

REST, REST.

Charles H. Spurgeon on Sunday morning 1-8-1871
Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, a district in London



Charles H. Spurgeon
by Alexander Melville
(1834-1892)

He was 36 years old
this Sunday in 1871

“Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavily laden,
and I will give you **REST**. Take my yoke upon you,
and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, &
ye shall find **REST** unto your souls.

For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.”

— Matthew 11:28-30

We have often repeated these memorable words, and they have brought us much comfort. But it is possible that we may never have looked deeply into them, so as to have seen the fullness of their meaning.

The works of man will seldom bear close inspection. You shall take a needle which is highly polished, which appears to be without the slightest inequality upon its surface, and you shall put it under a microscope, and it will look like a rough bar of iron; but you shall select what you will from nature, the bark or the leaf of a tree, or the wing or the foot of an insect, and you shall discover no flaw, magnify it as much as you will, and gaze upon it as long as you please.

So take the words of man. The first time you hear them they will strike you; you may hear them again and still admire their sentiment, but you shall soon weary of their repetition, and call them hackneyed and over-estimated.

The words of Jesus are not so, they never lose their dew, they never become threadbare. You may ring the changes upon his words and never exhaust their music: you may consider them by day and by night, but familiarity shall not breed contempt. You shall beat them in the mortar of contemplation, with the pestle of criticism, and their perfume shall but become the more apparent.

Dissect, investigate, and weigh the Master’s teaching word by word, and each syllable will repay you.

When loitering upon the Island of Liddo, off Venice, and listening to the sound of the city’s bells, I thought the music charming as it floated across the lagune. But when I returned to the

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When loitering upon the Island of Liddo, off Venice, and listening to the sound of the city’s bells, I thought the music charming as it floated across the lagune. But when I returned to the

city, and sat down in the center of the music, in the very midst of all the bells, the sweetness changed to a horrible clash, the charming sounds were transformed into a maddening din. Not the slightest melody could I detect in any one bell, while harmony in the whole company of noisemakers was out of the question. Distance had lent enchantment to the sound.

The words of poets and eloquent writers may, as a whole, and heard from afar, sound charmingly enough. But how few of them bear a near and minute investigation! Their belfry rings passably, but one would soon weary of each separate bell.

It is never so with the divine words of Jesus. You hear them ringing from afar, and they are sweetness itself. When as a sinner, you roamed at midnight like a traveler lost on the wilds, how sweetly did they call you home! But now you have reached the house of mercy, you sit and listen to each distinct note of love's perfect peal, and wonderingly feel that even angelic harps cannot excel it!

We will, this morning, if we can, conduct you into the inner chambers of our text, place its words under the microscope, and peer into the recesses of each sentence. We only wish our microscope were of a greater magnifying power, and our ability to expound the text more complete, for there are mines of instruction here.

Superficially, read this royal promise has cheered and encouraged tens of thousands, but there is a wealth in it which the diligent digger and miner shall alone discover. Its shallows are cool and refreshing for the lambs, but in its depths are pearls, for which we hope to dive.



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