It was Job of old who while going through his great affliction, suffering and trouble said: **Job 19:25** – For I know that my Redeemer liveth. **26** And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: **27** Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another!

**Poem**

**When I look in my dear Saviour’s Face**

Though the road may be rough where He leads me,

Still His footprints I plainly can trace,

And the trials I meet will seem nothing,

When I look in my dear Saviour’s face.

So I keep my eyes fixed upon Jesus,

While I’m running life’s wearisome race,

I’ll forget the hard pathway I’ve traveled,

When I look in my dear Saviour’s face.

Tho’ the shadows around me may gather,

Safe I rest in my Lord’s secret place,

For I know there’ll be glorious sunshine,

When I look in my dear Saviour’s face.

When I look in His face, His wonderful face,

In Heaven that beautiful place,

All the hardships of earth will seem nothing

When I look in my dear Saviour’s face!

(O to hear Him say – enter in my Child!)

**Keep Singing**

Sing through your darkness and sing in the light

Sing in the mornings and sing in the night,

Sing when your eyes are clouded with pain

Sing in the sunshine and sing through the rain,

Sing when it’s autumn, winter or spring

Nothing can break you so long as you sing!

Though the roads may be dark when you travel

Though your hopes may grow snarled and unravel,

Though the hills you must climb are hard and steep

And though life promises you very little sleep

Sing to your future for what your God can bring

Nothing can break you, so long as you sing!

(**Heb. 13:**15 - By Jesus therefore, let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips giving thanks to His name. **Psalms 30:4** – Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of His!

(Margaret E. Sangster)

**I know there is a God**

There is a God all of nature cries

I see it painted on the azure blue skies

I see it in the beautiful flowering spring

I hear it when the little birds sing

I see it in the showering rain

I behold it on the plush fruitful plain

I see it in the hail and falling snow

I see it the babbling brooks that flow

I see it in the clouds so high that soar

I hear it when the thunders roar

I see it when the morning rays brightly shines

I see it when the day declines

I see it in the mountain’s height

I see it in the smallest little mite

I see it everywhere abroad

I feel, I hear, I see – and I know there is a God!

**God giveth more Grace**

He giveth more Grace when the burdens grow greater

He sendeth more strength when the labors increase

To added affliction, He addeth His mercies

To multiplied trials His multiplied peace

When we have exhausted our store of endurance

When our strength has failed ere the day is done

When we reach the end of all our resources

Our Father’s full giving is only begun

His Love has no limit, His grace has no measure

His power no boundary known to men

For out of His infinite riches in Jesus

God giveth and giveth and giveth again!

(Annie Johnson Flint)

**God knows Best**

 I have been through the valley of weeping

Through the valley of sorrow and pain

But the God of all Comfort was with me

At hand to uphold and sustain

As the earth needs the clouds and sunshine

Our souls need both sorrow and joy

So God places us often in the furnace

The dross from the gold to destroy

When He leads through some valley of trouble

His omnipotent hand we can trace

For the trials and sorrows that He sends us

Are part of His lessons in Grace

Oft we shrink from the purging and pruning

Forgetting the Husbandman fully knows

That the deeper the cutting and paring

The richer the cluster grows

Well He knows that affliction is needed

He has a wise purpose in view

And in the dark valley He whispers

Hereafter you will understand what I do

As we travel through life’s shadowed valley

Fresh springs of His love ever rise

And we learn that our sorrows and losses

Are blessings just sent in disguise

So we’ll follow wherever He leadeth

Let the path be dreary or bright

For we’ve proved that our God can give comfort

Our God gives Songs in the night!

**The Spirit filled life**

O the Spirit filled life, is it thine, is it thine?

Is thy soul wholly filled with the Spirit divine?

O thou child of the King, has He fallen on thee?

Does He reign in thy soul, so that others may see

The dear Saviour’s blest image reflected in thee?

Has He swept through thy soul like the waves of the sea

Does the Spirit of God daily rest on thee?

Does He sweeten thy life, does He keep thee from care

Does He guide thee and bless thee in answer to prayer?

Is it joy to be led of the Lord everywhere?

Is He near thee each hour, does He stand at thy side

Does He gird thee with strength, has He come to abide?

Does He give thee to know that all things may be done

Through the Grace and the power of the Crucified One?

Does He witness to thee of the Glorified Son?

Has He purged thee of dross with

the fire from above

Is He first in thy thoughts, has He all thy love?

Is His service thy choice, and is sacrifice sweet

Is doing His will both thy drink and thy meat?

Dost thou run at His bidding with glad eager feet?

Has He freed thee from self and from all thy greed

Dost thou hasten to succor thy brother in need?

As a soldier of Christ dost thou hardness endure

Is thy hope in the Lord everlasting and sure?

 Hast thou patience and meekness, art tender and pure?

O the Spirit filled life may be thine, may be thine

In thy soul evermore the Shekinah may shine,

It is thine to live with the tempest all stilled

It is thine with the Blessed Holy Ghost to be filled.

It is thine, even thine, for the Lord has so willed.

**Pressed out of Measure**

Pressed out of measure, pressed to all length

Pressed so intensely that it seems beyond strength

Pressed in the body and pressed in the soul

Pressed in the mind till the dark surges roll

Pressed by foes and pressure by friends

Pressure on pressure till life nearly ends

But

I’m pressed into knowing no helper but God

Pressed into loving the Staff and the Rod

Pressed into liberty where nothing clings

Pressed into faith for impossible things

Pressed into living a life in the Lord

Pressed into living a Christ-life outpoured!

**Jesus leads – He knows the Way**

There is a Guide that never falters

And when He leads, I cannot stray,

Step by step He goes before me

And marks my path, He knows the Way.

Oft-times the path grows dim and dreary

The darkness hides the cheering ray,

Still I will trust, tho’ worn and weary

My Saviour leads, He knows the Way!

(A.B. Ackley)

**Dan. 2:22** – He knoweth what is in the darkness

**Is. 43:19** – I will even make a Way in the Wilderness

**Can you see Him (Jesus) in the Way?**

In the time of deepest sorrow

When life seems without a ray,

And the wound is fresh and open

Can you see Him “in the Way?”

When your plans and dearest projects

Shattered fell and broken lay,

And you vainly try to mend them

Can you see Him “in the Way?”

When your prayers remain unanswered

And you almost cease to pray,

Feeling that the Heavens are brazen

Can you see Him “in the Way?”

When your dearest hope has vanished

When your friends forsake & betray,

And all earthly props are broken

Can you see Him “in the Way?”

My Child – always Remember:

Broken rays become a rainbow

Broken clods, a fruitful meadow,

Pruned vines bear the richest clusters

Cut and polished gems, rare lusters,

Harvest rises from buried grain

Lives are born through grief and pain,

God dwells in the broken clay

He alone knows – He leads “in the Way”

(L.S.P.)

**God gives Songs in the Night**

I have been through the valley of weeping

The valley of sorrow and pain,

But the “God of all Comfort” was with me

At hand to uphold and sustain.

As the earth needs the Clouds and the Sunshine

Our souls need both sorrow and joy,

So He places us often in the furnace

The dross from the gold to destroy.

So we’ll follow wherever He leadeth

Let the path be dreary or bright,

For we’ve proved that our God can comfort

Our God gives Songs in the Night!

**I met God in the Morning**

I met God in the morning

When the day was at its best,

And His presence came like glory

Of the sunrise in my breast.

All day long the presence lingered

All day long He stayed with me,

And we sailed in perfect calmness

Over a very troubled sea.

Other ships were blown and battered

Other ships were sore distressed,

But the winds that seemed to drive them

Brought to me a peace and rest.

Then I thought of other mornings

With a keen remorse of mind,

When I too, had loosed the moorings

With God’s presence left behind.

Now I believe I know the secret

Learned from many a troubled way,

You must seek God in the morning

If you want Him through the day!

(Ralph Cushman)

**The purpose of our Trials**

Our faith is developed in the hard places. Good things come out of our trials when we are squeezed and pressed.

**Good things come out of the Pressing**

The Apostle Paul wrote the Corinthians **2 Cor.** – We want you to know brethren about our trouble we suffered in Asia, that we were Pressed out of Measure, above strength. Paul was saying – our troubles and burdens were squeezing the very life out of us, almost more than we could bear. But, the God of all comfort, comforteth us in all our tribulation that we may be able to comfort those that are suffering and going through trouble. We may be troubled on every side, yet we are not distressed; we are perplexed, but not forsaken; cast down but not destroyed. We don’t trust in ourselves but in the living God that raiseth the dead. Though this outward man perish, yet the inward man is Renewed day by day. We may have our sorrows yet we are rejoicing, may be poor – yet we’re making many rich – it’s all because we have this treasure in our earthen vessels. To look at us, you think we have nothing, we are not rich by this world’s standards but Christ who is our life dwells in us and the Gospel burns in our Hearts by the power of the Holy Ghost. Our suffering is not in vain. We see the fruits of our labours. For we are unto God a Sweet Savour of Christ in them that are saved. Our pressing has brought Salvation to lost souls who are now redeemed.

**Poem – The crushed and broken Rose**

O beautiful Rose, please tell me

For I would really like to know,

Why I must crush your petals

That the sweet perfume may flow.

Oh, life that is clothed in beauty

Perhaps like that beautiful Rose,

You will need to crushed by suffering

Before you can give out your best – who knows?

A life that is crushed by sorrow

Can feel for another’s grief,

And send out that sweet perfume of love

That will bring some heart relief.

Oh, do not repine at your testing

When called to pass beneath the rod,

It is that life might the sweeter be

And comes from the hand of God.

He truly knows how much we are needing

Of sorrow, of suffering and test,

Our wise God only gives to His children

The things that He knoweth that are best.

Then let us rejoice when He sendeth

Some sorrow or hardship that tries,

And be glad to be crushed as the beautiful Rose

That the sweeter perfume may arise!

(Flora L. Osgood)

A little Story:

“You smell delightfully fragrant,” said the gravel walk to the bed of Chamomile flowers under the window. “We have been trodden on,” replied the Chamomiles. “Does that cause it?” asked the gravel walk. “Treading on me produces no sweetness.” “Our natures are different,” answered the Chamomiles. “Gravel walks become only the harder by being trodden upon; but the effect on our own selves is that, when pressed and bruised and the dew is upon us – we give forth the sweet smell you now delight in.” “Very delightful,” replied the Gravel walk.

 You see, trials come alike to the Christian as well as the sinners of the world. The one grows bitter and hardened under the experience, while the other becomes mellow and Christlike. It is all because their natures are different.

**My God planned it all – He leads the Way**

Though the way sometimes feels lonely

And dark the shadows fall,

I know that wherever it leadeth

My Father planned it all.

The sun may shine tomorrow

The dark shadows break and flee,

Twill be the way He chooses

My Heavenly Father’s plan for me.

I know He guides my halting footsteps

Along life’s weary way,

For well He knows the pathway

That it will lead to endless day.

**Take me Higher Dear Jesus I Pray**

Jesus lead me up the mountain

Where the whitest robes are seen,

Where the Saints can see the Fountain

Where the Pure are keeping clean.

Higher up where Light increases

Far above all earthly goods,

Where the life of sinning ceases

Where thy Spirit comes in floods.

Lead me higher, nothing dreading

In the race to never stop,

In thy footsteps keep me treading

Give me your Grace to reach the top!

Higher than the highest Heavens

Deeper than the deepest sea,

Lord, thy Love at last hath conquered

Grant me now my petition

None of self – but All of Thee!

**When you think you Can’t go On**

Have you ever thought that your problems and burdens were so overwhelming and you felt like you couldn’t go on? Jesus said we must bear our Cross and follow Him. He did say to all those who labor and are heavy laden – Take my yoke upon you and follow me and ye shall find rest for your Soul. We could never know the deep waters our Saviour went through in His suffering in order to Save us and give us Life. He did it all because He Loved us.

!

**My Calvary**

I came alone to my Calvary

And the load I bore seemed too great for me,

The stones were sharp and pierced my feet

My temples throbbed with the withering heat.

My heart was faint with the toil of the day

So, I sat down to think of an easier way,

Looming before me seemed a torturous trail

No use to try, I thought – I’ll only fail.

I turned my back in sorrow, clothed with defeat

My load was just too heavy, might as well retreat,

To easier highways and with scenery more fair

Yet for a moment I lingered watching there.

As I stood gazing at the rough rocky side

A man came up to be Crucified,

He toiled all the way up that painful road

And the Cross He bore far surpassed my load.

His brow with thorns was pierced and torn

His face had the look of pain and was worn,

He stopped for a moment and just looked at me

Then I made up my mind – yes Lord, I’ll follow you

To Calvary!! (Matthew Biller)

**In the Secret of God’s presence I long to be**

In the secret of His presence how my soul delights to hide!

Oh how precious are the lessons that I learn when I’m at Jesus’ side.

Earthly cares can never vex me, neither trials lay me low,

When Satan comes to tempt me, to the Secret Place I go.

When my soul is faint and thirsty, beneath the shadow of His wing

There is cool and pleasant shelter – a fresh and crystal spring;

My Saviour rests beside me, as we hold communion sweet

If I tried, I could never utter what He says when thus we meet.

Only this I know: I tell Him all my troubles, griefs and fears,

Oh how patiently He listens and my drooping soul He cheers!

Do you think He never reproves me? What a false friend He would be,

If He never ever told me of the faults and sins he must see!

Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord?

Go and hide beneath His shadow for this shall be your reward.

And whenever you leave the silence of that happy meeting place,

You will bear the image of your dear Master in your shining face!

**The Dew of God’s Presence**

God spoke through Hosea to His people saying: **Hos. 14:5** – I will be as the Dew unto Israel: He shall grow as the Lily and cast forth his roots as Lebanon (Cedars of Lebanon)

**Psalms 46:10** – Be still and know that I am God.

**Psalms 63:6** – When I remember thee upon my bed and meditate on thee in the night watches.

Those who spend much time with the Master come forth with the Dew of Blessing upon their lives. Remember, the Dew falls at night when all is still and quiet. **Job 38:28** – God answered Job – “Who hath forgotten the drops of dew?” (Don’t forget Job, the Dew of my Presence will do what rain itself cannot do. Yes, I send the wind and the pouring rain but my Secret is in the Dew. It comes quietly and yet works so mightily. In the presence of God, quietly waiting in the atmosphere of His Spirit, He settles in the soul – reviving and refreshing. Job while in the midst of his trial, looked back remembering his former blessing and prosperity, said – **Job 29:19** – My root was spread out by the waters, and the Dew lay all night upon my Branch. (talking about his soul).

Just think how God feeds the wild flowers on the lonely mountain side without the help of any man and they are as fresh and lovely as those that you daily watch over in your garden. God nourishes His children by the Sweet falling Dew of His Spirit. Wait for your Master until your whole heart is drenched and you can go forth in the power of a fresh, strong and fragrant life!

**Keep on Singing – Turn thy Sorrows**

**Into Song**

Turn your troubles into Treasure

Turn your sorrows into Song,

Then all men will know the measure

In which to Christ you belong.

When they see your bright behavior

Under such troubles great,

They will ask what mighty Saviour

Can give such a happy state.

Paul & Silas were put in prison

With their feet fast in the stocks,

They praised their Glorious Lord arisen

Till the earthquake rent the rocks.

There was none to join their singing

So the earthquake roared – Amen,

And the chains fell down a ringing

As their voices rang out again!

Sing, O sing with us His praises

When there seems least cause to praise,

Faith the sweetest anthem arises

When the darkness hides God’s ways.

He brings forth His new creation

Only there where ends the old,

Let us praise Him for His good Salvation

When all feels most dead and cold!

(Arthur S. Booth-Clibborn)

**The Master Potter**

The Potter worked at His task

With patience, love and skill,

A vessel, marred and broken

He altered again to His will.

It was blackened, bent and old

But with traces of beauty left,

So He worked, this mender of pottery

To restore the charm bereft.

Till at last it stood transformed

And He viewed it with tender eyes,

The work of His hands and love

This Potter so patient and wise.

I know a mender of Broken Hearts

And of lives that are all undone,

He takes them all, as they come to Him

And He loves them everyone.

With patience, love and skill

That surpasses the knowledge of men,

This Master Potter gathers the lost

And restores them to His image again.

O lover of people with broken lives

O wonderful Potter Divine,

I bring my soul for thy Healing touch

In me let thy beauty shine.