



Articles and Sermons :: You have been long a-gathering rust - Brooks(affliction)

You have been long a-gathering rust - Brooks(affliction) - posted by hmmhmm (), on: 2007/4/2 18:20

You have been long a-gathering rust

Oh! but my afflictions are greater than other men's afflictions are! Oh! there is no affliction like my affliction! How can I not murmur?

It may be your sins are greater than other men's sins. If you have sinned against . . .

more light,
more love,
more mercies,
more promises,

than others—no wonder if your afflictions are greater than others! If this be your case, you have more cause to be mute than to murmur!

It may be that the Lord sees that it is very needful that your afflictions should be greater than others.

It may be your heart is harder than other men's hearts, and prouder and stouter than other men's hearts, it may be your heart is more impure than others, and more carnal than others, or else more selfish and more worldly than others, or else more deceitful and more hypocritical than others, or else more cold and careless than others, or more formal and lukewarm than others.

Now, if this is your case, certainly God sees it very necessary, for . . .

the breaking of your hard heart, and
the humbling of your proud heart, and
the cleansing of your foul heart, and
the spiritualizing of your carnal heart, etc.,
that your afflictions should be greater than others; and therefore do not murmur!

Where the disease is strong, the remedy must be strong—else the cure will never be wrought! God is a wise physician, and He would never give strong medicine—if a weaker one could effect the cure!

The more rusty the NAIL is, the oftener we put it into the fire to purify it; and the more crooked it is, the more blows and the harder blows we give to straighten it.

You have been long a-gathering rust; and therefore, if God deal thus with you, you have no cause to complain.

"For the Lord disciplines the one He loves, and punishes every son whom He receives." Heb. 12:6

Then the scum appears!

Few Christians see themselves and understand themselves rightfully. By trials, God reveals much of a man's sinful self to his pious self.

When the fire is put under the pot—then the scum appears; so when God tries a poor soul, Oh! how does . . .

the scum of pride,
the scum of murmuring,
the scum of distrust,
the scum of impatience,
the scum of worldliness,
the scum of carnality,
the scum of foolishness,
the scum of willfulness—
reveal itself in the heart of the poor creature?

Trials are God's looking-glass, in which His people see their own faults. Oh! . . .

that looseness,
that vileness,
that wretchedness,
that sink of filthiness,
that gulf of wickedness,
which trials show to be in their hearts!

"I have tested you in the furnace of affliction."
Isaiah 48:10

When Munster lay sick

"Those whom I love I rebuke and discipline."
Revelation 3:19

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All the afflictions which come upon the saints,
are the fruits of divine love.

When Munster lay sick, and his friends asked him how he did, and how he felt; he pointed to his sores and ulcers, whereof he was full, and said, "These are God's gems and jewels with which He decks his best friends, and to me they are more precious than all the gold and silver in the world!"

"It was good for me to be afflicted!" Psalm 119:71

God afflicts you, O Christian, in love! Therefore Luther

cries out, 'Strike, Lord, strike, Lord! and spare not!'

Father knows best!

"Our fathers disciplined us for a little while as they thought best; but God disciplines us for our good, that we may share in His holiness." Hebrews 12:10.

What God, our Father wills, is best.

When He wills sickness, sickness is better than health.

When He wills weakness, weakness is better than strength.

When He wills poverty, poverty is better than wealth.

When He wills reproach, reproach is better than honor.

When He wills death, death is better than life.

As God is wisdom itself, and so knows that which is best; so He is goodness itself, and therefore cannot do anything but that which is best—therefore remain silent before the Lord.

Everything on this side hell is mercy

Oh! labor every day to be more humble and more low and little in your own eyes. 'Who am I,' says the humble soul—but that God should cross me in this mercy, and take away that mercy, and pass a sentence of death upon every mercy? I am not worthy of the least mercy, I deserve not a crumb of mercy, I have forfeited every mercy.'

Only by pride comes contention. It is only pride that puts men upon contending with God and men.

A humble soul will lie quiet at the foot of God, it will be contented with bare necessities. A dinner of green herbs relishes well with the humble man's palate; whereas a stalled ox is but a coarse dish to a proud man's stomach.

A humble heart thinks none less than himself, nor none worse than himself.

A humble heart looks upon small mercies as great mercies; and great afflictions as small afflictions; and small afflictions as no afflictions; and therefore sits mute and quiet under all. Do but keep humble, and you will keep silent before the Lord.

Pride kicks, and flings, and frets; but a humble man

has still his hand upon his mouth. Everything on this side hell is mercy—much mercy, rich mercy to a humble soul; and therefore he remains mute under the smarting rod.

One unmortified lust!

It is not your strongest resolutions or purposes, without the grace of the Spirit, which can overmaster a lust. A soul-sore will continue to run—though we resolve and say it shall not. It was the blood of the sacrifice, and the oil, which cleansed the leper in the law. And by them is meant the blood of Christ and the grace of His Spirit. Lev. 14:14-16. It was a touch of Christ's garment which cured the woman of her bloody issue.

Your strongest resolutions or purposes may hide a sin, but cannot quench it. They may cover a sin, but cannot cut off a sin. A black patch may cover a sore—but it does not cure it! Neither is it the papists' purgatories, watchings, whippings, nor the kissing of the statue of St. Francis, or licking of lepers' sores—which will cleanse the fretting leprosy of sin!

In the strength of Christ, and in the power of the Spirit—set soundly upon the mortifying of every lust! Oh, hug none, indulge none—but resolvedly set upon the ruin of every lust!

One leak in a ship will sink it!

One stab strikes Goliath just as dead—as twenty-three did Caesar!

One Delilah may do Samson as much mischief as all the Philistines!

One broken wheel spoils the whole clock!

One vein bleeding will let out all the vitals!

One fly will spoil a whole box of ointment!

One bitter herb will spoil all the pottage!

By eating one apple, Adam lost paradise!

One lick of honey endangered Jonathan's life!

One Achan was a trouble to all Israel!

One Jonah raises a storm and becomes load too heavy for the whole ship! Just so—one unmortified lust will raise very strong storms and tempests in the soul! And therefore, as you would have a blessed calm and quietness in your own spirits under your sharpest trials, set thoroughly upon the work of mortification.

Gideon had seventy sons, and but one bastard child,
yet that bastard child destroyed all his seventy sons!

Ah, Christian! do you not know what a world of mischief
one unmortified lust may do? And therefore let nothing
satisfy you but the blood of all your lusts!

Re: You have been long a-gathering rust - Brooks(affliction) - posted by hmmhmm (), on: 2007/4/3 5:29

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Re: You have been long a-gathering rust - Brooks(affliction), on: 2007/4/3 17:45

Quote:
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Brother Christian, thank you for sharing this from Brooks. It is good. This is something we should read every time a trial comes our way. This whole article is full of nuggets. I think I'll print this out and ponder over it some more. :-)