



**Devotional Thoughts :: "The School of Suffering"**

**"The School of Suffering" - posted by Yeshuasboy (), on: 2016/3/29 2:16**

"Savior, beneath thy yoke,  
My wayward heart doth pine;  
All accustomed to the stroke  
Of love divine;  
Thy chastisements, My God, are hard to bear,  
Thy cross is heavy for frail flesh to wear.

'Perishing child of clay!  
Thy sighing I have heard,  
Long have I marked thy evil way,  
How thou hast erred!  
Yet fear not, by my own most holy name  
I will shed healing through thy sin-sick frame.'

Praise to thee, gracious Lord!  
I fain would be at rest;  
Oh, now fulfill thy faithful word,  
And make me blest;  
My soul would lay her heavy burden down,  
And take, with joyfulness, the promised crown.

'Stay, thou short-sighted child!  
There is much first to do,  
Thy heart so long by sin defiled,  
I must renew;  
Thy will must here be taught to bend to mine,  
Or the sweet peace of heaven can ne'er be thine.'

Yea, Lord, but thou canst soon  
Perfect thy work in me,  
Till like the pure, calm summer noon  
I shine by thee;  
A moment shine, that all thy power may trace,  
Then pass in stillness to my heavenly place.

'Ah! coward soul, confess  
Thou shrinkest from my cure;  
Thou tremblest at the sharp distress  
Thou must endure;  
The foes on every hand for war arrayed,  
The thorny path in tribulation laid.'

'The process slow of years;  
The discipline of life;  
Of outward woes and secret tears,  
Sickness and strife;  
Thine idols taken from thee one by one,  
Till thou canst dare to live with me alone.'

'Some gentle souls there are,  
Who yield unto my love,  
Who, ripening fast beneath my cure,

I soon remove;  
But thou stiff-necked art, and hard to rule:  
Thou must stay longer in affliction's school.'

My Maker and my King!  
Is this thy love to me?  
Oh that I had the lightning's wing,  
From earth to flee;  
How can I bear the heavy weight of woes  
Thine indignation on the creature throws?

'Thou canst not, O my child!  
So hear my voice again;  
I will bear all thy anguish wild,  
Thy grief - thy pain;  
My arms shall be around thee, day by day,  
My smile shall cheer thee on thy heavenward way.'

'In sickness, I will be  
Watching beside thy bed,  
In sorrow thou shalt lean on me  
Thy aching head;  
In every struggle thou shalt conqueror prove,  
Nor death itself shall sever from my love.'

O Grace beyond compare!  
O Love most high and pure!  
Savior, begin, no longer spare,  
I can endure;  
Only vouchsafe thy grace, that I may live  
Unto thy glory who canst so forgive."

- From, "The Cross-Bearer; A Vision (1861)"; American Tract Society; taken from pages 181 - 184

**Re: "The School of Suffering" - posted by sermonindex (), on: 2016/3/29 7:13**

Quote:

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Who yield unto my love,  
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God Disciplines His Children

4 In your struggle against sin, you have not yet resisted to the point of shedding your blood. 5 And have you completely forgotten this word of encouragement that addresses you as a father addresses his son? It says,

“My son, do not make light of the Lord’s discipline,  
and do not lose heart when he rebukes you,  
because the Lord disciplines the one he loves,  
and he chastens everyone he accepts as his son.”

7 Endure hardship as discipline; God is treating you as his children. For what children are not disciplined by their father?  
8 If you are not disciplined—and everyone undergoes discipline—then you are not legitimate, not true sons and daughters at all. 9 Moreover, we have all had human fathers who disciplined us and we respected them for it. How much more should we submit to the Father of spirits and live! 10 They disciplined us for a little while as they thought best; but God disciplines us for our good, in order that we may share in his holiness. 11 No discipline seems pleasant at the time, but painful

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ful. Later on, however, it produces a harvest of righteousness and peace for those who have been trained by it.

12 Therefore, strengthen your feeble arms and weak knees. 13 ~~â€œ~~Make level paths for your feet,~~â€œ~~ **so that the lame may not be disabled, but rather healed.**