

Selected readings from Morning and Evening: Daily Readings, By
Charles Spurgeon

Reading 145

“I am a stranger with thee.” Psalm 39:12

Yes, O Lord, *with* thee, but not *to* thee. All my natural alienation from you, your grace has effectually removed; and now, in fellowship with you, I walk through this sinful world as a pilgrim in a foreign country. *You* are a stranger in your own world. Man forgets you, dishonors you, sets up new laws and alien customs, and knows you not. When your dear Son came unto his own, his own received him not. He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not. Never was foreigner so speckled a bird among the denizens of any land as your beloved Son among his mother’s brethren.

It is no marvel, then, if I who live the life of Jesus, should be unknown and a stranger here below. Lord, I would not be a citizen where Jesus was an alien. His pierced hand has loosened the cords which once bound my soul to earth, and now I find myself a stranger in the land. My speech seems to these Babylonians among whom I dwell an outlandish tongue, my manners are singular, and my actions are strange. A Tartar would be more at home in Cheapside than I could ever be in the haunts of sinners.

But here is the sweetness of my lot: I am a stranger *with you*. You are my fellow-sufferer, my fellow-pilgrim. Oh, what joy to wander in such blessed society! My heart burns within me by the way when you speak to me, and though I be a sojourner, I am far more blest than those who sit on thrones, and far more at home than those who dwell in their ceiled houses.

“To me remains nor place, nor time:
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.
While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none:
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.”