

Hymn: The Saints' Rest

by John Nelson Darby

The sermon explores the profound joy and eternal rest that the saints experience in the presence of God and the Lamb in heaven.

Scripture: Hebrews 4:9, Revelation 21:4

Topics: "Eternal Joy", "Heavenly Rest"

Description

John Nelson Darby reflects on the eternal rest of the saints in heaven, describing the joy and peace found in the presence of God and the Lamb. He emphasizes the beauty of the heavenly Jerusalem, where love reigns and grief is absent, and where believers will experience unfailing praise and divine joy. Darby expresses a longing to share in this constant, sweet employ of worship and the fulfillment of being in God's presence, highlighting the transformative power of the Spirit that opens the door to this heavenly rest.

Transcript

REST of the saints above, Jerusalem of God! Who, in thy palaces of love, Thy golden streets have trod To me thy joy to tell? Those courts secure from ill, Where God Himself vouchsafes to dwell And every bosom fill! Who shall to me that joy Of saint-thronged courts declare - Tell of that constant, sweet employ My spirit longs to share? That rest, secure from ill, No cloud of grief e'er stains; Unfailing praise each heart doth fill, And love eternal reigns. The Lamb is there, my soul!

There God Himself doth rest In love divine diffused through all, With Him supremely blest. God and the Lamb! 'Tis well I know that source divine Of joy and love no tongue can tell, Yet know that all is mine. And see, the Spirit's power Has ope'd the heavenly door, Has brought me to that favoured hour When toil shall all be o'er. There on the hidden Bread Of Christ once humbled here - God's treasured store - for ever fed, His love my soul shall cheer. Called by that secret name Of undisclosed delight (Blest answer to reproach and shame), Graved on the stone of white.

There in effulgence bright, Saviour and Guide, with Thee I'll walk, and in Thy heavenly light Whiter my robe shall be. There in th'unsullied way Which His own hand hath dressed My feet press on, where brightest day Shines forth on all the rest.* But who that glorious blaze Of living light shall tell, Where all His brightness God displays, And the Lamb's glories dwell? There only to adore, My soul its strength may find - Its life, its joy for evermore, By sight nor sense defined. God and the Lamb shall there The light and temple be, And radiant hosts for ever share The unveiled mystery! *That is, the saints' rest.

Source: <https://sermonindex.net/speakers/john-nelson-darby/hymn-the-saints-rest/>

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