

Where Is It?

by F.B. Meyer

Jesus can make us again, regardless of our past mistakes or failures, if we yield to His will and trust Him completely.

Scripture: Psalm 51:10, Isaiah 64:8, Jeremiah 18:4, John 15:5, Romans 12:1-2, 2 Corinthians 5:17, Galatians 2:20, Ephesians 2:10, Philippians 1:6, 1 Peter 5:7

Topics: "Surrender", "Renewal in Christ"

Description

F.B. Meyer addresses the struggle many face in yielding to God's will, sharing personal stories of individuals who fought against their convictions and the peace they found in surrender. He emphasizes that true fulfillment comes from giving oneself entirely to God, as he recounts his own journey of holding back parts of his life from Christ. Meyer illustrates that God can restore and remake us, regardless of our past failures, urging listeners to trust Him fully. He encourages the congregation to recognize that yielding to God leads to a renewed life and purpose, akin to the transformative experiences of biblical figures like Jacob and Peter. Ultimately, Meyer reassures that it is never too late to surrender and be made anew by God's grace.

Transcript

People come to me and speak of the different points in which they have thwarted God. A man came to me one day and said that when I was in a certain convention I asked all those who wanted to be wholly for God to stand up. He refused to stand, and for months his will rose up and said: "Who is this man that I should stand up when he bids me?" For months he fought this feeling, until not long ago he came to me and said: "Come and pray! I want to confess that I have been fighting the will of God for months, and I am wretched.

Help me to get peace." I was once staying with another man, a pastor. I had said nothing about smoking,--I never do single out sins,--I had not alluded to the habit; but one day we were walking along a street that led over a river, and to my surprise as we got to the apex of the bridge he took his tobacco--pouch and pipe and threw them over, and said: "There, I have settled that." Then, turning to me, he said: " I know, Mr. Meyer, you have said nothing about it; but for the last few months God has been asking me to set a new example to my young men, and I said: ' Why should not I do as I like, and they as they like?'

God was searching me, and I was fighting Him; but it is all settled now, sir, it is all done now." A bright young girl, at the end of one of my addresses, was waiting about, and I said to her: "Come, my girl, I am quite sure that you have got nothing to see me about." "O," she said, "I have, sir. I remember that three or four years ago, when I was a girl at school, one of my companions asked me to go out and get some candy for her. I got it, but I kept back half the money for myself.

That sin has been working in my mind. It seems as if God keeps saying, 'Confess, confess, restore'; but, sir, I have been fighting it for the last month or two. It looks so stupid to do a little thing like that." I said: "My dear child, nothing is stupid that is going to please God and put you right with His will." A man came to me and said: "I cannot understand it, sir, but it seems as if God is blotted out of my life. I used to be so happy." I said: "How is it?" Said he: "I think it has to do with my treatment of my brother.

He served me cruelly over my father's will, and I said I would never forgive him. I am sorry I said it, but he has been going from bad to worse, has lost his wife and child, and is now on a bed of death, and I cannot go to him because I said I never would." I said: "My friend, it is better to break a bad vow than keep it. Go." He went, and the smile of God met him just there. Sixteen years ago I was a minister in a Midland town in England, not at all happy, doing my work for the pay I got, but holding a good position amongst my fellows.

Hudson Taylor and two young students came into my life. I watched them. They had something I had not. Those young men stood there in all their strength and joy. I said to Charles Studd: "What is the difference between you and me? You seem so happy, and I somehow am in the trough of the wave." He replied: "There is nothing that I have got which you may not have, Mr. Meyer." But I asked: "How am I to get it?" "Well," he said, "have you given yourself right up to God?" I winced.

I knew that if it came to that, there was a point where I had been fighting my deepest convictions for months. I had lived away from it, but when I came to the Lord's table and handed out the bread and wine, then it met me; or when I came to a convention or meeting of holy people, something stopped me as I remembered this. It was the one point where my will was entrenched. I thought I would do something with Christ that night which would settle it one way or the other, and I met Christ.

You will forgive a man who owes everything to one night in his life if to help other men he opens his heart for a moment. I knelt in my room and gave Christ the ring of my will with the keys on it, but kept one little key back, the key of a closet in my heart, in one back story in my heart. He said to me, "Are they all here?" And I said: "All but one." "What is that?" said He. "It is the key of a little cupboard," said I, "in which I have got something which Thou needest not interfere with, but it is mine."

Then, as He put the keys back into my hand, and seemed to be gliding away to the door, He said: "My child, if you cannot trust Me with all, you do not trust Me at all." I cried: "Stop," and He seemed to come back; and holding the little key in my hand, in thought I said: "I cannot give it, but if Thou wilt take it Thou shalt have it." He took it, and within a month from that time He had cleared out that little cupboard of things which had been there for months. I knew He would.

May I add one word more? Three years ago I met the thing I gave up that night, and as I met it I could not imagine myself being such a fool as nearly to have sold my birthright for that mess of pottage. I looked up into the face of Christ and said: "Now I am thine." It seemed as if that was the beginning of a new ministry. The Lord got me on His wheel again, and He made me again, and He has been making me again ever since. I learned that night to say "yes," and I have tried to say "yes" ever since.

Now, my friend, you say to me: "It is quite true, sir; my life is marred. But I am getting to be an old man. Do you think there is any hope for me?" My text says: "He made it again." Adelaide Procter says, at the end of one of her verses, that we always may be what we might have been. In a sense that is not true. You and I never can recall the past, and yet,--and yet Jesus has a wonderful knack of making men again. There was Jacob, the supplanter, for instance. He met him again at the ford of Jabbok, and he was made into Israel, a prince of God.

There was Peter, and He made him again so that on the day of Pentecost he became the means of the Holy Ghost's advent to the world. And He made again John Mark who went back before a touch of sea sickness to his mother, but Paul said of him after: "Bring him, for he is profitable." He will make you again. Canon Wilberforce told me that he had his likeness painted by the great artist Herkomer, who told him the following story, Herkomer was born in the Black Forest, his father a simple wood chopper.

When the artist rose to name and fame in London, and built his studio at Bushey, his first thought was to have the old man come and spend the rest of his years with him. He came, and was very fond of moulding clay. All day he made things out of clay, but as the years passed he thought his hand would lose its cunning. He often went upstairs at night to his room with the sad heart of an old man who thinks his best days are gone by. Herkomer's quick eye of love detected this, and when his father was safe asleep his gifted son would come down stairs and take in hand the pieces of clay which his old father had left, with the evidences of defect and failure; and with his own wonderful touch he would make them as fair as they could be made by human hand.

When the old man came down in the morning, and took up the work he had left all spoiled the night before, and held it up before the light, he would say, rubbing his hands: "I can do it as well as ever I did." Is not that just what God Almighty is going to do with you? You are bearing the marks of failure just because you have been resisting Him and fighting Him. But, ah! my Lord comes with those pierced hands, and says: "Will you not yield to me? Only yield, and I will make you again."

There is a Pentecost for us all, but we must begin at the beginning. There must be the yielding. Young girls, who have come out of beautiful homes, the children of luxury, I tell you that all the exterior beauty of your life is only a faint adumbration and shadow of the infinite sweetness and grace of the life of Pentecost. Live in the promised land, men and women, you who have been seeking in the outside, in circumstances and things and people, your bliss.

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