

Picture of Rest

by Charles E. Cowman

True rest and peace come from a heart set deep in God, not from external circumstances.

Scripture: Psalm 4:8, Psalm 29:11, Isaiah 26:3, Isaiah 32:17, Matthew 11:28, John 14:27, John 16:33, Romans 8:6, Philippians 4:7, 2 Thessalonians 3:16

Topics: "Inner Peace", "Godly Rest"

Description

Charles E. Cowman preaches about the profound peace that Jesus offers, contrasting it with the world's idea of rest by using the analogy of two painters depicting rest differently. Despite the external turmoil in Christ's life, His inner peace remained unwavering, always available to those who sought Him. Cowman emphasizes that true rest is not just a fleeting feeling but a deep-rooted tranquility found in God, even in the midst of trials and betrayals.

Transcript

"My own peace I give to you" (John 14:27, Weymouth).

Two painters each painted a picture to illustrate his conception of rest. The first chose for his scene a still, lone lake among the far-off mountains.

The second threw on his canvas a thundering waterfall, with a fragile birch tree bending over the foam; and at the fork of the branch, almost wet with the cataract's spray, sat a robin on its nest.

The first was only stagnation; the last was rest.

Christ's life outwardly was one of the most troubled lives that ever lived: tempest and tumult, tumult and tempest, the waves breaking over it all the time until the worn body was laid in the grave. But the inner life was a sea of glass. The great calm was always there.

At any moment you might have gone to Him and found rest. And even when the human bloodhounds were dogging Him in the streets of Jerusalem, He turned to His disciples and offered them, as a last legacy, "My peace."

Rest is not a hallowed feeling that comes over us in church; it is the repose of a heart set deep in God.
--Drummond

My peace I give in times of deepest grief,
Imparting calm and trust and My relief.
My peace I give when prayer seems lost, unheard;
Know that My promises are ever in My Word.
My peace I give when thou art left alone--
The nightingale at night has sweetest tone.
My peace I give in time of utter loss,
The way of glory leads right to the cross.
My peace I give when enemies will blame,
Thy fellowship is sweet through cruel shame.
My peace I give in agony and sweat,
For mine own brow with bloody drops was wet.
My peace I give when nearest friend betrays
Peace that is merged in love, and for them prays.
My peace I give when there's but death for thee
The gateway is the cross to get to Me.
--L. S. P.

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