

WORDS FOR THE WEARY

By Theodore L. Cuyler

Opening into one of those rich chapters of Isaiah, that are as full of nourishment as a wheat-field, our eye lighted upon this passage: "The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary." This set us to thinking about the restfulness of God's Word and of Christ's supporting grace. A very different thing is this from dreamy indolence. God abhors the idle man as a monster, and laziness as a cardinal sin. But the rest is not only refreshing, but invigorating. The farmer's noonday hour under the shady tree refits him for the hot afternoon's toil in the harvest-field. Nothing fits an army for battle like a good night's sleep and a full morning meal. If some "terrible toilers" would oftener halt and rest, they would live the longer.

All around us are multitudes of weary people. They are tired out with life's daily battle, with bearing the heat and burden of the day. Some carry a great load of care as to how they shall make both ends meet, and how they shall "foot" the bills for rent, food, and raiment. Others are worn out with anxieties. A burden of spiritual despondency weighs down "Brother Little-Faith" and "Mrs. Much-Afraid." Another one has grown tired of waiting for success in his labors, and is tempted to throw down his seed-bag and sickle in sheer despair. Others still are weary of waiting for recognized answers to prayer.

For all these tired and burdened hearts Jesus, the relief-bringer, has His word in season. To the Christian with a small purse He says: "Your life consisteth not in the abundance of things ye possess. I counsel thee to buy of Me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich. At My right hand are treasures for evermore." Only think how rich a man is who has a clean conscience here and heaven hereafter! To the doubting and desponding Jesus says: "Fear not, little flock; for it is my Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." There is a wonderful restfulness for worried hearts in this single assurance, "Lo, I am with you always." This may be called Christ's richest and sweetest promise. The believer who lives on that promise can often sing,—

"I am never lonely

While Jesus standeth by;

His presence always cheers me,

I know that He is nigh.

"Friendless? No, not friendless,

For Jesus is my friend;

I change, but He remaineth

A Brother to the end.

"Tired? No, not tired;

While leaning on His breast,

My soul hath full enjoyment

Of His eternal rest."

The most common cause of weariness is the attempt to carry an overload of care. And this is not a wise forethought for the future or a proper providence for life's "rainy day." It is sheer worry. The word in season for such overloaded Christians, who toil along life's highway like jaded pack-horses, is this: "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." If we will only drop everything that is sinful and superfluous in the shape of worry, He will enable us to carry the legitimate load.

One more word for the weary is, "Cast your care on Him, for He careth for you." The literal meaning of this tonic text is: He has you on His heart. What an inspiring, gladdening thought! The infinite God from His everlasting throne has poor little sinful me on His divine heart! My big load is not a feather to Him. He knows my frame; He remembers that I am dust. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth us poor weaklings. He says to us, "Give me your burdens." He who piloted Noah and all the precious freight in the ark, who supplied the widow's waning cruse of oil, who put Peter to sleep in the dungeon and calmed Paul in the roaring tempest,—He says to me, "Roll your anxieties over on Me. I have you on My heart." What fools we are when we strap the load more tightly, and determine that nobody shall carry it but ourselves!

Suppose that a weary, footsore traveller were trudging along an up-hill road on a sultry day, and a wagon overtakes him. The kind driver calls out: "Ho! my friend, you look tired. Throw that pack into my wagon; I am going your way." But the silly wayfarer, eyeing him suspiciously, as if he wished to steal it, churlishly replies, "Go along with you. I can carry my own luggage." We laugh at this obstinate folly, and then repeat the same insane sin against the God of love.

When God says to us, "Give Me your load, and I will help you," He does not release us from our share of duty. No more does the atoning Saviour when He bears the guilt and penalty of our sins, release us from repentance of those sins or from obeying His commandments. God's offer is to lighten our loads by putting His grace into our hearts and underneath the load. He then becomes our strength. His all-sufficient grace is made perfect in our weakness, so that God really carries the load. It was the Christ in Paul who defied Nero and conquered the devil.

This divine doctrine of trust is a wonderfully restful one to weary disciples. It takes the tire out of the heart. As the infant drops over on mother's bosom into soft repose, so Faith rests its weary head on Jesus. He giveth His beloved sleep, so that they may wake up refreshed for their appointed work.

It is not honest work that really wears any Christian out. It is the ague-fit of worry that consumes strength and furrows the cheek and brings on decrepitude. That giant of Jesus Christ who drew the Gospel chariot from Jerusalem to Rome, and had the care of all the churches on his great heart, never complained of being tired. The secret was that he never chafed his powers with a moment's worry. He was doing God's work, and he left God to be responsible for results. He knew whom he believed, and felt perfectly sure that all things work together for good to them who love the Lord Jesus.

Just a word, in closing, to those who are getting tired of a life of sin and of serving Satan. Friends, you are serving a hard master. His wages are death. Again and again you have become disgusted with yourselves as leading a frivolous, foolish life for an immortal being. All the pleasures you have ever paid so dearly for, all the accumulations you have earned, do not satisfy you. There is a hungry, aching spot in your soul. There comes many a moment in which you wish you had something solid, sweeter, stronger, something to live for and to die by. You need Jesus Christ! Wherefore de ye spend your labor for that which satisfieth not? Open your weary ear to

that voice of His love: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Learn of Him; live for Him; labor for Him. Life will glow with a new charm; your soul will then mount as with an eagle's wing; you will run, and never weary, you will walk with Jesus, and never faint.

OBITUARY

A tragic accident occurred at Robb's Engineering Works, Amherst, N. S., on May 29th, when **Norman McFadden**, age 42, was almost instantly killed when he fell from the roof of a building. He leaves to mourn, his wife and seven children, his parents, eight sisters and five brothers and many other relatives.

The funeral service was held at Campbell's Funeral Home and was largely attended. His fellow workmen attended in a body, also the Knights of Pythias, of which he was a member. The floral tributes were many and beautiful, showing the deep sympathy for the family in this sad bereavement. Rev. P. W. Briggs conducted the service and burial was in Highland Cemetery.

We extend our sympathy to those who mourn.

The death of **Mrs. Eliza J. Beal** occurred on May 13th at the home of her foster daughter, Mrs. Noyes Alley, with whom she had made her home for a number of years.

Mrs. Beal was born June 9th, 1876, and was a charter member of the Reformed Baptist Church at Beals.

Left to mourn, besides Mrs. Alley, are three sisters: Mrs. Lucy Smith, West Jonesport, Me.; Mrs. Sophia Ahrens, Brevard, N. C.; and Mrs. Augusta Urquhart, Jonesport, Me.

The funeral service was conducted at the R. B. Church, Beals, Me., by Rev. F. A. Anderson.

We extend our sympathy to the bereaved.

Mr. James E. Cameron, aged 61 years, passed away on May 22nd. He leaves to mourn, his wife, two sons, three daughters, one brother and two sisters.

His death came as a great shock to us as a church. Brother Jim was a real man of God. His life and testimony meant much to the church and community. Since his illness, some 18 months ago, he maintained a good spirit and experience. He never complained of his lot and often said, "He was all packed and ready to go." He loved to "Praise the Lord" in the church militant and now we are sure he praises the Lord in the Church Triumphant. Our loss is heaven's gain. May his death be the means of strengthening the church that he loved. We are determined to push on and fight a little harder for the things which we believe God has for us in the future.

Present at the funeral apart from relatives and others were: Rev. P. H. Greene, Rev. R. L. Sabine, Lic. J. A. Moses, Lic. W. Wilcox, Mr. and Mrs. J. Justason sang "Asleep in Jesus," and Mr. Donald Wilson, "Beyond the Sunset." To all the sorrowing ones we extend our sympathy.

The funeral was conducted by Lic. W. L. Fernley, assisted by above mentioned preachers.