

Word to Him Who Halts

"I will save her that halteth" (Zephaniah 3:19).

There are plenty of these lame ones, both male and female. You may meet "her that halteth" twenty times in an hour. They are in the right road and exceedingly anxious to run in it with diligence, but they are lame and make a sorry walk of it. On the heavenly road there are many cripples. It may be that they say in their hearts -- What will become of us? Sin will overtake us; Satan will throw us down. Ready-to-halt is our name and our nature; the LORD can never make good soldiers of us, nor even nimble messengers to go on His errands. Well, well! He will save us, and that is no small thing. He says, "I will save her that halteth." In saving us He will greatly glorify Himself. Everybody will ask -- How came this lame woman to run the race and win the crown? And then the praise will all be given to almighty grace.

LORD, though I halt in faith, in prayer, in praise, in service, and in patience, save me, I beseech Thee! Only Thou canst save such a cripple as I am. LORD, let me not perish because I am among the hindmost, but gather up by Thy grace the slowest of Thy pilgrims -- even me. Behold He hath said it shall be so, and therefore, like Jacob, prevailing in prayer, I go forward though my sinew be shrunk.