

Song of Confidence

"Though I walk in the midst of trouble, Thou wilt receive me: Thou shalt stretch forth Thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and Thy right hand shall save me"
(Psalm 138:7).

Wretched walking in the midst of trouble. Nay, blessed walking, since there is a special promise for it. Give me a promise, and what is the trouble? What doth my LORD teach me here to say? Why this -- "Thou wilt receive me." I shall have more life, more energy, more faith. Is it not often so, that trouble revives us, like a breath of cold air when one is ready to faint?

How angry are my enemies and especially the archenemy! Shall I stretch forth my hand and fight my foes! No, my hand is better employed in doing service for my LORD. Besides, there is no need, for my God will use His far-reaching arm, and He will deal with them far better than I could if I were to try.

"Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the LORD." He will with His own right hand of power and wisdom save me, and what more can I desire?

Come, my heart, talk this promise over to thyself till thou canst use it as the song of thy confidence, the solace of thy holiness. Pray to be revived thyself and leave the rest with the LORD, who performeth all things for thee.