

On j.t., a Believing Boy

by Robert Murray M'Cheyne

The sermon reflects on the life of a believing boy, emphasizing hope in Christ and the joy of eternal reunion after death.

Scripture: 1 Thessalonians 4:13

Topics: "Eternal Life", "Hope in Grief"

Description

Robert Murray M'Cheyne reflects on the life and faith of a young boy who faced death with a bright spirit and unwavering belief in Christ. Despite the sorrow of his family, the boy expressed his love for them and his desire to be with Christ, showing a profound understanding of eternal life. M'Cheyne emphasizes the hope of reunion in heaven, encouraging parents to find solace in the promise of resurrection and the joy of meeting their loved ones again. The sermon serves as a reminder of the comfort found in faith during times of grief and loss.

Transcript

Who died Feb. 1842.

I LITTLE thought, when last we met,

Thy sun on earth was nearly set -

I said what I can ne'er forget,

"Dear boy, we'll meet again."

Though thou wert tossed upon thy bed,

And sometimes criedst, "My head, my head;"

Yet still the smile came back - I said,

"Fair boy, we'll meet again."

No hope thy weeping mother had.

Thy sister's face was pale and sad,

But thine was always bright and glad -

Dear boy, we'll meet again.

"'Twas kind," thou saidst, "in God to die

For worms like me. Once I would fly

A darkened room - now Christ is nigh" -

Fair boy, we'll meet again.

"I love you well, my mother dear -

"I love you all, yet shed no tear -

I'd rather be with Christ than here -

Farewell, we'll meet again.

"I fain would live to preach to men;

But, if my God should spare till then,

I would be loth to die again" -

Dear boy, we'll meet again.

The Sabbath-sun rose bright and clear

When thine was setting on us here,

To shine more bright in yonder sphere -

Farewell we'll meet again.

I stood beside thy silent bed,

Thy marble brow was cold and dead,

Thy gentle soul was fled - was fled -

Dear boy, we'll meet again.

I saw thee in thy narrow rest,

The clods upon thy coffin pressed,

The clouds dropped tears, yet in my breast

God said, "We'll meet again."

Yes, parents, smile through all your tears,

A crown of life your darling wears,
The grave a shady porch appears,
To where we'll meet again.
The precious dust beneath that lies,
Shall at the call of Jesus rise,
To meet the Bridegroom in the skies,
That day we'll meet again.

Source: <https://sermonindex.net/speakers/robert-murray-m'cheyne/on-jt-a-believing-boy/>

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