian grace which is the fruit of the Holy Spirit. I am persuaded that faith is as much the rule of temporal, as of spiritual life, and that we ought to have faith in God for our shops as well as for our souls. Worldly men may sneer at this, but it is none the less true. At any rate, I pray that it may be my course as long as I live.

My dear friends, let me commend to you a life of trust in God in temporal things by these few advantages among a great many others. First, trusting in God, you will not have to mourn because you have used sinful means to grow rich. Should you become poor through it, better to be poor with a clear conscience, than to be rich and guilty. You will always have this comfort should you come to the lowest position of nature, that you have come there through no fault of your own. You have served God with integrity, and what if some should say you have missed your mark, and achieved no success, at least there is no sin upon your conscience.

And then, again, trusting God, you will not be guilty of self-contradiction. He who trusts in craft, sails this way today, and that way the next, like a vessel propelled by the fickle wind. But he that trusts in the Lord is like a vessel propelled by steam, she cuts through the waves, defies the wind, and makes one bright silvery track to her destined haven. Be you such a man as that, never bow to the varying customs of worldly wisdom. Let men see that the world has changed, not you—that man’s opinions and man’s maxims have veered round to another quarter, but that you are still invincibly strong in the strength which trusting in God alone can confer.

And then, dear brethren, let me say, you will be delivered from carking care, you will not be troubled with evil tidings, your heart will be fixed trusting in the Lord. I have read a story of an old Doctor of the church, who, going out one morning, met a beggar and said to him, “I wish you a good day.” “Sir,” said he, “I never had an ill day in any life.” “But” said the Doctor, “your clothes are torn to rags, and your wallet seems to be exceedingly empty.” Said he, “My clothes are as good as God wills them to be, and my wallet is as full as the Lord has been pleased to make it, and what pleases Him, pleases me.” “But” said the Doctor, “suppose God should cast you into hell?” “Indeed, sir,” said he, “but that would never be. But if it were, I would be contented, for I have two long and strong arms—faith and love—and I would throw these about the neck of my Savior, and I would never let Him go, so that if I went there, He would be with me, and it would be a heaven to me.”

Oh, those two strong arms of faith and love! If you can but hang about the Savior’s neck, indeed, you may fear no ill weathers. No fatal shipwreck shall I fear, for Christ is in my vessel. He holds the helm and holds the winds too.

*“Though winds and waves assault my keel,
He doth preserve it, He doth steer,
Even when the bark seems most to reel.
Storms are the triumphs of His art,
Sure He may close His eyes, but not His heart.”*

The practical lesson from all this is, “Trust in the LORD with all your heart, and lean not to your own understanding.” Whatever your trouble be, take it to God this morning, do not bear it till the night. Whatever your difficulty and peculiar exercise of mind, tell it unto the Lord your God. He is as able as He is willing, and as willing as He is able. Having sent the trial, He will surely make a way of escape for you.

II. But now, I turn to the second part of our discourse. IN SPIRITUAL MATTERS, HE THAT HANDLES A MATTER WISELY SHALL FIND GOOD.

But what is the right way of handling this dread matter which stands between our soul and God? We have immortal spirits, and spirits that are responsible. The day of judgment draws nigh, and with it heaven’s happiness or hell’s torment. What, my brethren, shall we do to handle this matter wisely?

And here comes up the old serpent again, and he says, “Young man, the easiest way to handle this matter is to let it alone altogether. You are young as yet, there is plenty of time, why put old heads on young shoulders? You will have need enough to think of religion, by-and-by, but at present, you see, it will be much in your way. Better leave it alone. It is only these ministers that try and make you thoughtful, but they only bother you and trouble you, so drop it. You can think of it, if there be anything

in it by-and-by, but for the present, rejoice in your youth and let your joy be in the morning of your days, for the evil days come, and then let your thoughtfulness come with them.”

Well now, young man, young woman, does this strike you, after all, as being the wisest course? I will tell you one thing, whatever you may think it, such a course as that is the direct road to hell. Do you know the road to heaven? Well, it might take us some little time to tell you about that, but if you want to go to hell, we will tell you that in one moment. You need not go and swear, you need not be drunk, you need not become a monster in iniquity, or a fiend in cruelty. No, no, it is easier than that. It is just a *little matter of neglect*, that is all and your soul is lost to a certainty.

Remember how the apostle puts it, “How shall we escape, if we *neglect* so great salvation?” Now, can that which is the surest road to hell be a wise way? I think I may leave it with your reason, certainly I may leave it with your conscience. You know it is not the right way. Ay, and I have noticed this, that men who laugh most at religion when they are well, and are most careless, are the most frightened when they meet with a little accident.

If they have a little illness, oh, how bad they feel! It is an awful thing for them to be ill. They know it is, they are dreadfully shaken, and the strangest thing is, that the minister they hated most when they were well, is the very man they have the most faith in, and most long to see when they become sick. I know when the cholera was here last, there was a certain man for whom no word in the English language could be found that was bad enough to describe me. And in the cholera, when he lay sick, who should be sent for? The clergyman of the parish? No, certainly not. Who should be sent for? Some minister of good repute? No, send for the man whom he had cursed before, and until that man should come and speak to him, and offer prayer, he could not even indulge a hope—though, alas! poor soul, I fear he had no hope even then.

Yet, so it is. God will honor His ministers. He will prove the utter futility of man’s brag and boast. You may be careless, sir, while you are well, you may neglect this great salvation, but a little sickness shall make you tremble, and your knees shall shake, and you shall be convulsed with agony, and find that this is not handling the matter wisely. You are something like a bankrupt who knows that his accounts are going wrong, and fears that he is insolvent. He does not look at his books. He does not like to look at them, for there is no very pleasant reading there. There may be a few assets, but the entries are mostly on the other side, and so at last he does not keep any book, it would be troublesome to him to know where he was.

So is it with you. It is because things are not right, you do not like to sift them and try them, lest you should find out the black reality. Be wise, I pray you, and look a little beyond you. Why shut your eyes and perish? Man, I charge you by the living God, awake, or hell shall wake you. Look, man, or eternity shall soon amaze you.

But Satan comes to some, and he says, “If you won’t be careless, the next easiest thing is to be credulous. There,” says he, “is a man over there with a shaved crown, who says he’ll manage the thing for you. Now, *he* ought to know. Does not he belong to a church that has an infallible head? Give yourself up to him,” says he, “and it will be all right. Or,” says he, “I hate popery, but there is a clergyman, let him give you the sacrament, rely upon him, and it will be all safe. Or,” says he, “if you could but join the church and be baptized, there, that will do, take it for granted that it is all right. Why should you trouble yourself with theological squabbles? Let these things alone. Be credulous, don’t search into the root of the matter, be content as long as you swim on the surface, and do not care whether there be rocks down deep at the bottom of the sea.”

And is this the way is this the way to handle this matter wisely? Assuredly not, sir. Better trust a lawyer with your property, than a priest with your soul. Better hand your purse to a highwayman upon the heath than commit your soul to a Romish priest. What will he do for you but make his penny of you, and your soul may be penniless for him? So shall it be with the best of men if you make saviors of them. Go, lean upon a reed. Go, build a throne of bubbles. Go, sleep in a powder magazine with your candle

burning in a bag of gunpowder, but do not trust even a good man with your soul. See to it that you handle this matter wisely, and you cannot do it thus.

“Ah, well!” says Satan, “if this will not do, then try the way of working out your own salvation with fear and trembling. Do good,” says he, “say a great many prayers, perform a great many good works, and this is handling the matter wisely.” Now, I will take you to Switzerland for a minute, to give you a picture. There was a poor woman who lived in one of those sweet villages under the Alps, where the fountains are always pouring out their streams of water into the great stone tanks, and the huge overhanging roofs cover the peasant homes. She had been accustomed to climb the mountain to gather fodder for her cows, and she had driven her goats to the wild crags, and the sheer solitudes, where no sound is heard except the tinkling of the bell.

She, good soul, had read nothing but the Bible, and her dreams and thoughts were all of heavenly things, and she dreamed thus that she was walking along a smooth meadow, where there were many fair flowers, and much soft grass. The pathway was smooth, and there were thousands wending their way along it, but they took no notice of her. She seemed alone. Suddenly the thought crossed her, that this was the path to destruction, and these were selfish sinners. She sought another way, for she feared to meet their doom.

She saw a path up the mountain-side exceedingly steep and rugged, as mountain paths are, but up this she saw men and women carrying tremendous burdens, as some of us have seen them carry them, till they stoop right down under the tremendous weight, as they climb the stony staircase. Here there was a tree across the road, and there a bramble, and there a brook was gushing down the mountain-side, and the path was lined with stones and she slipped. So she turned aside again. But those who went up the hill looked at her with such sorrow, that she turned back again, and began to climb once more, but only to find the way rough and impossible.

She turned aside again into the green meadow, but the climbers seemed to be very sad. Yet though they pitied her, she did not pity them, for their toil made them wet with perspiration and faint with fatigue. She dreamed she went along the green meadow till she came to a fair house, out of which looked a bright spirit. The side of the house where she was, was all windows, without a door, and the spirit said to her, “You have come the wrong road, you cannot come in this way, there is no entrance here,” and she woke.

She told a Christian woman who visited her of this dream, and she said, “I am sorely troubled, for I cannot go up that mountain path, I know. I understand that to be the way of holiness, I cannot climb it and I fear that I shall choose the green meadow, and when I come at last to the gates of heaven, they will tell me that is not the way, and I cannot enter there.” So her kind instructress said to her, “I have not dreamed, but I have read in my Bible this morning, that one day when the corn was ripening, and the sun was shining brightly, there went three men out of a city called Jerusalem. One of these was the Savior of the world, and the other two were thieves. One of the thieves, as he hung upon the cross, found his way to the bright city of heaven. And it was said, ‘Today shall you be with me in paradise.’ Did he go up that hilly path, do you think?”

“No,” said the poor woman, “he believed, and was saved.” “Ah,” said her friend, “and this is your way to heaven. That hilly path you cannot climb, those who were ascending it with so much labor, perished ere they reached the summit. Tottering from some dizzy height, they were dashed to pieces upon some jagged rock. Believe, and this shall be the path of salvation for you.”

And so I come to the poor soul and I say, if you would handle matters rightly, happy is he that trusts in the LORD. You have done the right thing for eternity, with all its solemnities, when you have cast your soul, just as it is, on Him who is “able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by him.”

And let me now tell you what are the excellencies of so doing. That man who believes in Christ, and can say, “Salvation is finished. All is of Christ and all is free. My faith is in Jesus Christ, and in Him alone”—that man is freed from fears. He is not afraid to die, Christ has finished the work for him. He is not afraid to live, he shall not perish, for his soul is in Jesus Christ. And he is not afraid of trial, or of

trouble, for He who bought him with His blood, shall keep him with His arm. He is free from present fears, and he is free from present cares too. He has no need to toil and labor, to fret and strive, to do this or to do that. He feels no more the whip of the slave driver on his back. His life is happy, and his service light, the yoke he wears, he scarce knows to be a yoke. The road is pleasant, and the path is peace—no climbing upwards except as angel hands assist him to climb the road which else no mortal feet could traverse.

He is free, too, from all fatal delusion. He is not a deceived man, he shall never open his eyes to find himself mistaken. He has something which shall last him as long as life shall last, which shall be with him when he wakes from his bed of clay, to conduct him joyously to realms of light and endless day. This man is such a man that if I compared him with the very angels, I should not do amiss. He is on earth, but his heart is in heaven. He is here below, but he sits together with Christ in heavenly places. He has his troubles, but they work his lasting good. He has his trials, but they are only the precursors of victory. He has weakness, but he glories in infirmity, because the power of Christ does rest upon him. He is sometimes cast down, but he is not destroyed. He is perplexed, he is not in despair. He does not grovel, but he walks upright. His foot may be in the mire, but his eye is above the stars. His body may be covered with rags, but his soul is robed in light. He may go to a miserable pallet to find an uneasy rest, but his soul sleeps in the bosom of his Beloved, and he has a perfect peace, “a peace which passes all understanding, which keeps his heart and mind through Jesus Christ.” Christians, I would that you and I could believe God better, and get rid of these wicked fears of ours.

Gracious Father, I do today cast all I have on You, and all I have not, too, I would cast on You. My sins, my cares, my sorrows, my labors, my joys, my present, my past, my future—take You and manage all. I will be nothing, be You all.

*“O God, I cast my care on Thee,
I triumph and adore,
Henceforth my chief concern shall be,
To love and serve Thee more.”*

Brethren, believers in Jesus, do the same, and you shall find that happy is the man who trusts in the LORD. As for you who fear not the Lord Jesus, may His Holy Spirit visit you this morning. May He quicken you, for you are dead in sin. May He give you power, for you have no strength of yourselves. Remember, the way of salvation is simple, and plain before you, “Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved.” Trust my Master’s blood, depend upon His finished righteousness, and you must, you shall be saved, you cannot, you will not be lost.

*“Oh believe the promise true
God to you His Son has given.”*

Depend on His Son, and you shall thus escape from hell, and find your path to heaven.

The Lord add now His own best blessing for Jesus’ sake. Amen.

Taken from The C. H. Spurgeon Collection, Version 1.0, Ages Software. Only necessary changes have been made, such as correcting spelling errors, some punctuation usage, capitalization of deity pronouns, and minimal updating of a few archaic words. The content is unabridged. Additional Bible-based resources are available at www.spurgeongems.org.