

He Remains

by Charles E. Cowman

God's presence is a constant and joyful truth that can bring comfort and peace to weeping hearts.

Scripture: Joshua 1:9, Psalm 16:8, Isaiah 41:10, Matthew 28:20, Hebrews 1:11

Topics: "Gods Presence", "Comfort In Suffering"

Description

Charles E. Cowman preaches about the enduring presence of God in our lives, emphasizing that even when earthly joys, treasures, and strengths fade away, God remains constant and unchanging. He encourages recognizing the unseen presence of the Master, who is a warm-hearted Friend and all-powerful Lord, bringing soothing, calming, and warming comfort to our hearts. This truth of God's abiding presence is a source of joy and hope for those facing tears, loss, weariness, and challenges in life.

Transcript

"Thou remainest" (Heb. 1:11).

There are always lone hearth-fires; so many! And those who sit beside them, with the empty chair, cannot restrain the tears that will come. One sits alone so much. There is some One unseen, just here within reach. But somehow we don't realize His presence. Realizing is blessed, but--rare. It belongs to the mood, to the feelings. It is dependent on weather conditions and bodily conditions. The rain, the heavy fog outside, the poor sleep, the twinging pain, these make one's mood so much, they seem to blur out the realizing. But there is something a little higher up than realizing. It is yet more blessed. It is independent of these outer conditions, it is something that abides. It is this: recognizing that Presence unseen, so wondrous and quieting, so soothing and calming and warming. Recognize His presence--the Master's own. He is here, close by; His presence is real. Recognizing will help realizing, too, but it never depends on it. Aye, more, immensely more, the Truth is a Presence, not a thing, a fact, a statement. Some One is present, a warm-hearted Friend, an all-powerful Lord. And this is the joyful truth for weeping hearts everywhere, whatever be the hand that has drawn the tears; by whatever stream it be that your weeping willow is planted. --S. D. Gordon

When from my life the old-time joys have vanished,

Treasures once mine, I may no longer claim,

This truth may feed my hungry heart, and famished:

Lord, THOU REMAINEST THOU art still the same!
When streams have dried, those streams of glad refreshing--
Friendships so blest, so rich, so free;
When sun-kissed skies give place to clouds depressing,
Lord, THOU REMAINEST! Still my heart hath THEE.
When strength hath failed, and feet, now worn and weary,
On gladsome errands may no longer go,
Why should I sigh, or let the days be dreary?
Lord, THOU REMAINEST! Could'st Thou more bestow?
Thus through life's days--whoe'er or what may fail me,
Friends, friendships, joys, in small or great degree,
Songs may be mine, no sadness need assail me,
Lord, THOU REMAINEST! Still my heart hath THEE. --J. D. Smith

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