

Welcome friends to another broadcast of “Morsels for Zion’s Poor”

To say that we live in an age when supposed Christians are poked, prodded, and persuaded by all manner of motivational efforts and guilt trips to “serve GOD” would be an understatement of the highest order. The vast majority of effort that is expended by the “great bible teachers” of our day and time is not in teaching men of the utter glory and majesty of the Living GOD who must be worshipped in SPIRIT and truth, but is in trying to convince them that they can become the children of GOD by an act of their own free will at a time which is convenient for them. Then they spend the rest of their time like the old vaudeville acts of keeping plates spinning on sticks. Once they have supposedly persuaded men to allow the LORD to save them by an act of their own will then they have to keep them motivated so they won’t drop out (or keep spinning).

I have heard some preachers say that if all you do is preach grace then you’ll wind up with a bunch of lazy Christians. They are the same ones who delight in binding burdens upon men and the religious masses love to have it so, because they delight in going about to establish their own righteousness as they survey the many activities and ministries that they are involved in. Some even keep count of how many “souls” are “saved” through their activities. Many today judge the value of a church by how many different “activities” are available, especially for the young people who they expect to herd into the kingdom of GOD as if they were sheep and its entrance could be found through fleshly endeavor.

We have vast multitudes of men and women, boys and girls, who are well versed in the scriptures through Sunday Schools, vacation Bible school, study courses, etc, who are nonetheless completely ignorant of the spiritual nature of the kingdom of GOD. Generations of families have belonged to the same churches and go about year after year to stir one another up to perform this ministry or that who have not the slightest clue of what it is to mourn before the face of GOD and know themselves to be poor in spirit, blind, naked, and under the lash and curse of sin.

The LORD is pleased to manifest those that HE calls by working in them a profound and lasting work of sorrow for their sin. This sorrow is compounded by the stark realization that there is not one thing that they can do to remedy their dire situation except to cast themselves upon the mercy of GOD. A man can no more make himself to truly mourn over his sin before GOD than the Ethiopian can change his skin or the leopard his spots. Neither can such a man who is brought low by the convicting power of HIS SPIRIT ever be comforted by the formulas of salvation offered by would be evangelists who encourage them to meet the LORD halfway. When told to believe all that they can say is *“Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.”*

These are those little ones whom the LORD warns HIS disciples not to offend. These are those whom Jeremiah says shall be filled. *“For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.”* There is only one thing that they desire and that longing which is ever with them shall be fulfilled. *“One thing have I desired of the LORD, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the LORD all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the LORD, and to inquire in his temple.”*

The LORD JESUS CHRIST HIMSELF is the only ONE with whom they can be satisfied and under the shadow of HIS wing is the only place they can find any comfort. *“And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.” “Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.”*

Dear Refuge of my weary soul, On thee, when sorrows rise,
 On thee, when waves of trouble roll, My fainting hope relies.
 To thee I tell each rising grief, For thou alone canst heal;
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief For every pain I feel.
 But O! when gloomy doubts prevail, I fear to call thee mine;
 The springs of comfort seem to fail, And all my hopes decline.
 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee? Thou art my only trust;
 And still my soul would cleave to thee, Though prostrate in the dust.
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face, And shall I seek in vain?
 And can the ear of sovereign grace Be deaf when I complain?
 No; still the ear of sovereign grace Attends the mourner’s prayer;
 O may I ever find access To breathe my sorrows there!
 Thy mercy-seat is open still; Here let my soul retreat;
 With humble hope attend thy will, And wait beneath thy feet.

“Thy free grace alone,” #11 **If you would like a free transcript of this broadcast email us at forthe poor@windstream.net**