

My Heart Is Like Wax; It Is Melted in the Midst of My Bowels

by C.H. Spurgeon

The sermon emphasizes the importance of seeking God's presence and the comfort of Jesus' love in times of deep depression and mental distress.

Scripture: Psalm 34:18, Hebrews 4:15

Topics: "Compassion Of Christ", "Suffering"

Description

C.H. Spurgeon reflects on the profound anguish experienced by Jesus, emphasizing that deep depression of spirit is the most severe trial one can face. He encourages believers to draw near to the cross, recognizing that Christ, who endured immense mental distress, is a compassionate High Priest who understands our suffering. Spurgeon urges those feeling distant from God's love to seek intimate communion with Jesus, reminding them that their sorrows are overshadowed by His griefs. He calls for a response of love and surrender to Christ, allowing His love to wash over and uplift our weary souls. Ultimately, he invites us to find solace at the feet of Jesus, where we can experience His overwhelming love and grace.

Transcript

Our blessed Lord experienced a terrible sinking and melting of soul. "The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity, but a wounded spirit who can bear?" Deep depression of spirit is the most grievous of all trials; all besides is as nothing. Well might the suffering Saviour cry to His God, "Be not far from me," for above all other seasons a man needs his God when his heart is melted within him because of heaviness. Believer, come near the cross this morning, and humbly adore the King of glory as having once been brought far lower, in mental distress and inward anguish, than any one among us; and mark His fitness to become a faithful High Priest, who can be touched with a feeling of our infirmities.

Especially let those of us whose sadness springs directly from the withdrawal of a present sense of our Father's love, enter into near and intimate communion with Jesus. Let us not give way to despair, since through this dark room the Master has passed before us. Our souls may sometimes long and faint, and thirst even to anguish, to behold the light of the Lord's countenance: at such times let us stay ourselves with the sweet fact of the sympathy of our great High Priest. Our drops of sorrow may well be forgotten in the ocean of His griefs; but how high ought our love to rise!

Come in, O strong and deep love of Jesus, like the sea at the flood in spring tides, cover all my powers, drown all my sins, wash out all my cares, lift up my earth-bound soul, and float it right up to my Lord's feet, and there let me lie, a poor broken shell, washed up by His love, having no virtue or value; and only venturing to whisper to Him that if He will put His ear to me, He will hear within my heart faint echoes of the vast waves of His own love which have brought me where it is my delight to lie, even at His feet for ever.

Source: <https://sermonindex.net/speakers/ch-spurgeon/my-heart-is-like-wax-it-is-melted-in-the-midst-of-my-bowels/>

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