

## COMFORT FOR THOSE WHOSE PRAYERS ARE FEEBLE NO. 3083

**A SERMON**  
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**AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON**

*"Hide not thine ear at my breathing."*  
*Lamentations 3:56*

YOUNG beginners in grace are very apt to compare themselves with advanced disciples, and so to become discouraged, and tried saints fall into the like habit. They see those of God's people who are upon the mount, enjoying the light of their Redeemer's countenance, and comparing their own condition with the joy of the saints, they write bitter things against themselves, and conclude that surely they are not the people of God.

This course is as foolish as though the lambs should suspect themselves not to be of the flock because they are not sheep, or as though a sick man should doubt his existence because he is not able to walk or run as a man in good health. But since this evil habit is very common, it is our duty to seek after the dispirited and cast-down ones, and comfort them. That is our errand in this short discourse. We hear the Master's words, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people," and we will endeavor to obey them with His Spirit's help.

Upon the matter of prayer, many are dispirited because they cannot yet pray as advanced believers do, or because, during some peculiar crisis of their spiritual history, their prayers do not appear to them to be so fervent and acceptable as is the case with other Christians. Perhaps God may have a message to some troubled ones in the present address, and may the Holy Ghost apply it with power to them!

"Hide not thine ear at my breathing." This is a singular description of prayer, is it not? Frequently, prayer is said to have a voice, it is so in this verse, "Thou hast heard my voice." Prayer has a melodious voice in the ear of our Heavenly Father. Frequently too, prayer is expressed by a cry. It is so in this verse, "Hide not thine ear at my cry." A cry is the natural, plaintive utterance of sorrow, and has as much power to move the heart of God as a babe's cry to touch a mother's tenderness.

But there are times when we cannot speak with the voice, nor even cry, and then a prayer may be expressed by a moan, or a groan, or a tear—"the heaving of a sigh, the falling of a tear." But possibly, we may not even get so far as that and may have to say, like one of old, "Like a crane or a swallow, so do I chatter."

Our prayer, as heard by others, may be a kind of irrational utterance. We may feel as if we moaned like wounded beasts rather than prayed like intelligent men, and we may even fall below that, for in the text we have a kind of prayer which is less than a moan or a sigh. It is called a *breathing*, "Hide not thine ear at my breathing." The man is too far gone for a glance of the eye, or the moaning of the heart, he scarcely breathes, but that faint breath is prayer. Though unuttered and unexpressed by any sounds which could reach a human ear, yet God hears the breathing of His servant's soul, and hides not His ear from it.

We shall teach three or four lessons from the present use of the expression "breathing."

### **I. WHEN WE CANNOT PRAY AS WE WOULD, IT IS GOOD TO PRAY AS WE CAN.**

*Bodily weakness* should never be urged by us as a reason for ceasing to pray, in fact, no living child of God will ever think of such a thing. If I cannot bend the knees of my body because I am so weak, my prayers from my bed shall be on *their* knees, my heart shall be on its knees and pray as acceptably as aforetime. Instead of relaxing prayer because the body suffers, true hearts, at such times, usually double their petitions. Like Hezekiah, they turn their face to the wall that they may see no earthly object, and

then they look at the things invisible, and talk with the Most High, ay, and often in a sweeter and more familiar manner than they did in the days of their health and strength. If we are so faint that we can only lie still and breathe, let every breath be a prayer.

Nor should a true Christian relax his prayer through *mental difficulties*, I mean those perturbations which distract the mind, and prevent the concentration of our thoughts. Such ills will happen to us. Some of us are often much depressed, and are frequently so tossed to and fro in mind that if prayer were an operation which required the faculties to be all at their best, as in the working of abstruse mathematical problems, we should not at such times be able to pray at all.

But brethren, when the mind is very heavy, then is not the time to give up praying, but rather to redouble our supplications. Our blessed Lord and Master was driven by distress of mind into the most sad condition, He said, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death," yet He did not, for that reason say, "I cannot pray," but on the contrary, He sought the well-known shades of the olive grove, and there unburdened His heavy heart, and poured out His soul like water before the Lord. Never let us consider ourselves to be too ill or too distracted to pray.

A Christian ought never to be in such a state of mind that he feels bound to say, "I do not feel that I could pray," or if he does, let him pray till he feels he can pray. Not to pray because you do not feel fit to pray is like saying, "I will not take medicine because I am too ill." Pray for prayer, pray yourself, by the Spirit's assistance, into a praying frame. It is good to strike when the iron is hot, but some make cold iron hot by striking. We have sometimes eaten till we have gained an appetite, so let us pray till we pray. God will help you in the pursuit of duty, not in the neglect of it.

The same is the case with regard to *spiritual sicknesses*. Sometimes it is not merely the body or the mind which is affected, but our inner nature is dull, stupid, lethargic, so that, when it is time for prayer, we do not feel the spirit of prayer. Moreover, perhaps our faith is flagging, and how shall we pray when faith is so weak? Possibly we are suspicious as to whether we are the people of God at all, and we are molested by the recollection of our shortcomings. Now the tempter will whisper, "Do not pray just now, your heart is not in a fit condition for it."

My dear brother, you will not become fit for prayer by keeping away from the mercy seat, but to lie groaning or breathing at its foot is the best preparation for pleading before the Lord. We are not to aim at a self-wrought preparation of our hearts that we may come to God aright, but "the preparations of the heart in man, and the answer of the tongue, are from the LORD." If I feel myself disinclined to pray, then is the time when I need to pray more than ever.

Possibly, when the soul leaps and exults in communion with God, it might more safely refrain from prayer than at those seasons when it drags heavily in devotion. Alas! my Lord, does my soul go wandering away from You? Then, come back my heart, I will drag you back by force of grace, I will not cease to cry till the Spirit of God has made you return to your allegiance.

What, my Christian brother, because you feel idle, is that a reason why you should stay your hand, and not serve your God? Nay, but away with your idleness, and resolutely bend your soul to service. So, under a sense of prayerlessness, be more intent on prayer. Repent that you cannot repent, groan that you cannot groan, and pray until you do pray, in so doing God will help you.

But it may be objected, that *sometimes we are placed in great difficulty as to circumstances*, so that we may be excused from prayer. Brethren, there are no circumstances in which we should cease to pray in some form or other. "But I have so many cares." Who among us has not? If we are never to pray till all our cares are over, surely then we shall either never pray at all or pray when we have no more need for it.

What did Abram do when he offered sacrifice to God? When the patriarch had slaughtered the appointed creatures, and laid them on the altar, certain vultures and kites came hovering around, ready to pounce upon the consecrated flesh. What did the patriarch do then? "When the fowls came down upon the carcasses, Abram drove them away." [See sermons #420, Abram and the Ravenous Birds and #1993, Driving Away the Vultures from the Sacrifice]. So must we ask for grace to drive our cares away from our devotions.

That was a wise direction which the prophet gave to the poor woman when the Lord was about to multiply her oil. "Go, take the cruse," he said, "pour out the oil, and fill the borrowed vessels," but what did he also say? "Shut the door upon thee." If the door had been open, some of her gossiping neighbors would have looked in and said, "What are you doing? Do you really hope to fill all those jars out of that little oil cruse? Why, woman, you must be mad!" I am afraid she would not have been able to perform that act of faith if the objectors had not been shut out.

It is a grand thing when the soul can bolt the doors against distractions, and keep out intruders, for then it is that prayer and faith will perform their miracle, and our soul shall be filled with the blessing of the Lord. Oh, for grace to overcome circumstances, and at least to breathe out prayer if we cannot reach to a more powerful form of it!

Perhaps, however, you declare that your circumstances are more difficult than I can imagine, for *you are surrounded by those who mock you, and besides, Satan himself molests you*. Ah! then dear brother or sister, under such circumstances, instead of restraining prayer, be ten times more diligent. Your position is pre-eminently perilous, you cannot afford to live away from the throne of grace, do not therefore attempt it.

As to threatened persecution, pray in defiance of it. Remember how Daniel opened his window, and prayed to his God as he had done before? Let the God of Daniel be your God in the chamber of prayer, and He will be your God in the lions' den! As for the devil, be sure that nothing will drive him away like prayer. That couplet is correct which declares that—

*"Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees."*

Whatever your position, if you cannot speak, cry; if you cannot cry, groan; if you cannot groan, let there be "groanings which cannot be uttered," and if you cannot even rise to that point, let your prayer be at least a breathing—a vital, sincere desire, the outpouring of your inner life in the simplest and weakest form, and God will accept it. In a word, when you cannot pray as you would, take care to pray as you can.

**II.** But now, a second word of instruction. It is clear from the text, from many other passages of Scripture, and from general observation, that **THE BEST OF MEN HAVE USUALLY FOUND THE GREATEST FAULT WITH THEIR OWN PRAYERS**.

This arises from the fact that they present living prayers in real earnest, and feel far more than they can express. A mere formalist can always pray so as to please himself. What has he to do but to open his book and read the prescribed words, or bow his knee and repeat such phrases as suggest themselves to his memory or his fancy? Like the Tartarian Praying Machine, give but the wind and the wheel, and the business is fully arranged. So much knee-bending and talking, and the prayer is done. The formalist's prayers are always good, or rather, always bad, alike.

But the living child of God never offers a prayer which pleases himself, his standard is above his attainments, he wonders that God listens to him, and though he knows he will be heard for Christ's sake, yet he accounts it a wonderful instance of condescending mercy that such poor prayers as his should ever reach the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth.

If it be asked in what respect holy men find fault with their prayers, we reply, that *they complain of the narrowness of their desires*. O God, You have bidden me open my mouth wide and you will fill it, but I do not open my mouth! You are ready to bestow great things upon me, but I am not ready to receive great things. I am straitened, but it is not in You, I am straitened in my own desires.

Dear brethren, when we read of Hugh Latimer on his knees perpetually crying out, "O God, give back the Gospel to England," and sometimes praying so long that he could not rise, being an aged man, and they had to lift him up from the prison floor, and he would still keep on crying, "O God, give back the Gospel to poor England," we may well wonder that some of us do not pray in the same way. The

times are as bad as Latimer's, and we have as great a need to pray as he had, "O God, drive away this Popery once again, and give back the Gospel to England."

Then, think of John Knox. Why, that man's prayers were like great armies for power, and he would wrestle all night with God that he would kindle the light of the Gospel in Scotland. He asserted that he had gained his desire, and I believe he had, and that the light which burns so brightly in Scotland is much to be attributed to that man's supplications.

We do not pray like these men, we have no heart to ask for great things. A revival is waiting, the cloud is hovering over England, and we do not know how to bring it down. Oh, that God may find some true spirits who shall be as conductors to bring down the fire divine! We want it much, but our poor breathings—they do not come to much more—have no force, nor expansiveness, no great-heartedness, no prevalence in them.

Then, how far we fail in the matter of *faith!* We do not pray as if we believed. Believing prayer is a grasping and a wrestling, but ours is a mere puffing and blowing, a little breathing—not much more. God is true, and we pray to Him as if He were false. He means what He says, and we treat His Word as if it were spoken in jest. The master-fault of our prayer is want of faith.

How often do we lack *earnestness!* Such men as Luther had their will of heaven because they *would* have it! God's Spirit made them resolute in intercession, and they would not come away from the mercy seat till their suit was granted, but we are cold, and consequently feeble, and our poor, poor prayers, in the prayer meeting, in the closet, and at the family altar, languish and almost die.

How much, alas, is there of *impurity of motive* to mar our prayers! We ask for revival, but we want our own church to get the blessing, that we may have the credit of it. We pray God to bless our work, and it is because we wish to hear men say what good workers we are. The prayer is good in itself, but our smutty fingers spoil it. Oh, that we could offer supplication as it should be offered! Blessed be God, there is One who can wash our prayers for us, but truly, our very tears need to be wept over, and our prayers want praying over again. The best thing we ever do needs to be washed in the fountain filled with blood, or God can only look upon it as a sin.

Another fault good men see in their supplications is this, that *they stand at such a distance from God in praying*, they do not draw near enough to Him. Are not some of you oppressed with a sense of the distance there is between you and God? You know there is a God, and you believe He will answer you, but it is not always that you come right up to Him, even to His feet, and as it were, lay hold upon Him and say, "O my Father, hearken to the voice of Thy chosen, and let the cry of the blood of Thy Son come up before Thee!"

Oh, for prayers which enter within the veil, and approach the mercy seat! Oh, for petitioners who are familiar with the cherubim, and the brightness which shines between their wings! May God help us to pray better! But this I feel sure of—you who plead most prevalently are just those who will think the least of your own prayers, and be most grateful to God that He deigns to listen to you, and most anxious that He would help you to pray after a nobler sort.

### **III. A third lesson is this—THE POWER OF PRAYER IS NOT TO BE MEASURED BY ITS OUTWARD EXPRESSION.**

A breathing is a prayer from which God does not hide His ear. It is a great truth undoubtedly, and full of much comfort too, that our prayers are not powerful in proportion to their expression, for, if so, the Pharisee would have succeeded since he evidently had greater gifts than the publican had. I have no doubt, if there had been a regular prayer meeting, and the Pharisee and the publican had attended, we would have called on the Pharisee to pray.

I do not think the people of God would have enjoyed his prayer, nor have felt any kinship of spirit with him, and yet, very naturally, on account of his gifts, he would have taken upon himself to engage in public devotion, or if that Pharisee would not have done so, I have heard of other Pharisees who would. No doubt the man's spirit was bad, but then his expression was good. He could put his oration so neatly, and pour it out so accurately. Let all men know that God does not care for that. The sigh of the Publican

reached His ear, and won the blessing but the boastful phrases of the Pharisee were an abomination to Him.

If our prayers were forcible according to their expression, then rhetoric would be more valuable than grace, and a scholastic education would be better than sanctification, but it is not so. Some of us may be able to express ourselves very fluently from the force of natural gifts, but it should always be to us an anxious question whether our prayer is a prayer which God will receive, for we ought to know, and must know by this time, that we often pray best when we stammer and stutter, and we pray worst when words come rolling like a torrent, one after another.

God is not moved by words, they are but a noise to Him. He is only moved by the deep thought and the heaving emotion which dwell in the innermost spirit. It were a sorry business for you, who are poor, if God only heard us according to the beauty of our utterances, for it may be that your education was so neglected that there is no hope of your ever being able to speak grammatically, and besides, it may be, from your limited information, that you could not use the phrases which sound so well.

But the Lord hears the poor, and the ignorant, and the needy, He loves to hear their cry. What cares He for the grammar of the prayer? It is the soul of it that He wants, and if you cannot string three words of the Queen's English together correctly, yet if your soul can breathe itself out before the Most High anyhow, if it be but warm, hearty, sincere, earnest petitioning, there is power in your prayer, and none the less power in it because of its broken words, nor would it be an advantage to you, so far as the Lord is concerned, if those words were not broken, but were well composed. Ought not this to comfort us, then?

Even if we are gifted with facility of expression, we sometimes find that our power of utterance fails us. Under very heavy grief, a man cannot speak as he is wont to do. Circumstances can make the most eloquent tongue grow slow of speech, it matters not, your prayer is as good as it was before. You call upon God in public, and you sit down, and think that your confused prayer was of no service to the church. You know not in what scales God weighs your prayer, not by quantity, but by quality, not by the outward dress of verbiage, but by the inner soul and the intense earnestness that was in it does He compute its value.

Do you not sometimes rise from your knees in your little room and say, "I do not think I have prayed, I could not feel at home in prayer"? Nine times out of every ten, those prayers are most prevalent with God which we think are the least acceptable, but when we glory in our prayer, God will have nothing to do with it. If you see any beauty in your own supplication, God will not, for you have evidently been looking at your prayer, and not at Him.

But when your soul sees so much *His* glory that she cries, "How shall I speak unto Thee—I who am but dust and ashes?" when she sees so much His goodness that she is hampered in expression by the depth of her own humiliation, oh, then it is that your prayer is best. There may be more prayer in a groan than in an entire liturgy, there may be more acceptable devotion in a tear that damps the floor of yonder pew than in all the hymns we have sung, or in all the supplications which we have uttered. It is not the outward, it is the inward, it is not the lips, it is the heart which the Lord regards, if you can only breathe, still your prayer is accepted by the Most High!

I desire that this truth may come home to any one of you who says, "I cannot pray." It is not true. If it were necessary that in order to pray, you should talk for a quarter of an hour together, or that you should say pretty things, why then I would admit that you could not pray, but if it is only to say from your heart, "God be merciful to me a sinner," ay, and if prayer is not saying anything at all, but desiring, longing, hoping for mercy, for pardon, for salvation, no man may say, "I cannot," unless he is honest enough to add, "I cannot because I will not, I love my sins too well, and have no faith in Christ, I do not desire to be saved." If you will to pray, O my hearer, you can pray! He who gives the will joins the ability to it.

And oh! let me say, do not sleep this night until you have tried and proved the power of prayer. If you feel a burden on your heart, tell the Lord of it. Cover your face, and speak with Him. Even that you

need not do, for I suppose that Hannah did not cover her face when Eli saw her lips move, and supposed that she was drunken. Nay, your lips need not even move, your soul can now say, "Save me, my God, convince me of sin, lead me to the cross, save me tonight, let me not end another day as Thine enemy, let me not go into the cares of another week unabsolved, with Thy wrath hanging over me like a thundercloud! Save me, save me, O my God!" Such prayers, though utterly wordless, shall not be powerless, but shall be heard in heaven.

#### **IV. We will close with a fourth practical lesson—FEEBLE PRAYERS ARE HEARD IN HEAVEN.**

Why is it that feeble prayers are understood of God and heard in heaven? There are three reasons.

First, *the feeblest prayer, if it be sincere, is written by the Holy Spirit upon the heart, and God will always own the handwriting of the Holy Spirit.* Frequently, certain kind friends from Scotland send me for the Orphanage some portions of what one of them called the other day "filthy lucre"—namely, dirty £1 notes. Now these £1 notes certainly look as if they were of small value. Still, they bear the proper signature, and they pass well enough, and I am very grateful for them.

Many a prayer that is written on the heart by the Holy Spirit seems written with faint ink, and moreover, it appears to be blotted and defiled by our imperfection, but the Holy Spirit can always read His own handwriting. He knows His own notes, and when He has issued a prayer, He will not disown it. Therefore, the breathing which the Holy Ghost works in us will be acceptable with God.

Moreover, *God, our ever-blessed Father, has a quick ear to hear the breathing of any of His children.* When a mother has a sick child, it is marvelous how quick her ears become while attending it. Good woman, we wonder she does not fall asleep. If you hired a nurse, it is ten to one *she* would. But the dear child, in the middle of the night, does not need to cry for water, or even speak, there is a little quick breathing—who will hear it? No one would except the mother, but her ears are quick, for they are in her child's heart.

So, if there is a heart in the world that longs for God, God's ear is already in that poor sinner's heart. He will hear it. There is not a good desire on earth but the Lord has heard it. I recollect when, at one time, I was a little afraid to preach the Gospel to sinners as sinners, and yet I wanted to do so, so I used to say, "If you have but a millionth part of a desire, come to Christ." I dare say more than that now, but at the same time, I will say that at once—if you have a millionth part of a desire, if you have only a little breathing—if you desire to be reconciled, if you desire to be pardoned, if you would be forgiven, if there is only half a good thought formed in your soul, do not check it, do not stifle it, and do not think that God will reject it.

And then, there is another reason, namely, that *the Lord Jesus Christ is always ready to take the most imperfect prayer, and perfect it for us.* If our prayers had to go up to heaven as they are, they would never succeed, but they find a Friend on the way, and therefore they prosper.

A poor person has a petition to be sent in to some government personage, and if he had to write it himself, it would puzzle all the officers in Downing Street to make out what he meant, but he is wise enough to find a friend who can write, or he comes round to his minister, and says, "Sir, will you make this petition right for me? Will you put it into good English, so that it can be presented? And then the petition goes in a very different form.

Even thus, the Lord Jesus Christ takes our poor prayers, fashions them over again, and presents the petition with the addition of His own signature, and the Lord sends us answers of peace.

The feeblest prayer in the world is heard when it has Christ's seal to it. I mean, He puts His precious blood upon it, and wherever God sees the blood of Jesus, He must and will accept the desire which it endorses.

Go you to Jesus, sinner, even if you cannot pray, and let the breathing of your soul be, "Be merciful to me, wash me, cleanse me, save me," and it shall be done, for God will not hear your prayer so much as hear His Son's blood, "which speaketh better things than that of Abel." A louder voice than yours shall prevail for you, and your feeble breathings shall come up to God covered over with the omnipotent pleadings of the great High Priest who never asks in vain.

I have been aiming thus to comfort those distressed ones who say they cannot pray, but ere I close, I must add, how inexcusable are those who, knowing all this, continue prayerless, Godless, and Christless! If there were no mercy to be had, you could not be blamed for not having it. If there were no Savior for sinners, a sinner might be excused for remaining in his sin. But there is a fountain, and it is open, why then wash ye not in it? Mercy is to be had “without money and without price”—it is to be had by asking for it.

Sometimes poor men are shut up in the condemned cell, sentenced to be hanged, but suppose they could have a free pardon by asking for it, and they did not do so, who would pity them? God will give His blessing to everyone who is moved to seek for it sincerely at His hands on this one sole and only condition—that the soul will trust in Jesus, and even that is not a condition, for He gives repentance and faith, and enables sinners to believe in His dear Son.

Behold Christ crucified, the saddest and yet the gladdest sight the sun ever beheld! Behold the eternal Son of God made flesh and bleeding out His life! A surpassing marvel of woe and love! A look at Him will save you. Though you are on the borders of the grave, and on the brink of hell, by one look at Jesus crucified your guilt shall be cancelled, your debts forever discharged before the throne of God, and yourselves led into joy and peace.

Oh, that you would give that look! Breathe the prayer, “Lord, give me the faith of Thine elect, and save me with a great salvation!” Though it is only breathing, yet, as the old Puritan says, when God feels the breath of His child upon His face, He smiles, and He will feel your breath, and smile on you, and bless you. May He do so, for His name’s sake! Amen.

## EXPOSITION BY C. H. SPURGEON

### *LAMENTATIONS 3:1-36*

The first part of this chapter is one of the saddest in the whole Book of God, yet I expect it has ministered as much consolation as some of the brightest pages of Holy Writ, because there are children of God who are the subjects of great suffering and sorrow, and when they turn to such a passage as this, they see that one of the Lord’s own prophets has gone that way before them, and when they see the footprints of another of God’s people in the dark and gloomy valley that they are traversing, they are encouraged.

Besides, the chapter does not end as it begins. There is daylight for the poor sufferer after all, so we shall read the sad utterances of the prophet in the hope that, if we have ever known experiences similar to his, we may learn where to find comfort even as he did.

**Verses 1-2.** *I am the man who hath seen affliction by the rod of his wrath. He hath led me, and brought me into darkness, but not into light.*

This seems to be the hardest part of our lot—that God should lead us into darkness, “He hath led me, and brought me into darkness.” Yet dear brethren, that is, on the other hand, the sweetest thing about our trial, because if the darkness be in the place where God has led us, it is best for us to be in the dark. A child in the dark should derive much comfort from the thought, “My father brought me here, and He loves me so much that He would not bring me where I should be in danger, He must have had some good end and objective in view in what He has done.” Surely, there is something comforting to the tried child of God in that thought.

**3-5.** *Surely against me is he turned; he turneth his hand against me all the day. My flesh and my skin hath he made old; he hath broken my bones. He hath builded against me, and compassed me with gall and travail.*

“I am like a besieged city that has strong forts built all round it to shut it in on all sides.”

**6-7.** *He hath set me in dark places, as they that be dead of old. He hath hedged me about, that I cannot get out: he hath made my chain heavy.*

Ah, dear friends, it is easy for some people to read such a passage as this, but there are others who have read it with aching brows and eyes red with weeping, and often, I doubt not, as they have read the prophet's descriptions of just such sorrows as they are themselves feeling, they have said, "Then after all, we are not alone in our griefs, and we may yet be delivered even as Jeremiah was"

**8. *Also when I cry and shout, he shutteth out my prayer.***

What a sorrow is this—to feel that even prayer itself is unavailing! Yet this suppliant was no graceless sinner, he was a dear child of God, one of the noblest of the Lord's ancient prophets, one of the most faithful of His ministers. You must not think, because sometimes your prayers seem to be unheard or unheeded, and you are allowed to continue in sorrow, that therefore the Lord does not love you. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth," and that word, "scourgeth," is a very strong one, meaning much more than just an ordinary whipping.

**9. *He hath inclosed my ways with hewn stone,—***

"The Lord has shut me right up, as if He had built a wall around me on every side."

**9-13. *He hath made my paths crooked. He was unto me as a bear lying in wait, and as a lion in secret places. He hath turned aside my ways, and pulled me in pieces: he hath made me desolate. He hath bent his bow, and set me as a mark for the arrow. He hath caused the arrows of his quiver to enter into my reins.***

The King's arrows had wounded him to the very quick. Perhaps some of you may know what it is to go to the Bible, and yet to find no comfort in it, for the precious promises have seemed to be too good to be true to you, and you seem to have hunted out every dark and threatening passage at once, and you have said, "Ah, that belongs to me!" You have written bitter things against yourself, and have thought that surely you were the target at which God was shooting His sharpest arrows. [See sermon #3039, The King's Sharp Arrows.]

**14-17. *I was a derision to all my people; and their song all the day. He hath filled me with bitterness, he hath made me drunken with wormwood. He hath also broken my teeth with gravel stones, he hath covered me with ashes. And thou hast removed my soul far off from peace: I have forgotten prosperity.***

"It seems so long since I have had any prosperity that I have forgotten it. I have become so accustomed to trouble and sorrow that it seems as if I had never known what joy was." The original is even more sad, "I forgat good."

**18-21. *And I said, My strength and my hope is perished from the LORD: remembering mine affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the gall. My soul hath them still in remembrance, and is humbled in me. This I recall to my mind, therefore have I hope.***

And as long as your afflictions, poor troubled souls, have really humbled you, you may have hope. Recall to your mind the fact that God's chastising blows have brought you down to His feet in humble submission, and ended all your boastings, and therein you may have hope. [See sermon #654, Memory—The Handmaid of Hope.]

**22. *It is of the LORD'S mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not.***

See where Jeremiah gets his comfort, he seems to say, "Bad as my case is, it might have been worse, for I might have been consumed, and I should have been consumed if the Lord's compassions had failed." Ah, brethren and sisters, and we too might have been in hell at this very moment! Amidst the hottest flames of that hopeless place we might have been enduring the wrath of God, but we are not there, and blessed be His name for that! "It is of the LORD'S mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not." He still has compassion upon us, if He had not, He would have given us up altogether, but there is love in His heart, even while there is a frown upon His brow, and while His hand is smiting us, His heart is loving us still.

**23. *They are new every morning: great is thy faithfulness.***

If every day brings its trouble, every day also brings its mercy. Up to this day, at all events, we have not perished. The Lord has chastened us, but He has not crushed us. We have been cast down, but we have not been destroyed.

“Great is thy faithfulness.” No man can say that so truly as the one who has known what it is to prove that great faithfulness in great affliction. But when there has been a great trial, the believing soul has cast itself upon the ever-faithful God, and so has been able to set its seal to this truth, “Great is thy faithfulness.”

**24. *The LORD is my portion, saith my soul;***

What! With His mouth full of gravel stones, and made drunken with wormwood, overwhelmed with sorrow, yet he says, “the LORD is my portion.” Oh, yes, beloved, whatever else we have lost, we have not lost our God! The thieves have robbed us of our little spare cash, but they could not get at the gold that we have in the bank, they could not break into the great treasure house of everlasting love. John Bunyan says, “Little-faith lost his spending money, but the thieves could not find his jewels.” Nor can they find ours, they are all safe. “The LORD is my portion, saith my soul;”—

**24. *Therefore will I hope in him.***

If I cannot cast the anchor of hope anywhere else, I may “hope in him,” and what better hope do I want than that?

**25. *The LORD is good unto them that wait for him, to the soul that seeketh him.***

Do not be in a hurry. Do not expect to be delivered out of your trouble the first time you begin to cry unto God. Oh, no, “the LORD is good unto them that wait for him, to the soul that seeketh him.” [See sermon #2436, “How Good to Those Who Seek”.]

**26. *It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the LORD.***

God’s time is always the best time. To deliver you just now might be to deprive you of the benefit of the trouble. You must bear it till it produces “the peaceable fruit of righteousness.” When the doctor puts on a blister, we are not to take it off the next minute. No, patience must have her perfect work, that we “may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.”

**27-28. *It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.*** [See sermon #1291, The Best Burden for Young Shoulders.] ***He sitteth alone and keepeth silence, because he hath borne it upon him.***

When it makes a man get alone, to contemplate and meditate, affliction is already doing him good.

**29. *He putteth his mouth in the dust; if so be there may be hope.*** [See sermon #2468, Solitude, Silence, Submission].

That is the way to find it—not lifting your mouth up to defy the Lord, or to murmur at Him, nor yet opening your mouth in boastfulness, but putting your mouth in the dust, that is the way to find hope. A humble, penitent, resigned, silent, submissive spirit will soon find hope.

**30-31. *He giveth his cheek to him that smites him: he is filled full with reproach. For the Lord will not cast off forever.***

Oh, get a grip of that blessed truth! I pray you, O ye sons of trouble, lay hold of it, and never let it go! The Lord may, to all appearance, cast off for a little while, but He will not cast off forever.

**32-34. *But though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies. For he does not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men. To crush under his feet all the prisoners of the earth.***

That is not God’s way of acting. Tyrants may do so, but the tender, compassionate God, our gracious, loving Father, will never do that. If you lie in the dust before Him, He will not tread on you.

**35-36. *To turn aside the right of a man before the face of the most High, to subvert a man in his cause, the Lord approveth not.***

Again I say, that is not God’s way of acting.

Taken from The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit C. H. Spurgeon Collection. 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](http://www.spurgeongems.org).