

Bethel

Prayer Meeting Addresses

Number 132
Faith's Resting Place

Reading: Song of Solomon 8

1 O that thou wert as my brother, that sucked the breasts of my mother! when I should find thee without, I would kiss thee; yea, I should not be despised.

2 I would lead thee, and bring thee into my mother's house, who would instruct me: I would cause thee to drink of spiced wine of the juice of my pomegranate.

3 His left hand should be under my head, and his right hand should embrace me.

4 I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, until he please.

5 Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved? I raised thee up under the apple tree: there thy mother brought thee forth: there she brought thee forth that bare thee.

6 Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm: for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame.

7 Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if a man

would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.

8 We have a little sister, and she hath no breasts: what shall we do for our sister in the day when she shall be spoken for?

9 If she be a wall, we will build upon her a palace of silver: and if she be a door, we will inclose her with boards of cedar.

10 I am a wall, and my breasts like towers: then was I in his eyes as one that found favour.

11 Solomon had a vineyard at Baalhamon; he let out the vineyard unto keepers; every one for the fruit thereof was to bring a thousand pieces of silver.

12 My vineyard, which is mine, is before me: thou, O Solomon, must have a thousand, and those that keep the fruit thereof two hundred.

13 Thou that dwellest in the gardens, the companions hearken to thy voice: cause me to hear it.

14 Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe or to a young hart upon the mountains of spices.

Address

You remember, friends, that a week ago this evening, I spoke to you from this chapter, this precious prayer of the church to Jesus for a felt interest in His love and an interest in His divine power – “Set me as a seal upon Thine heart, and as a seal upon Thine arm.” This word has lingered with me today; to have an interest, to have a place in the heart of Jesus. One thing I want to say to you,

friends. This is the resting place of faith; it can find a resting place nowhere else save in the heart of the Lord Jesus. It may be encouraged by evidences; it may view a sweet attraction in doctrine; it may be helped when drawn out in prayer; but it can find no final resting place until it rests in the heart of the Lord Jesus Himself.

You remember Noah's dove. Noah sent her forth. She found no rest for the sole of her foot, neither could she find any rest until she returned to the ark, and then Noah reached out his arm and he pulled her unto his breast. You will find that when the Lord puts you forth in a way of gracious exercise under a sense of sin and guilt and your soul's need, and a solemn eternity – you will find no resting place until you return unto the Lord Jesus. But you will find a blessed resting place in His loving heart, and what a mercy, that sinners are welcome there! "In returning and rest shall ye be saved." This is the rest which remains in Christ for the people of God, upon the loving heart of the Lord Jesus. So there is that sweet prayer –

"I'd hear His groans, and view each wound,
Until, with happy John,
I on His breast a place have found
Sweetly to lean upon."

This is faith's resting place – upon the heart of Jesus. You want Him to have a resting place in *your* heart, and you can never be satisfied until you have a place in *His* heart.

Another thing that has been on my mind is this. The dear hymnwriter sings:

"Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to the loving Saviour's breast?"

What of all these cares you have, these sorrows, these trials, these things that weigh upon you, these things that distress you?

"Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to the loving Saviour's breast?"

You want to have a place in His heart. There is only one place in the New Testament where the heart of the Lord Jesus is mentioned. You remember that

Jesus said, “Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” Then He speaks of His heart – “For I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.” O the sympathy, kindness, love, mercy, tenderness! “In all their affliction He was afflicted ... in His love and in His pity He redeemed them; and He bare them and carried them all the days of old.” O, are there those times with you when you feel that things are crushing you, and yet you can fly to the breast of Jesus, to that loving, sympathising heart?

Another thing is His wisdom. It is a heart of eternal wisdom. You will have so many things when you do not know what to do. You cannot deal with them, they are too hard for you, too trying for you. But then you will be able to look away from self and the creature and everything else, and flee to this loving heart, and to find there is infinite wisdom here.

This is also the place of union, the place of communion. I thought of that hymn we sing, and that longing desire of a living soul:

“O that my soul could love and praise Him more,
His beauties trace, His majesty adore;
Live near His heart, upon His bosom lean;
Obey His voice, and all His will esteem.”

That is it – to live near His heart. And what more blessed place than this – to have an interest in that heart of tender compassion and everlasting love, to dwell there? “Live near His heart, upon His bosom lean.”

And then there is His divine power. “Set me as a seal upon Thine heart, and as a seal upon Thine arm.” Wonderful word that – “And the government shall be upon His shoulders.” May you have a little glimpse of it! All your cases, your concerns, your circumstances, not only upon the Redeemer’s heart, but upon His almighty shoulder. And may you know that “He engaged to manage all, by the way and to the end.”

This address was given at Bethel Chapel, Luton, by Mr. B. A. Ramsbottom, on Thursday, 2nd April, 1970

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From sin's dark thorny maze,
To Canaan's fertile plains,
A travelling fair one in distress,
On her Beloved leans.

Through fire and flood she goes,
A weakling, more than strong;
Vents in His bosom all her woes,
And leaning moves along.

When dangers round her press,
And darkness veils the skies,
She leans upon His righteousness;
From thence her hopes arise.

When guilt, a mighty flood,
Her trembling conscience pains,
Then on His peace-securing blood
This travelling fair one leans.

She views the covenant sure;
Her hopes all centre there;
And on His bosom leans secure,
Whose temples bled for her.

J. Kent