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CHRISTIAN REST.

Matt. 11: 28-30.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls; For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

Jesus did not say, Come unto me, all ye that are tired and weary, all ye that are dissatisfied with your place and angry because you did not get some else's. Jesus knew there were many tired people who had never worked in their lives. There are lots of people weary who have just begun to labor. They are tired before they start. To such the most glorious task is only a galling yoke, something to fret and grumble over. They don't like the place they have, they can not get along with the men they have to work with, they are angry because they did not get the foreman's job to start with. Jesus has no place for such grumblers and malcontents.

He says specifically "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden." Come unto me all ye faithful laborers, whose shoulders are bending under heavy burdens. Come unto me, all ye faithful neighbors who have carried your own burden and your neighbor's too. Come unto me, all ye patient laborers, who have labored on when others were knocking you and deriding your efforts. Come unto me all ye gentle laborers, who have borne the deridings of others

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with nothing but pity in your hearts. Come unto me all ye impatient laborers, who have built again where others have destroyed. Come unto me all ye hopeful christians, who have turned a smiling face to the world when your own heart was breaking. These are the men and women who will enter into God's rest.

When will we rest? When life's work is ended? Yes. All christians believe in a glorious rest that is endless and complete. But that is not the rest that Christ is speaking of here. There is a present rest for the people of God. We do not have to wait for death to rest with Christ. Men and women who do not enter into Christ's rest while they live may miss it when they come to die. Some think they can live in turmoil and strife all their days and then share God's rest when they come to die. Some even contend that this life is for turmoil, strife, and labor, the life to come for rest. This life is for labor, but not for turmoil and strife. It is our sins more than our labors that keep us from resting with Christ. One of the greatest lessons a christian has to learn is how to rest with Christ.

The most perfect life ever lived on this earth was the life of Jesus of Nazereth. He was a very busy man, one of the busiest that ever lived. His life was full of labors, but not full of strife. His life was full of labors but He knew how to rest.

From what does Jesus offer us rest? First, He offers us rest from our strife, envy, and contentions. These things wear us out far quicker than honest patient

labors. The old Uncle in the play "Good Earth" was completely exhausted, though he had done nothing but knock the faithful workers. The men who had fought the plague of locusts had their faces wreathed in smiles, though they had fought as if life itself was in the balance. It all sounds like a great joke. But there is more truth than jest in the illustration. It is so in all life's battles. The man who stands aside and knocks will have more wrinkles in his face and more cares on his heart than the man who labors, even when his labors take all his strength, even when he labors as for life itself.

Last Summer a party of us went on the large lake above Montgomery on a pic nic. People go on a pic nic to rest and enjoy themselves. But how many did you ever know that really rested. There were thirteen in the party, including my mother, seventy-eight years old . It was a wonderful day, mild and sunny, the woods were as beautiful as summer could make them . We had boats and fishing tackle and lots of good things to eat. But even then, most of us wore a frown part of the day. When we started home I said, "Mamma, I believe you are the only one that has had your face straight all day." It was only a month before she died. She was getting a little bit feeble in her limbs, her eyes were growing dim and her hearing was not very good, but her heart was younger than ours. She had enjoyed the pic nic more than any of us . I knew then why she could enjoy it so much. Long years before she had learned to rest with Christ. It takes a calm, holy, patient

spirit to rest. Most of us did not have it.

Second, Jesus offers us rest from an unbroken spirit. I believe an unbroken spirit is the cause of more restlessness than any other. To be truly sorry for our sins is one of the biggest and noblest things a man or woman can do. A man whose heart is broken because of wrong doing is truly humble. Humility itself is a glorious rest. You will never know real rest till you can walk with Christ in real humility.

This is the chief difference between good men and bad. When a wicked selfish person does anything wrong he always justifies himself. No matter how obvious his wrong is to others he can never see it. Felons, thieves, murderers, even when brought to the gallows or the electric chair, seldom acknowledge they have done any wrong. But a good man, even if he wrongs you unthoughtedly, is heartbroken when he finds it out. The only road to rest lies in a heart that is quick to see its own wrong.

O how this old world needs God's rest. A restless spirit has killed millions of strong men and women. Forty years ago doctors were scoffing at religion. Many of the great physicians then were open skeptics, who penned all their faith to science. O how they have been disillusioned! Most of the great physicians now will tell you that the greatest foe to human health is a restless spirit. Many of them are turning to religion as the great hope of medical science. They are saying now that a sound religious faith is the greatest medicine on earth.

We hear a great deal these days about heart disease. There are many real diseases of the heart. Some of them are not serious, others are very deadly. One great physician said recently that every person that ever died died with heart failure. I think he struck a note of truth there deeper than he knew. Heart trouble that has no connection with disease is killing men and women faster than war or plague.

O how tired this old world is. Not of labor. We are not doing a third as much of that as we ought. But tired of strife and contentions, tired of an unbroken spirit. When we enter into God's rest these things will flee away like ugly shadows in the night.