

Phineas F. Bresee Sermon Notes – Isaiah 40:6-8

Every attempt has been made to transcribe these notes accurately. Indecipherable text appears in brackets [-]. Abbreviations transcribed as they appear in the notes.

Isa X4.6-8

All flesh is grass and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: &c. When these saddest hours of bereavement come where there is no help but in God &c. Natural that we should take the clay & lay it on the alter & look up to God in our helpless cry &c. And fit that we should linger at the feet of the Son of God. That we may feel the force of those truths which God designs to impress upon our hearts by these sad bereavements. We seem especially prone to admit truth without feeling its force. None we are more ready to admit that our mortality. Nor feel the force less. God tells us ore and ore &c takes every possible figure by which to illustrate it. The grass falling before the scythe. Plucks the flower &c. The Leaf. Shadow. Dream. Surrounded us by those who are dying. And yet so difficult to feel that we are mortal. It is Gods arrangement that at these times we should feel this truth. It is equally difficult to feel the power of the truth of God's word. We are always ready to admit them but hard to realize &c. Here the blessed teaching of immortality. We feel the longing of heart to live forever &c. This word comes with its teaching of immortality that in that other world lies the great expanse of H. destiny & yet so difficult to realize it & when these hours come it is brought very near. And of the resurrection. We assent to it yet it often seems so far off from us. Such a wonderful change we scarce contemplate it. Yet in the hour of bereavement &c. The Saviors death & burial & the glory of the Res morning are so about us we catch the Spt of the old prophet &c. Also the necessity of holiness for heaven & that the blood of Jesus is able to cleanse from all sin. Admit the fact. Yet slow to feel its power. But when I feel the nearness to the other world & feel that the gates that open to my loved ones will soon open to me. Rest here today that we may feel the power of God's E-word applied to our hearts. The sprinkled blood & the arms of the Comforter pressing us to the heart of infinite love.

End of notes