

The Harp

by Charles E. Cowman

The sermon illustrates God's loving yet challenging process of refining our lives to achieve spiritual harmony through the analogy of a harper tuning his harp.

Scripture: Psalm 139:23, Romans 8:28, 2 Corinthians 11:2, Hebrews 12:6, James 1:2

Topics: "Spiritual Growth", "Gods Sovereignty"

Description

Charles E. Cowman uses the analogy of a harper lovingly tuning his harp to illustrate how God, in His jealousy and love for us, works to bring harmony and alignment in our lives. Just as the harper patiently adjusts each string to produce beautiful melodies, God lovingly corrects and refines us through trials and challenges, aiming for us to surrender our will to His perfect plan. The process may involve pain and discord, but it is necessary for us to experience the fullness of God's love and purpose in our lives.

Transcript

"I am jealous over you with God's own jealousy" (2 Cor. 11:2) Weymouth

How an old harper dotes on his harp! How he fondles and caresses it, as a child resting on his bosom! His life is bound up in it. But, see him tuning it. He grasps it firmly, strikes a chord with a sharp, quick blow; and while it quivers as if in pain, he leans over intently to catch the first note that rises. The note, as he feared, is false and harsh. He strains the chord with the torturing thumb-screw; and though it seems ready to snap with the tension, he strikes it again, bending down to listen softly as before, till at length you see a smile on his face as the first true tone trembles upward.

So it may be that God is dealing with you. Loving you better than any harper loves his harp, He finds you a mass of jarring discords. He wrings your heartstrings with some torturing anguish; He bends over you tenderly, striking and listening; and, hearing only a harsh murmur, strikes you again, while His heart bleeds for you, anxiously waiting for that strain--"Not my will, but thine be done"--which is melody sweet to His ear as angels' songs. Nor will He cease to strike until your chastened soul shall blend with all the pure and infinite harmonies of His own being. --Selected.

"Oh, the sweetness that dwells in a harp of many strings,

While each, all vocal with love in a tuneful harmony rings!

But, oh, the wail and the discord, when one and another is rent,

Tensionless, broken and lost, from the cherished instrument.

"For rapture of love is linked with the pain or fear of loss,

And the hand that takes the crown, must ache with many a cross;

Yet he who hath never a conflict, hath never a victor's palm,

And only the toilers know the sweetness of rest and calm.

"Only between the storms can the Alpine traveller know

Transcendent glory of clearness, marvels of gleam and glow;

Had he the brightness unbroken of cloudless summer days,

This had been dimmed by the dust and the veil of a brooding haze.

"Who would dare the choice, neither or both to know,

The finest quiver of joy or the agony thrill of woe!

Never the exquisite pain, then never the exquisite bliss,

For the heart that is dull to that can never be strung to this."

Source: <https://sermonindex.net/speakers/charles-e-cowman/the-harp/>

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