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**SERMONS**

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*by Charles Spurgeon*

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# OUR GLORIOUS LEADER.

NO. 3545

**PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, JANUARY 4TH, 1917.**

*DELIVERED BY C. H. SPURGEON*

**AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON.**

**ON LORD'S DAY EVENING, JANUARY 4TH, 1872.**

*“And when he had thus spoken, he went before, ascending up to Jerusalem.”  
— Luke 19:28.*

A VERY beautiful spectacle it is to see the Lord Jesus marching in front, and his followers eagerly following on behind. They were going up to Jerusalem, where it is true he would receive some honor, but where also he would be betrayed into the hands of cruel men, and put to a shameful death; but he went before them. As the shepherd goes before the sheep, not driving, but leading; as the captain goes before his soldiers as taking the post of danger, so our Lord went before them. It was far better that he should go first than that they should, for the disciple is never more out of place than when he outruns his Master. If he will follow his Master's commands, he shall do well; but if he shall follow his own devices and invent his own way, he shall do ill. The pilgrimage behind the cloud is a safe one, but a rush before the cloud will end in a disaster. The Master must go first, not the disciple. But then, when the Master advances, it is right to see the disciple follow, ready of foot, quick at his Master's heel, delighted with his Master's company. One likes to think of that journey up to Jerusalem, with Jesus Christ just a little ahead in the front, and his disciples closely following with him. I thought it was a picture that might serve us as a throughout the whole year. I am not going to talk to you long at this time, but wish just to sketch that picture before your mind's eye, and say, “So be it unto each one of us.” May Jesus be with us, may Jesus lead the way, and may his own divine Spirit give us grace to follow him, not like

Peter, afar off, but as loving disciples who keep closely under their Master's guidance! From the beginning, of the year to the end of the year may we rejoice to feel that he goes before; but may we also with great alacrity follow close behind. I present it to you, I say, as the picture for this new year of grace, and may it be verified in your experience.

Very simply, then, I shall try to call attention to the blessed fact that Jesus goes before us, and, having done so, I shall ask you, in the second place to seek after a sweet sensation of this truth. And the first truth, then, to consider is:

### **I. THE BLESSED FACT — he went before them.**

We have already said that he was going the way of suffering. He was going up to Jerusalem to suffer. When you are in the way of suffering, he will go before you. He was always in the way of service. There was more to be done at Jerusalem before he had finished his course. May we, in the way of service, always find him going before us. And he was also, in the third place, on the way to death, and if we have any fears about our passage through the river, may this console us — he went before us.

To begin, then, at the beginning, here is the blessed fact that Christ has gone "before". in the way of suffering. He has done so by his own actual experience while he was here in the flesh. "He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." "In all our afflictions he was afflicted." "He himself took our sicknesses and carried our sorrows." Rest assured that, in whatever way of suffering you have to go in consequence of your being a child of man, and especially in consequence of your being a child of God, you will find that Christ has gone that way before you. Are you full of bodily pain, stretched upon the bed? Are you apt to think that none ever suffered as you do? He suffered more than you; he went before you along that flinty pathway. The pangs of his death must have been extreme. And remember his passion in the garden, his agony in Gethsemane. You have not in this matter yet come to having drops of blood oozing in sweat from your countenance. No; he has gone before you there. In all the pangs of your bodily frame Jesus has preceded you. Read the 22nd Psalm, with all its wonderful expressions — "I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint." "Thou hast brought me into the dust of death." He knew the fever and its thirst upon the cross when he was dying there. He said, "Thou hast brought me to the dust of death." You have not one suffering that may be imagined to be more

exquisite than what he had endured. Your griefs are mole-hills compared with the Alps of his sufferings.

But you will say that it is not exactly the pathway of personal bodily pain you are traversing, but you have endured much in the sufferings of others you have lost. You have had half your heart, perhaps, taken away at one time; friend after friend has been carried to the tomb; but he went before in this pathway also. Did you never read where it is written, "Jesus wept?" "Behold how he loved him," said the Jews, as they beheld him at the sepulcher of the most-beloved Lazarus. He knows what bereavements means as well as you — he has gone before. "Ah," say you, "but in consequence of the bereavement I have suffered I am left a widow. How shall I be provided for? In addition to the woe of the loss, I have to look forward to the future. Will these hands be able to find me daily bread? My garments may become by degrees more and more thin and time-worn. I fear cold, nakedness, and hunger." And suppose it should come to that, as it will not, I trust, yet he went before. Thou art not so poor as he: Hear thou his voice to-night, "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but I, the son of man have not where to lay my head." To pay the common tax, he must borrow money from the fish of the sea. His garment was the common seamless robe of peasants; he was but poorly clad; he was in all respects the child of poverty. First cradled in a manger, and then laid for his last sleep in a borrowed grave, for still he triad not even where to lay hits head. In the sleep of death, Jesus went before you. O son of poverty, O daughter of need, you may see the print of his footsteps all along that thorny way. "Ay," says one, "but still there is added to poverty in my case the fact that I have been forsaken by friends, and I am very fearful that even those who stood somewhat faithful to me will soon grow weary, and I shall be left alone." And didst thou never hear him say, "And I shall be left alone, and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me?" And have you never read how they all forsook him and fled, and Peter denied him with oaths and curses, and, worst of all, Judas, who had been trusted with his little stock, sold him at the price of a slave? "He that eateth bread with me hath lifted up his heel against me. "Ingratitude most cruel, treachery most base! Your Lord has suffered it. You may see the prints of his pierced feet along that pathway if you will but look for them. Jesus went before you in actual suffering. And what if you have been serving your Lord with zeal and fervor, and you have been reproached, even by those who love him. You, have met with the cold shoulder where

you expected to find encouragement. If your motives have been misrepresented by the very persons who ought to have supported you in your ardor, ah! what then? Was not he also a reproach among his mother's brethren? When his zeal had eaten him up, they said that he was mad, and even his mother and his brethren stood without desiring that they might see him, because they thought him bereaved of his wits; and if the wicked world has reproached you, did they did call the Master of the house ' Beelzebub "' Shall they have soft names and honorable titles for the men of his household? If they said of him., "He hath a devil, and is mad; why hear ye him?" do you think they will say great and flattering things of you? O ye that are made ashamed for his sake, and made a spectacle unto men afraid and; unto angels, be not afraid; no strange thing has happened to you; thousands of saints have, passed along this road, and, chief of all, your Master, Christ, has gone before, you. In the path of suffering, then, Jesus has gone before us, from the, fact of having actually and literally experienced what we suffer.

He has gone before in another sense, namely, that now, though he reigns exalted high in the highest heavens, he goes before us still in the intense sympathy of his sacred heart. Jesus is not separated from his people by the, mere fact of distance. " Lo," he hath said, "I am with you always, even to the end of the world," and you know what mysterious, yet real union exists between Christ the head and all his members. It came out clearly in the case of Paul, when he said to him, 'Why persecutest thou me? " He was persecuting only a few poor people in Jerusalem, or in Damascus, whom he despised, but Christ said, "Why persecutest thou me? " because persecuting the saints was persecuting Christ Christ suffering in his members. Christ suffering on the cross was the head suffering, but when his people were rent to pieces in the amphitheatre, when they were burned tat Smithfield, and when to-day they are hooted and made a jest of, it is Christ suffering, still suffering in his members, and when any child of God suffers in any righteous cause, whenever affliction comes upon a saint in any form, Christ sympathizes with him. Rest assured: —

***"In every pang that rends the heart,  
The Man of sorrows bears his part."***

In all their affliction he was afflicted. A finger never suffers without the brain participating, and no humble member of the true Church of Christ

ever suffers without Christ, the glorious head, suffering in sympathy therewith.

Now this is very cheering to those who have faith to receive, it, because very much of the heart-breaking that comes into the world is from a sense of loneliness. When men feel that somebody sympathizes with them; when those that are being beaten feel that others smart as they do, then they take courage,. Oh I there is one who, loves thee more than thou canst love thyself, who sympathizes with thee, thou suffering saint, from the throne of his glory. Be thou, therefore, glad; be of good courage, and let this comfort thy heart.

There is a third way in which Christ goes before us in the' path of suffering; that is, in the matter of providence. While he has himself suffered, and himself sympathizes, in a third respect he goes before us ever in our sufferings, in preparing them for us, and preparing us for them. Our Lord has gone to heaven to prepare a place for us, and I believe he has prepared all the road as well an a place at the end of it. Thou shalt find, O child of God, when thou comest into the deep waters, that Christ is there — there by his grace and spirit, and there also by his providence, to take care of thee. It was appointed that Jacob and his tribes should all go down to Egypt. To Egypt they must go, but Joseph went down there before them, and became lord over all Egypt, not for his own sake, but for the sake of his brethren; for all the wealth of Egypt shall be used, if necessary, in order that Jacob and all his household shall be preserved during the time of famine. Now if there is an Egypt to which thou art to go, Jesus, thy Joseph, has gone before thee to make it ready for thee, to find thee a Goshen there, and to nourish thee there till such day as thou shalt come from it. God, even thy Savior Jesus, leads the van. As the cloud, like a mighty fire-banner, went through all the mazes of the winding way of Israel over the desert, so Jesus marches before us, the leader, the standard-bearer among ten thousand, ever in the van, and with his eternal power and Godhead making straight the pathway for his people's feet. Let us be of good courage, then, in this respect. In the matter of suffering, he went before you.

But now realize here the retrospect. If he goes before, then follow him. Thou lovest not suffering. It were not suffering if thou didst love it, but still if Jesus leads, look not to the way. It were better that that way should be full of thorns and bears which should tear thy flesh, and Christ be with

thee, than that it should be a long green pathway, and thy shepherd lead thee not. Go on. He went to his sufferings without a murmur. Moreover, even his flesh shrank, and at last he said, “Not my will, but thine be done.” Say, thou, the same. Dost thou fear as thou enterest into the cloud? Within that cloud shall be the secret tabernacle of the Most High, wherein he will reveal himself to thee as he never did before. Some of us owe much to the anvil, and the hammer, and the fire, much to suffering, much to trials, and we thank God we had them; and you will yet have to do the same; but, oh! stay not back. Remember, after all, a want of resignation will not assist you in your suffering, but, on the contrary, nothing makes suffering so light as resignation to it, and a perfect acquiescence in the divine will does much to take away the gall from the cup. You must go where Jesus leads; go thou, therefore, willingly, cheerfully, trustingly, and even joyfully, for it is a triumph to a Christian to bear the cross after Jesus, and to be crucified and buried with him were a high honor to any child of God. Go on, then, for Christ leads the way.

But now I must not tarry so long on that part, but I observe it is said Christ leads the way in service as well as in suffering. He was going up to Jerusalem to accomplish the rest of his life-work before he surrendered his Spirit to his Father. Now you and I, and each of us, have a service to perform. We were redeemed and with a price that we might serve the Lord. We are a royal priesthood, a peculiar people. We have a priesthood to fulfill. All God’s children, all God’s servants are priest and kings, and they have a rule to discharge, and a priesthood to fulfill. Now we are beginning a new year of service. It will be a very sweet thing to us if we can know that Jesus Christ has gone before us in the path of service. Beloved, I might take the same truth, and say that he has gone before us actually, in having fulfilled the same service. If there is any good thing for you to do, Christ has done it before you. Are we called to preach the gospel? You know how he was anointed to preach glad tidings to the poor. Are you called to teach the little ones? Did not he say, “Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven”? Have you to feed the hungry? On what a large scale did he do it! Have you to visit the sick, and to minister to their needs? Oh! how many thousands owed their opened eyes or restored limbs to him! Christ’s life anticipates all the service of the Church. One might very easily, in taking the life of Christ, find all the operations of a truly active Church prefigured there — all of them. There is nothing new under the sun, and when a man

has found out something, and thought “ Here is something that is fresh,” you shall find Christ has looked after the halt, and the blind, and the lame before you, and if you seek to raise the fallen woman, you will be made to remember him who said, “ Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more.’ I should be afraid to undertake any service in which I could not see that he has gone before. But what Christ has done, it is right for us to do, save only in that work of expiation where we cannot help him. There he treads the winepress alone, and of the people there is none with him; but in all in which he is our exemplar, it is always a safe thing for us to follow very closely, and we shall find that he has gone before us. And truly he goes before us in all our works by his Holy Spirit actively proving his divine sympathy with us still. I do not look upon the Church of God as so many pious men and women at work by themselves, but I see God working by them, working in them, working through them. They are the workers to the eye, but no further. It is God that worketh in them to will and to do of his own good pleasure. If Satan saw in the work only the man, he would laugh at him, but he perceives “the hand of Joab “ is there a mightier hand than the hand of man, and, therefore, it is that he is often put to the rout. O ye that speak for Jesus, that pray for Jesus that give to his cause and work for his name, let this be your joy and your comfort — that Jesus Christ is with you and goes before you all this service.

And so he does in his providence. If we had but eyes to see it,. and could know all things, we should perceive that when we come to preach the gospel God has been preparing men’s hearts to receive it. Many a time a man will come up to the house of prayer, and it has been a trouble that has been ploughing up and down, and the minister has got a handful of seed to sow, which the birds would have devoured if they had fallen on hard soil, only God has ploughed the man, and made him like soil, ready to receive it. He has gone before us. If ever I see these benches full, I feel a little distressed, and yet elated, because I always reckon that I have got a picked congregation, and each man is sent with a design. Though there may not be salvation in every case, yet there are some to whom God will bless the Word, to which the Word will be fitted to the very letter, for God will guide the preacher, and oftentimes as much reveals himself from the pulpit as ever a Nebuchadnezzar’s dream was revealed again by Daniel when it was gone altogether from his mind. ‘You shall be sure that God is in the Word if it comes home to you in that way; and if you are a Christian



worker, you may expect that the providence of God will prepare men's hearts for that work which you are trying to do.

I would that the Church of God would now recollect that assuredly God is going before her in all her service at this moment. The world is prepared for the gospel if we were but willing to present the gospel to the world. When our Lord Christ came into this world there was a universal peace, and the peace of the public mind and the state of the public pulse was just suitable for the preaching of the gospel by the Lord and by his apostles, and there is some such suitability as that now. Chains that long have galled unhappy nations have been filed through. The people that sat in darkness have seen a great light; they have demanded liberty, and won it with a good right hand, and mean to hold it; and now is the time when the darkness flies and light comes for those who have the still brighter light of the everlasting gospel of the ever blessed God to spring into the gap and proclaim salvation by a crucified Redeemer to all the sons of men. Up, churches of London, and to your work! E'en now the very demand for education among you, and the stir that there is among the people, the breaking up of hoary systems of abomination,' the motion and commotion — all this means good to you. You have been embedded in the ice and frozen up these long wintry days, but, lo, the sun has risen, and the long summer days shall soon come, and your barque shall be freighted and put out 'to sea, and bring a blessed cargo of souls home to God their Father. Let us be up and doing, for Jesus goes before us in the matter of providence. May he help us to keep ever near him. What he would have us do, oh! may we do it, word for word what he would have us speak, thought for thought what he would have us to think, act for act what' he would have us to do. 'Let us never have a glorious leader and be a laggard people. Oh! for the grace that is in him to bedew plenteously ourselves, that as he goes before us we may follow him in the path of service.

Now very briefly upon one other point, which was the path of death. Our Lord was going to Golgotha, and there was to be, as far as this world was concerned, the end of his journey. To the cross he must be nailed, and in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea the Lord Jesus must sleep. Death is not a pleasant thing. It matters not how you gild the pill, it is a pill. If the Lord come not, however, before that time we shall have to pass through death, and we shall find it, if we are his people, to be infinitely less painful than the fear of death. We feel a thousand deaths in fearing one, and if our faith were greater, we should have no fear of death. "Ah! " says one, "what I

dread is parting, leaving my friends.” He went before them; he parted from them all, and from his mother ;and he said to John, “ Behold, thy mother,” and to his mother,” ‘Woman, behold thy son,” as the light faded from his eyes. He went before, in the path of death. “ Ah! but I cannot bear to think of the pain of dying,” saith one. You will never have such pain This in death. — He went before you; he had a sense of sin in dying; he was made a curse for us, as it is written, “ Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree,” but no curse can ever light on you, believer. The, blessing is yours because the curse was his. Oh! he has gone before you; he has gone where you never shall go, for he suffered the wrath of God, which you never shall suffer, for that wrath is gone and passed away for ever. There are none of the surroundings of a dying bed which can suggest such horror as that which surrounded the death of our Lord; so that he has gone before you in everything that might alarm you in the prospect of your departure. He has gone before you. Be content to follow him to the grave. It is no more: —

*“A charnel-house of sense,  
Relics of lost innocence,  
The place of ruin and decay;  
The imprisoning stone is rolled away”.*

It is now a nest of sweetness since Jesus laid in it. The grave is no longer unfurnished; there are his grave clothes left for you; and, moreover, the stone being rolled away, you have the promise that you shall come out of it again. When the trump of the archangel soundeth, those poor bones shall arise, and the body that was sown in weakness shall be raised in power. What joy it is then to think that he went before you, and how obediently, nay, triumphantly, may we follow him, even to death itself. Here, then, is the blessed fact, in suffering, or service. or departure, Christ goes before us. Now the point we close with is this: —

## II. MAY WE, ALL OF US, HAVE A SWEET REALIZATION OF THIS TRUTH DURING THIS YEAR

We believe a good deal of doctrine which we have never yet realised. We know much to be food which we have never fed upon. Many Christians are like these who have sacks of flour in the house, but no bread. They have nothing available for present food. Some are like rich men that may happen to be abroad with thousands of gold, but no small silver, no spending money. May you be able to coin the bullion of precious promise so as to use it in the journey of life. May you make practical application of precious

truths, tasting the honey, drinking the wine, and being satisfied with it. Now, then, to realize that Christ goes before us is to realize that we are never alone. If I am in my study, and a problem staggers me, I am not alone — my Lord will teach me. You are in your little chamber with the needle, working hard for very scanty pay. You have to suffer — you have not got to suffer that alone. “I am with thee when thou passest through the fire; thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle, upon thee.” But you have got to go into the workroom, and there are those that point at you, and they have a jest for you, whom they know to be a follower of Christ. You have not to bear that alone. He has the heaviest end of that cross, and he is persecuted in his persecuted members. But you are busy in business, and your cares afflict you. Blessed be God you have not got to beat those cares alone; no, nor yet at all, for concerning them he has said, “Cast all your care upon him, for he careth for you. “I have got to come here and preach. Who is sufficient for these things? But I am not to preach alone —” My grace is sufficient for thee.” His strength shall be made perfect in thy weakness. You have to go to that Sunday School class. Oh! how incorrigible those boys are, and how careless those girls, but you have not got to win those souls alone. Jesus will go, and his Spirit will be there, and you shall be helped in your work. Do try and realize all through this year that you are never alone. Not only is it “Thou God seest me, “but it is this, “Fear not, I am with thee; be not dismayed, I am thy God.” And Christ is not with you behind, or pushing you into the danger, but he is with you before you; he goeth before you, he is the shield catching the fiery darts upon himself. You shall come behind the screen, and be sheltered by his precious promise. I do not know where you may be this year, but let this thought abide with you — he will be with you. Perhaps you will cross the sea. Your lot may be to help to colonise some distant land. Over the sea, and on the billows, and on the shore, so strange to you, he will be your near companion. Perhaps this year there is a trial awaiting you, very heavy, or perhaps a temptation arising out of some new joy or fresh prosperity. Do not fear it; you shall be safe on the hill-tops of joy and in the Valley of Humiliation. Anywhere, he is with you. A child is told, perhaps at nightfall, that he has to go a considerable distance, it is to a lonely farmhouse and the little one trembles to go across the moor in the dark. “Oh!” the mother says. “but father is going with you.” Oh! then that changes the aspect of everything. The boy is pleased to go; even the dangers that seemed so great, only attract him now; he will be glad to be with his father. Through the moor land of another year you have to go, and it may be dark and cold,

but your heavenly Father and your blessed Elder Brother will be with you. Therefore, be not afraid. You will have to contend this year for “the faith delivered once for all to the saints,” and to do much service, too. If you are to render a good account at the year’s end, you are to try and live this year, not at a slow rate, like the cold-blooded frog, but to have hot blood in you. Regulated by prudence, and yet boiling over with a burning zeal, you are to serve the Lord. And it may be you think you cannot do it. Is anything impossible when he helps you? Is any sacrifice impossible when it is for him? Is any difficulty insurmountable when he himself gives the all-sufficient strength? Oh! this is a very choice thought, though a very simple one, that Jesus will be with you all the year through.

The only other thought is, take care that you abide with him. He is a quick walker. Idle souls will be left behind. He is a holy liver. Unclean spirits will find him part company with them. Be ye watchful, vigilant, sober, careful, zealous, and seek to have perpetual fellowship with Jesus Christ. I am sure those are the happiest that live nearest to God; I am certain of it. I do know it is not the wealthiest that are the happiest. It is not those that have the most health that are always happiest, and those that are most esteemed amongst their fellow-men. There is one rule without any exception: he that lives nearest to God has the most of that profound peace of God which passeth all understanding. He saith to you, “Abide in me.” May his words abide in you. May you abide in him, and may this be to each one of you, and to this Church, the very happiest year we have ever had. Oh! that some poor sinner would seek the Savior! May the Lord’s lovely attractions entice him! And I shall close by saying this — that if any soul longs for Christ, Christ is already longing for him, and if you have a half of a desire towards him he has a heart full of desire towards you. There never was a soul that had the start of Christ in the matter of desire for salvation. God grant you grace to touch Jesus, and then to follow after him, and to make his blessing abide with you, both now and for ever. Amen and amen.

# ASSURANCE SOUGHT

NO. 3546

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*DELIVERED BY C. H. SPURGEON,*

**AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON.**

*“Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.” Psalm 35:3.*

DAVID knew where to run to for shelter in his hour of difficulty. Many were there that opposed him; he had been much slandered; his course was rough. So, after spreading his case before the Lord, as Hezekiah did Rabshakeh’s blasphemous letter, he turns to the Most High, and he cries to him for succor with one request, as if this would suffice to relieve him from all his troubles, “Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.” He thus invokes God to give him a word from his own mouth, to take the buckler and the sword in his defense, and to be his Champion. “Oh! my God, speak to my soul some assuring word, and it shall be enough for me.” It is a sign of adoption, a mark of the residence of the Spirit of God within us, if in our times of trouble we fly to our God. Soul, cost thou find any difficulty in doing so? Is this not one of thy spiritual instincts? Then, be afraid lest thou be an alien, and no true-born child, for the true-born child seeks its Father’s face, cries out for its Father’s notice, and creeps into its Father’s bosom.

This short prayer I commend to every one present — to saint and sinner, to the young and the old, to those who are assured and to those who are doubtful — “Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.” It appears to me to imply certain doctrines, to express certain desires, and to suggest certain practical lessons upon which we may profitably meditate.

**I. “SAY UNTO MY SOUL, I AM THY SALVATION.”**

Is it not very clear on the surface of the text that we need salvation? Salvation is the great necessity of the human race. We need to be saved

from the consequences of the fall, from the results of our own transgressions, from the penalties due to our guilt and the indwelling power of sin, and the domination of our corrupt nature. You all know this by the witness of conscience; therefore, I need not argue or attempt to prove it; but the main question is, whether we know it experimentally, for it is one thing to know the letter, but quite another thing to know the spirit; one thing to know a matter with the head, and another thing to be affected by it in a lively manner in the soul. Answer me, then, hast thou learned experimentally that thou needest to be saved? Didst thou ever see thy past sins in their true color? Didst thou ever behold what a future sin opens up before thee, till thou didst start back alarmed and terror-stricken? Hast thou perceived that thou needest just such a salvation as Christ came to bring? Truly we never seek it till we see we need it. We are usually driven into the port of grace by a storm. It is not often that we fly to Christ if there is any other door open. In the sore straits of poverty we have to cry to him for sustenance; when we are sick we resort to him for health and cure. Moreover beloved, we continue to require a continuous salvation. It is well for the Christian to remember that in a certain sense he, too, needs to be saved — not from hell, for we are saved from that; nor from the guilt of our sins, for, thank God! that is purged by the blood once shed for our remission — but we need to be saved every day from the temptations that assail our souls, from the trials that beset our path, from the corruptions of our nature. Mr. Whitefield said he hoped he was converted, but conversion was a thing to take place every day — not regeneration, mark you! that is once for all. but conversion. “ Why, “ said he, “ I need to be converted from lying too late in bed in the morning, and converted from idleness all the day long.” So do we. There is something or other we need to be converted from, some wrong thing that we need to be saved from; and until we get within the gates of pearl we shall still have need to cry for salvation from some evil that harasses us. Salvation by blood we have got; salvation by the might and power of the Holy Ghost, who is to conquer and to destroy all our dire iniquity and innate depravity, we still need. Do we feel that we need it? Believer, dost thou feel that thou needest it? Beware of getting spiritually rich in thyself. Nothing is so near akin to soul-poverty as this. Beware of thinking that thou art increased in goods. Thou art nigh to bankruptcy when thou thus makest account of thy possessions. I counsel thee, therefore, still to bow thy knee and cry unto the great Savior, “ Lord, save me, or I perish! “ That prayer should never be in advance of the most advanced Christian.

Another doctrine lies on the surface of the text. His own personal salvation should be the matter of a man's highest thoughts and greatest earnestness. "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation," should be the uppermost and the uttermost cry of thy heart. Ask not the Lord to make thee rich; thou mayest well reckon that this would involve too high a position, and too heavy a responsibility, for thee to bear with equanimity. Seek not a pinnacle from which thou mightest be in peril of falling. Didst thou ask to be learned in all the knowledge and languages of the ancients, thou mightest miss the road to heaven; for oftentimes the shepherds are guided to the place where the Holy Child is, while the wise men miss their way, going to Jerusalem, instead of Bethlehem. I will not crave the Lord to give me food for my vanity, or good fortune for my wishes, or aught beside for which my passions yearn, but, Lord, give me salvation. This is a boon I must have. It is essential to my instant and my endless welfare. Let not thy servant be put off with any inferior blessing. If thou pleasest to keep me poor on a scanty pittance, or bid me toil hard for slender wages, so let it be. Yet deny me not a draught from the upper springs. Give me the heritage of thy chosen. Grant me thy salvation. Salvation! Oh! salvation. This should be the chief, the insatiable longing of each man's spirit! Alas! for the ignorance and callousness that can trifle with salvation as though it were a matter of no immediate concern. Are ye mad enough to imagine that, whether ye have an interest in Christ or not, is a question that may be solved in a few minutes in a fearful emergency upon a dying bed? Ah! it is not so. Wisdom should urge us, or peril should drive us to seek shelter from a calamity that would leave us a total wreck. Nothing lies so near to our interest and our happiness — nothing therefore, should press so closely on our hearts as to be in Christ, and be made, through him, partakers of everlasting life. Dear hearer, this question, then, I press upon thee. Be pleased to answer it. Hast thou been led by the Spirit of God to see to this thy first concern? Art thou saved? Or art thou anxious to be saved with an anxiety that will not rest or abate? Art thou striving and struggling in thy heart to find the Savior, without whom thou art utterly lost, ruined, and undone? Unless God's Holy Spirit clothe it with power, preaching reaches no farther than the ear. Oh! that he would speak to your souls! With what energy ye would then be filled!

A third doctrine is couched in these words. Salvation, if it be worth the having, must come entirely from the Lord Himself. "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation." The eye of the suppliant here is evidently turned to God

alone, and rightly so, for salvation cometh not from the hills, nor from the multitude of the people, not yet from the prowess of individuals. Surely in the Lord alone is the salvation of Israel. Never did salvation spring from the devices of this poor heart. In vain do ye seek to obtain it by any religious ceremonies, or by any bodily exercises. The source and fountain of salvation are only to be found in the eternal purpose of God. In the covenant of God it was resolved, in the wisdom of God it was planned, in the great redemption of God it was effected, and by the Spirit of God it is applied. Jonah went to a strange college to learn this masterpiece of sound theology, that salvation is of the Lord. As for Israel, he could destroy himself, but he could never save himself. In his God he found help, in his God alone. Happy the man that knows this! Thrice happy he who knows it experimentally! He will turn his eyes alone to the Lord. My hearer, art thou seeking salvation by works — by aught that is meritorious or meretricious? Thou art spending thy money for that which is not bread. Art thou seeking a knowledge of salvation by thine own feeling? Dost thou consult thy frames of mind, hopeful or desponding, as one marketh the rise or fall of a barometer? Dost thou dream of being prepared for Christ, and fitting thyself to receive mercy? This is to impose on thyself, and to insult the Savior. Christ wants nothing of thee; he comes to bring everything to thee. Even thy sense of need he gives thee. All thy fitness is to be unfit; all thy preparation for washing is to be foul; all thy prerequisite for enriching is to be poor as poverty can make thee. Come thou as thou art to thy God through Christ the Mediator, and in him thou shalt find salvation. Do notice particularly that the words are not, “Say unto my soul, I am thy Savior,” but more than that — “I am thy salvation.” As if God were not only the giver of salvation, but absolutely salvation itself. To get a hold of Christ is to get salvation. To get God on our side is to be saved. Salvation does not merely come from God as a gift; it absolutely involves the appropriation of God himself as the portion of one’s own soul. How wonderful this is! Who can find out God? Who can imagine, much less describe, his infinite perfections? Salvation proceeding from THE LORD, from JEHOVAH, from the GREAT I AM, communicated the wealth of his adorable attributes. “Say unto my soul, I” — our translation reads — “I am.” Ask, what art thou, Lord? the answer comes, “I am thy salvation.” No title, however noble, could enhance the description. He is the “I Am” His existence is original and pure. “He sits on no precarious throne, or borrows leave to be. “From everlasting to everlasting he is God the Most High. To him there is neither past nor future, but one eternal Now.” The



God who can save us must lie the only true and living God. So great a salvation you cannot realize without a clear apprehension of Jehovah in all his attributes; and if any speak of Christ as delegated Deity, discredit his eternal power and Godhead, or deny that he made the heavens and the earth, and beareth them on his shoulders, they bring to us a Christ who cannot save. We must have a Redeemer as mighty as the Creator and the Preserver. We must have the strong Son of God, immortal and eternal, to rescue our souls from going down into the pit. If thou art leaning on any arm but an eternal one, it will fail thee. Poor silly heart, if thou art depending on anything for salvation but the self-same God who bears the earth's huge pillars up, thy dependence will fail thee when most thou needest its help. The strongest sinew of an arm of flesh will crack; even an angel's wing will flag; the earth itself will grow dim with years; this globe, with all her granite rocks, shall melt with a fervent heat. The eternal God must be thy refuge, and underneath thee must be the everlasting arms, or else the salvation thou pretended to have is worse than useless. "Say unto my soul, I, the glorious Jehovah, I am thy salvation."

These doctrines may seem to some of you so commonplace that you will say, "We have heard them ten thousand times." But I refer to them now to press the question — Do you know the vital force of these great truths in your own hearts? Beloved, let each man, let each woman, enquire, "Do I know my need of salvation? Do I know that it must come from God? Have I got it from him? Have I applied directly to him for it? Have I received it at his hand in such a way that I have seen the glory of God therein, so that my salvation shall be to me for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off?" If thou hast had no dealings with God, thy soul is in bad plight. Let us turn now to observe: —

## **II. THE DESIRE EXPRESSED IN THE TEXT.**

It was David's wish not only to have God for his salvation, but to know it for a fact, and that on the most conclusive evidence, faith the best possible assurance, by a positive communication from God himself — "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation." There are some who doubt whether full assurance of faith can be obtained. They need not discredit an attainment which multitudes possess and daily enjoy. Others suppose that if they could experience a full assurance, it would be dangerous; and yet there are thousands of the saints who, so far from finding the privilege perilous, constantly prove its sanctifying, elevating power while they walk by faith

and live near to God. Some have conjectured that any man who knew himself to be saved would inevitably grow listless in character and negligent of his conduct, but it is not so. A man who knows that an estate is really his own, does not become indifferent about its culture. He tills and farms it all the more sedulously. The fact is this — he who knows himself to be saved, being rid of that curse and burden of fear which often renders him incapable of serving God, passes beyond the sphere of a servile bondage. No more does he selfishly seek his own interest. His labor is free, cheered by love, and lightened by song: —

*“Now for the love I bear his name  
What was my gain, I count my loss.”*

Out of sheer gratitude he devotes himself to the service of the good God, by whom so great a blessing has been bestowed. If thy confidence in shine own salvation make thee walk without tenderness of conscience, then rely upon it you have mistaken vain boasting for pure faith, and haughty presumption for true assurance. They who are really possessed of this grace are always very tender of the Lord’s will. It constrains them to walk humbly with God. A king’s courtier knows that conduct is expected of him far beyond that of ordinary subjects. He would not encroach upon the freedom, he enjoys in approaching his sovereign, lest by any negligence or impropriety he should forfeit the good esteem and grateful smile of his royal master. He is not afraid that the king would kill him, nor is he in terror as if his majesty were a tyrant. But he is jealous of himself, lest he should provoke the king to take away the light of his countenance from him. And to any child of God who has once enjoyed the favor of heaven’s eternal King, and basked in the light of that countenance which beams with grace and glory, there is no attraction in all the world that can compare with the peace and pleasure in which he abides. True assurance of faith is a humble thing, a comforting thing, a sanctifying thing, and it should, therefore, be the desire of all faithful hearts.

This assurance of which the Psalmist speaks is a personal matter, “Say unto my soul I am thy salvation.” Oh! beloved, we must have personal dealings with our God. No proxy will avail. Churches may invent what ordinances they please to gratify their notions of expediency, but there can be no sponsors in godliness; the thing is irrational, it is impossible. Every vow and every offering to be acceptable must have its own proper individuality. No eyes but shine own can acceptably weep for thy sin. No heart but shine

own can acceptably be broken and contrite for thy transgressions. Thou thyself must repent. Even the Holy Ghost cannot repent for thee, as some seem to imagine. He works repentance in thee, but thou must thyself repent. And as to faith, that must be the looking with the spiritual eye to Christ, and resting on him with thy whole heart. Another cannot do it for thee. National religion — if it be depended upon for personal acceptance — is the most deceitful of all delusions. What availeth it that we call ourselves a Christian nation if God does not call us so? Might we not be pronounced a heathen nation if we were polled? Take a survey of this great city, and see how many there are who never enter the house of prayer, who spend the entire Sabbath in idleness, or seek their own pleasure in sensual pursuits. What multitudes there are who scarcely know the name of Jesus! Are these Christians? It is a pity we should lend the slightest sanction to such an empty profession. While men live as heathens, we ought to deal with them as such, and seek to convert them from darkness unto God's marvellous light. And as to the religion which descends in families, this will not suffice, though it be perpetuated from generation to generation. Not a drop of true religion comes in the blood. You are all born of a corrupt stock, and you naturally bear the image of the earthly. If, however, you are born of God, it is not of flesh, nor of blood, not of the will of man, but of God. "Ye must be born again" is as true of the child of a long generation of godly ancestors as it is of the young Hottentot in the kraal, who never heard the Savior's name. "Ye must be born again" is of universal application. A personal work of the Spirit of God in each individual soul there must be, and the assurance we ought to pant after is our own personal assurance, our own individual interest in the salvation of Jesus Christ. Hast thou thought of this, dear hearer, or, thinking of it, hast thou trifled with it? Let me urge thee, since thou wilt have to die alone, since through the iron gates thou must pass as solemnly as others, since in the awful balances thou must be weighed alone, and before the last tribunal thou must come as a separate spirit, I beseech thee seek Christ, seek union with him, that so thou mayest have a blessed companion in thy death, and in thy everlasting destiny. These vast congregations are made up of units. Oh! that I knew how to reach your conscience one by one. O man! awake to righteousness. Thy brother's conversion, thy sister's salvation, thy mother's piety, 'thy father's grace — how will these avail thee? Thank God if so be thou hast such relatives, for therein God has been so kind to thee. But how will they comfort thee, if thou be cast out? What drops of water can they administer to thy burning tongue, if thou be cast away into the

place of torment thyself? Oh! I beseech thee, be eager, be earnest, be anxious with a sacred covetousness, to make thine own calling and election sure. It is a personal assurance that we must seek after; so shall our souls be joyful in the Lord, and in his salvation we shall exceedingly rejoice.

But, remember, lest any should be mistaken, that the assurance David sought was purely spiritual. When he says "Say," it is. "Say unto my soul." We do not expect that God will make fresh revelations to us. We are far from believing that voices heard or visions seen, or supposed to be seen, or dreams, can give any satisfactory evidence of the divine love to any man. I am ashamed of such ministers as would encourage their hearers in the conviction that their fancies are to be taken as assurances from God. Why, were you to dream to-night that you were in hell, thank God it would not send you there. Or were you to dream that you were in heaven, it would not carry you there. If you think that you see angels, or that you hear voices — well, there is much presence in your tales, but little profit you will ever derive from them. Think as you like about your own experiences, but attempt to build any inference upon them, and your construction will prove a baseless fabric. Such things furnish no grounds of dependence. Whether there may ever be supernatural manifestations of this kind to some men, or whether they can have a good effect upon their minds; are questions which I will not discuss, but that these visionary things can afford any evidence of the favor of God, I utterly deny. The voice which alone can confirm you is the voice of God to your soul, to your mind, to your spirit; not to your ears, not to your eyes. Salvation is a spiritual thing. It belongs not to external sounds, nor to external impressions upon the eye. There is an eye inside the eye, an ear far quicker than this organ of sense. It is with that inner eye that thou must see God, and with this inner ear that thou must hear the voice of God saying unto thy soul, "I am thy salvation." Be sure that you cultivate always a spiritual religion. "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in Spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship him." The assurance that comes from God is addressed to the heart, to the mind, to the conscience, to the soul — it is purely spiritual. Seek not, therefore, after visions, fancies, miracles, signs, and wonders, but believe when God speaks to your heart, according to all the statutes and testimonies, the precepts and promises, which are contained in the sure word of revelation.

And now mark this well, the assurance craved is divine. "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation." Do you ask in what manner does God himself tell a

man that he is his salvation? He does it simply enough through his Word. If I read in God's Word, I shall not find my name enrolled there among the saved; if I did I should be suspicious that perhaps I was not the person intended. I should be rather dubious as to the spelling of the name, or I might be apprehensive that there was another individual of that same name. But when I find myself properly and fully described, then I cannot doubt my own identity. For instance, it is written, "He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved." Very well, I have believed — I know I have — I know I trust Christ with all my heart. I have also, in obedience to his Word, been baptised. Therefore, if the testimony of God's Word be true-plain and designed to make mistakes impossible — that "he that believeth and is baptised shall be saved," the conclusion is reached, the problem is solved, the evidence is transparent. When you find a description answering to yourself, you have only to accept the distinct statement of God's Word. And, mark you, God's Word in that old Book — this blessed Bible is as good as if he rent the heavens and spoke right out from the excellent glory. It is just as sure and as steadfast to the souls who believe it to be his Word as if he did speak with a trumpet, or as if he sent a message through an angel. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." Thou hast but to make sure that thou believes" on the Son, and thou hast God's assurance that thou hast everlasting life. But, over and above the testimony or Word, which is as clear as a mathematical demonstration — though Euclid is not more reliable than Moses and the prophets — there comes a vital force to God's people with the Word, constraining them to perceive the meaning and to accept it. This mysterious energy comes from the Holy Ghost himself. Of this we cannot speak to those who have not proved it, for we only know it and understand it by its effect — quickening us, enlightening our understanding, speaking to us, and saying of God to our soul that he is our salvation.

Moreover, it is an immediate assurance. "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation." That is a pressing cry for prompt succor. It meant in David's case that present moment. We, reading it, take it for this very hour. Beware of postponing the expectation of assurance until when you are about to die. You have no more reason to expect it then than to expect it now. If you are content to live in doubt and slur over the disquietude of your soul in the vigor of your days, you will probably be haunted with gloomy misgivings when the time of your departure arrives. It is your duty and your privilege as a believer not to stand wavering over God's promise,

but, knowing it is truthful, to accept it with unstaggering faith. I can understand a man doubting whether he is truly converted or not, but I cannot countenance his apathy in resting quiet till he has solved the riddle. You may say: —

*“’Tis a point I long to know.”*

But, oh! beloved, how can you trifle, how can you give sleep to your eyes till you have known it? Not know whether you are in Christ or not; perhaps unreconciled, perhaps condemned already, perhaps upon the brink of hell, perhaps with nothing more to keep you out of Tophet than the breath that is in your nostrils, or the circulating drop of blood which any one of ten thousand haps or mishaps may stop, and then your career is closed — your life-story ended. What, sit on such a volcano, take it easy on the brink of such a precipice, and content yourself with merely saying, “I am but a doubting one”? I entreat thee, I beseech thee, shake off this sluggishness. Ask the Lord to say unto thy soul to-night, “I am thy salvation.” He is able, and he is willing; you know that, beloved. He will do it for you when you eagerly seek it from him. How often does he suddenly disperse the doubts that overshadow us like clouds? An autumnal day like yesterday. What a strange, fitful atmosphere we breathed! How fiercely the wind blew; how heavily the rain fell! and then, how quickly afterwards the soft sunshine made the earth look cheerful, and the heart of man feel glad! Perhaps you may be dull and heavy, or the rain-drops of your weeping and the winds of your fears howling about you. Of a sudden the rain may stay, the clouds disperse, the clear shining come about you. God, by his dear Son, through his Spirit, may shine unto your soul at once. You may come in very heavy burdened, and go out very light-hearted. You may be exceedingly depressed, and, on a sudden, your soul may be like the chariots of Amminadab. Your attire may be changed from mourning to dancing with joy unspeakable and full of glory. You may rejoice in tribulation, if the light gleam from his chambers. Pray, then. Let your soul now breathe out the prayer, “Oh! my God, if indeed I have relied upon thy dear Son to be all in all to me, whisper to my heart the full assurance of my everlasting safety and my present acceptance in the Beloved.”

The Lord answer such a petition to every troubled spirit. And now: —

### **III.** WHAT LESSON DOES THE TEXT TEACH?

Surely it teaches us this: if we want boons from God, let us pray for them. David wanted assurance, he wanted comfort, and he prayed for both one and the other. The quickest road to spiritual wealth is prayer. Every prayer is like a ship sent so the Tarshish of spiritual riches to bring us back treasures better than gold or silver, or precious stones. Let us not be lax in the commerce, lest our wealth decline. Every cry to God from the true heart brings a result. You see the men in the belfry sometimes down below with the ropes. They pull them, and if you have no ears that is all you know about it. But the bells are ringing up there; they are talking and discoursing sweet music up aloft in the tower. And our prayers do, as it were, ring the bells of heaven. They are sweet music in God's ear, and as surely as God hears, he answers; for indeed, in Scripture, to hear and to answer are precisely the same things. Praying breath is not spent in vain. They that truly cry shall find that passage true, "The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth them, and delivereth them out of all their troubles." If a man may have anything for the asking, and he will not ask, he deserves to go without. Why, if thou mayest have assurance of every precious thing merely for the asking — and assuredly thou mayest — if thou wilt not knock and intercede at mercy's door, if thou be such a fool, who is to be blamed but thyself? Be much in prayer, beloved. What I say unto you I say especially unto myself. Yet I would press this home upon believers with the more earnestness, because these times are so full of labor and anxiety that they rob Christians of the opportunity for much prayer. Oftentimes, too, we get so fatigued and weary that we have not the inclination to pray as we should. I like to think of Welch, who used to cast a Scotch plaid over the bed where he rested at night, and would always rise in the night and cast this plaid about him, and pray for one or two hours; and he says in his biography, "I cannot understand how a man can sleep through the night without prayer." That is a point to which few of us have ever thought of coming. David Brainerd, too, speaks of rising one morning by four of the clock, and the sun had not risen at six, and he says that in those two hours of prayer he had so wrestled with God that he was wet with perspiration. Such was the earnestness of his spirit as he pleaded before the Lord. I am afraid we do not practice much of this sacred importunity. We are sad hands at this devout exercise, whereby saints became famous in the days gone by. God restore to us the spirit of prayed, and all other blessings will come as the result.

Another lesson is this. let every one of us be satisfied we get a word from God. This was all David wanted. Would God only say, though not do anything. He did not ask him to interfere practically, or put out his hand to help, but only to say. If you go into the city you may find plenty of merchants who, by simply writing their names, can enable you to get from the bank shovelfuls of gold. Think ye not, then, that God's promises always stand to us as good as their fulfillment? Will ye blow upon his credit? Will ye refuse to take him at his word? I think I heard a brother ask the other day I know I did — at family prayer, that we might trust God where we could not trace him. I have heard that prayer many times before. I have prayed it myself, I am sorry to say. But is it not rather a wicked prayer, if you scan it narrowly? Should anyone say at our Monday night prayer-meeting, "Grant, O Lord, that we may be able to trust our minister when we cannot see him!" I think I should want to know a little about what that brother thought of me. I am sure if I prayed like that for any of you, I should be likely to see you in the vestry before long to learn my cause for suspecting your character. How dare we, then, pray such a thing about our God? Yet I suppose this never struck us in that light. It seemed very proper. That is just because we have not learned yet to believe in God. If the Son of Man were to come into this world, would he find pure faith among his disciples? Talk of Diogenes with his lantern looking for an honest man! Were God to look with the sun, he could hardly discover a believing man. Mr. Muller, of Bristol, believes in God for the support of his benevolent institution, and God supplies him with all his needs; but whenever you speak about him you say, "What a wonderful thing!" Has it come to this, that in the Christian Church it is accounted a marvel for Christians to believe in the promises of God, and something like a miracle for God to fulfill them? Does not this wonderment indicate more clearly than anything else how fallen we are from the level of faith at which we ought constantly to live? If the Lord wants to surprise his people, he has only at once to give an answer to their prayers. No sooner had they obtained their answer than they would say, "Who would have thought it!" Is it really surprising that God should keep his own promise? Oh! what unbelief! Oh! what wretched unbelief on our part! We ask and we receive not, because we do not believe in God. We waver; we must not expect to receive anything at his hand except what he chooses to give as a gratuity; an act of sovereign mercy, not a covenanted blessing. We do not get what we might have as the reward of faith because we have not got the faith that he honors. I like that story of a godly old woman, who, when told of God's



answering prayer, supplemented with a reflection, “Is not that wonderful?” “replied, “No; it is just like him. Of course, he answers prayer; of course, he keeps his promise.” We ought to consider it a right, natural, and blessed thing that believing prayer should be answered, and that faith should have its reward. Christian, rest content with a word from God, and be satiated therewith. And as for those of us who have been living in the enjoyment of the full assurance of Our own salvation (and, God be praised! there are some of us who do not often have doubts and fears), how thankful we should be! God likes to give to those who are grateful. Men like to put their jewels into a good setting, and a grateful heart is a fit setting for so gracious a mercy. God loveth to pour the river of his bounty along the channel of grace in the soul. Be thankful, and you will keep your assurance — perhaps, keep it untouched till you die. It is a rare thing, I suppose, though I have known one or two holy men of God who have told me that they did not remember, for the space of thirty years, having been left to question their interest in Christ; they had enjoyed unbroken communion with him. Wherefore, then, should they doubt it? May we even come to that assurance, if so it please the Master!

In what way, however, can we better show our gratitude than by comforting and assisting such as have not this blessing?

*“Thousands in the fold of Jesus  
This attainment never could boast;  
To his Name eternal praises,  
None of these shall e’er be lost,  
Deeply graven  
On his hands; their names remain.”*

Hast thou faith? Thou art saved, even if thy faith should not develop into assurance. As the Puritan well said, “ Faith is necessary to the being of a Christian; assurance is necessary to his wellbeing.” Yet, mark you, it is a great necessity. Let us try to comfort, then, such as are distracted, and distressed, and bowed down. When the Lord seeth that we are using our strength and our joy for the help of the rest of the family for whom he cares, he will give us yet more abundantly, and make us to be stewards of the manifold grace of God in the midst of the Church. Thus shall we glorify his name while we cultivate happiness in our own bosoms.

I would that all whom I now address could have this assurance. Some of you, alas! have not faith. “ All men have not faith,” said the Apostle. Too

true is this testimony! Soul, wouldest thou have faith? Consider what it is. Thou hast to believe in God made flesh. Think of the Son of God bleeding on the tree. It is at the cross-foot that faith is brought to light. If thou wouldest get faith, Christ must give it to thee. Look to him for the power to believe as well as for the grace to receive all the benefits that follow. May he give it to thee now! To thee, oh! seeker, he will give it. While thou art seeking salvation, thou shalt find it nigh thee. He will say to thy soul, "I, even I, am thy salvation." May it be so with many here. Amen.

# SIMPLE FACT AND SIMPLE FAITH.

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*DELIVERED BY C. H. SPURGEON,*

**AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON.**

“Be it known unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins and by him all that believe are justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses.” — Acts 13:38, 39.

APOSTOLICAL preaching was widely different from the common sermonizing of this age. Doubtless, when the Apostles addressed assemblies of believers, they took distinct subjects, and kept to them, opening up and expounding the particular truths they had in view. But when speaking to the outside world, and making their appeals to unbelievers, they do not usually appear to have selected any one doctrine as their topic. The manner in which they preached did not so much consist in inculcating a specific doctrine, and showing the inferences that would naturally arise from it, as it did in declaring certain facts of which they had been actual witnesses themselves, and had been chosen to bear witness to others. Turn to Peter’s sermon at Pentecost, or the same Apostle’s sermon to Cornelius, or to the record of Paul’s preaching at Perga or at Antioch. you will find these discourses were an argument from the Scriptures that as God had of old promised to send a Savior, so Jesus Christ had come into the world, had lived a holy life, had been put to death, being falsely accused, had been laid in the grave, after three days had risen again, that afterwards he had ascended, according to the testimony of the Prophets. Of him they spoke, that whosoever believed in this man, who was very God, should certainly be saved by him. This was the declaration which they made. I do not find them, as a rule, expounding the doctrine of election in

promiscuous assemblies of unbelievers; arguing the subtle questions of free agency and predestination, or striving about words to no profit, to the subverting of the hearers. Their resolute purpose it was to declare those things that pertain directly to the salvation of the soul, this being the all-important matter which they would have all men to heed. Thus they charged every one who heard them, at the peril of his soul, to accept the revelation and embrace the faith of the gospel. Listen to the Apostle Paul in that famous fifteenth chapter in the first Epistle to the Corinthians which is usually read at funerals. He says there: “Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which I delivered unto you.” Now you expect him to begin a long list of doctrines; but instead of that he says, “How that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; and that he was buried, and that on the third day he rose again according to the Scriptures.” This it is that he emphatically describes as the gospel. To assert these facts, to exhort men to believe them, and to put their trust in the Man who thus lived, and died, and rose again, was the preaching of the gospel which of old shook the hoary systems of superstition, fastened though they seemed to be upon their thrones most securely; which enlightened the darkness of heathendom, and made, in those first ages of Christianity, the whole world to be astonished with the light and the glory of Christ.

Let us, then, strive to imitate the Apostles, and endeavor to preach a simple gospel sermon, if not with their ability, or with their inspiration, yet with their earnestness, and with the same desire as burned within their bosoms, that men may be saved thereby. We shall accordingly have to deal, first, with the history of Jesus, whom we hold forth as a Savior; secondly, with the claims of Jesus; and thirdly, with the blessings which Jesus brings. In respect to —

**I. THE HISTORY OF JESUS**, if you will kindly refer to your Bibles, you will find that the Apostle here commenced his sermon by noticing that many prophets had gone before to speak concerning the coming of Jesus. In the twenty-third verse he especially mentions the promise made to David, that of his seed God would raise up a Prince and a Savior to the house of Israel. Let me remind you, brethren, that full often in the world’s history sages have appeared, claiming a divine inspiration, whose announcements fostered the hope of a coming man who should redeem the world from thralldom, and become the Savior of our race. All the seers whose eyes, were anointed of God to look into the future herald the advent of a great Prophet, a Prince, and a Savior, whose claims to homage it would be alike

perilous and preposterous to reject. These prophets have appeared at divers times and various places, and without any collusion they have one and all proclaimed the same thing. The most of them sealed their witness with their blood. "Which of the prophets did not your fathers slay?" Yet in the teeth of suffering extreme, or of violent death, they seem to have been impelled by a divine furore within them to proclaim, even to the last, that One was coming who would overturn the old reign of terror, and the old order of outward ceremonies, to introduce a spiritual kingdom, and to redeem the world from its sins and sorrows.

In the favored land of Judea that bright star of hope beamed most brightly through the dark night of long years and dreary watches. At length there appeared a remarkable individual who had been foreshown by some of these prophets. They had signified, that before the promised Man, the Messiah, arrived, there would be a harbinger — one like unto Elijah. Elias would first come. Now the Tishbite, whose career had been so memorable in Israel, was a man of much sanctity, but little polish. His raiment was rough, his diet frugal, his bearing austere, and his address earnest or even vehement. He seemed to be fire embodied, if such a thing could be — so strong was his passion, and so dauntless his courage. He laid the axe at the root of every sin, nor did he quail before any man's face, however high his station or lofty his pretensions. Let him but detect a wrong, he denounced it with all his might. Eighteen centuries have transpired since there appeared in the wilderness, near the river Jordan, a man whose raiment was of camel's hair, and whose meat was locusts and wild honey. A child of the desert, ascetic in his habits, with a ministry all his own, rebuking the vices of the age with defiant air, and summoning men to repentance in trumpet tones, till the whole of Judea was startled with the phenomenon, and the multitudes poured forth from town and village to hear his preaching, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." The one culminating point of his exhortations was this, "Behold the Lamb of God! " Look for him, gaze at him, resort to him. He taketh away the sin of the world. His mission it was to make straight in the wilderness a highway for the coming of the Lord, whose shoe latchet he declared himself not worthy to unloose. At length the Savior came — the Savior promised long. From the privacy of his home at Nazareth, where he had been brought up, he came to the river of Jordan. Of his miraculous birth and his infancy I forbear to speak. He appeared in the wilderness where John ministered by the fords of Jordan, and demanded baptism; and as he came up out of the water the

Holy Spirit descended upon him like a dove, and a voice was heard by many witnesses, "This is my beloved Son. Hear ye him." This man, this wonderful individual, who had now become openly manifest, lived for three years a public life of extraordinary benevolence, in which there was a combination of deep humility and divine power — the most memorable life on record. Imagination has never dreamed its equal. Those who have thought much on virtue have been utterly unable to construct the story of a life out of their invention that could at all resemble it, or compare with it for purity or symmetry — a life in which there was not so much any one prominent virtue, as all the virtues divinely blended. As gentle as a lamb, as bold as a lion, stern against hypocrisy, always tender towards the sinner, especially when the tear-drop of repentance glistened in the eye. A man who rent to pieces all the old formalities, denounced the learning of the Rabbis, and came, with nothing but his own force of character and the witness of God, to speak truths which, like light, are self-evidential-truths which stand the test of time, and weather the changes of circumstance; truths which will endure unimpaired when the old world has passed away; truths which have set free human minds from the shackles of superstition; truths which have gladdened the laughters of despair; truths which have always been most acceptable to the poor and needy; truths which have elevated humanity from the very hour in which they were first proclaimed; truths which have drawn disciples through the ages, and have filled heaven with his admirers, who fall down before the glorious Son of God and worship him; truths which will yet make this world bright in the light of heaven.

Now that Man lived a perfectly blameless life — so blameless that when his enemies sought his death they could not find anything to lay to his charge, and, therefore, by false witnesses they accused and condemned him. The great point in his history to which we always call your most devout attention, and to which the Apostles always bore the most vehement testimony, was this — that he was crucified. It would be policy, some suppose, to conceal this. This great Teacher, this Promised One, this Divine Man-for he was man, yet God, perfect God and perfect man actually died a felon's death. He was taken by wicked hands, scourged, mocked, made to carry his cross, and then on Calvary was fastened to the tree, and there he died. But we must tell you the interpretation which lends a charm to the information. He died there as a substitute for man. He had no guilt of his own, but he was appointed by God to bear all the sins of all

his people — of all men, in fact, who will believe on him. He was punished that they might not be punished. He bore the penalty for all believers, that they might be released from the dread punishment that justice demanded of them. He did, in fact, go up to that tree with the load of all the guilt of all who had believed and all who should believe piled upon his shoulders; and owing to the excellence of his nature, being God, his sufferings made atonement for all the guilt of all that vast multitude. It was as much a vindication of God's justice as if all those ten thousand times ten thousand had been cast into hell for ever. Here was the fact. The punishment due to all those souls was put into one bitter cup, and Jesus on the tree put that cup to his lips and —

*“At one tremendous draught of love  
He drank damnation dry.”*

— drank to the very dregs all the wrath which God had towards his offending, sinful, guilty, and condemned people, and they were, therefore, clear. This is the great doctrine of the Cross. “God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them.” When taken down from the cross he was laid in the tomb. There his sacred body remained for three days but on the morning of the third day, by his own eternal power and Godhead, he rose again from the grave, since he could not be holden by the bands of death, and now he liveth — henceforth he ever lives. At this moment, the Man who was born of the Virgin at Bethlehem, who was put to death in weakness by Pontius Pilate, but was raised in power having ascended on high after his resurrection, sits at the right hand of the Father, where as man, though God, he pleads with God incessantly for us, and by his eternal merit saveth so many as put their trust in him. These are historical facts which the gospel holds forth to be surely believed. Some think them old wives' fables. Let them think so; they miss the benefit which simple faith would certainly confer. On their own heads be the blame, for on their own souls will come the smart. Many of us can aver, with our hands on our breasts, that we have proved the truth of all that is written in the Book. These precious truths have exerted a potent spell over our own lives. Our believing them has enabled us to overcome our passions, and it has been the leverage which has lifted us up out of our depravity. These verities are our unfailing solace while as creatures we are subject to vanity, and in the hour of death they shall be our succor and support as tens of thousands before us have found them to be. With the history of Jesus thus clearly in our view, let us now ask: —

## II. WHAT ARE THE CLAIMS OF JESUS?

He claims, as the Ever-living One, that we should accept him as being what he professes to be, if we would derive any benefit from him. He professes to be the Messiah, anointed and commissioned of God. Dost thou believe that? Reading the prophecies concerning him, dost thou see how exactly he fits them as the key fits the wards of the lock? If thou seest that, I am glad. Moreover, he demands that thou shouldst receive him as God. This is his profession, that he is God over all blessed for ever, God incarnate. He trod the waves of the lake of Gennesaret; he raised the dead; he healed the sick; he multiplied the loaves and fishes; he stayed the winds; he lulled the storm. He hath done all things that God only can do. He was almighty, even here below as a man. Accept him, then, as very God. If thou doest so intelligently, sincerely, I am glad. And now wilt thou accept him as thy Priest, and none upon earth beside? To have him, you must renounce all else, for know of a surety our High Priest will not stand side by side with any other priest. Resort to him only for atonement, for intercession, for benediction. He offered himself as a sacrifice, gave himself up for the sins of his people. Believe in him as thy Priest, and in his sufferings and death as thy sacrifice. Avaunt, ye priests of Rome! Begone, ye priests of every other order! Away with every vain pretender to the priesthood! To him who hath entered into the holy place not made with hands pertaineth the exclusive privilege of the priesthood. Our Lord Jesus Christ is the only Priest over the house of God. His people become priests through him every one of them. Yes; kings and priests after the Melchisedec type, but we own no priestcraft now. The religion of Jesus disavows and denounces all prelatical presences. It proclaims for ever the putting down of the hierarchy of men, with all their empty conceits and their inflated arrogance; their frocks and their robes, their lawn sleeves and their fine millinery, their vain boasting and their sanctimonious finger-play, with all the preternatural influence that is supposed to emanate from a bishop's hands. Jesus is the only Priest. Wilt thou take him to be such? Then I rejoice that thou art thus enlightened. Yet know that he claims to be thy King. Thou must do what he bids thee. Thou must be his subject, observe his statutes, and keep his commandments. Art thou his subject? He will be thy friend. Thou shalt even be his brother, and thou shalt live near to him as one dear to him, in affectionate intercourse with him. Though he be in heaven, yet will he reveal himself to thee on the earth. Now, art thou willing to accept him as such? — thy Prophet, so that thou shalt believe what he teaches thee; thy Priest, so that thou shalt



confide in his mediation; thy King, so that thou shalt serve him. And oh! in what accents of tenderness does Jesus claim that we should trust him! This is a blessed message to some of you who may not have heard it before. If you will but trust this glorious Man, this blessed God, you shall this moment be saved. To trust him is what he demands. He saith, "I am God; rely upon me implicitly. I am perfect Man"; I died for mine enemies out of love to them. I have all power given to me in heaven and in earth, and with my blood sprinkled on my Father's throne I reign supreme in the realm of mercy. Only trust me, and I will save you — save you from the guilt of the past, save you from the power of passion in your soul, save you from the dominion of sin; and in the future I will change you — make you a new man. I will give you a new heart and a right spirit. All of my grace shall be yours, if you will but trust me." Even the power to trust, Jesus himself gives — for it is all of his grace from first to last — but whoever trusts him shall be saved. My Master has a right to this, and nothing short of this will he take, for these are his own words, Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned." He does not admit of any medium. Thou must either believe or not believe; and if thou believe not, his wrath falleth upon thee." He that believeth not hath made God a liar, because he hath not believed on his Son, Jesus Christ." He that believeth on him is not condemned, but he that believeth not is condemned already. "He that believeth on him shall never perish; he shall never come into condemnation, for he hath passed from death unto life." I do hope I am making this plain. It is my fervent desire and my heart's prayer that you may all know the gospel if you never knew it before. If you have known it before, I would that ye might discern it more clearly. Should you reject it, the fault shall not be mine. God is my witness I have eschewed every idea of trying to be eloquent or oratorical in my preaching. I care nothing whatever about the gaudy show of speech-making. I only want just to tell you these truths in unvarnished speech. It may be that they awaken prejudice, and you who listen to them, perhaps, are saying they are dull and trite. Such trite truisms, however, contain the very pith and marrow of the gospel whereby you can be guided to heaven. Dull as you may account them, if rejected, dark and dreary indeed will be the ruin of your souls. I charge you, therefore, before Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead' that ye remember these few simple things, seeing they involve your hope or your despair, your salvation or your perdition, for eternity. Door of heaven, there is none but this; gate of Paradise, there is none

beside it. “God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them, and bath committed unto us the word of reconciliation.” He bath devised for us a way of redemption. Trusting in him, we shall be saved; rejecting him, we are lost.

Jesus claims of you that you do not trust in yourselves; that you do not think that you are good enough; that you should not imagine that you ever can be good enough of yourselves; that you rely not in any ceremonies; that you will not depend upon any man; that you do not encourage a hope of heaven by any reasoning or resolution of your own, but that you just now put your sole trust in him. Though it seems too good to be true, yet true it is, that if you be the worst of sinners, defiled with vilest lusts, and degraded with heaviest crimes; though your sins be of scarlet dye, and their remembrance haunts you like ghostly spectres, yet if you will trust in Jesus, whom God bath set forth for a propitiation, you shall have perfect forgiveness from God the eternal Father, and power shall be given you to overcome those very trespasses to which you were prone, that you fall not into them again. Oh! glorious gospel of the ever-blessed God! would that men had hearts to receive and welcome its gracious provisions!

### **III. THE BLESSINGS WHICH JESUS CHRIST BRINGS TO ALL WHO TRUST HIM.**

This may well exceed our power to enumerate them. “By this Man is preached unto you forgiveness of sins. Not lenience, but pardon — the forgiveness of all sins. From your childhood to your old age; the sins of fourscore years, if you have lived so long; your public misdemeanours, your private trespasses, your overt acts, your secret thoughts, your uttered words, your smothered wishes; the Enrolled catalogue all unrolled of your transgressions and obliquities hall be at once blotted out from the book of God’s remembrance, if you trust in Jesus Christ. They shall not be laid to your charge. However black the list, or long the inventory, do but trust in this Man, they shall be all forgiven thee. He that confesses his sin, and comes to Jesus shall find mercy, shall find mercy now. Is there one here who feels his guilt? What grateful news this must be to his aching heart! I wish that ye all knew how guilty you have been, and how deeply stained ye are. A real broken-hearted sinner is a gem wherever you meet with him. There is no music in the world like the notes of pardon to the conscience-stricken self-convicted sinner. Jesus gives pardon for all sin. To those that believe in him he gives immediate pardon-not pardon in prospective, not

pardon to be revealed when you come to die, but pardon now, pardon reaching sins yet to come, pardon comprehending the whole of your sinful life, given into your hand to be read by the eye of your faith, and to be as distinctly known as though it were delivered to you on parchment written by an angel's hand, sealed with the Savior's blood. Christ Jesus will give a pardon which never shall be revoked, a pardon that cannot hereafter be cancelled. God never plays fast and loose with men. Whom he once pardons he never condemn. If he pronounce a man forgiven, forgiven he is and forgiven he shall be when the world is on a blaze. What joy unspeakable shall fill the soul of him who hails this hallowed hour

a pardon from the skies! His burden gone. his manacles struck off; his fetters loosed: the fever cured; his health restored; how he will leap with delight! dance with pleasure, and sing with holy mirth. Believe in the slain but ever-living Son of God, poor sinner, End this heavenly rapture it shall be yours to prove. This is a pardon of pure good will that retains no dregs of animosity. A man forgives his child and foregoes the rod, but he may say, "I shall not forget your conduct, for in the future I cannot trust you." But when God forgives he does not reproach. He takes the prodigal to his bosom. He does not set him at the farther end of the table to remind him of his waywardness, but he kills the fatted calf for him to convince him of his welcome. In some of us who were the very chief of sinners he puts such confidence that he gives a commission to preach the gospel to others by which we are saved ourselves, and sends us about the business which lies nearest to his heart, and most concerns his own glory. Oh! yes, it is a blessed pardon which sweeps the whole extent of human ruin and redeems us, restores us, and recoups us for the losses we sustained by sinning. And not only so, but by him, by Jesus, all that believe are justified as well as forgiven — justified from all things which we could not be justified by the law of Moses. Here we have a comparison, or rather a contrast. What does this mean? When men came, according to the law of Moses, they brought a bullock which they offered for their sin. This done, with what feelings would they depart from the altar? Conscious of guilt the man came; convinced that he had complied with a statute, he went away. But his conscience was not cleansed. The stain was not removed. Though the blood of the beast quieted some of his scruples and eased some of his terrors, it did not, could not, give him perfect peace. He must have known that the blood of bulls and goats, and the ashes of a heifer could not take away sin, neither could it atone for its guilt or eradicate its venom. By so

much is the gospel of Christ better than the law of Moses. If you will come and trust Christ, you shall feel that you are no longer guilty. Up till now you have lived in guilt and sin. henceforth the whole force of sin upon the conscience shall be gone. You shall have peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord. You shall feel that for the past it is so obliterated that you have it no longer on your conscience. You can sing: —

*“Thro’ Jesu’s blood, I’m clean.”*

What a mercy this is — this perfect cleansing of the conscience from guilt! He that come to the altar under Moses’ law did not always feel that he could come to God. The blood was sprinkled, and there was the way of access; but only the High Priest went within the veil once in the year. The law of Moses could not so justify a man as to let him have access to the mercy-seat, but Jesus Christ so justifies his people that they come right up to God and speak to him as a child to a father; tell him all their wants and weaknesses, all their Gratitude and joy. Into his very ears they pour out their loving hearts. How sweet the access of the creature man to his covenant God, when once he knows Christ! I do avow that some of us have as truly talked with God as ever we spoke to men; and have been as sure that we were in the presence of our heavenly Father, and as conscious of that wonderful overshadowing as ever we have been conscious that we have been in fellowship with any man or woman born. Oh! if you did but know it, God would not seem far off from you when you once trusted Christ. You would not: think of him as the God of thunder driving his rattling car over the sky with a flashing spear of lightning, but you would sing of him: —

*“The God that rules on high,  
And thunders when he please,  
That rides upon the stormy sky  
And manages the seas.*

*“This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our Love;  
He will send down his heavenly pourers  
To carry us above.”*

You would see him everywhere about you with the eyes of your spirit, and rejoice in him.

They that came by the law of Moses to the altar were not justified from apprehensions of the future; but each worshipper as he went home, after all the killing of lambs, and rams, and bullocks, was afraid to die. But he that trusts in Jesus feels that, so far as the future is concerned, he is perfectly secure. "Now," saith he, " God has promised to save those who trust Christ. I do trust Christ; God must save me. He is bound by his justice to do so." On the lion of justice rides the fair maid of faith, and she hatch no fear. While God is just, no disciple of Jesus can be destroyed. What if Justice charges me with being a sinner? I reply, "'Tis true I am, and yet I am not amenable to judgment, for all my sins are taken from me. They were laid on my blessed Surety. I have not one left. Christ has been punished for my sin; shall two be punished for one offense? Shall my Substitute die, and I die, too? Shall Christ be condemned and I be condemned, too, for the one and self-same offense? God is not so unjust as to punish first the Substitute, and then the man for whom the Substitute stood." Oh! this is something to roll back on. This is a pillow for an aching head; this is a safe boat to sail in amidst the storms of life and across the seas of death. Jesus Christ in my stead without the gate of the city poured out his heart's blood as God's great Victim. I trust in him. Trusting in him, I cannot perish. He has sworn and will not repent. By two immutable things wherein it is impossible for God to lie, he hath given strong consolation to them that flee for refuge to the hope set before them in the gospel. Oh! beloved, surely we can live on this promise, and on this promise die.

Would to God that you all trusted him! May full many of you trust him now for the first time. The preaching of this gospel is trustworthy, because the promise is trustworthy. I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God to salvation to every one that believeth. Do you believe? Say "Yes" or "No," for there are signs following in either case. Say "Yes," and say it now. Amen.

# THE SAINT'S TRIALS AND THE DIVINE DELIVERANCES

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**ON LORD'S-DAY EVENING, 11TH JAN., 1872.**

*“I cried unto God...Thou leddest thy people like a flock  
by the hand of Moses and Aaron.” — Psalm 77:1-20*

THIS Psalm describes the condition of a child of God under deep depression of spirit. He is much tried and bowed, and yet, at the same time, the saint at last gets the victory, and, before the Psalm is over, the clouds are all removed from the sky, and the heart rejoices in the sunlight of divine love. It is known to every believer that the experience of a Christian is very variable. We are like our own strange weather in this land. South winds blow, and all is warm and balmy, and in a few hours the north wind comes, or the cutting east wind, and soon the ground is covered with snow or hard white frost, and yet, perhaps, in another day or two there will be a storm. Some believers have all spiritual weathers in a week. Being somewhat excitable, perhaps naturally, they readily take to themselves wings and mount aloft, but then as a high soar is often followed by a great fall, these very believers are soon sighing and crying out of the very depths, and half doubt whether they are the people of God at all. Nor must I say that is common to merely excitable people. Some of the very noblest heroes in the Christian army have had a very dark experience to go through. If you read the of Martin Luther, of whom we may well say that never braver soldier fought beneath the, banner of the cross, you will find him the subject of the most terrible exercises. life was strong in his God, but he was very weak in

himself subject to ferocious temptations — temptations the like of which probably few of us have ever known, because we are not men of his gigantic mould, and God does not allow trials to come upon us which were only suitable for him. He oftentimes seemed to lie at hell's gates, and then, again, the man seemed as if he had looked heaven in the face and lived in perpetual communion with his God: John Bunyan's description of the progress of the pilgrim to heaven would lead us to expect that there would be changes; for at one time we find the pilgrim safely housed in the Palace Beautiful — all around him is redolent with the odour of flowers and the song of birds — next day he descends to the Valley of Humiliation. Even there he has a conflict or two; but a little farther on he comes to the Valley of Death shades, and there he has to fight for every step, while darkness surrounds him; and the adversary of souls comes forth to meet him. We are uphill and downhill all the way to heaven. Like the children of Israel, our path to Canaan lies through a wilderness, and though, blessed be God, the grace of heaven has made the wilderness to rejoice and blossom as a rose, yet are there fiery serpents in it, and it is a wilderness, after all. Notwithstanding all that God cloth for us while in it, this state in this present world is a state of bondage. "We that are in this body do groan, being burdened" - longing for the time of the home-bringing, when we shall come, to our own country, and be at rest for ever and for ever.

Now at this time I shall not attempt to describe all the spiritual conflict with error. If I am not able to describe that (and who is?), I can at least speak with a measure of assurance of the spiritual experience of some of God's servants, for I will go no deeper than I have gone myself, and if I do that, I shall be able to speak with some measure of assurance.

First, shall, let us make the remark that the child of God may undergo great spiritual trials. But, secondly, we shall ask you to consider the conduct of the child of God when in the condition- very different from that of the worldly man. And, thirdly, we shall notice those springs of comfort which relieve saints in that spirit, and will relieve us also. First, then: —

### **I. A TRUE CHILD OF GOD MAY UNDERGO VERY DEEP MENTAL AND SPIRITUAL TRIALS.**

No superficial trials, such as are common to men, but really overwhelming trials, seem to come to those who are favourites of heaven, who lean their heads on Jesus' bosom, and are amongst the most gracious of the Lord's chosen. Asaph's trial was no light one; it was a great grief that came upon

him. From some words in the Psalm one would think it was a personal disease under which he was suffering, but from other words it would seem to be a deep affliction that had come upon his family and those he loved. This had caused him to be depressed in spirit and heavy in soul, and that to a very solemn degree, for he declared that his sore ran in the night, and ceased not. He complained that his spirit was overwhelmed. Don't, therefore, conclude that you are no child of God because the joys you once had are gone. I am delighted when I have been with young Christians full of their first joy, and I earnestly pray that it will be very long before those joys are damped, but, at the same time, it may be prudent to let them know that, should those joys depart, it will be no evidence whatever that God's love is departed too. We must always beware of living by feeling. It is pleasant in summer, but it is an ill-way of living in the winter of the soul. We walk by faith, not by sight, nor yet by feeling; for we remember that our feelings are often of a very mixed character, and what we think to be holy joy may be some of it animal excitement — may not be altogether that joy of the Lord which is our strength. Don't, don't, I beseech you, base your evidence of the possession of salvation upon your joy, because if you do, you will be in sad trouble when your joy varies or flies. Build your hope on something better than unsubstantial delights, namely, on the finished work of faith, such as the poor publican had, crying still, even in your best frames, "God be merciful to me a sinner; God be merciful to me a sinner"; for between here and the gates of heaven you will have to go by a weeping cross, perhaps many times; and if the Lord loves you more than others, you will have more trials than others; strange trials shall come to you. Therefore, regard it not as though some strange thing had happened to you. Some of the best of God's people may pass through the deepest trouble.

And remark, next, that this may not only be very deep, but very frequent. It appears to have been so with Asaph. He describes himself as being by day and by night vexed with his trouble. It was not a transient cloud, it was a heavy storm that brooded over his spirit. For forty days and nights the heavens seemed to pour down their torrents, and his soul felt no rest. Do not wonder if you sometimes shall come into that condition. I pray you may not, but if you do, I say be upon your guard not to condemn yourself. You remember how holy Job's friends, when they saw him upon a dunghill scraping himself with a potsherd, began to tell him that he must be a hypocrite, or he would not be there. How could he be what he professed to



be, and yet be there? Now that is what the devil will tell you. If you are in deep trials, and are on a dunghill too, he will say that, and perhaps some of your Christian friends will say the same. It will be very ungenerous and unChristlike if they do. Worst of all, perhaps you yourself will think the same; but let the warning of this evening help to keep you from such a temptation. It is no evidence whatever that God has no love to you if he even chastens you, for remember who it was — that it was none other than a great servant of God who said, “All the day long have I been plagued and chastened every morning,” and he who was greater still, even your blessed Lord and Master, was the “man of sorrows “ and the acquaintance of grief. Do not then, for your own soul’s sake, permit an insinuation as to God’s love being shown in your happiness, or his hatred being manifest in your depression of spirit. Do not suffer it to cross your mind. Some of the best of God’s servants have, moreover, not only been in the deeps, and been there long, but when in such a condition they have refused to be comforted. Read the second verse: “My soul refused to be comforted “ — as if he had put away everything that could cheer him. A man of God, and a poet too — a man inspired, and who could cheer others, as he has done by the sweet lays which he has left us in the Book of Psalms — yet when these sweet things were brought before him he said, “Put them away.” And have you never known, O you advanced Christians — (I know you have known) — what it is to say of a promise, “No; it is very precious, but I am afraid I should deceive myself if I were to think “That is mine.” You have found the word come very precious home to your soul when you have heard a sermon, and then at night, when you have tossed upon your bed, you have said, “I am afraid it would be nothing better than presumption if I were to suck in all the consolation out of that.” All the while the comfort was yours, and you might have had it, and the sweets were meant on purpose for you, and yet you could not take them. Now there is something good about that. A holy anxiety is a thing that is desirable, and I would never preach up the full assurance of faith so as for a moment to speak a word against that holy anxiety. My soul has often said, “ I will not be comforted till Jesus comfort me “-put away the peace that many have spoken, and said, “ No; no peace shall ever come to my soul except the peace, the Master’s peace — peace from his own lips by his own Spirit, and I believe that is right. But sometimes that anxiety may be carried to an unbelieving extent and state. We set up tests for ourselves that are not warrantable, and condemn ourselves when God does not condemn us, and though we be the precious children of God, comparable to fine gold, we

reckon ourselves to be as the earthen vessels, the work of the hands of the potter. It is very easy to write bitter things against yourself when the clouds of darkness are hanging over your soul. This good man did so; he refused to be comforted. When this occurs, it is not at all remarkable if the grief of soul that is caused in the man should break his sleep. Observe how he puts it, "Thou holdest mine eyes waking." The eyelids—those guards of the eye were made to keep their station; the eyes would still be open; there was no rest for the man. And who can rest when he does not know that he is a saved soul? Let me doubt whether I am God's child, and dare I rest? I am often astounded at the ease with which some men talk of their doubts and fears. Do not know whether you are saved or not, and yet go to sleep! Perhaps you may wake in death. An enemy to God, or afraid that you may be, and yet full rest! My dear brother, I will not condemn your doubts, but I must condemn you if you can be in ease at all while you are under them, for surely this is a matter of the first importance — "Am I his, or am I not?"

Am I really regenerate, or is it all presence? Am I made to seem to live, while I am dead; or am I truly one of these whom God has made to be a new creation in Christ Jesus? Now when a man gets really disturbed about that, and that is the question, and he is afraid lest God's mercy and God's promise should not be to him, that he is left to himself to perish — when a man is in that state, he cannot rest; he must feel then that until this quarrel be over, and this problem be decided, he can find no rest to the sole of his foot.

Moreover, in such circumstances, it may sometimes occur that the good man cannot tell his story, to anybody else. So it is here: "I am so troubled that I cannot speak" — dare not tell it to anybody else—too great a grief to be unburdened. He could whisper it low at the Redeemer's feet, "My Lord, have pity on thy servant," but he cannot come and tell others because he does not know that any other has been through the same. He is afraid that his course is singular and so remarkable that if he were to mention it, his brethren would shun him. Besides, perhaps he has begun to mention it to some, and they, not understanding him, have given him such a harsh reply that he shrank altogether from them. There are many fat kine that push and push with horn and shoulder the lean ones of God's flock, and 'tis ill, 'tis ill when we do this. He that is troubled in spirit and cast down is often as a lamb despised by those that are at ease. He may be the best man of the whole company, and yet if he were to tell his experience, they would think

him to be the worst. He may be the best in the whole church, and yet such may be the turmoil of his soul sometimes that were he to narrate his experience many who are not to be compared with him for a moment would fight shy of him altogether. He has a grief within him which he cannot tell.

And now comes one other point, and this, perhaps, is the worst phase of the depression through which this man of God may go, namely, that even that which ought to comfort him will minister to his yet greater grief. He says, "I remembered God, and was troubled." Why, brethren, our thoughts of God are refreshing to us, they always should be. Just as good meat ought to nourish the body (only when body is sick, that good meat turns to mischief), so always thoughts of God ought to delight our soul, and I rejoice that they do for the most part. In our pilgrimage there is nothing yields us such a delightful song as the thought of our God, the Father, the Savior, and the blessed indwelling Spirit. But when the soul is sick, and a gracious soul may get sick in that way, the very thoughts of God become a trouble. See how it is. You will think, "He is very just; how can I stand in his sight?" But he is very gracious. Yes, and how gracious he has been to me, and how unworthily have I made any return for that grace! He is loving; ah! and very loving. How can I expect that I should taste of that love after the poor return I have made? And shall every attribute of God will at such times seem to be black against you. His very faithfulness-you will feel. "Ah! if he is faithful to his promise, what part and lot shall I have in that promise? It must be, after all, a mere delusion of mine that my name is written in his book. How can it be that I shall have a share amongst his chosen?" Whereas, when the soul is right, every attribute of God is cheering; when once it gets in darkness, and gets away from the crass-foot-gets away from looking with a poor sinner's tearful eye to the sinner's Savior, simply and alone, shall every attribute of God will seem to roll with thunder and flash with lightning on his spirit. I do know what this means. I have stood and seen the storm fly o'er my head, cloud on cloud, blacker and yet blacker, and my spirit crushed and utterly broken, until not a hope was left. Then have I seen one rift in the midst of the cloud, and a lone star shining there, the star of Bethlehem, and, looking up, all seemed calm beneath my soul, even on that sea. Just then the storm stopped at sight of that star, and there I seemed to see the love of God to the very guiltiest of men, to the off-scouring of sinners. and the refuse, and resting as a little child, humbly. simply, and alone, upon what the Master did for sinners on

the tree, joy and peace have come back. But many and many, and many a child of God has known what it is to see every hope blasted, and all experience gone, and all grace withered — that is, apparently so, for it was not really so—because after all, perhaps we are never richer than when we think we are the poorest of all, never so well clad as when we know we are naked in ourselves, never so near to God as when we feel we are near to hell if the grace of God does not interpose.

Thus I have given you but a very brief outline of the mental and spiritual trials through which an heir of heaven may sometimes pass. Now, secondly:-

## **II. WHAT IS THE STATE OF THE CHILD OF GOD WHEN HE GETS INTO THIS DEPRESSION OF SPIRIT?**

Well I will tell you what a man does when he is not a child of God. He cries, with Pliable, “The first time I get out of this, if I get out on the side nearest my house, you may have the brave country to yourself for all me, for I am not going floundering through this bog of mud.” Anybody’s dog will follow me if I feed it, but only my own dog will follow me if I beat it. And, any man will be a Christian, or profess to be one, while it is all joy, and silver slippers, and gravel walks; but only the man that really loves God, who says, “All the day long have I been plagued and chastened every morning” — it is only the man of God that can say, “Though he slay me, yet will I trust him — if he take away my comfort, and I have no joy but in himself, still will I cling to him.”

Now Asaph Did not go off, as many men would, to worldly pleasures to make up his loss. He did not say, “Well, well, I am not as happy as I used to be in my religious profession — I shall go to a theater, or kind gay companions, or stick to business to drown my thoughts.” No, no. He, just as the-child which has been chastened by its parent (if it be what it should be) can only find comfort by clinging to the very parent that chastened it, and ask for a loving, forgiving kiss, even so it is with the chastened child of God; he clings to God the more, the more he is made to, smart. So the first thing Asaph did was he prayed. “I cried unto God with my voice, even unto God with my voice.” Oh! sweet consolation of prayer! Would not some hearts be broken utterly if they could not pray! This is the sweet vent that we get for our fermented griefs. Our spirits are soon at rest when we can but pray. Let us pray. “Let not your hearts be troubled. Ye believe

God; believe also in me.” You see how he puts it twice, “I cried unto God with my voice even unto God with my voice.” He betook himself to prayer.

The next thing he did was, he betook himself to meditation. “I remembered God.” (Fifth verse) “I have considered the days of old, the years of ancient times.” (Sixth verse) “I call to remembrance my song in the night. I commune with mine own heart, and my spirit made diligent search.” He began to meditate—more, to meditate on his God—to meditate on what God had done for other saints — to meditate upon his own former joys and helps in times of trouble, and to meditate upon the sweet songs which he had then uttered when he himself had been in trial aforetime. Now this was a sweet way of gaining consolation. Does the Lord smite me? Well, then, I will think of the day when he caressed me. Am I in trouble, and has he put me in it? Then I will think of the times when I was in troubles before, and he brought me out of them. He has been with me in six troubles; will he leave me in the seventh? I have gone through the waters—he was there with me; will he leave me now he has brought me so far? Can it be that with so long a time of love, he will now desert his child? This gathers force. Aged Christian, you are sixty or seventy. You expect to live another ten years, and God has preserved you for seventy; cannot you trust him the other ten? After so much kindness in the past, will he cease now? Oh! it is good to go over these things, and then to recollect when, in years-gone by, you were in as bad a condition as you are now, and you sang all the while. Ah! dear friend, you lost one you dearly loved, but you were supported. What, are you going to sink now? Why, the time was when you could play the man for Christ. Why, you ran the risk of losing all that you had for his name’s sake, and are you going to throw down your weapons now? You are like the old navigator who had been round the world, and when he got into the Thames coming home the wind blew. Oh! ‘ he said, “Have I been round the world, and am I going to drown in a ditch? Not I.” And so I say to you. Have you passed through all these troubles and difficulties, and are you going to be lost, after all? Remember your song in the night, and begin to sing again. Let the new song be in your mouth. One who long loved music said, “Glory be to thee for all the grace I have not tasted yet! “ If you cannot sing of what you are tasting, think of what you are to taste in the glory-land that is before you, when you get there. Be of good comfort; meditation shall console thee.

Then this man of prayer, after using prayer and meditation, betook himself to these employments. If you notice, he spent his time in self-examination-

In communion with mine own heart and my spirit, I made diligent search.” Show me wherefore thou contendest with me. Third if I am chastened, tell me why. If I have lost the light of thy countenance, why dost thou hide thyself from me? What sin is it that thou art rebuking me? What grace is it that thou wouldst strengthen in me? What idol is it that thou wouldst take away from me? What duty have I neglected, of which thou wouldst remind me? I commune with my own heart, and look within to see if there is the cause of the distress, and look up to God! my Father, and say. “Why dost thou leave me? Why hast thou forsaken me?” And then I repeat to my own self “Why art thou cast down O my soul? Why art thou disquieted within me? “Oh!” says one, “I don’t care much about self-examination. Mark you, I do not think much of your religion. There are a great many people in the world in trade that do not like looking at their books and when a man does not want to know the position of his trade I think we, can most of us make a pretty shrewd guess at where he is. And when a man is afraid of self-examination, when he is afraid of a heart-searching discourse or heart-searching providence, he may be pretty sure there is something rotten within. God deliver us from being unwilling to know the very worst of our position! May we be always anxious rather to know the worst than for a moment to be flattered. Let us, then, if we would get comfort, get to self-examination.

And then, once again. in time of trouble this man of God took to holy arguments and devout reasonings. Here is the question, Will the Lord cast off for ever? He may put his child aside for a moment, but can he quite forget? Can he quite leave? Can he ever cast off those that are his own beloved? Will he be favorable no more? He has said, “For a small moment have I forsaken thee,” but will he make, that small moment into for ever? I know he turns a deaf ear to his people for a moment; but will he never hear prayer again? Has he not said that he is a God that heareth prayer? Is his mercy clean gone for ever?” Oh! it is a grand thing when a man says that: “Can it be that God has left off being merciful? Is not his very name ‘Love’?” That is his very nature. He delighteth in mercy; and can it be true that God hath left off his mercy? It cannot be. Is his mercy clean gone for ever? Doth his promise fail for evermore? Another question: Can it be that God won’t keep his word? Will his promise be broken? I know it may tarry awhile, but can it be that it shall fail, and fail for evermore? And then he puts it again, “Hath God forgotten to be gracious — got out of the habit of being gracious? He used to be always gracious to those who sought his

face; hath he forgotten it? Is it possible? Hath he, in anger, shut up his tender mercy? Can it be? Can it be?" Oh! beloved, if we were sometimes thus to school ourselves and cross-question our own unbelief, the Holy Spirit would give us comfort. Can the woman forget her sucking child that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb?" Yea, she may forget, yet will not I forget thee. I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." They that trust in the Lord shall not want any good thing. "Fear not, I am with thee. Be not dismayed, I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Is all this nothing? Are these promises, and ten thousand more, only so many words and so much chaff? O thou wicked unbelief! the virgin daughter of Zion hath shaken her head at thee, and laughed, because thou hast not a foot to stand upon—no argument to defend thyself. Away with thee, thou liest thou child of hell! Away with thee; I must believe in my God. I will fall back into his arms; I will confide again in his eternal faithfulness. Is he a God, and can his love grow weary of saving? He is not a man that he should lie, nor the Son of man that he should repent. Hath he said, and will he not do it? Ay, he will do it, and to the last jot and tittle shall his word be fulfilled, and his promises shall be kept for they are yea and amen in Christ Jesus to—the glory of God by us. God grant us grace thus to battle with unbelief. And now, in the third place, as we have seen the man in his condition, and what he does, let us now consider.

**III.** SOME OF THOSE COMFORTABLE THINGS WHICH MAY HELP US OUT OF THAT POSITION, or help us not to fall into it. First, observe that the great source of comfort, to the tried believer — any believer — is to be found of God. All those questions were about his God. "I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High. I will remember the works of the Lord. I will remember thy wonders of old. I will meditate also of all thy work, and talk of thy doings. "If you get meditating on your own works, you won't get much comfort out of them; and if you get talking of your own doings you are brewing for yourself bitter drinks. But when the soul looks at God, at God's mercy, God's grace, and Christ the incarnate God, and the finished work of Christ—at his merits — then it is that the soul is comforted. All that there is in us that may be seen in a time of depression is of man. We must look right away to him in whom our hope lies. I will not lift up mine eyes to aught else. Whence cometh my help? My help cometh from the Lord, who hath made heaven and earth. Child of God store thy mind with his knowledge and his glory. Seek to know the Lord Jesus. Ask

to be instructed in the knowledge of him, for then in the times of difficulty thou wilt have a store ready to thy hand—great reasons for consolation which will be comfortable to thy spirit.

But do you notice how he dwells upon the works of God and the power of God? “Thou art the God that doest wonders; thou hast declared thy strength among the people. Lord, thou canst help me. My case is difficult, but thou art strong enough. Thou art able to help me.” Oh! this is the way to get comfort—to know the power of God, which is past finding out. One thing especially the Psalmist dwelt upon, and that is redemption — ”Thou hast with thine arm redeemed thy people, the sons of Jacob and Joseph. “When there is no light anywhere else, there is at Calvary. Look there to the Paschal Lamb, and to the going out of Egypt by blood, and to the ransoming of his people. Dost thou think that Christ bought thee with blood that thou shouldst lie in hell and perish? Dost thou believe in redemption of that kind which does not redeem? Hast thou a Savior that came to save those whom he never will save? Dost thou believe in such a Savior? then I marvel not at thy doubts and fears; but if thou hast reliance upon the mighty God, in whose hand the pleasure, of the Lord must prosper, and who shall see his seed and rejoice in the travail of his soul, then, leaning on him whose hand was stretched to the nail for thee, thou hast good ground for joy, and confidence, and peace. Study the atonement, study the redemption, study the cross and thou wilt be readily comforted.

At the close of the Psalm, Asaph, after his usual wont, takes’ himself away to the Red Sea, and suggests as a ground for comfort what God did there. There were his people slaves, and in bondage, and he brought them out. He will bring you out. Pharaoh was very strong, and he said, “I fear not the Lord, neither will I let the people go. “But God was stronger than Pharaoh, and he will be stronger than the devil and all your enemies. Then they came out, and there was the Red Sea before them, and how could they get through the sea? “The waters saw thee, O God; the waters saw thee, they were afraid.” You have many troubles and many sins; they will fly before the presence of God. Then they came into the wilderness; how could they ever traverse that? Then the Lord was pleased to send them their bread each morning, and to give them their water continually. Whereas their clothes could not be very speedily replenished, their garments waxed not old, so to speak. They had no guide, no one with them that could well conduct them through the wilderness; the fiery, cloudy pillar went before them. They never went a step awry, for that fiery, cloudy pillar led them all



the way. Now your condition is the same as theirs; you shall have the same supplies. Be not cast down. Rejoice in the Lord and go forward. “He led his people like a flock by the hand of Moses and Aaron “ — so the Psalm closes — and he will lead you, and lead you safely. They set out to go to the land of Canaan, and to the land of Canaan they came; and if you are resting upon the blood of Christ, and depending upon his eternal merit, he shall surely bring you in, and you shall stand in your lot in the end of the days. Wherefore comfort one another with these words, and be of good cheer.

But as for those who have no Savior, I know of no comfort for them in the time of trouble. Unbeliever, you shall live without consolation; you shall die without consolation, and live for ever after; without consolation. May you turn. “Turn ye, turn ye! Why will ye die?” May the Lord bring you to see that in Christ alone is your help found. Get him to be your comfort from this day forth, and for ever. Amen, amen.

# LITTLE, BUT LOVELY

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*DELIVERED BY C. H. SPURGEON,*

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*“Fear not, little flock; it is your Fathers good pleasure to give you the kingdom.” — Luke 12:32.*

How kind and tender Jesus was towards his disciples! When he spoke sternly, it was to the outside multitude. Many a time was his spirit moved to rebuke them sharply. Very familiarly, however, did he unbend himself in the presence of the few attached followers who were gathered round him and drew near to him, his chosen, his beloved. To them he unveiled his heart; to them he disclosed the things which he had received of the Father; from then, he kept back nothing that pertained to their welfare; “If it were not so, I would have told you,” was once, at least, his confidential expression. He thus abode with them as a friend, as an elder brother, as a loving father. It is really pleasant to observe how much he thought of them; how deeply he sympathized with them; how far he was from despising them. The great ones of the earth would have shrugged their shoulders and sneered at the poor helpless band that gathered around the prophet of Nazareth. Not so the Divine Master. Without for a moment concealing the fact that they were a little flock, he looks upon them fondly, and applies to them invitingly the very epithet their enemies would have used invidiously — ”little “ — as he says, “Fear not, little flock, it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom.”

Few in number they were, he calls them a flock. Thus he takes upon himself the office of a shepherd, and by implication he guarantees to them feeding and folding, solace and safeguard. And he speaks of “little” with a liking. As we often employ diminutive words to express endearment, calling those we love by little names, so does the Savior here seem to dwell

upon the littleness of those he loves. The original word might be properly rendered “very little”; “Fear not, tiny flock.” There is a double diminutive on which he seems to harp, although it had a pleasant ring about it. So mothers are wont to call their baby children by bantling names in their fondness for the wee creatures. But far surpassing woman’s love, outvying all maternal instincts, our Savior’s strong affection can no rival know. In accents mild, he seems to say, “Never mind how few you are, or how despised; your feebleness gives you a warmer place in my heart, and makes me press you more closely to my bosom. Hush, hush; be still; fear not, little flock.”

And, oh! how ready he is with a reason to revive their confidence! “It is your Father’s good pleasure.” Thus doth our beloved Lord recognize his own intimate relation with his disciples. “It is your Father’s good pleasure.” And who was their Father but the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ? He might have said, “It is my Father’s good pleasure”; but then this was the sweeter way of putting it, “It is your Father’s good pleasure.” They would know that their Father was his Father when he thus said “your Father”; but had he said “my Father,” they might not have so quickly recollected that he was also their Father; or, pondering it, they might have had some doubt on the subject. What he does, therefore, is, in effect, to call himself their Brother; for if his Father is their Father, then he himself must be their Brother. They are near kinsmen; he puts himself on an equality with them when so speaking; at once he lifts them up to himself while he goes down to, them. “It is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom.” Must it not have been delightful to be on such friendly terms with the blessed Lord of life when he was incarnate here on earth — to have been sable to say with John, “The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory — the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth”? Not that we have any need to fret because we have not that privilege, for we have a higher one, inasmuch as Jesus said, “It is expedient for you that I go away, for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you.” It was better, therefore, for us that Jesus should in order that we might have the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit, not only to dwell with us, but also to be in us. Oh! that we might realize and enjoy the Comforter’s presence at this time! It were ill for us to miss the Savior’s company without having the consolation of the Spirit. To be without the bodily presence of the Lord, and without the spiritual presence of the if Holy Ghost, were a double loss. Rather let us rejoice that

he is in us, and shall be with us evermore. In the presence of the Comforter we have a higher grade of communion with God than even in the solacing society of the Son of man. He has gone from us, but he has left the words of his comfort to cheer us. In the power of the Holy Spirit, then, let us talk with one another concerning these words, “Fear not, little flock; it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom.”

Our attention is here drawn, first, to a little flock and a Great Shepherd; and then to a great fear — what if I say a variety of fears — and a still greater consolation.

**I.** IT WAS A LITTLE FLOCK to whom the Savior spoke. Did he mean, by so designating them, that they were few in point of numbers? Our Savior’s ministry, so far as conversion was concerned, was far from being prolific in its immediate results. The zeal of the Great Preacher painfully contrasted with the apathy of the hearers. The Prophet had foreseen the haze that would overhang the mental atmosphere. “Who hath believed our report?”, he exclaimed. How few out of Israel were gathered to him as the fruit of words such as never man spoke, and works such as none but God ever did! It is not recorded of our Savior that he ever preached a sermon through which three thousand were converted. He left that to one of his servants, as if he meant to fulfill that word, “Greater things than these shall ye do, because I go unto my Father”. He would put that honor on his servants, and take the disappointment, as he did the shame and the suffering, to himself. Such is ever his loving way. He will take the bleak side of the hill, and the rough part of the battle for himself. If there be any softer road to take, or any higher honors to win, he will give them to his servants. His converts were few; they were a little flock. Some of you may be residing in localities where there are but a few believers meeting together. The company looks slender. Do not, I pray you, give place to despondency. You can surely worship God in sincerity and truth, though you may lack the excitement of a crowd. Perhaps you live where there are so few that you can hardly assemble a congregation. Why think yourself denied the privilege of communion with Christ because there are only one or two gathered together in his name? Some of the happiest days believers have ever known have been alone with Christ. The richest displays of Christ’s love have been unfolded to the twos and threes, and the small family gatherings. He has kept his word to the letter, “Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.” Should you happen to belong to a larger company, you are not, therefore, shut out

from the promise bequeathed to the few. A church of five or five thousand brethren is still a little flock. Compared with the vast outlying mass of unbelievers, it is positively infinitesimal. Think of the millions that know not God — the hundreds of millions that are content to worship idol gods that their own hands have made. Take all Christendom into account, and assume for the moment that every nominal professor were a true convert to Christ; the Church would form but a feeble minority; it would be but a little flock. Though the day shall come when the Lord will multiply us and increase us greatly in the earth beyond all present computation, yet to this hour the Church of God is only a little flock; and this is sometimes an excuse for distrust and a cause of fear.

Not merely in their number were our Lord's immediate followers little. They did not represent much of this world's wealth. They had left all that they had. But their little all did not count for much. An old boat or two upon the lake, some nets, a little fishing tackle, and a few et ceteras — surely they were not much to leave! Their capital and their income were alike limited. Their treasurer ever had a heavy purse to carry, though he took care to help himself out of its contents. The disciples of Jesus were poor, very poor. They were somewhat akin to their Master, who had not where to lay his head.

Nor from their social position could they exert much influence. Most of them were Galileans — countrymen from the most countrified part of the whole country; and, as such, little esteemed. They spoke, no doubt, broad country dialects, and were looked upon as unlearned and ignorant men by those that heard them. When the Holy Ghost was on them, they spoke with great power, but there was not a "DD" among them, nor yet a professor from any university. They had not a solitary rabbi that could be put in the front, neither was there one that could have been called rabbi, if others had chosen to call him so. No prestige did they derive from rank or title, no princes of the blood, no knights or esquires were associated with them; common peasants and fishermen were they all. And I daresay many fears would cross their minds and may gloomy apprehensions would haunt them as they contemplated the strange adventure on which they were called to go forth. They were to preach the Christ of God, and to convert the world to him; yet see what lowly people they were! Had they been brought up in the schools of philosophers, had they been the sons of kings or princes, had they the wealth of Croesus at their control, they might have said, "We can do something"; but poverty, and ignorance, and obscurity combined to

make them seem little in the eyes of their fellow-men; therefore, the Savior says, “Fear not, little flock!” Against all adverse circumstances, there stands the actual promise. Be sure of this; the kingdom is yours, and you will win the day. Your father in heaven can do without the dignity, the wealth, and the learning of this world, and he has resolved to give you the kingdom; so you shall assuredly have it. Now the Church of God has not much improved in those respects.. The aristocracy of the age and the celebrities of the time, those who occupy high places in fashion or in talent, look down contemptuously on the followers of Jesus. We are not put out of countenance. We know full well that not many great men after the flesh, not many mighty are chosen. Still, God hath chosen the poor of this world. Meek and lowly though they be, he enriches them with the gifts of his kingdom. The Church in the aggregate, like its individual members, is small; in number and in influence small — a “little flock.” And there is another littleness which is common amongst Christ’s followers. They are very little in matters of grace. They think and know themselves to be little. The greatest among them generally think themselves the least. One who came not behind the chief of apostles thought himself not worthy to be called an apostle; such was his sense of unworthiness. Little and little worth the Lord’s people account themselves to be. But in point of age, of growth, of experience, some of them are little — very little. They have only lately been born again; they are babes in grace. Jesus meant them when he said, “Fear not, little flock; it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom” — yes, you; you who are new-born sons and daughters. Some, too, are little, not so much because they have been recently converted, as because they have made slow progress; they are of a desponding spirit, and their faith is very feeble. Perhaps they have not walked with God as they should; and yet, although they” may have little love, little hope, and little joy, little usefulness, and little holiness, compared with what they ought to have, still if they be believers, if they be the sheep that bear Christ’s voice, know their Shepherd, and follow him — even to them he says, “Fear not, little flock; it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom.” He will not destroy you because you are not what you should be in point of attainment. What though you are as smoking flax when you ought to be a burning and a shining light, he will not quench you. Though you are a broken reed in the music when you ought to be a full organ-pipe, pouring forth volumes of praise, he will not break you, but he will make something of you yet. Though you have such little faith that you do not know whether you have any or not, he knows. A drop of water is as much water as the

whole volume of water in the sea; and a particle of grace is as truly grace as the great store of grace laid up in the everlasting covenant. A diamond as small as a pin's head is as much a diamond as the Koh-i-noor; so the smallest faith, though it be like a grain of mustard-seed, is faith which can move mountains. Jesus knew this; hence he would speak comfortably to those who are little as yet, "Fear not, ye weak and trembling ones! It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. Your weakness shall not witness against you."

Now is not this very precious, that little as the flock may be, the Great Shepherd speaks to them so kindly? "Fear not, little flock," saith he. And, oh! how his greatness must have struck them as he thus spoke! They looked on him and saw that he was not little. He had become like themselves in poverty and obscurity, but still there was a Divinity in his character that could not be eclipsed. He was not little in his birth. "Where is he," asked the wise men from the East, "that is born King of the Jews?" Nor was he little in his wisdom; for when but twelve years old the doctors in the temple were astonished at his understanding and answers. He was not little in his power. Did he not teach as one having authority? Did he not heal all manner of sickness and all manner of disease as though no symptom could baffle his skill or resist his fiat? He was not little in his influence over men's hearts; he could turn their current like rivers of water whichsoever way he would. They had a Great Shepherd; he could protect them; he could provide for them; he could lead them on; he could give them the victory, and surely bring them into the rest which he had promised them. I feel just now as though the Master stood among us and we were the little flock, conscious that we could do nothing, devise nothing, develop nothing, apart from him. Are there great destinies before us? Is the world to be converted? Surely we are the last people that could ever be able to accomplish it. His presence is our encouragement. Looking up here, and seeing him standing in the midst, hard by these emblems of his body and blood we hear his voice saying, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth; go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptising them into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Behold the baptised Christ giving to his own baptised disciples his own commission. "Go, preach the gospel to every creature." He vouchsafes, moreover his own authority, "He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be condemned." He is the Commander-in-Chief of the little company of nonconformists to the world's religion, the

Leader of the little band of those who desire to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, the Lord and Master of all those who espouse his gross, rejoice in his name, and are not ashamed to bear his reproach in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. The Lord grant that the sweetness of these words may come home to the hearts of all of you who are the people of his pasture and the sheep of his hand. Let us turn our attention to: —

**II. THE GREAT FEAR AND THE GREAT CONSOLATION IMPLIED IN OUR text.** “Fear not, ye little flock; it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom. “

One fear which often agitates God’s servants is that which is alluded to in the foregoing paragraph; an undue anxiety about temporal things a fretfulness that distracts one’s own mind and greatly dishonors God; a disposition utterly unworthy of the sincere believer. Christ deals with it in these words, “Seek not what you shall eat, or what you shall drink; neither be ye of doubtful mind. Why, child, know this, it is not only your Father’s good pleasure to give you bread and water, but the kingdom!” Thou sayest, “Will his bounty provide me with food convenient, and raiment fit?” Nay, question it not, since he thus promises to put a crown upon thy head, and give thee a mansion in the skies! Surely he who takes the trouble to give thee a kingdom hereafter will not let thee starve on the road to it. When Saul went out to seek his father’s asses, Samuel met him and anointed him to be king, but after that Saul never fretted about his father’s asses anymore. Are you worrying yourselves about the losses you have had, and the best way of trying to recover them? Here are tidings for you. It is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom. Does not that waken a new and nobler ambition in your breasts? Never mind the asses now; we have other aims and other prospects to engage our thoughts. Affairs of high estate have drawn my mind away from paltry things. Oh! heir of heaven, you cannot afford to pine and chafe over the little annoyances of this fleeting life. I remember hearing of a crossing-sweeper who was pursuing his humble avocation with great diligence; he had a valuable broom, which he would not have lost or spoiled without much grief. To him the few pence that purchased it were of great importance. But someone — a solicitor of the town tapped him on the shoulder and said, “My good friend, is your name so-and-so?” “Yes.” “Did your father live in “ such a place? — ” He did.” “Does your brother live I in such a place?” He does.” “Then I have the pleasure to tell you that you have come



into an estate worth £10,000 a year." I have been told he walked away without his broom; and I can hardly doubt it; for I do not think I should have shouldered the broom myself if I had been in his position. Oh! Christians, let me pluck you by the sleeve and tell you of princely possessions for which you may well turn aside from your present paltry pickings. They are not worthy to be compared. Jesus Christ informs you that "your Father has given you a kingdom which is infinitely more than all the gold of this world." You may well say; — "Let those who will fret about these earthly things; I will not. I have a kingdom in reversion; I will look out for that inheritance, and I will begin to rejoice in it." Thus cloth Christ put to sleep one of his people's fears!

Another fear we have arises from watching the clouds, forecasting storms, and anticipating trouble. Some of us must confess that we have our desponding moments. One is vexed because he sees his trade gradually slipping away, and he anxiously asks, "What shall I do in future years?" Another, with a large family growing up around him, perplexes himself with the question, "What shall I do with those boys and girls of mine?" As he watches the various tendencies in the young people, he wonders which way they will go, and he begins to fret. He does not commit his cause to God, but he disquiets himself in vain. This is unwise. Others find that their health declines; symptoms of consumption or some other fell disease alarm them, and they say, "What shall I do when this gets worse? How shall I bear it?" "Perhaps I may have painful operations to endure," says one. "Perhaps," says another, "I may have to lie bed-ridden by the year together; what shall I do — oh! what shall I do?" Our Lord Jesus Christ counsels you what to do. He says, "Let not your heart be troubled." Don't fear. Have you not always found hitherto that God has helped and succoured you in every grievous plight? You have been foolish enough to dread a thousand dreary ills that never happened to destroy your peace, save in your dreams; like boys in a fog, before whose eyes huge monsters seem to rise, till they come up to the objects of their dread surprise, and find they are not monstrous scares, but modest friends who come to greet them. You have often been the victims of your own credulity in the past, cheated by your fears; may it not be the same in the dilemma to which just now your gloomy fancy points? This I know: when we are in our right mind, we cast our care on God. Let the Lord do as he will to us; he will never be unkind to us; he has ever been our friend; he never will be our foe. He will never put us into the furnace unless he means to purge the dross

out of us; nor will there be one degree more heat in that furnace than is absolutely needful; there will always be mercy to balance the misery, and strength supplied to support the burden to be borne. Cheer up, then. “Fear not, little flock.” Let us, for the time being at any rate, shake off all these fears, and let us revel in our Father’s good pleasure to give us the kingdom. Rough may be the road, but sure will be the end; we are going to the kingdom. When they fetch a foreign princess over to this land to lie married to a princely husband, the ship may be tossed on the sea, and the tempest rage with fury, but doubtless the bride would say, “I may well bear this slight inconvenience with equanimity; I am on the way to be made a queen.” We are on board ship today. We are going to a land where we shall all be princes and kings — as many as believe in Jesus. Come, let us pluck up heart! What though the accommodation be spare, the passage rough, and the wind boisterous, there is a kingdom in prospect. So let us make the best of the voyage. Be not fainthearted yourself, but help others to be cheerful. With a pilgrimage, rather than a voyage in his view, our sacred songster has helped our mirth in his hymn as he sings: —

*“With a scrip on my back and a staff in my hand,  
I march on in haste through an enemy’s land;  
The way may be rough, but it cannot be long,  
So I’ll smooth it with hope, and I’ll cheer it with song.”*

And somewhere or other in this congregation, I think I can hear the hoarse voice of a desponding believer saying, “Ah! I am not troubled about worldly things! I am not distressed about any trials that may or may not happen to me here below; I have a worse fear haunting me. My terror is more terrible. Suppose I should not be in Christ after all!” The fear lest I have not really believed in Jesus, that I have not experienced a saving repentance, that I have not laid hold upon eternal life, distracts me. Well, precaution is better than presumption; it is better to go fearing to heaven than to go presuming to hell. I would rather be haunted with fears all my life, and yet found at length, when the shadows flee, amongst those who are God’s delight, than I would be inflated with a dauntless confidence all my days, but undeceived at last when the light breaks in be left in lonely horror the victim of despair. Tell me now, dear friend, what it is you fear. Do you fear hell, Let me ask you another question — Do you fear sin? If you fear sin, the Lord takes pleasure in you. The Lord takes pleasure in them that fear him, and in them that hope in his mercy. Your doubts are very painful to bear, no doubt; but for all the distress they cause they will

not destroy your soul. Doubting, like toothache, is more distracting than dangerous. I never heard of its proving fatal to anybody yet. There are humours of the body which verve as safety-valves to the constitution. They ward off worse ills. An anxious solicitude whether thou art indeed a child of God, of which we would by all means have you relieved as soon as possible, may have a salutary effect, nevertheless, upon your mind. It may make you walk more carefully, pray more fervently, and live more scrupulously as one who pines for communion with God. I think I have a commission to say to every one here who fears sin, and trembles lest he should not be found at God's right hand when he Fathers his saints together to himself, "Fear not, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." If you fear because you feel your unworthiness, it is a blessed fear. Trust in the worthiness of Christ, and your fear shall give place to faith. Of if you fear because you perceive your feebleness, I am not surprised. Look to Christ's strength, and his succor shall be your solace. Your heavenly Father will of his own good pleasure give you the kingdom. Or do I hear anyone say, "Well, sir, my fear is not as to the sincerity of my present profession; I trust I am a Christian. I know that I have believed in Jesus, and I do believe in him: but my serious misgiving is lest I should not hold on to the end." Beloved friend that is a fear you ought not to entertain. Never countenance it again as long as you live. If there is anything taught in Scripture for certain, it is the doctrine of the final perseverance of the saints. I am as sure that doctrine is as plainly taught as the doctrine of the Deity of Christ. Words cannot put it more distinctly than God has graciously revealed it. Hear what Christ saith. "I give unto my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish; neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." "Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ" — cast not, I beseech you, any suspicion upon the fidelity of our Lord. A question may be raised whether the work is begun by him, but if he has begun it there can be no question about his completing it. He never forsakes the work of his hands, or begins to build, and then proves unable or unwilling to rear the superstructure. Lay that fear aside, and account it a folly. Do you doubt — whether you are now saved, or whether you shall hold out to the end? Then I counsel you to go back to the Cross, and begin again as a penitent sinner to put your trust in a pardoning Savior. Full many a time I have to do that. I see my evidence cut down like the grass, wither like hay, and perish like the green herb. What else, then, can I do, but hie myself off to the foot of the Cross, there to stand, and thus to say, "Here I

come, a sinner, seeking succor to thee; my Lord, to thee. I come afresh as though I had never come to thee before. If thou hast never washed me, wash me now! If I have never rested in thee, here do I lay me down beneath thy shadow. To thy Cross I cling." You will find your fears vanish when you come to the Cross anew. Do this, I pray you, brothers and sisters, as often as you get into the dark awhile; for, notwithstanding all fears to the contrary, it really is "your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." You have not to earn it by your labor, or merit it as a prize; else ye might despond, or even despair. What is now amiss, I cannot guess, since he will give it you freely of his own grace. It is not the Judge's good pleasure to award you the kingdom, but it is "your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Therefore, repose in the grace of God, rely on the precious blood of Christ, and cast your fears to the winds.

Methinks I hear a sigh. It is a sickly thought, and it comes from one who hath a sickly frame. "My fear is about dying. How shall I stand the last dread hour of parting life? Shall I bear up in the weakness of that mortal agony? Perhaps, after all, I shall sink as one who is vanquished in the fray." Beloved brother, there is a peril more perilous than death. What is that? say you. Why, I answer, Life! to live! to live well! There is the point — to live well. If thou dost succeed in this, thou shalt find that to die is nothing but just closing up thy life's story. Be it thy main care to run the race with honor, then shalt thou finish thy course with joy. Thou mayest leave the dying till the time to die comes, if thou wilt. see to the living while the time to live lasts. There is one kind of grace of which we have no immediate need to-day, that is, dying grace. We shall not require the timely succor till the time of our departure is at hand. Or if we crave we shall not have it. Doth any one of you put himself on his dying bed in imagination, to forestall the terrors that his fancy paints, he cloth a very foolish thing. You cannot know what sort of summons you will get to quit your fleshly tabernacle; what sharp pains you may be called to bear; or what sweet comfort may be provided to cheer your spirit when heart and flesh shall fail. Serve God now with all your strength. Rest in the precious blood now. Seek present communion with your living, loving Lord. Doubt not that he will supply thee with grace sufficient for all thy future need. Ye wot not of the good he hath in store. As time and space contract, your mind will expand to survey the eternity beyond. As the film comes over these dull organs of sight, the eyes of your understanding will be opened. As you near the banks of Jordan, the fair fields on yonder side will break on your

ravished view. You know nothing of them yet. Full many, I warrant you, who depart this life hear the songs of angels long before their ears are closed to the sounds of earth. And oh! how precious Christ becomes to them! We have seen the flush of glory on their faces. I should think they hardly knew at what moment they entered heaven; for ere they left earth the radiance of that bright realm dawned upon them in such visions of glory. They were lifted up to Pisgah's summit, and they looked down on this poor earth from an elevation at which we who still sojourn in the valley do greatly marvel.

*“Jesus can make a dying bed  
Seem soft as downy pillows are;  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.”*

Why, some of us have known believers who, after trembling all their days, triumphed in their last hours. In the prime of their strength they were frightened of a mouse; but in the extremity of their weakness they became so strong that they could face a legion of foes. Nothing could dismay them. Mr. Fearing, who fell over a straw, and said he should never reach the celestial city, was the very man who died like a giant, singing and shouting with all his might. God is pleased to let some of king servants live in the dark, and die in the light. I think some of us have our candle lit at one watch of the night, some at another. You may have begun your spiritual life in the dark, and your path has grown brighter and brighter. Or you may have begun in the light, and have since passed through seasons in which darkness has prevailed, or the lamp that guides your feet has dimly burned. God puts some of his bravest servants to bed in the dark because they can bear it, but others cannot. They cross over the river, and angels come to meet them. Do not darken your days with direful dream's of dreaded death. Perhaps you will die in your sleep, and never know a pang". Perhaps you never will die; Christ may come, and take you to himself. It may prove such a glorious thing to die, that you may say, with Halliday, "Call this dying! Then it is worth while to live to die like this!" Death may have more of translation than of dissolution in it. If the dog of hell howl at you, bid him hold his tongue. Your Father's good pleasure will not be frustrated; your fair prospects will not be disappointed. Does conscience accuse you of slips and falls, tell conscience of the precious blood, and say, "My Father's good pleasure will rescue his ransomed child from all his sins." Do doubts and fears come up like a swelling torrent? Stem them all with this

blessed assurance, "God's counsel will stand, and he will do all his pleasure. We who have put our trust in the Lord Jesus Christ shall assuredly possess the kingdom for ever and ever."

Oh? how I wish you, all of you, belonged to the number of Christ's sheep! Oh! that every one of you had the promise of the kingdom! The Lord bring you to the feet of Jesus! May the Lord show you what sinners you are, and what a Savior he is! Would to God you might all believe in him, and pass from death unto life! The fearless transgressor shall fail without help, while the fearful disciple shall be fondled with Fatherly care. Herd together, ye little ones, as a flock; the heritage is reserved for you. "It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

# AN EARNEST ENTREATY.

NO. 3550

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*DELIVERED BY C. H. SPURGEON,*

**AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON.**

“Kiss the Son lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.”-Psalm 2:12.

LET us have a little quiet talk to-night. I have known a simple, earnest conversation turn the whole current of a man's life. I recollect a good man, who lived at a certain market town in Suffolk. He was no preacher; so far as I know, he had never tried to preach; yet he was a mighty soul-winner. He had noticed how commonly it happened in that town, as in most of our smaller towns, that the lads as they grew up sought situations in London, or in some other large center of industry, and consequently they left their home, their parents, guardians, and the associations; amidst which they had been trained, to enter a new sphere, where they would lack much of the oversight that had hitherto checked them when prone to wander. His watchful eye and ever-listening ear having ascertained within a little when any young man was going, he sent a polite invitation to tea, and at that tea-table the words he used to speak, the cautions he gave, and the necessity he urged of being decided for Christ before leaving, and especially the earnest prayer with which he concluded the evening-these things have been remembered by scores of young men, who, on removing to the larger towns, could never shake off the impression which his quiet, devout conversation had made. Some of them even traced their conversion to God, and their subsequent perseverance in the paths of righteousness, to the evening they had spent with that humble, but wise and earnest individual. I wonder whether any of us remember in our young days any such talk as that which exerted an influence upon us; I wonder more if, instead of trying to preach anything great tonight which is not much in my

line, I try to talk very seriously and pointedly to all present who are unconverted, whether God will not bless it by his Holy Spirit, and make it a turning-point to decide the present course and eternal destiny of some of my hearers.

Our text contains some very sound advice. Let us ask—to whom was it originally addressed? and to whom is it appropriately addressed now?

### I. TO WHOM WAS IT ADDRESSED

“Kiss the Son, lest he be angry.” Look at the 10th verse, “Be wise now, therefore, O ye kings; be instructed, ye judges of the earth.” Thus to monarchs and potentates of this world; to those who made and those who administered the laws, in whose hands were the liberties, if not the lives of their subjects, were these words spoken. People make a great fuss about a sermon preached before Her Majesty. I must confess to having wasted a shilling once or twice over those productions. I could never make out why they should not have been sold for a halfpenny, for I think better sermons could have been bought for a penny. But, somehow, there is always an interest attached to anything that is preached before a king or & queen, and still more so if it be pointedly preached to a king. Now this was a little private advice given to kings and judges. Still, it offers counsel by which persons of inferior rank may profit. You, sir, are not so great in station but this advice may be good enough for you. If it was meant for those who sat on thrones, wielded sceptres, and exercised authority, you will not have to humble yourself much to listen earnestly, and receive gratefully this admonition of wisdom.

Let me take you by your coat, and hold you for a minute, and say, Be wise now; this is the day for reason; exercise a little judgment; put on your considering cap; do not spurn the monition, or put it on one side with a huff and a puff, as though it were not discreet or urgent. This was language meant for kings; hearken to it; it may be a royal word to you. Mayhap — for strange thing” happen — it may help to make you a king, too, according to that saying which is written, “He bath made us kings and priests unto God.?” The language which would command the attention of kings would certainly claim heed of such humble and obscure persons as are here assembled. Surely, when the expostulation proceeds from the mouth of God, and when it is spoken to the highest in the world, you might account it a privilege to have the matter made privy to yourselves. And as



it intimately concerns you, there is the more cause that you take heed thereunto.

The words were spoken to those who had wilfully opposed the reign of our Savior, the Son of God, the Lord's anointed. They had determined to reject him. They said, "Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us." A terrible, a disastrous course to resolve upon in the teeth of a destiny that no plot can hinder, no confederacy can avert.. Hence, the caution and the counsel appeal to all or to any who have been opposers of Christ and of true religion. I do not suppose there are many such here, who are actively and ostensibly revolting against the gospel, yet there may be some such; and, if there be, I would sound an alarm, and ring loudly the warning, "Be wise now, therefore; be instructed; do listen a little." It is good to be zealous in a good cause. But suppose it is a bad cause! Saul of Tarsus was vehement against Christ, but after some consideration he became quite as enthusiastic for him. It may cost you many regrets another day to have been so violent against that which you will find out to have been worthy of your love rather than of your fierce opposition. Every wise man, before he commits himself to defend or withstand a policy, would make quite sure, as far as human judgment can, whether it be right or wrong; to be desired, or to be deprecated. Surely I do not speak to any who would wilfully oppose that which is good. Or, if prejudice has prompted you, there is all the more reason why your judgment should now be impartial. Stop, therefore, and give ear. It may be thy relentings will be kindled," and wisdom will enlighten thy heart. These words were spoken to those who ought to have been wise — to kings and judges of the earth. Those mighty ones had been mistaken, otherwise the rebuke would have been untimely and superfluous — "Be wise now, therefore, O ye kings; be instructed, ye judges of the earth." It appears they had rebelled—partly through ignorance, but mainly through jealousy and malice — they had rebelled and revolted against the Christ of God. Doubtless they did not rightly understand him. Perhaps they thought his way was hard, his laws severe, his government tyrannical. But he meets your wild rage with his mild reasoning. To the gusts of your passion he responds with the gentle voice of his mercy, "Be wise, O ye kings; be instructed, ye judges of the earth." Learn a little more; get a little more knowledge it may correct your vain imaginations. A ray of light shining into your minds might make you shudder at the darkness in the midst of which you dwelt. A view of the right might, perhaps, show you that you

have been wrong. It might take the tiller of your soul, and turn the vessel round into another course. We are none of us so wise but we could profit by a little more instruction. He that cannot learn from a fool is a fool himself. When a man says, "I know enough," he knows nothing. He who thinks that his education is "finished," had need begin his schooling afresh, for a fair start he has never yet made. With a sound basis, the edifice of education may proceed satisfactorily, but it never can be completed. Excelsior is the student's motto. He sees higher and higher altitudes as he rises in attainment; and so long as he sojourns in this world fresh fields of enquiry will continue to open up before him.

Once again, I believe the words of our text leave an especial reference to those who are thoughtless and careless about their best interests. The kings of the earth were deliberating how they might successfully oppose Christ; but they were strangely and culpably negligent of their real interest. Hence the remonstrance, "Be wise now; be instructed, ye judges of the earth." The general lack of intelligence in the present day with respect to religion is, to my mind, appalling. The knowledge with which most men are content is superficial in the extreme. They do not think; they do not take the pains to make reflections and draw inferences from the facts within their reach, but they allow themselves to drift with the tide of what is called "public opinion." Were it the fashion for people to carry brains in their heads, some religions which are now very rife would soon come to an end. I have stood aghast with wonder and with awe at the sublime folly of mankind, when I have seen how eagerly and devoutly they will bow down before baubles and raree-shows, while they vainly imagine that they are worshipping God. Have they no brains within their skulls? Have they no faculty of thought? Have they no reasoning power? What singular defect can be traced to their birth, or with what fatal folly have they renounced their common-sense? Ought we to pity, to chide, or to scorn them? In indictments for witchcraft, I suppose, you punish the impostor as a knave, while you laugh at the victim as a dupe. But in cases of priestcraft, you divide the scandal more equally. So the Sunday theatricals run their course, till the force of thought, the voice of conscience, and, I might add, the love of liberty, shall pronounce their doom. People do not think. Some of them are of the religion of their ancestors, whatever that may be. You hear of Roman Catholic families and Quaker families. Not conviction, but tradition shapes their ends. Others are of the religion of the circle in which they live, whatever that may be. They are good Protestants, they say; had they been

born in Naples, they would have been as good Papists; or had they heaven born at Timbuctoo, they would have been as good heathens. Just about as good in any case. Thought, reason, or judgment never entered into their reckoning. They go up to their place of worship: they pray as others do, or they say "Amen" in the service. Thought they have none. They sing without thought, hear without thought and as the thing is to be done, I suppose, they preach without thought. Talk of preaching, I have specimens at home of sermons which can be bought for ninepence each. They are underlined, so that the proper emphasis is apparent, and the pauses to be made between the sentences are fairly indicated. Preaching made easy! We shall be favored one of these days with preaching machines; we have already got down to hearing machines. The mass of our hearers is not much more animated than an automaton figure. Life and liveliness are wanting in both. Preaching and hearing may both, perhaps, be done by steam. I would it were not so. Men are evidently thoughtful about other things. Bring up a sanitary problem, and there are men that will work it out somehow. Is some new invention wanted, say, a gun or a torpedo, to effect wholesale destruction of life? You shall find competitors in the arena, vying one with another in their study of the murderous science. Man seems to think of everything but of his God; to read everything but his Bible; to feel the influence of everything but the love of Christ, and to see reason and argument in everything except in the inviolable truth of divine revelation. Oh! when will men consider? Why are they bent upon dashing into eternity thoughtlessly? Is dying and passing into another world of no more account than passing from the parlour to the drawing room? Is there no hereafter? Is heaven a dream, and hell a bugbear? Well, then, cease to play with shadows; no longer foster such delusions. Be these things true or false, your insincerity is alike glaring. Like honest men, repudiate the Scriptures if you will not accept their counsel. Do not pretend to believe the solemnities of God's Word, and yet trifle with them. This is to stultify yourselves, while you insult your Maker. I appeal to the conscience of every thoughtless person here, if reason or common-sense would justify such vacillation. Having thus tried to find out the people to whom my text applies, let me now direct your attention to the advice it gives them.

## II. THE ADVICE WHICH IS GIVEN.

The advice is this: rebel no more against God. You have done so, some of you actively and wilfully; others of you by ignoring his claims and utterly neglecting his will. It is not right to continue in this rebellious state. To

have become entangled in such iniquity is grievous enough, but to continue therein any longer were an outrageous folly and a terrible crime. Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling. Do you say, “ We hear of advice and are willing to take it; our anxiety now is to find out the way in which we can become reconciled to God. How can we be restored to friendship with him whom we have so bitterly wronged and so grossly offended?” Here is the pith of the advice. “Kiss the Son, pay him homage, yield the affectionate fealty of your hearts to the Son of God. “Between you and the great King there is an awful breach. You can obtain no audience of him. So grievous has been your revolt, that he will not see you. He has shut the door, and there cannot be any communication between you and himself; he has hung up a thick veil, through which your prayers cannot penetrate. But he refers you to, his Son. That Son is his other self — one with himself in essential Deity, who bath condescended to become man, hath taken your nature into union with himself, and in that nature hath offered unto divine justice an expiatory sacrifice for human guilt. Now, therefore, God will deal with you through his Son. You must have an advocate; as many a client cannot plead in court, but must have some counsellor to plead for him, who is infinitely more versed in the law and better able to defend his cause than he is, so the Lord appoints that you, if you would see the face of your God, must see it in the face of Jesus Christ. The short way of being at peace with God is not to try and mend your ways, or excuse yourself, or perform certain works, or go through certain ceremonies, but to repair to Christ, the one only Mediator, who once was fastened to the cross, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit. He is now at the right hand of God, and you are required to worship him, to trust in him, to love him. Thus do, and the reconciliation between you and God is effected in a moment. The blessed Jesus will wash you from your guilt, and the righteousness of Christ will cover you with beauty, which will make you acceptable in the sight of God. “Kiss the Son.” It means render him homage, just as in our own country they speak of kissing hands with the Queen when certain offices are taken and homage is required. So come and kiss the Savior. No hard work this. Some of us would fain for ever kiss his blessed feet. It would be heaven enough for us. Oh! come and pay your homage to him; own that Christ is your King. Give up your life to his service. Consecrate all your powers and faculties to do his will. But do trust him. “Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.” That is the true kiss. Trust him, rely upon him, depend upon him; leave off depending upon yourself, and rely upon Jesus. Throw yourself flat down

upon the finished work of Christ; when you have so done your faith has reconciled you to God, and you may go your way in peace. Only go your way henceforth to serve that King whose hand you have kissed, and to be the willing subject of that dear Redeemer who ought to have you, because he bought you with his precious blood.

This advice is urgent. Do it at once. I am not speaking now after the fashion of the orator, but I am talking to you as a friend. I wish I could pass along those aisles, or over the tops of those pews, and gently take the hand of each one, and say, "Friend, God would fain have thee reconciled to him, and it only needs the simple act of trusting Jesus and accepting him to be thy leader and thy king." Do it now. If it be over worth doing, it is worth doing at once. It is a blessed thing to do. Why delay? It is a simple thing to Why hesitate? It is the very least thing God could ask of thee, and even that he will. not require thee to do in shine own strength. Art thou willing, but weak? He will help thee to do what he commands thee to do. Now, as thou sittest in thy pew, what sayest thou to this? "I will think it over;" says one. Does it want any thinking over? If I had offended my father, I should wish to be at peace with him directly; and if my father said to me "My son, I will be reconciled to you if you will go and speak to your brother about it," well, I should not think it hard, for I love my brother as well as my father, and I would go to him at once, and so all would be well. God says, "Go to Jesus; I am in him. You can reach me there — go round by his cross; you will find me reconciled there. Away from the cross I am a Judge, and my .terrors will consume you. With the cross between you and me, I am a Father, and you shall behold my face beaming with love to you." "But how am I to get to Jesus?" do you ask. Why, have I not told you? — simply to trust him, to rely upon him. Faith is trusting Christ. This is the gospel, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Put your entire trust in him. Renounce all lordship that has ever been exercised over you by any other master, and become Christ's servant. Rely on him to land you safely at the right hand of God, and he will do it. "Kiss the Son." Oh! friend, I cannot make you do it; it must be done of thing own will. God alone can lead that will of shine to yield itself up to Christ's will; but I pray thee do it — kiss the Son, and do it now. Pursuing our quiet talk, I come to my third point, which is: —

### III. HOW IS THIS ADVICE PRESSED HOME UPON US?

The vanity of any other course is made palpable. Be reconciled to God, because there is no use in being at enmity with him. The kings of the earth opposed God, but while they were plotting and planning, God was laughing. "Yet," saith he, "have I set my King upon my holy hill of Zion." I think if I were a king, and had the misfortune to be driven to go to war, I should not like to fight one that had ten times my own strength. I should rather engage in a somewhat equal combat, with a prospect that by dint of valor and good generalship, victory might be gained. To contend against Omnipotence is insanity. For any man, I care not who he may be, to put himself in opposition to God is utter folly. I have often watched, as doubtless you have done, the foolish moth attracted by the glare of the candle or the gas. Plunge he makes at it, as though he would put it out, and he drops, full of exquisite pain, upon the table. He has enough wing left to make another dash at the flame, and again he is filled with another pain, and unless you mercifully kill him outright he will continue as long as he has any strength to fight with the fire which destroys him. That is an apt picture of the sinner's life, and such will be the sinner's death. Oh! do not so, dear friend — do not so. Speak I not with voice of reason when I thus dissuade you? If you must fight, let it be with someone that you can overcome. But sit clown now and reckon whether you can hope to win a victory against an Almighty God. End the quarrel, man, for the quarrel will otherwise end in your death and eternal destruction.

We are further pressed to the duty commanded by the claims of the Son. "Kiss the Son." As I read the words, they seem to me to have a force of argument in them which explains Itself and vindicates its own claims. Kiss! Kiss whom? "Kiss the Son." And who is he? Why, he is Jesus, the well-beloved of the Fathers and among the sons of men the chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely. Surely Christ is such a princely one that he ought to receive homage of mankind. He has done such great things for us, and he has shown such good will towards us, that to pay him reverence seems not so much the call of duty as the natural impulse of love. The worship which is his due should flow spontaneously from the instincts of grace rather than be exacted by the fiat of law. Even those that have denied the authenticity of inspiration have always been charmed with the character of our Lord, and you will notice that the most astute opponents of Christianity have had little, if anything, to say against the Founder of it, so transparent his virtue, so charming his humility. Oh! Kiss the Son, then. He is God — trust him. He is man, a perfect man — confide

in his friendship. He has finished the work of human redemption; therefore, hail him as your king, and pay your homage to him now. Oh! that God's eternal Spirit may lead you so to do without hesitation or demur!

Were I talking to some of you in a quiet corner I might gather an argument from the simplicity of the promise here offered you. "Kiss the Son." Is that all? Pay Jesus homage. Is that all? The Emperor of Germany, in the olden times when Popes were Popes, had offended his Unholiness, and before he could be restored to favor he had to stand for three days (I think it was) outside the castle gate, in the deep snow, in the depth of winter, and do penance. I have seen, myself, in Rome and elsewhere, outside of the older churches, places uncovered and exposed to wind and rain, to the heat of summer and the frost of winter, where backsliders were made to stand, sometimes for years even, before they were restored, if they had committed some offense against ecclesiastical statutes. You will sometimes see in old country churches of England little windows that run slanting and just look toward the communion table, through which poor offenders who professed repentance, after some months of standing in the churchyard, or perhaps outside of it, were at last allowed to take a peep at the altar, at the expiration of their weary term of penance. All this is contrary to the spirit of the gospel, for the spirit of the gospel is, "Come, now, and let us reason together; though thy sins be as scarlet, they shall be as wool." The spirit of my text is, "Kiss the Son, now"; and that is all. Though those lips were once blaspheming, let them kiss the Son. Though those lips have uttered high words and proud words, or perhaps lying and lascivious words, "Kiss the Son." Bow down at those dear pierced feet, and trust Emmanuel, and own yourself his servant, and you shall be forgiven — forgiven at once, without delay and this night you shall be accepted in Christ. I am right glad I have got so good a message to tell. I would that you would receive it with gladness. May it drop like the snow-flakes on the sea, which sink into the wave. May each invitation sink into your soul, there to bless you henceforth and for ever!

Moreover, the exhortation of our text is backed up with felicitations for those who yield to it. "Blessed are all they that put their trust in him." Those of you who do not know anything about trusting in Christ must have noticed how joyously we sang that hymn just now: —

*“Oh! happy day that fixed my choice  
On thee, my Savior and my God;  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.”*

Don't you think there was some fervor in our tones? Was it not sung as if we meant it? If nobody else meant it, I did; and I could see by the look of your eyes that a good many of you were stirred with grateful recollections. It was the happiest day in all our lives when Jesus washed our sins away. Far be it from us to deceive any of you by saying that to be a Christian will save you from the sorrows of the world, or from trials and tribulations, from physical pain or from natural death. Nothing of the kind. You will be liable to sickness and adversity in their manifold forms, as other men are, but you will have this to comfort you in every dark, distressing hour, that these light afflictions, which are but for a season, will come to you from a loving Father's gentle hand, with a gracious purpose, and they will be dealt out to you in weight and measure according to his judgment, while some sweet consolations will always be sent with them; and, above all, there is perpetual joy and perennial satisfaction in that man's heart who knows that he is right with God. Although his house may not be as he would have it, yet he has accepted God's way of reconciliation -he is reconciled by the blood of Christ-God loves him, and he loves God; he is confident, therefore, that, whether he live or die, he must be blessed, because he is at peace with God. Oh! happy day, happy day, thrice happy day, when a man comes into this blessed state! I have heard many regret that they have pursued the pleasures of sense and been fascinated with them; but I never yet heard of one who had found the dear delights of faith pall on his taste. It has never fallen to my lot yet to attend a dying bed where I have heard a Christian regret that he put his trust in his Savior; neither have I ever heard at any time of anyone who died believing in Jesus who has had to say, "Had I but served the world with half the zeal I served my God I should have been a happier man." Oh! no; such bitter reflections on mis-spent and misused talents befit the worldling, and the world's poet put it into the dying man's mouth in another form from that in which I gave it; for "what we might have been," and "what we might have done," make the sum of life's bewailing, when death in view makes such repentance unavailing. The Christian's satisfaction is, on the other hand, only shaded by the wish all feel that they had loved the Savior more intensely, trusted him more confidently, and served him more diligently. Never have I heard any other kind of compunction and self-reproach.



“Come along, then, friend; come along,” they say to us; “what matters so long as you are happy?” I have often heard them say so. And let me say to you, if that is one of your mottoes, and you really do seek after happiness, you cannot do better than pay homage to the Son of God, end the awful rupture between you and your Creator, and henceforth put your trust in him. One other motive I must mention. “Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little.” A striking expression! If Christ gets a little angry, men perish from the way. Then what must his great anger be? If his anger, kindled but a little, burns like devouring fire, and men perish from the way of life, and from all hope of salvation, what must his great wrath be! Is there a fear suggested here that anybody will provoke Christ to fiercer anger? There is; alas! there is. Shall I tell you the likeliest person to do it? Not, methinks, that abandoned sinner who was born and bred in an immoral atmosphere, and has followed a vicious course to the present hour. To him I would say, “Come to Jesus, and he will wash you now, and cleanse you from all your pollution.” But the man I tremble for as most likely to make him swear in his wrath is such a one as I was, privileged with godly parents, watched with jealous eyes, scarcely ever permitted to mingle with questionable associates, warned not to listen to anything profane or licentious — taught the way of God from his youth up. In my case there came a time when the solemnities of eternity pressed upon me for a decision, and when a mother’s tears and a father’s supplications were offered to Heaven on my behalf. At such a time, had I not been helped by the grace of God, but had I been left alone to do violence to conscience, and to struggle against conviction, I might have been at this moment perhaps dead, buried, and doomed, having, through a course of vice, brought myself to my grave, or I might have been as earnest a ringleader amongst the ungodly as I desire to be for Christ and his truth. When there is light given, when one is not left to grope in darkness, when conscience is kept tender, a little provocation may then very much anger Christ.

I am afraid some of you young people that are growing up here stand in deep need of remonstrance. You have got good parents. You have been instructed in the Scriptures from your infancy, and you have had great many deep impressions while sitting in these pews listening to the sound of the gospel; and yet you are playing with them, you are trifling with them. Nothing bad about you so you think. You are not conscious of having grossly violated any moral law. But have you never heard of a gentleman

in India who had a tame leopard that went about his housed? It was as playful as a cat, and did no one any harm till one day, as he lay asleep, the leopard licked his hand, and licked until it had licked a sore place and tasted blood. After that there was nothing for it but to destroy it; for all the leopard-nature was aroused by that taste of blood. And some of you young people, with all the godly associations that are round about you, will — I am always afraid — get a taste Of the devilry outside, of the world’s vice and sin; and then there is the leopard’s nature in you. If you once get the taste and flavor of it, you will be prone to be always thirsting for it. Then, instead of the hope we now cherish, that we shall soon see you at your parents’ side, serving Christ — see you take your father’s place, young man, in after-years — see you, young woman, grow up to be a matron in the Church of God, bringing many others to the Savior — we may have to lament that the children are not as the parents, and cry, “Woe is the day that ever they were born.” I, therefore, want you to decide, lest you perish from the way — from the way of God and the way of righteousness -while his wrath is kindled but a little, lest he say, “Let them alone,” and throw the reins on your neck; for if he should once do that, woe worth the day! Nothing can happen worse to a man than to be left to himself. Kiss the Son, then. Affectionately and earnestly do I entreat you — not standing here ex-officio to deliver pious platitudes, but from my very soul, as though I were your brother or father, I would say, Young man, young woman, kiss the Son now. Yield your heart up to Jesus now. Blessed are they that trust in him now. Oh! to-night, to-night, tonight — your first night in grace, or else your last night in hope! To-night, to-night! The clock has just struck; it seemed to say, “To-night.” God help you to say, “Ay, it shall be to-night, for God and for Christ!”

*“Songs of triumph then resounding  
From thy happy lips shall flow;  
In the knowledge of salvation  
Thou true happiness shalt know,  
Through Christ Jesus,  
Who alone can life bestow.”*

# THE GOSPEL IN POWER

NO. 3551

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*DELIVERED BY C. H. SPURGEON,*

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*“For our gospel came not unto you in word only,” etc., (down to) “from the wrath to come” — 1 Thessalonians 1:5-10.*

A WORKMAN likes to see that he has been doing something. It is very dispiriting if he has spent much toil, and can see no result. God's workmen by faith would continue still to labor, even if they saw nothing come of it; but it is much more comforting, much more easy for them to continue in service when they see that God is blessing them. Now it is not wrong for a Christian minister to speak about the conversions that have been wrought under his ministry, for Paul says that he would have done so, only that others did it so constantly that there was no need of it. Paul, however, would not, under any circumstances, have done a wrong thing, and, therefore, we gather that it is most allowable sometimes that we should see what has been done, and should speak of it, and the more especially because if any good be done by any ministry, it is God that has done it, and all the glory is due to him, and to him alone. Not to speak of what God has done would be ingratitude. It might have a semblance of humility, but in reality it would be disloyalty to the Most High. Paul therefore did not hesitate to speak of his converts at Thessalonica, and of their good character, and of the good fruit which they had borne, and the way in which they had spread abroad the gospel. He did not boast; he gave God the glory of it, but he did speak of what had been done. And we think we may do the same; in any measure in which — God shall bless our work, any one of us may tell of it to the praise and glory of God, and to the

encouragement of our fellow laborers. Now the Apostle in this passage tells us what God had done at Thessalonica. We will proceed at once, for our text is long — we will proceed at once to the handling of it.

And you will note that he tells us, first, what he had preached at Thessalonica; then how it had come to the people; and, thirdly, what had been the result of this to themselves; and, fourthly, what had been the result of it to other people. First, the Apostle tells us: —

### **I. WHAT WAS PREACHED AT THESSALONICA.**

He says, “Our gospel” — (note that word) — “Our gospel came not unto you in word only. “Why does Paul call it” our gospel “? He did not invent it; he did not think it out, and make it fresh every Sunday. No; it was Christ’s gospel long before it was Paul’s gospel. Yet he calls it our gospel by way of distinction, for there were other gospels. There were those who came and said, “This is the good news! “ and others, on the other hand, who said, “This is the good news,” but Paul says that there was another gospel, and he adds, “Yet not another; but there be some that trouble you.” He, therefore, put down his foot, and he said, “Bring what gospels you like, each of you; but I have a gospel which I preach, distinct from yours, and that gospel it is which I have preached to the Thessalonians, and which has not come to them in word only. “In those times, beloved, there must be made a distinction between men’s gospel and God’s gospel; for nowadays man’s gospel is popular enough. Somebody thinks until his head aches, and he gets into nonsense, and then he comes and brings this forward as something fresh. Men go to the bottom of a subject until they stir the mud at the bottom and cannot see their own way themselves, and nobody else can see, and then forthwith they come out with something marvellous and, having used some words that are hard to pronounce and harder still to understand, they earn a cheap name for being great scholars and profound divines. Well, let such go their way; that is their gospel; but we have another gospel from that — one which we have gained in another way, and which we desire to propagate in another fashion. Paul said “our gospel,” then, by way of distinction.

But he meant this too. It was his gospel because it had been committed to him; he had received it as a sacred deposit; he was, as it were, a steward for God — put into commission to preserve and keep alive the truth in the world; and Paul did keep it unadulterated, so that when he closed his life he could say, “I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith.” Whoever

may have adulterated the gospel, Paul did not. He gave it forth as Christ gave it to him. Oh! that each one of us who is called to preach the gospel, and, indeed, every church member would feel that the truth is committed to us to keep it in the world! Our sires kept it at the stake, and on the cruel rack, and when they went in their chariots of fire to heaven they left the truth to their sons to preserve. Handed down to us in the long line of martyrs and confessors, Covenanters and Puritans, what will we do with it now? Will we not feel that all the cost expended on it in the centuries past demands of us that we should spend the like still, if there be a necessity for it — even our blood — and that, while we live, it shall never be said that in our life, in our prayer, in our conversation, or in our preaching, the gospel suffered anything at our hands? “I know whom I have believed,” said Paul, and “I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him,” or rather, as some read it, “He is able to keep my deposit, that which we committed to me to keep; Christ also will keep and preserve the gospel pure and clear, even until time’s latest hour.” The Lord grant it, for his name’s sake!

But I think the Apostle used the term “our gospel” not only for distinction and because he felt it was committed to his trust, but because he had enjoyed it himself and had experienced it. What right has any man to preach that which he has not himself enjoyed and made his own? I have heard of a certain physician who usually tried his own medicines upon himself; and surely this should always be the practice of those that serve the heavenly physician. How shall we come and preach of the Balm of Gilead, which is to heal all wounds, if our wounds be unhealed? What a wretched case must that man be in who talks of regeneration, but is not born again; who preaches faith, but has never believed; who talks of pardon, but has never washed in the precious blood; speaks of the righteousness of Christ, but is shivering in the nakedness of his own corruption! Ah! wretched man, to be a herald of good news, while he himself partakes not therein! Ezekiel, before he had to go and speak of the message of God, had that message given to him, and what was said? “Son of man, eat this roll.” He had to take the message written on the roll and eat it, and when it was in his own body then it was that he could tell it out with great power. It is a good old saying, “If your preaching is to go to the heart, it must come from the heart.” It must first have moved our souls, before ever we can hope to move the souls of others. The Lord is my witness that, in preaching to you here, beloved, these many years, I have

preached to you what I have tasted and handled of the good Word of God. I have preached the doctrine of human sin, for I have felt its power, felt its bitterness and shame, and lain in the dust before God, even in despair. I have preached to you the power of the precious blood to cleanse from sin, for I have looked to Christ's dear wounds and found cleansing there. We have only spoken to you what we have ourselves known, and felt, and proved to be true, and I should go to my chamber this night wretched indeed if I had no other assurance of the truth of my message than that which I could find in the experience of other men. Now many of you are engaged in preaching Christ to others, and in teaching Christ to the children in the schools. Always speak out of the fullness of your own hearts, for when you can say, "I have tried this; I am rejoicing in this," then your word will be pretty sure to come with power to the hearts of those that hear you. The man who desires to bring others to Christ should imitate Elisha, the prophet, who, when he found the child dead in the bed and that it could not be raised to life by any other means, went and put his mouth upon the child's mouth, and his hands upon the child's hands, and his feet upon the child's feet, and then by-and-bye the life was restored to the child. We must feel an inward sympathy with those whom we would bring to Christ, and then must tell out from our own soul what we know about the Savior, and it will be sure to come with freshness and with power, God, the Holy Spirit, blessing it. This, then, I think, was Paul's reason for calling it "our gospel" — the gospel committed to him, and the gospel which he had tasted and handled for his own self personally. Now I shall want you to observe in the second place: —

## II. HOW THE GOSPEL CAME TO THE THESSALONIANS.

He describes it as coming in four degrees. First, he says, "It came not in word only, but in power and in the Holy Ghost, and, fourthly, in much assurance." Now these four words enable me to divide the present audience. To all who have been here present, who have been sitting in these pews for any length of time, our gospel has certainly come in word; they have all heard it — heard it, too, so as to understand the run, the gift of it. They have heard it in many forms and shapes commending itself to their attention. But, oh! it is to be feared that there are some to whom it has come in word only, and it is indeed to the preacher (and more still it should be to those who are in such plight) sad that this life-giving Word should be only a word. There was the gospel feast, and the message was sent, but they who were invited came not to the feast. They heard the

message; that was all. Here are sick men lying at Bethesda's pool: they see the water, and that is all; but they step not in, and are not healed. Oh! to lie sick, with healing within reach! To be hungry, and bread hard by! To be thirsty, with the stream flowing at one's foot, and not to drink! Remember dear hearers, that if the Word of God comes to you as word only, it will one day be something more than that, for it is an undoubted truth of Scripture that hearers are responsible for what they hear. "Take heed how ye hear!" shall have to be answered for at the day of judgment. "Ye heard The gospel, but ye rejected it!" shall be one of the charges brought against those who listened to it, and it shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon than it shall be for such. I would like to divide the congregation now upon this question, "How many are there here now to whom the gospel has come in word only?" "Let conscience speak; let each man put his hand upon his heart and answer, "Is that my case?" If so, may it not be your case any longer, nay, not a single day longer, but may the Word come to you in another way!

But there were, secondly, some to whom it came in power. Now there are hearers to whom the gospel comes with an arousing power. They used to be careless, but they cannot be now. They hear the word "Eternity! eternity! eternity!" ringing in their ears, and it startles and awakens them. They cannot be at ease while they are at enmity with God; they feel that their nest is stirred up. It has come with power to them. More than that, there are some to whom the Word has come with crushing effect; it has smitten them down; it has bruised their righteousness; it has dashed to shivers their hopes of themselves; and though they have not looked to Christ for the true hope, yet they feel the power of the gospel, which lays all other hopes in the dust. Ah! I know some of you have felt the power of the gospel, for you went home and prayed, perhaps a score times — after hearing the sermon, you have gone up to your chambers, and you have begun to pray, but the next morning you have forgotten. Your goodness has been like the morning dew, and has melted when the heat of the day's cares has come upon it. Alas! alas! alas! in many a furrow we have sown in vain. We have cast the seed on stony ground; we have thrown it on the highway side, and we have lost our pains; nevertheless, we are to continue still to preach the gospel, for in some it will come with a greater power than this.

Again, I would entreat another division of the house. I knew there are some who will come under this head. They are not saved, but still they

cannot ridicule it: they cannot pass it off with indifference. It is like a sharp two-edged sword; it pierces, and cuts, and wounds. I pray God it may kill them spiritually, that they may yet be made alive.

Now the third degree of the coming of the Word to Thessalonica was that it came in the Holy Ghost. Ah! here is the blessed way; for if it shall come in any other power than this, it will come in vain; but if it come in the Holy Ghost, Oh! then, then its end is achieved, for the Holy Ghost quickens men by a mysterious operation, which we cannot describe, but which some of us have felt, which comes upon men and creates in them a new life, and whereas they were dead in sin they begin to live as they lived not before. That same Spirit then enlightens them, showing a thousand truths in a light in which they never saw them before; they find they have entered into a new world; they have passed from darkness into marvellous light. Then the Spirit of God begins to purify them. He purges them from this sin and that, and he refines, renews them; he is in them as a spirit of burning, consuming sin — a cleansing spirit purging them from unrighteousness. Then he comes as a consoling spirit, and gives them joy and peace, uplifts them above their cares, their temptations, their doubts and fills them with a preface of eternal bliss. Oh! blessed is that man to whom our gospel comes with the Holy Ghost. Beloved, we do not wonder if persons sneer at the gospel in itself, or if others hear it and are unaffected by it, for the gospel in itself is like a sword without a warrior's arm to wield it. But when the Spirit of God comes, man is a doubter no longer. When he lays home the truth he cuts so to the diving of soul and spirit, joint and marrow, that men are convinced, converted, saved, and the truth is to them indeed a living thing. Pray, O beloved members of this church, pray that the Word of God, even our gospel, may come with the Holy Ghost.

But there was a fourth class to whom the Word came in a yet higher degree; for it is added "and with much assurance." To all Christians it comes with the Holy Ghost, but to some with a still greater degree of spiritual power. They believe the gospel, but they do not believe it timidly; they accept it as a matter of firm, solid, indisputable fact; they grasp it as with an iron hand, and their own interest in it does not remain a question. No; they know whom they believe, and are persuaded that he is able to keep that which they have committed to him. They believe in Christ with the faith of Abraham, which staggered not at the promise through unbelief. Clouds and darkness have gone away from their sky, and they see the clear blue ether of God's own presence above them. They rejoice in the Lord



always, and again they do rejoice. There are some such in this house; I bless God for every one of them. May there be many more; for you that possess full assurance are the men that are strong for service. Having the joy of the Lord in your own souls, it becomes your strength as you go forth to fight the Master's battles, because you feel the Master's love. The Lord give us many, many such in the church, to whom the Word of God shall come with the Holy Ghost and with much assurance. Now this is how the Word of God came to them. I must pass on to the third point, and that is:

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### **III. WHAT HAD BEEN THE RESULT OF THIS IN THEMSELVES!**

You will kindly observe that the Apostle says first, "Ye became followers of us and of the Lord." A man when he is at first converted is not fit to be a leader; he has to be a follower. We do not take recruits and make them captains; they must be drilled; they must go into the rank and file a bit. So one of the first things that grace does is to make a man a disciple, that is, a learner, and then he sees in God's Word what his life and conduct should be, and, looking about him, he sees some whom God has blessed with his grace whose life and conduct is according to the Word, and he follows God's servants not slavishly; he draws a distinction between them and their Master, and only follows them so long as they keep company with their Lord. "Ye became followers of us and of the Lord." Brethren, I know that many of you here present, when the Word of God came to you, became followers of holy men. If you heard of any good action, you desired to imitate it. If you read any biography that told of noble deeds, you aspired to emulate such deeds. And when you read the character of your Lord and Master in the four Evangelists, you asked that you might have grace to live a life of self-sacrifice, of devotion to God, and of philanthropy to men. Well, this is no mean work of grace when a man is brought to be a follower of that which is good.

At the same time he tells us that these people received the Word of God "in much affliction, with joy of the Holy Ghost. "I do know that there are some in this house who, when they received the gospel, had to suffer for it, but they rejoiced to do so. From the day in which they put on Christ publicly they were, jeered; they became subjects of derision. Brethren, some have gone back from us because they could not bear the perpetual taunt, but others of you have been kept by the grace of God and made able to bear any stigma or any sneer. And, indeed, is it not a small thing to bear

the jests and jeers of men if the heart be right towards God? What care we — what should we care though all men point the finger and should hiss because of it? Be true to God, believer, and to thy conscience too, and thou mayest well receive the Word “with joy of the Holy Ghost,” even “in much affliction.” This is one proof of every Christian minister’s ministry, when he can point to a people who have become followers of that which is good, and have continued to follow when they have been made to suffer for it.

But it appears that these people at Thessalonica went farther. They grew out of being followers in some sense and, therefore, became leaders. “So that ye were examples to all believers in Macedonia and Achaia.” Now it is a very easy thing for a Christian to be an example to a sinner. He ought to be, and he is not a Christian if he is not. I won’t give twopence for your religion if you do not set a fair example to the ungodly. But it is a higher degree of grace when a man becomes an example even to Christians — when he is such a believer that others may look upon him as the typical Christian, for that is the word used here — may regard him as the type of what a Christian ought to be. Paul says that some of those degraded idolaters to whom he had preached the gospel first followed him and the Lord, and afterwards grew in grace, so that they stood the front rank and became an example to believers. Let, me hold this up, beloved, to your emulation. Let none of us be content to be according to the ordinary cold Christianity of this age. What cold, poor stuff it is! If the Lord himself should come, would he find faith in the earth? Where is the zeal of the days gone by? Where is the ardor, where is the courage of the ages that have gone! If these things be found nowhere else, O my brother, seek to have them in your own soul. Ask God, if you are compelled to see others decline, that you may not decline yourself, for God’s grace can make you an example to the rest of his people. There are such here to-night of whom I might speak — only the Lord bless them and keep them as they are — for I have seen apostolic Christianity here. If I have seen it nowhere else, I have seen it here among some of my brethren and sisters here present, whose service for the Lord shall be remembered in the day of account. They wish it not to be known here, nor will it be, but they have, with tears and prayers, devoted themselves to Christ, and served him well, and he will remember them in that day.

Further, the Apostle goes on to tell us what was done by these Thessalonians, viz., that they turned from idols. Oh! that God might turn

all of us from every idol that we have! We do not worship gods of wood and stone, but how many professors are there still who worship learning; let them seek it, but let them not worship it. There are some that worship fame; others that worship pleasure. This city is full of idolaters from end to end. When the grace of God comes, it makes men worship the unseen God, and leave their idols to those that choose them. Turning from idols, it appears that these people served the living God. They did not merely acknowledge that he was the living God; but they began to serve him; they put forth their strength in his cause. So will it be among us wherever the Word has come with the Holy Ghost; we shall spend and be spent in the service of our Creator and Redeemer.

And he adds that they waited for the coming of the lord. Oh! this is a high mark of grace, when the Christian expects his Lord to come, and lives like one that expects him every moment. If you and I knew to-night that the Lord would come before this service was over, in what state of heart should we sit in these pews? In that state of heart we ought to be. If I knew that I should see my Lord ere another sun should rise, how would I preach? I ought to preach just in that way as though he were sure to come at once, and there could be no doubt about it. We should hold very loosely by the things of this world if we knew that Christ was speedily coming; so loose we ought to hold by them. We should care but little for the discomforts of life if we knew that it would all be over and Christ would come very shortly; so little ought we to think of life's discomforts. Blessed is that man whose soul is always looking for the coming of the Lord! He may not study texts of Scripture to know the times and seasons, but if he be ever expecting that his Lord may come at any time, and shall live under the feeling of that belief and in the power of it, he will be the holy man. "What manner of persons," says Peter, "ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness?" Such we desire to be by the power of the Holy Spirit. Thus we have noticed what the grace of God did for the Thessalonians themselves. Now let us mark: —

#### **IV. WHAT WAS THE RESULT OF THIS TO OTHERS?**

And here I wish to speak practically to the members of this church. Thessalonica was a seaport. It was also a principal town in Macedonia. Hence, whatever was done in Thessalonica was pretty sure to be known throughout Macedonia and the rest of Greece. If the Church at Thessalonica had been a dull, sleepy Church, as some Christian churches

are, it would have lost a fine opportunity of doing good, but being a thoroughly awake Church, really full of God's own power, from that Church was sounded forth the Word of God throughout all Greece, and when the ships left that port they carried the tidings to Asia minor and to other lands, so that Thessalonica became the starting point for the heralds of the cross. Now if there is any place in the world that ought to feel its responsibility, it is London. We are not egotistical, I think, when we say that it is the very heart of the world. Whatever is done here is sure to be known, and an earnest church in London is only what it should be. A church in London of any prominence that is sleepy, and dull, and cold will have a very heavy account to render when the great Master shall come. The Church at Thessalonica sounded forth the gospel involuntarily, and also voluntarily. They did it involuntarily, for their very lives spake. If they did not preach, they were so full of faith, and good works, and holiness, that other people talked about it, and the matter was known, and the work of God in the hearts of the Church could be perceived in the lives of the members, and so it went out. Oh! how happy should any pastor be whose people should be so godly, so united, so generous, so persevering, so prayerful, so full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, that everywhere they should be spoken of, and through them, through their conduct, the Word of God should be sounded abroad. See to that, my brethren — see to it. God has placed us where we are observed of many. Give them something to observe worth seeing. With the eyes of a multitude of witnesses upon us, let us run with patience — the race that is set before us.

But then the Church at Thessalonica sent out the Word voluntarily. I make no doubt that if they had any men among them that could preach the gospel, they bade them go and preach it; and if any went on their travels, whether they were sea captains or merchants that went from place to place, or persons of influence, or whatever they might be, they said to them, "Wherever you go, keep up the propaganda. Preach the gospel tell out Jesus Christ. Be, all of you, missionaries." Now in this I can rejoice, and will rejoice, that it has been so among us. At this present moment I suppose that not less than three hundred of our sons that have been borne upon our knees are preaching the gospel while I am preaching here — I mean ministers of Christ preaching the gospel. Besides that, All round these streets are our evangelists preaching at the street corner. There ought to be more of them. Some of you that come to hear me on Sunday nights ought not to come. If you have got the grace of God in your heart, come

and get enough spiritual meat to feed you, but remember that London is perishing for the lack of the gospel. How dare you, then, sit still to enjoy the gospel while men are perishing? There are lodging-houses that are accessible; there are halls, large and small; there are the street corners; there are all sorts of places where Jesus can be preached. Oh! let us labor with all our might to make him known throughout the length and breadth of this great city. At this moment we have our sons, the sons of this church, preaching in Australia, in America — abundance of them there — preaching the gospel of Christ — in the islands of the Pacific — all through every portion of our Dominions. God be thanked that there are so many; but there ought to be many more. I propound as a theory, not that a Christian man ought to say, “Am I called to preach the gospel?” but that he ought to say, “Am I excused from preaching the gospel?” The old plan was for young men to preach before the Church to see if they could preach. I think we must bring them all up to make them prove that they cannot preach. Now Mr. Oncken has been blessed in Germany, as you knew, to the raising of many Baptist churches, and he always works upon this theory: — Every member of the church must say, when he comes in, what he can do. If he says he cannot do anything, and he be old, and infirm, and bed-ridden, very well, he can serve God by patient suffering; but if he has any ability, and says, “I cannot do anything,” then the reply is, “You cannot come into the church.” We cannot have any drones; we must have all working bees in the hive. I think it would be a good resolution for the Tabernacle to expel every member that is not doing something or other for the Lord Jesus Christ. I am afraid some of you would have to go. Well, we won’t move that resolution, but we will move another, viz., that every member who has been a drone up till now shall pray to be a bee: that everyone who has done nothing shall ask the Lord to help him to begin; that those who have done half as much as they could will do the other half; and that those who are doing all they can will always try to do a little more, for it is always that point of doing more than you can do that, in the long run, is the best kind of doing, for then you have to lean upon God’s strength when you have gone to the limit of your own, and there is the point where the results are pretty sure to follow. I ask the prayers of the dear brethren who have been with us — some of them sixteen and seventeen years this service — that God would not stay his hand in our midst; that as he has multiplied us to an unexampled company of some 4,500 persons or thereabouts in membership, that he may give us unexampled grace; that our zeal and earnestness, and enthusiasm may be in

proportion to the number; and that the success achieved for God may be commensurate with the responsibilities laid upon us. I sound the clarion again to-night! As God said, "Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward," so would I speak to you. Forward, in God's name, forward! The world still lieth in the wicked one. Forward, ye light-bearers! Scatter the darkness. Satan still laughs at God. Forward, with the invincible weapon of the cross, and put him to flight! Now sound your trumpets around the walls of Jericho; continue still to compass it. Now let the trumpet sound, and the wall shall fall flat to the ground by the power of the eternal God. Forward! I hear the angels say it. Forward! I seem to hear innumerable spirits say, beckoning us like the Man of Macedonia, who beckoned Paul across the sea. Forward! The very powers of hell behind us might well drive us on. Forward! The love of Christ within us shall impel us, and let each man and women here that has been redeemed by blood resolve to-night, in Jehovah's strength, to do for God and for his truth something more than yet we have thought of, to the praise of the glory of his grace. God bless you, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

# THE SOUL'S DESERTION

NO. 3552

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*DELIVERED BY C. H. SPURGEON,*

**AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON.**

*“My beloved had withdrawn himself, and was gone.” — Solomon’s Song 5:6.*

The happiest condition of a Christian out of heaven is to live in the conscious enjoyment of the presence of the Lord Jesus. When the love of Christ is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, the believer need not envy an angel his harp of gold. It matters not what may be his outward trial; the Holy Ghost is able to make the heart live above all surrounding circumstances, so that we can have summer in the midst of winter, and pluck our ripest fruits when there are neither leaves nor fruits upon the tree. But the Christian is unhappy, unhappy to the utmost degree, whenever he loses the sense of the presence of his Lord. Then the pillars of his house are made to tremble; his fresh springs are dried up; the sun is hid from his eyes; and the sky is so dark overhead that he walks, rather wanders, about a world which cannot render to his soul any substantial comfort. Were he a worldling he could live upon the world, but having been taught by grace to aspire after something nobler and better, the loss of that is exceedingly grievous to his spirit. I question whether the most of Christians do not sometimes lose the enjoyment of the Lord’s company. I question yet further, whether there are not very many professors who live contentedly under that loss; nor can I account for this, except on the supposition that they can have known but little of that presence their best estate. Otherwise, they must be in a most sickly and slumbering condition of soul, gradually becoming worse and worse; or else they never could bear to have things as they are with them. It seems to me that a real believer in a sound state of health no sooner loses the presence of his Lord than he begins to cry for him. Whither has Christ gone? Why have I lost sight of him? The sounds of his footsteps still linger in the ear. The believer wakens

and starts, and asks himself, "How is this? Whither has my Beloved gone? What is it that has chased him from me? I cannot live if he remove; therefore, let me speedily seek him, and never rest until once more I am restored to full communion with him." Let me, then, talk a little with such believers as have lost for awhile the comfortable presence of their Lord. The first question shall be: —

### I. WHY WAS THE BELOVED GONE?

According to the text, he was gone. Read the preceding verses, or perhaps you have them upon your memories. The spouse had been asleep. This was the beginning of the mischief. "I sleep, but my heart waketh." If we begin to fall asleep, we must not wonder if we miss the quickening and comforting influences of our Lord's presence. Jesus Christ did not put us in his Church that we might sleep away our time on earth. Do not fancy that such an active spirit as that which burned and blazed in our Savior's flesh can be content to hold communion with lazy sluggards who toss upon their belt and say, "Yet a little more sleep and a little more folding of the arms to slumber." It is the active Christian who keeps pace with Christ. Christ is a quick walker; if you crawl along the path of duty, he will soon leave you behind, until you begin to enquire, "Whither is he gone" and quicken your pace to overtake him. Are there any here who have missed Christ's presence, and who may trace it to the fact that they have been drowsy in prayer of late, heavy in all the exercises of study and duty, and, in fact, sleepy altogether? Have they been without care for the conversion of others, having scarcely any concern even about their own children; perhaps indifferent to the welfare of Christ's Church, feeding little upon the Word, and resorting but little to the assemblies of the saints? Marvel not if the Beloved withdraw himself when his spouse does nothing but nod and sleep, instead of keeping company with him in active service!

After the spouse had fallen asleep, her Beloved came and knocked at the door, saying, "Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled; for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night." Yet she refused to open the door to him. Surely this is another sin which drives Christ away; when admonished for falling into a drowsy state, not to regard it. Depend upon it there is extreme peril to a soul that does not accept the warning. Awful as it is to sin when unwarned, it is still more horrible to persevere in sin in the teeth of rebuke, and after gentle, loving expostulations. What! did conscience prick me, and will I not be



scrupulous? After having seen my fault and smarted for it, do I still persist in it? Have I been lukewarm and indifferent? Does the Holy Spirit visit me, remonstrate with me, and make me feel that I am gradually backsliding, and little by little declining? Have I vowed and resolved that I would seek spiritual recovery, and am I still as dull, careless, and unconcerned as ever? This argues ill and argues ill for my soul! The Beloved will not put up with these rebuffs for ever. Out of love to us, he will hide his face; if we grieve him, he will go; if we walk frowardly towards him, he will soon walk frowardly towards us. These are God-provoking sins; it is a defying of his Spirit when ye thus spurn his gentle admonitions.

Note, further, that the spouse, when her Beloved knocked at the door, made idle excuses that she had put off her cloak, and put off her sandals, and could not put them on. She was taking her rest upon her couch, and could not bring herself to come to the door to let him in. Ah! how often self-indulgence lies at the bottom of the sin that drives Christ away! A believer cannot let his lower nature get the uppermost, and yet find that he is walking agreeably to the Lord's mind. Your spiritual nature ought to keep your mental nature under control, and your mental nature ought to keep your bodily or animal nature entirely in check. A man who, is a thinker and a philosopher will scorn to let the mere passions govern him, but a true Christian, having a yet higher spirit within him than the mere mind, having that new living seed within himself which comes from God, and leads him to God, should not and must not allow his baser nature to reign supreme. If we indulge the flesh, depend upon it Christ will not be with us. He does not come to dwell with swine, but with men; and not with men of the earth earthy, except in order to renew them and make them like himself, who is the second man, the Lord from heaven; to make them heavenly. If your conversation is to be with Christ, your conversation must be in heaven. If you would enjoy the sunlight, you must not bow your face down to the earth. If you seek to be enriched in the things of God, you must not be for ever groping among the dark pits and bogs, and morasses of earth. Oh! soul, art thou indulging thyself and taking things easy? Carnal security is one of thy worst enemies. Do I hear any man say, "It is enough, my soul; thou hast much spiritual goods laid up for many years; take thine ease"? Dost thou think that there is no need for thee to watch? Thou hast become so experienced that there is no occasion for thee to be much in prayer, for a word with thee is as an hour with some; that there is no cause for thee to be continually striving against thy besetting sin, thou hast got

such complete mastery over these infirmities. Oh! when we talk so we betray the darkness in which we are living, the self-deception we are fostering; the corruption we are degenerating into, and the desertion we are provoking. Such backsliding as this will soon make Jesus hide his face from us.

Beloved, the simple reason of Christ's conscious absence from our souls is, in most cases, sin. I say in most cases, for sometimes Christ may hide himself in absolute sovereignty, but I am always jealous lest we should charge God foolishly. You are so apt to put too many saddles on that stalking horse. There are such multitudes of professors who would even excuse their sins upon the plea of a divine sovereignty which exposed them to temptation, that I scarcely like to mention it. I believe that God does not afflict willingly or arbitrarily the children of men. Neither does Christ hide his face from his people for naught; but your sins have separated between you and your God. He chastises us, not as silly parents may do, out of mere spleen or caprice, or to please themselves, as the Apostle seemed to think some fathers did in his day; for he says, "They verily chastened us after their own pleasure." But when God chastens us, it is for our profit. Our good is his aim, and his end in using the rod of correction. He makes us smart for the sin which seemed sweet. He nauseates our palate with the bitter fruits of disobedience, that we may afterwards relish the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

Now, beloved, in each individual case the hiding of the Lord's face may be occasioned by a different sin. It is very probable that my Lord thinks that to be a high sin in me which he would take little notice of in you. It is equally possible that he may think that to be peculiarly offensive in you which he would not visit in my case with stripes, for according to our constitution, our office, our experience, our light, and our several circumstances, our transgressions may be estimated. You are not provoked, perhaps, by a good deal of noise from one of your children, but half that noise from another of your children would vex you exceedingly. Because the one happens to be of a quick, impetuous temperament, you set it down to natural disposition; but the other being of gentler habit and quieter mood, you upbraid him for his excitement, as if it were of evil prepense, and intended to aggravate and annoy. So you may have a confidential servant in your family, from whom you may reasonably expect more care, thoughtfulness, and circumspection than you look for in any of the other servants. The more trust you repose, the more scrupulousness you require.

Let us, then, each one according to his position, seek grace to walk uprightly, carefully, tenderly. It has been well said that what an ordinary subject might do or say, one of the Cabinet Council must not even think. The favourite of kings has a dangerous path, to walk, and though it is a blessed privilege to be the favourite of heaven, it involves a very solemn responsibility. "You only have I known of all the inhabitants of the earth; therefore, I will punish you for your iniquities." You can see defilement on a white slab which you would not have noticed on the common soil; so there are sins which spoil the character of saints that would hardly be observed in ordinary society. The presence of Christ can only be preserved with incessant watchfulness and inviolate fidelity. The sacred Dove is soon disturbed. The Beloved is soon waked up and made to stir. Hence it should be our cry, "I charge you by the roes and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake, my love until he please." Having thus considered the cause why the Beloved is gone, let us enquire: —

## II. WHAT ENSUES UPON THE WITHDRAWAL OF HIS PRESENCE?

Great mistakes have been made upon this subject. Some have supposed that believers suddenly cease to be followers of Christ, go back into the world, apostatize, and perish. But the Lord does not desert his people after this fashion. He hath not cast away his people whom he did foreknow, and he never will. Has he put his hand to the work of their salvation, he will not turn away from them. When he turns away it is always with a gracious motive; hence the consequences, though often very sad, are not fatal. The withdrawal of his conscious presence is not intended to slay us, though it brings us very low, and would leave us a prey to destruction were it not that he stayeth his hand in time, and giveth grace to keep the soul alive under his desertion.

As soon as ever Christ is gone, there is a suspension of those influences that once made the Christian happy and strong. The Holy Spirit no longer comforts the soul. The Word does not enliven or invigorate. The sweetest sermons fail to cheer the heart. Even the promises of God's Holy Book are like lanterns without candles; they bring no light. When Christ hides his face from a disciple, his spirits flag, and he feels a general depression. He cannot pray as it was his wont to do; he cannot preach as he once did. The holy duties to which he tenaciously clings become rather a burden than a pleasure. Instead of those delightful walks he had alone when his soul went up to God in quiet meditation, he finds his thoughts all dissipated, scattered

hither and thither. Nor can he by any means concentrate them; far less can he make them soar and mount towards Christ. He goes to his Bible — not so often as he did, nor yet so solemnly as he did — but the book does not speak to him. God answereth him neither by Urim nor by Thummim, nor by open voice. And now he does not seem to have the illuminations of God's Spirit. He does not dive into the meaning of the Word as once he did. Providence, again, seems dark. The secret of the Lord does not appear to be with him as it formerly was. He has no enjoyment. The soul follows after God after a fashion; but, alas! he has to cry, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within met?" Thus divine influences are, for a while suspended.

Then it follows that he loses much of his assurance. He used to know he was a Christian. Now he begins to sing, " 'Tis a point I long to know." So he has to furbish up his old evidences, and eat some of the stale meat that he used to care little for when he used to live upon a daily portion from the King, even a portion from the King's table. He sits down in the ashes, and is glad to sit there. Sometimes he mourns because he cannot mourn, and frets because he cannot fret. While he sees his sin he is afraid he has not a true, feeling of it. Though he, still looks to the cross of Christ and to the precious blood of atonement, he does not seem to have the power of looking that he once had, nor to derive that comfort from casting himself upon the finished work which aforetime he did when Jesus Christ was manifestly with him.

But perhaps it will aid you in realizing the dark features of this desertion if I use a little simile. You see full often a house that is left by its former tenant, and is shut up. Jesus Christ never altogether leaves a heart of which he has once taken possession. There is one room in a believer's soul which the Holy Ghost never quits. Where he comes he comes to abide, and to abide for ever. Still, that room is so secret that while he resides there the whole house may look as if it was deserted. Compare that empty house with a cheerful home. What a contrast between its previous and present condition! Why, the joy has gone from it. The blinds are drawn down — or, mayhap, the windows stare at you in their desolation. The house looks unfurnished. It is no longer any ornament to the street. Its decorations have vanished since its inhabitants have fled. The house is there, with all its capacities; the home, with all its vivacities, is wanting. The life and the loveliness have gone from it. And so a child of God soon loses all his joy and comfort when the tenant of his soul is withdrawn. No sparkling of the

eye, no singing of the great hallelujahs; no sounding of the cymbals, even the high-sounding cymbals. He will be glad enough to get a note out of the sackbut now. He cannot get up to those glorious songs which once made his spirit keep tune with the angels because the joys of heaven had come down to earth.

Then the house, being empty, is sure to get into a state of filth. There is nobody to clean the dust; all sorts of spiders and foul things get into the corners and crannies, and the longer the house is shut up the more these creatures multiply. Down in the cellar there is a little vegetation — long yellow stalks and roots trying to live — left there by some old inhabitant. But there is nothing fair, nor beautiful; all is uncomfortable. So it gets to be in our hearts. All sorts of evils spring up. Evils we little suspected, which would have been kept in check by the presence of Christ, begin to multiply and increase upon us, and the little good that is in us seems to be an unhealthy sprout, bringing forth nothing unto perfection.

Then a house with nobody in it decays. How the metal rusts! How the paint gets stained! How the wood begins to rot! How the whole thing has a damp kind of smell! It is all going to ruin. Why, ten years of habitation would not do so much mischief as these twelve months of shutting up. When Jesus Christ is gone, everything is amiss — love nearly expires, hope scarcely glimmers, faith is well-nigh paralyzed, no grace is in lively exercise. Without the life of God in the soul, there is a total collapse, and a chill strikes right through the spirit. Has the house been long empty? The boys outside are pretty sure to mark it for their sport, and to break the windows. In fact, it stands exposed to all sorts of outward damage. So, too, with malice and mischief, the devil will come upon a man when he knows that he has lost the light of God's countenance. What a horrible old coward he is! When the child of God is rejoicing in the company of Christ, he has not often to encounter Satan. The accuser of the brethren well knows how to time his tactics and his temptations. But when he sees that the Lord he departed, then Satan takes courage, and attacks the child of God to his serious damage and hurt. I heard the other day of a good country ploughman who told a story of victory over temptation in his own simple style. He was a man who feared God above his neighbors, and seemed to live above the world in spiritual things. A minister asked him if he did not get tempted and worried sometimes by Satan. "Yes," he said; "I have known much about being tempted by Satan in my time. Why, sir, ten years ago I was threshing in this barn here, and the devil came upon me

with a strong temptation. It plagued and worried me so, that I could not get rid of it; till at length I put down my flail, and got away into a corner, just beyond the wheat there, and I wrestled with God against him until I gained such a victory that I came back to my place rejoicing. Many a time since that," said the old man, "he has lurked about my path; but I never stop to parley. I repeat the promise by which I found a way of escape that day in this barn, and I feel myself made strong by the remembrance of that victory, " Ay, and just so when we can remember some of those occasions when we seemed to overcome temptation by private communion with God, then we get strong, but

*“Let the Lord be once withdrawn,  
And we attempt the work alone,  
When new temptations spring and rise,  
We find how great our weakness is.”*

Like Samson, when his hair was lost, we think we shall defeat Satan as at other times, but we: —

*“make our limbs with vain surprise,  
Make feeble fight, and tees our eyes.”*

When houses have been long left without tenants and look deserted, they get up a rumor that they are haunted. And sure I am that when a heart has been left by Christ, and there have been no comfortable enjoyments of his presence, our souls do get haunted with strange, mysterious doubts and fears, vexations and forebodings which you cannot grapple with; horrors that do not take any shape; troubles that ought not to be distressing; alarms that are made up of shadows; dangers that have not any real existence. Oh! that Christ were there! As phantoms would all vanish in the sunlight, so would all these dreary doubts and dismal dilemmas be chased away if Christ returned. Oh! that our poor empty house could once more have its gates flung wide open, and that the King could come to dwell in his own palace, and make it all bright and lustrous with his presence! Master, see how sick we are without thee! Come, blessed Physician! Jesus, see what wretched beings we are if thou withdraw! Come, our Beloved; come to us! Let the sad effects of thy departure quicken thy footsteps, and bring thee over the mountains of division to the longing spirits of thy fainting children. Passing on, let us enquire: —

**III.** WHAT COMFORT IS THERE FOR A SOUL WHEN THE BELOVED HAS WITHDRAWN HIMSELF AND IS GONE!

Let me reply, there is no comfort at all that will be of any service to you unless you get him back. Ah! but if a wife loves her husband, and he is gone, we may quote the old song: —

*“There is nae luck about the house  
When the gude man’s awa’.”*

The dear man, the joy of her heart, being gone, she could not make anything go well. And so, where the loving heart has lost its Beloved, its best Beloved, there seems to be no joy anywhere. Nothing can make up to a regenerate soul for the loss of the society of her Lord. And yet some considerations may help to stay us while we are seeking for it. Though he is gone, he is our Beloved still. Though we cannot see him, yet we love him; and if we cannot enjoy him, we thirst after him, and that is some consolation, though it be a poor consolation, to think it has not quite lost all its life, for it has got life enough to smart, and life enough to be in pain, and life enough to feel itself in exile until Christ’s return. Methinks, too, there is some comfort in this, that though he is gone, he is gone out of love. Was it in a tiff of anger? yet it was rather a rebuke of our sins than a rejection of our persons. Christ withdraws because he wants to bring us to our senses, and to draw us more closely to himself. He knows that if we were to have enjoyments, and yet walk in sin, this would be highly dangerous; therefore, these enjoyments must be withheld till the heart is broken, and the soul abhors itself in dust and ashes.

It is some comfort also, that though he is gone, he is not gone out of earshot. Jesus Christ can still hear the cry of his people. Nay, he is not gone beyond the reach of his eyesight. He is looking upon his poor deserted one to see what the effect of his hiding himself is.

And there is this to be said, that he is not so far gone but what at any moment he can return, and his return can at once make our souls like the chariots of Aminnadib. He can rise upon our darkness, and that in the next instant if so it pressed him. He is gone, but he is not altogether gone. He has not taken his love from us, nor shall his loving-kindness utterly fail. Still on his hands he bears the marks of his passion for our salvation. Still on his breast plate glitter the jewels that bear our names. He cannot forget us, though he hides himself. He may be asleep, but it is in the same vessel with us, and near the helm. He may appear to have utterly deserted us, but “can a woman forget her sucking child that she should not have

compassion on the son of her womb", Yea, they may forget, but Christ shall never forget his saints. But now, lastly:

#### IV. WHAT IS OUR DUTY IN SUCH A PLIGHT?

If he is gone, what then? I answer — our duty is to repent of that which has driven him away. We must institute a search at once. Bunyan describes the citizens of Mansoul as searching for the cause why Immanuel had withdrawn himself, and they took Master Carnal-Security, and burned his house, and hanged him on a gallows on the site where the house stood, for it was through feasting with him that the Prince was angered, and his subjects lost his presence. Search yourselves if you are not as happy as you were; if you are not living as near heaven-gate as you were, seat yourselves.

And having so done, and found out the evil, ask grace to be purged of it. Oh! you will fall into that evil again if you trust to your own strength, but in reliance upon the Holy Spirit's power you can overcome it; you can put your foot upon the new of this evil, and so destroy it that it shall not molest you again.

And then, beloved, let me earnestly entreat you — and I am speaking more to myself, perhaps, than I am to any of you — to stir up your whole soul to recover lost ground. Be ashamed that there is any lost ground to recover. Oh! it is easier to lose Christ than it is to find him after we have lost him. It is easier to go straight on in the strength of grace than it is to have to go back to find your roll which you have lost under the settle in the harbour of ease, and then, after going back, to have to go over the same ground again. When you have got the wings of an eagle, what blessed work it is to soar, and to pass over long tracks of country! But when the eagle-wing is gone, and you have to limp painfully along, like David, with broken bones, it is hard work. But, beloved, if you have slipped at all, ask grace to recover now. For my own part, I feel I have so little grace that I have none to lose. As to falling back — oh! what should we be if we fell at all back, for we are back enough now! We are nowhere at all in comparison with the saints of God in the olden time. We are but beginners and babes, but where, where, where shall we be if we are to go farther back still? Nay, nay, sovereign grace, prevent so dreadful a catastrophe! Press forward.

And, brethren, will it not be a great thing and a right thing for us to endeavor to set apart much time for special prayer that we may have lost



grace restored? Should we not set ourselves to this one thing, that we must get back by the simplicity of faith to the cross-foot, and by the earnestness of love unto the bosom of the Master once more, and that we will not be satisfied with preaching, and praying, and going to places of worship, or with ordinances, or with anything, until we get Christ back again? Oh! my soul, I charge thee be content with nothing till thou get thy Lord again. Say, with the good housewife I spoke of just now, whose husband was from home, "Yes, this room shall be decorated, and every part of the house shall be cleansed, but, ah! the joy of my heart will be to see him return, and until he come the house cannot be cheerful and joyous." It is so with our souls. We must have the King back, and back soon. But when he does come back, we must hold him fast, and not let him go. Charge your souls to be more careful in the future, lest ye again provoke him to jealousy.

Alas! for those who never knew my Lord! Oh! may they seek him early, and find him speedily! If it is sad to lose his presence for awhile, what must it be to live and die without Christ? Oh! that is a black word for anyone to have written on his brow, "Without Christ." If you are in that condition, dear hearer, may divine grace bring you to Christ, and Christ to you, that you may enjoy the fellowship of his love! Amen.

# THE FULNESS AND THE FILLING

NO. 3553

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*DELIVERED BY C. H. SPURGEON,*

**AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON.**

*“And of his fullness have all we received, and grace for grace” — John 1:16.*

ONE Sabbath day I was staying in an Italian town on the other side of the Alps. Of course, the whole population was Romish. Two or three of us, therefore, being Protestants, held a little service for the worship of God in the simple manner that is our wont. After this, I went out for a walk. The weather being hot and sultry, I sought the outskirts of the town to get to as quiet and cool a spot as possible. Presently I came to an archway at the foot of a hill where there was an announcement that any person who would climb the hill with proper intentions should receive the pardon of his sins and five days' indulgence. I thought I might as well have five days' indulgence as anybody else, and if it were of any advantage, to have it laid by in store. I cannot tell you all I saw as I went, first one way, and then another, up that hill. Suffice it to say that there was a series of little churches, through the windows of which you might look, as one in his boyish days looked through a peep-show. The whole scene and circumstance of the passion and death of Christ were thus modeled, beginning, with his agony in the garden, where he was represented in a figure as large as life, with the drops of bloody sweat falling to the ground; the three disciples a stone's throw off, and the rest of the apostles outside the garden wall. Every feature looked as real as if one had been standing upon the spot. I scrutinized each group narrowly, and carefully read the Latin text which served as an index, till I reached the top of the hill, where I saw a garden, just like an English garden, and as I pushed open the door I faced these words, “Now there was a garden, and in the garden there was a

new sepulcher.” Walking down a path I came to a sepulcher; so I stooped down and looked in, as Peter had done. There, instead of seeing a picture of the corpse of Christ, I read in gilded letters these words — of course, in the Latin tongue — ” He is not here, for he is risen; come, see the place where the Lord lay.” Passing on, I came to a place where His ascension was represented. On the summit was a large church, into which I entered. No one was there, yet the place for me had a marvellous interest. High up in the ceiling there swung a rude representation of the Lord Jesus Christ, and round it were statues of the prophets, all with their fingers pointing up to him. There was Isaiah, with a scroll in his left hand, on which was written, “He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.” Further on stood Jeremiah, and on his scroll was written, “Behold and see if there was ever sorrow like unto my sorrow, which was done unto me.” All round the church I read in great words, that were large enough to be seen, though they were blazoned on the top of the ceiling, “Moses and all the prophets spoke and wrote concerning him.”

Now, though I cannot take you to see that remarkable sight, which I shall never forget, I would fain bring before your mind’s eye something like it. Suppose that all the saints who lived from the days of Adam, down to the times when Malachi closed the Old Testament, and that all the saints who lived in Christ’s time, and then on through the early ages. of the Church in the days of Chrysostom, and Augustine, and all the holy men who afterwards gathered around the Reformers, and all who in every’ place have served God singe then — suppose they all stood in one vast circle; to whom do you suppose they would every one point? To whom would they all bear witness? Why, with outstretched arm, every one of them would turn to the Lord Jesus Christ, and speak his praise. Could you then enquire into their individual history, you would find among them characters exceedingly diverse, though all remarkably beautiful; some renowned for courage, others for gentleness; some for patient endurance, others for diligent labor, and yet all inspired by a common faith; all of them aglow with fervent gratitude; all of them looking with steadfast gaze and love intense towards ONE from whom they had received every gift that profited them; and that One, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Savior of men. The rule would admit of not a single exception. From each man in his own proper position, from every man in his own particular calling, from all the individuals severally in their own personal experience, the innumerable voices, distinct, but blending in chorus, would go up from earth to heaven,

saying, “Of his fullness have all we received, and grace for grace.” Then methinks from the excellent glory would come a response. The inhabitants of heaven would echo back the strain, “Of his fullness have all we, the glorified spirits, received, and grace for grace.” This is the testimony of the Church militant, and of the Church triumphant; yea, it is the testimony of all who in every place and at every time have come and put their trust under the shadow of his wings.

Our text seems to suggest two thoughts — the fullness and the filling — upon each of which I will attempt to say a little, a very little. With so infinite a theme we can do no more than children do when they take up a little sea-water in a shell; their tiny scoop cannot embrace the ocean. I stand on the narrow edge of a vast expanse, and leave the boundless depths to your contemplation. His fullness! an inexhaustible reservoir. Our filling! an illimitable endowment. Beloved, the river of God, which is full of water, can well supply the little canals that are fed from such a fountain with grace for grace.

**I. THE FULLNESS** I said. It is his fullness, the fullness of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Oh! what a fullness he has! The fullness which belongs to him personally! Note this well; forget it not. Our Redeemer is essentially God. By nature he is divine. He has condescendingly taken upon himself our nature, and he is most truly and assuredly man. Very God! for to him belong all be attributes of Jehovah. Very man! for when he took our flesh and blood, he accepted the entire sympathies of our creatureship. In his complex nature he possesses fullness. In him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily. He has the fullness of omnipotence, and all power is given unto him as Mediator in heaven and in earth. Omnipresence is his to perfection; “for where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I (he said) in the midst of them.” He has essential wisdom. Even when on earth, “he did not commit himself, because he knew all men, and needed not that any should testify of man, for he knew what was in man.” In him is fullness of justice. The Father hath given all judgment unto the Son. “Shall not God judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained, whereof he hath given assurance unto all men in that he hath raised him from the dead? “In him is fullness of mercy, for “through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins.” The attributes of God make up a perfect total. The unity, with all its uniqueness, is his. Divisions and sub-divisions are ours. The fractional parts of which we take account are but the breaking up of a great feet to our weak understanding. Think as

you may, your thought cannot describe or compass God; for God is all that is good and blessed. And as is God, so is Christ. All the divine attributes are contained and represented in Christ Jesus in their fullness, not diminished by his humiliation, but resplendent by his triumph.

In him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead.” He is the express image of the Father’s person, the brightness of his Father’s glory; not more glory, but the brightness of his Father’s glory. What confidence this ought to inspire in our hearts! The fullness from which you and I derive the grace we receive is none other than the infinite fullness of God over all blessed for ever, whose name Immanuel, God with us. There was a fullness also in Christ in respect to his manhood. Nothing was lacking to him that is involved in being by nature and constitution a perfect man. He was pure; he did not inherit any sin; his disposition did not tend towards any evil. Still, all that pertains to the original creatureship of man as created by God did Christ possess in the fullness of development. Hence, my brethren, there is in him at this moment a fullness of sympathy. He is not such a high priest as cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, but he was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin. Do not suppose that Jesus is less human than you are yourselves; he is fully human. Do not imagine that he is less tender than you would be towards the weak and suffering; he is full of tenderness; his bowels melt with love. A mother has often a tenderness that we do not find in a father. Masculine strength and courage do not always blend with the gentle, sympathetic qualities of woman. Howbeit when God created man in his own image, male and female created he them. The virtues, if I may so say, of both sexes were combined in our Lord; the suavity as well as the staunchness — the feminine as well as the masculine of our common humanity. Human nature in its totality and completeness was fully possessed and thoroughly represented by him. The sympathetic nature which melts at the tear and smiles at the joy of others, was as truly his as the heroic nature that parleys not with fear, but acts with promptitude and suffers with fortitude, like a warrior in the hosts of the Lord. There is thus a fullness of humanity as well as a fullness of divinity in Christ Jesus, our Savior — a fullness of perfection in his blessed person which may well fix your trust and rivet your admiration.

In our Lord, likewise, there is what I may venture to call, for lack of a better word, an acquired fullness. He has sojourned on earth, and rendered entire and undeviating obedience to the law of God, having taken upon

himself the form of a servant, and by his righteousness earned wages; a fullness, an everlasting wellspring of merit. Throughout his whole life he honored the divine law, and glorified God on the earth. In doing his Father's will, his action was so voluntary and so vicarious, that he has accumulated an inexhaustible fund of merit, which all of us who believe in his name may plead before the Father's throne. More especially did his death consummate the obedience, and constitute its sterling worth, its intrinsic virtue. His death, with all its surroundings — from the bloody sweat in the olive garden to the last cry, "Into thy hands I commit my spirit" — was sublime. All through the scourging and the splitting, the shame, the wounding, he crucifixion, the thirst, the desertion, and the death itself, he was working out an atonement for us;

*“Bearing, that we might never bear  
His Father’s righteous ire.”*

And now with him risen from the dead, raised to the right hand of the Majesty on high, there is a fullness of prevalence in his intercession when he pleads his blood; a fullness of cleansing power when the Spirit applies the blood to the guilty conscience; a fullness of peace to the heart when his blood speaketh better things than that of Abel. In that fountain filled with blood drawn from Immanuel's veins there is a fullness that never can be exhausted by all the sin of man. He has finished the work which his Father gave him to do. Now the covenant is ratified with him that he shall see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied. In these respects we are convinced that there is an acquired as well as a personal fullness in our precious Lord.

No less hath he a fullness of dignity, of high prerogative. He is, a Prophet. By him are all his people taught, warned, counselled, and encouraged with a blessed hope. He is a Priest, and by him they are cleansed from sin, and consecrated to God. Moreover, he is also a King, spreading the aegis of protection over all his liege subjects, and ordaining peace for them. Under his beneficent rule, they prosper. Thou good Shepherd! Thou great Shepherd of the sheep! there is no once or obligation that was necessary for our welfare, but thou hast taken it, and undertaken it in our behalf. Thou art to us all that we require, and all that we could desire. Join all the qualities involved in name or fame that commend themselves most closely to your heart, because they meet your necessities, or draw forth your sympathies, and you shall find that he comprises them all in liberal, lavish

fullness. Nor hath his prerogative any limit. As a priest, who hath once offered a sacrifice of everlasting prevalence, his absolution or his benediction is final and irrevocable. As a prophet, his authority is unimpeachable; the authority with which he teaches allows of no appeal. As a king, he has right as well as might on his side. In the midst of Zion, willing subjects yield to his beneficent sway; in the outer world, reluctant rebels must submit themselves to his scepter. He is no priest whose vain pretense has no valid prescript; he is no prophet whose teaching is uncertain in its tone, or limited in its range; he is no king whose prerogative is not sanctioned by his wisdom, and whose government awakens no fealty of love. But in the administration of all his offices, our Lord Jesus Christ shows a fullness of qualification, and gives a fullness of satisfaction. In such respects he has no rival; nor is there any room for a rival to arise.

And let me say here that the power with which our Lord exercises these offices may well command our devout confidence. Do you want to learn the truth? Oh! come to the prophet of Nazareth, and you shall find that there is a satiety of truth in his teaching such as was never found in heathen augur, or even to the same extent in Hebrew seer! Or do you want acceptance before God. Oh! then, come ye to the Priest who is not of the tribe of Levi, but a Priest after the order of Melchisedec, whose royalty confers dignity on his sacerdotal office! He can present your sacrifice with the much incense of his merit that is acceptable before the throne. Or do you want strength? Do you need one to fight your battles, to take hold of the shield and the buckler, and draw out the spear, and handle the bow? Behold, the Hero of Israel, whose exploits are told in your songs — Jesus, the King by right of conquest, as well as by right divine, hath a fullness of power and majesty with which no adversary can cope. He reigneth. His reign is the consolation of his people, the guarantee of their peace. These are bare outlines. Time would fail me to enumerate all his offices. They are very numerous; but, however numerous, Christ possesses them all. He enjoys the prerogatives peculiar to them all in the fullest degree. He possesses the power to exercise them all to the fullest extent.

But in Christ there is verily a blessed fullness of every kind of perfection. Whatsoever there may be that is lovely or of good repute is to be found in Christ. All that is virtuous or amiable in the character of men; all that is noble and illustrious in the endowments that Heaven bestows on the most privileged of creatures, our Lord possessed. It was said of Henry the Eighth that if all the likenesses of tyrants had been lost out of history, they

might have been reproduced out of the one character of that monstrous tyrant-king. So, if all the holy features of patriarchs and prophets, of saints and martyrs, that ever lived were blotted from the canvas of history, they all might be painted afresh from the one life of the Divine person of our ever — adorable Lord Jesus Christ. In him there was not only one perfection, but all perfections meet and blend to make up one matchless perfection. There was not one sweet alone in him, but in him all sweets combine in a perfect sweetness. John has love, Peter courage, Paul zeal — each saint has his own peculiarity, but in Christ all the qualities of goodness and grace converge. He exhibits them in the highest degree and the purest harmony. After such manner are they incorporated in him as to produce a character the like of which was never known before, nor ever shall be witnessed again.

And never forget that a fullness of the Holy Spirit abideth in Christ. The Lord gives not the Spirit by measure unto him. He hath the residue of the Spirit. His is the head upon which the anointing oil is fully poured. We, who are but as the skirts of his garments, are favored with some droppings thereof, but the fullness of the anointing of the Spirit was bestowed upon Jesus Christ our Lord, and from him his members must receive the portion they enjoy.

His fullness! I linger on the word, for I revel in the meditation. Such a fullness as admits of no diminution, for it is an abiding fullness. What though all the saints of every age have come to Christ, and drawn their supplies from him, he is just as full as ever. Think not that those who first came drank of a copious fountain that has been partly drained by the myriads who have since slaked their thirst. The Apostles received of his fullness, and so do we; they without prejudice to us; we without prejudice to those who shall follow after us. When I came to Christ eighteen hundred years after the Apostles came, yet I received of the fullness at just the same rate as when Peter, John, or Paul received it. Should this dispensation last another thousand years, and some poor, trembling wretch should come to the foot of the cross to receive mercy, he will not receive Christ half full, but he shall receive of Christ's fullness, for it is an abiding fullness. It is never less than full; never can be more than full. In him there is an infinity of grace and truth. Such fullness is there in him at all times, under all your circumstances of trial, aye, and under all conditions of sin too. The fullness of Christ to supply will always exceed the faith of the believer to seek. And when you feel your emptiness more than you ever did before, then you will



set the most store upon his abounding towards us in all wisdom and prudence. Considering, then, his abiding fullness, his inexhaustible fullness, his available fullness, I entreat you to avail yourself of this fullness now without demur, without delay. As there is a fullness, so there is: —

## II. A FILLING.

This is to be our second part. I must speak of it with brevity “Of his fullness have all we received.” Surely, then, all the saints were empty before. You are empty, my brother, and so was Abraham, so was Paul. Grace, the free grace of God, has made all the difference between Peter and Judas, though the one repented and the other despaired; the one traveled the heavenly road, the other went down quickly to hell. They stood on equal footing in transgression, till grace made them to differ. What radical difference is there between one man and another from a legal point of view?

“All have sinned and come short of the glory of God.” All alike have to come to Christ empty of merit, or they would never come at all. That was a pretty tale we heard the other day, and it points a right good moral. A worthy, consistent, industrious woman was married to a low, worthless, dissipated husband. Both of them, however, were alike ignorant of the gospel. They came together to the house of prayer; they heard together the tidings of mercy; they each believed, and each of them received the Savior, and they both were saved the same way; they both found mercy on the same terms. To the rich, free, sovereign grace of God they cried with one another in ascribing the praise. That is a fact. It occurred last week. I do not know whether this makes it more convincing to you; but I might say, as Elihu said to Job, “Lo, all these things worketh God oftentimes with men, to bring back his soul from the pit, to be enlightened with the light of the living!”

Observe that the filling is universal. All the saints partake of it. “Of his fullness have all we received.” There are manifold diversities of experience among the Lord’s people, but in some things they share and share alike. Some saints do not undergo the stress of trial and tribulation that others pass through. Here, however, there is no partiality. They have, every one of them, received out of Christ’s fullness. Not one of them could do without receiving it; not one of them could receive it from any other hand than that of the Divine Benefactor. They earned it not. They accepted it. They received it of Jesus Christ.

This is peculiar to the saints. While it says, “Of his fullness have all we received,” manifestly a certain body of people have become partakers of a privilege which it is no less evident that all men have not received. What thousands and tens of thousands there are who, when invited to the gospel feast, reject the call, “make a wretched choice, and rather starve than come.” “All we!” that is, all of those who have believed. And who are “we,” or what are “we,” that such grace should be given to us in preference to anybody else? Ah! brethren, little cause enough have we for self-satisfaction! On the score of desert no choice had ever fallen on us. We were the vilest, the least worthy, the least attractive, and, in some respects, the least hopeful! Oh! grace, it is thy wont into unlikeliest hearts to come, and it is the glory of love divine to find in darkest spots a home! “All we”; we who were once dead in trespasses and sins; we who were once lost like the prodigal son, lost like the wandering sheep, lost like the piece of money; we who needed seeking, needed finding, need saving; yet of his fullness have all we received. Recollect that the reception is peculiar to believers; it does not go beyond them.

Be it clear, however, that there is, and must be, a personal reception in every case. “Of his fullness have all we received.” No one of us can receive it transmitted from another, but each one of us receives it directly from him. Your father’s grace cannot save you. It was a wise speech of the wise virgins. When the foolish virgins said to them, “Give us of your oil,” they replied, “Not so, lest there be not enough for us and you; go rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves.” Family piety involves responsibilities, but it cannot stand in the place of personal godliness. Dear hearer, you must go to Christ for yourself. All who ever were saved have done so, and you certainly will not be saved unless you are led to do the same. It is a personal filling. “Of his fullness have all we received.”

The bounty is gratuitous. Notice the neat words, “and grace for grace.” It is not said, “Of his fullness have we all purchased,” nor “Of his fullness have we all earned a share”; but it is all passive. We have received. What does the vessel do to fit itself for the water that flows into it? Why, it does nothing. All its doing can fit it to recede is an undoing; that is to say, it empties itself to prepare itself to be filled. Oh! if any of you desire to find Jesus Christ, the doing must be in the way of undoing. You must be emptied to be filled. The preparation is a consciousness that you are not prepared. In such unpreparedness you are prepared for Christ. This is an enigma and a riddle. Those who think themselves prepared for him are not

so, but those who know that they are not prepared are just the souls upon whom his grace will come. Poverty, not riches; blindness, not sight; emptiness, not fullness; sinfulness, not — virtue — these are the things Christ looks for. He is come to seek and to save that which was lost not that which had won victories; not that which was splendid in its own esteem, but that which was defeated, ruined, lost. If thou art lost, he comes to seek and to save such as thou art. Oh! thou who wast once lost, but now art found, bless his name that thou hast received of his fullness!

“And grace for grace!” What mean these words? We can only just touch them as a swallow with its wing touches the pool; we cannot pretend to enter into their depth. “Grace for grace.” Does that mean that those who receive grace under the old dispensation were afterwards led to receive the grace of the new dispensation? Does it mean that we who have the grace of conviction, with the Holy Spirit as a spirit of bondage, shall receive by-and-bye the spirit of liberty, and get out of conviction, through conversion, into full pardon and enjoyment of peace with God? Is that the grace, when grace turns into glory, and we come before the throne does it mean grace by degrees; grace upon grace; a little grace to begin with, and more grace afterwards? “He giveth more grace”; grace following on grace, and, further on, superabounding grace, when grace turns into glory, and we come before the throne of grace for ever and ever. Does it mean that God leads us on step by step, adding to our spiritual wealth, initiating us first into simple things, and afterwards leading us into deeper matters? “Grace for grace.”

Yes, it means that, but it means more. God gives grace in preparation for further grace — the grace of a broken heart — to make room for deep repentance and abhorrence of sin; the grace of hatred of sin to make way for the grace of holy and careful walking, humiliation, and faith in Jesus; the grace of careful walking to make room for the grace of close communion with Christ; the grace of close communion with the Lord Jesus Christ to make room for the grace of full conformity to his image; perhaps the grace of conformity to his image to make room for the higher grace of brighter views of himself, and still closer incomings into the very heart of the Lord Jesus. It is grace that helps us on in grace. When a beggar asks you for a penny, and you give him one, he does not ask you for a sixpence; or if you give him a shilling, he would not consider that an argument why you should give him a sovereign. But you may deal thus with God. If you have only got, as it were, an ounce of grace, that is a reason why you

should then pray God for a great weight of grace, and afterwards for a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Believe that he gives grace for grace; that is, grace; that you may open your mouth for more grace. The grace you have expands your heart, and gives you capacity for receiving yet more grace. Do you not send your child to school to learn ABC? You may call that the grace of learning his alphabet. Yes, but it is preparatory to his learning to read the spelling-book. Well, but what does he learn to read the spellingbook for? Why, that is a preparation for something else. So one grace gives us a preparation for another grace, and thus as we have more grace we realize the blessedness of this divine filling out of his fullness.

Or, suppose we read the passage thus — grace answerable to grace — and even this will admit of two constructions. Let God give me grace to be a preacher; he will surely give me grace to discharge the office. Perhaps he has given you grace to teach in a Sabbath school, then you want a further supply of grace to enable you to be an efficient teacher. Peradventure you have the grace of resignation to suffer for Christ's sake, you will need the grace of patience to support you in the midst of pain or persecution. You are called to pray, and you yield yourself up to be a wrestler with God in prayer. This is a great grace. Oh! may you have grace answerable to that grace, that when you get with the angel by the brook Jabbok, you may take hold of his strength, plead his promise, his covenant, and his oath, and never let him go until he bless you. Thus, a halt and fainting Jacob comes off as a prevailing Israel. May we thus ever have grace answerable to grace. "Grace for grace" may imply grace received by us answerable to the grace that is in Christ. Oh! that we Christians had grace in some measure commensurate with the grace that is treasured up for us in him! All that is in him belongs to you. Then the degree of your daily supplies ought to be proportionate to his ample, unlimited wealth and fullness. A young heir to a large estate, though not of full age, generally gets an allowance made to him by the executors, or the trustees, or the Court of Chancery, suitable to the position he is presently to occupy. If he has' £100,000 a year in prospect, he would hardly be limited to a penny a week, like a poor man's child. We cannot suppose that he would have a mean allowance made him such as would barely enable him to live in a humble cottage the rich domain he is entitled to. Oh! no; that would be a meagre pittance out of all proportion to his position. When I see one child of God always mourning, another always doubting, and yet another always scheming, I feel a kind of disappointment; I see they are living below their privileges. They do not

seem to have grace in possession answerable to the grace they have in reversion. We always inculcate the propriety, on the part of all our people, of living within their incomes; but I will defy the child of God to live beyond his income in a spiritual sense. You that have but little spending money are like the elder brother in the parable. You say, “Thou never gayest me a kid that I might make merry with my friends”; and your Father replies, “Son, thou art ever with me; and all that I have is thine.” If you do not have it, it is your own fault; it is all there, and is freely yours. You have but to ask, and you shall receive; to seek, and you shall find. Oh! could we once get grace in us at all like the grace that is in Christ, what Christians we should be! No longer starlight Christians and moonlight Christians, but sunlight believers, letting our light shine before the sons of men. Oh! to be among the three Mighties of our royal David! May each of us covet such a position as this, and God grant it to us for his love’s sake!

“Grace for grace” obviously means grace in abundance. Like the waves of the sea, when one comes there is another close behind it. Before you can say that one is gone, there is another coming to fill its place. There they come. Who shall count them? In long succession, wave follows wave. So is God’s grace. “Grace for grace.” One grace has hardly come into your soul but what there is another one. You have heard the story of Rowland Hill having a hundred pounds entrusted to him for the benefit of a poor minister. He thought that if he sent him the hundred pounds, it would be too large a sum to give him all at once; he would scarcely know how to husband it, and perhaps he would not be so thankful for it as if he had it doled out in smaller amounts. So he sent him five pounds, and wrote in the letter, “More to follow.” Letters did not come often in those days of ninepenny or eighteenpenny postage, but in about another week he forwarded another five pounds, and a note with it, “More to follow.” After a short interval he did the like again, still saying, “More to follow.” So it went on for ever so long, always with “More to follow,” till the dear good man, I should think, must have been at his wits’ end to know what could follow when so many good presents came to one who needed them so much. Now that is just how God has done with me, and I believe he is just doing the same with all of you who are his people. He has sent you a mercy, and when he has sent it, you might have seen, if you had looked at the envelope, that it was an earnest of further benefits and benefactions — “More to follow.” The mercy you have received to-day has written upon it legibly, “More to follow,” and that which will come to-morrow will have

upon it, "More to follow." "Grace for grace." Oh! sing unto him a new song. Let him have fresh songs for fresh mercies, and as he multiplies the mercy, so do you multiply the praises you ascribe to his name.

"Grace for grace!" Does it not mean grace from him to produce grace in us? We receive from the fullness of Christ, of his grace, in order that it may be a living seed that shall produce grace in us as its natural fruit. The grace of gratitude should be produced in us by the grace of generosity from God. We ought to be gracious with a holy joyfulness for all his goodness. I hope we shall have the grace of patience under all sufferings, and the grace of zeal in all our labors. At a time like this, my brethren, when we are seeking the conversion of sinners with special efforts, may we have grace from Jesus that shall make all the graces fruitful and fragrant in us! So shall we be to the Savior as a garden of olives and pomegranates, of lilies and sweet flowers, and may he take a delight in us! When Cyrus took the Greek Ambassador through his garden, he challenged him to admire its charms. The Spartan approved all he saw; but still his admiration was cool and critical. "This garden," said its master, "yields me more pleasure and satisfaction than you can imagine, or I can express." "And why?" asked the visitor. "Because," replied Cyrus, "I planted every tree in it myself. I planned all the paths, and all the flowers have I reared. No hand but mine has dug the soil, tended the plants, pruned the trees, or done aught beside but my own.' As toil and his trouble thus endeared the place to the king. So, truly, Christ can say when he looks upon his people, "There is a fruitful bough there; I pruned that. He was sick, long laid aside from business, he feared his family would be starved; I was pruning him then; but I love the fruit that is on him because I know how it came there. That plant yonder which is blooming now and shedding such a sweet perfume of love, well do I recollect when it was drooping and ready to die. I came and watered it. She, timid disciple, would say, 'Blessed be the gentle hand that shed the dew and poured nourishment on my poor, parched, and withered root!'" "Yes, the Savior gives us "grace for grace" that we may produce grace. I leave the thought with you for meditation, and the issues for your edification, only praying that his Holy Spirit may work in you "grace for grace."

Oh! that all of you might receive grace from him. You will never get grace anywhere else. Go to him at once by faith, with humble prayer. Plenteous grace with him is found; all the grace you shall ever require between now

and glory you shall find stored up in him. His grace is our benediction. Of it may you one and all partake! Amen.

# OUR MAGNIFICENT SAVIOR

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*“He shall see of the travail of his soul, by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities.” — Isaiah 53:11.*

EVERY word of the text is peculiarly full of meaning. There are passages of Scripture which are like the rooms of a royal palace, which may not have in them gold and silver, though there are precious things; but this text is the strong-room of the King's house — the richest, rarest treasures are here. When we preach the doctrine of our text, we are preaching the very marrow of all theology — the very pith of the gospel — the essential oil of the good news which bringeth salvation. I shall not to night, therefore, have any time to give you illustrations, nor shall we have any time for anything like oratory; but simply to speak right on, in explaining the deep truths which lie before us. May God open our ear, and may every heart receive the truth which is able to save your souls; for I may truly say when preaching upon this text, “Incline your ear, and come me. Hear, and your soul shall live “; for we are upon the main business of your souls, and treating upon that which God sets forth as the only way of redemption for the sons of men.

There are two points in the text. You observe there are two persons. There is the Lord Christ, and there are the many. We will take these two persons in order, and you will perceive in a moment that these are both represented in a threefold character. And our first point will be the Lord Jesus in his threefold character; and the second will be the many in their threefold character. To begin, then, where all must begin: —

**I. OUR BLESSED LORD HIMSELF IN HIS THREEFOLD CHARACTER.**



You have him here in a threefold character. First, the servant - "my righteous servant"; secondly, the sin-bearer "he shall bear their iniquities"; thirdly, the justifier — "he shall justify many."

To begin, then — Christ, the servant — "my righteous servant." Be astonished, O ye heavens! He that distributes crowns and thrones, and is "God over all, blessed for ever," designs to become a servant. He came into this world and "was made in fashion as a man; and, being found in fashion as a man, he became obedient" — obedient to his Father's will, "obedient even unto death."

Think of Christ for a few minutes, and you perceive that first he is a servant unto God. In a certain sense he became the *servus servorum* — the servant of servants — washing our feet and wiping them with a napkin; but now in the text he is represented as serving God. Whereas we were servants that ran away from our Master, Christ came to take our place, whereas we were disobedient servants, he came to fulfill our obedience for us — took our position of service, of which we had proved ourselves to be unworthy. He served his Father, and did his will. According to the verse which precedes the text, he served God not only with his body, but — with his soul — and yet again in the verse in which our text is found, "He shall see of the travail of his soul." The service that Christ rendered to God was partly that of his body, for he suffered weariness in the diligent obedience to his Father's will; but his mind went with it; every power and every passion of his nature was sweetly obedient to the divine will. The zeal which he had for God's glory ate up not his body only, but his very soul. He served God, as alas! we do not as we should, with all his, heart, and soul, and strength.

And note he was an ardent servant, for the text speaks of the travail of his soul. Read it as the labor of his soul, as if he threw his soul so fully into it that his soul labored in the service of God; or read it, if you will, as travail, and you know the meaning of that word, which we will cover with a veil. The whole of his powers and faculties were full of pain that he might serve his God. He Offered in his service, and he served in his suffering, not only with all the power he had, but bowing the fullness of his strength into the service which he rendered unto God. In the text he is called a righteous servant, as if he had rendered an account unto God, and God had found it in every jot and tittle to be correct — a righteous servant, fulfilling all righteousness, carefully doing so — a righteous servant, without any need

to add a word about some little slips or failings; for in him was no sin — no sin in his life, and no sin in himself. The prince of this world searched him, but he found nothing in him; he was without the slightest offense, “holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners.” Christ, then, as a servant to God was an accepted servant. We know he was, for God himself calls him “my righteous servant.” Now think — I will not enlarge further — think, beloved, of this. This is thy Lord, whom angels worship, become an obedient servant unto God for thy sake, and discharging his work so as to get the reward of “Well done, good and righteous servant! “His merits are shine, believer; all that he has done is shine; thou art “accepted in the Beloved.” The Lord receives thee for Jesus, sake, and in Christ he is well pleased with thee. There is a sweet truth to begin with. Roll it under thy tongue as a dainty morsel. He is my righteous servant.

But the text takes Christ in his second character and we must be brief on each — as the sin-bearer. “He shall bear their iniquity.” The most wonderful thing in all this book of wonders is this — that God should become man, and, then as man, should bear the sin of his people. We have heard sometimes foolish persons ask, “Where is the doctrine of substitution in Scripture?” to which I would answer, “Where is it not?” Take it out of the Scriptures, and there is positively nothing left. It is the main and cardinal doctrine of revelation that Christ stood in the sinner’s place, and throughout this chapter it is the wonderful teaching over and over, and over and over again. “The chastisement of our peace was upon him.” “He was numbered with the transgressors.” “He bore the sin of many”; or, as in the text, “He shall bear their iniquity.” It does not say, “He shall bear the punishment of their iniquity”; that is true, and follows as a matter of course; but the iniquities of his people were in very truth laid upon him; and as in type upon the scapegoat the sins of Israel were laid, so in truth, and not in type, nor metaphor, nor figure, but in very deed and of a truth, the sins of God’s people were transferred from them and laid upon the head of Christ, the Son of God, who stood in their stead. Words cannot be more plain. “He shall bear their iniquities.” When did he bear their iniquities? I answer, in a certain sense he bore them from of old; for he was the Lamb slain before the foundation of the world; but in actual fact he bore them through his painful life. Read these words: “Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.” That thirst, that hunger, those pangs he felt often throughout his life of weariness and woe — those were caused by sin being

laid upon him. It was not possible that he should be perfectly happy while sin was upon him; it would have been impossible for him to have been unhappy had not sin been imputed to him.

He bore our sins, next, at the judgment-seat of Pilate and of Herod. I beg you to follow the words of the text, "He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth; he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth. He was taken from prison and from judgment; and who shall declare his generation? For he was cut off out of the land of the living." And why? "For the transgression of my people was he stricken." He was numbered with the transgressors when he stood at Pilate's bar. He was condemned to die a malefactor's death; and on the Roman records there stood the name of Jesus of Nazareth, condemned to die because he had been accused of saying that there was another king, and that another kingdom was about to be set up. He was bearing our sins before Pilate's bar.

But especially upon the tree; for there we have it, "When thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed." "He, his own self, bore our sins in his own body up to the tree," and on the tree, always being a sin-bearer up to that moment when he said, "It is finished"; for then he bore sin no longer. He cast it all away into his own sepulcher into the wilderness of forgetfulness did he hurl it; and now the sin of his people cannot be found. It has ceased to be. Christ has "finished transgression. He has made an end of sin, and brought in everlasting righteousness for his people.

Now let us pause here a little and think over this wondrous mystery. The way in which God is pleased to save us from our sin is by laying our sins on his own Son, and making him suffer for those sins as if those sins had been his own. Why, think you, did he choose such a method? Was it not thus? First, thus he satisfied his own justice. Why brethren, if we had lain in hell for ever, yet divine justice would not have been fully justified; for after thousands of years of suffering there would remain still an eternity of debt due to God's justice, and the debt would not be paid. And let me say, if God had annihilated all the sinners that ever lived at one stroke, he would not have so honored his justice as he did when he took sin and laid it on his Son, and his Son bore divine wrath which was due to that sin; for now there has been rendered unto divine justice a full equivalent, a complete

recompense for all the dishonor which it suffered; and I know of no other conceivable way by which such a recompense could have been rendered.

*“He to the utmost farthing paid  
Whate’er his people owed.”*

He suffered what they should have suffered, and now God’s law stands in all its integrity. It has not dismissed the penalty. The penalty has been executed. The sword has awaked against the shepherd, although the stroke was due to the flock.

Moreover, God, in choosing Christ to suffer in our stead has been pleased to lay help upon one that is mighty, upon one that is mighty to save. O my soul, delight in the thought that Christ was my substitute! If I had been told that an angel had done his best to save me, I should feel unsafe. If I had been told that all the holy men in all the world had striven to save me, I should have felt insecure; but if the very Christ of God himself, the Eternal One, has deigned to bear my iniquities, why, then, should I fear? The mighty Savior, the Almighty Savior, can surely put away my sins. There is help laid upon one that is mighty.

The Lord also laid our sins upon Christ because it was Christ’s desire that it should be so. Do you remember how he said, “ I have a baptism to be baptized with “? It was the baptism of his sufferings. “ And how am I straitened till it be accomplished! And long before that he had said, “ Lo, I come; in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O God; yea, thy law is in my heart. “ And then he adds, “ Sacrifice and offering thou wouldest not, but a body hast thou prepared me and he longed to come and in that body bear his people’s sins, and in that body prove that he had a love for them which many waters could not quench, and floods could not drown; for down into the deeps he would go with his beloved Church, and never come up again until he could bring her up with him, as he has done, to the praise of the glory of his grace. Therefore, you see, God is honored, his grace is honored, we ourselves are comforted, by have a mighty Savior, and Christ’s own longings are contented by having sin laid upon him.

Moreover, beloved, the forgiveness of sin, through laying it upon Christ, is made to show to all mankind and to all other created intelligences the tremendous evil of sin. Here were a people whom God desired to save, but he could not. His justice did, as it were, tie the hands of his mercy. Sin was

so hateful to him that he could not blot it out and forget it. He must punish it, and I know not of any way by which he could have shown his abhorrence of sin so greatly as when he bruised his own Son. A man may show his indignation about a crime in many ways, but surely in none so much as when he sees that crime upon his son, and he says, “No, I cannot reveal my love to you. While that crime is upon you, you must suffer for it,” and

*“Heaven’s Eternal Darling bleeds.”*

Because sin was laid on him, and the Father would not smile, he cried, “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? A greater Abraham unsheathed his knife to slay a greater Isaac, and no angel intervened. The Savior died the death. These are words that we speak. Do we know their meaning? When you are racked with pain, you begin to guess the pain the Savior suffered; and, perhaps, when we are ourselves in the pains of death, we shall begin to have a little more fellowship with Jesus. But all for our sakes the blessed Lord bore the wrath of God that God might show that sin, even when laid upon his Son by imputation, was so horrible to him that he would not let him escape. He must be bruised. “It pleased the Father to bruise him; he hath put him to grief.”

And do not you think, beloved, that God chose this way of pardoning sin to show his great love as well as his great abhorrence of sin? Behold how he loves us!” What manner of love is this that God hath shown to us — that when we were yet enemies, he gave his Son to die for us?” There is one sweet reason that Jesus gives why he died for his people. You remember it. He loved his Church, and gave himself for it, that he might present it to himself without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing.” There is no washing for his Church like the washing in his blood. Even if thou, believer, shouldst wash thy face, in thy tears, thou wouldst stain thy face in the washing; but, washed in the blood of Jesus, there remains no trace or speck of sin. Surely the very angels are not so comely as the Church is, now that Christ hath cleansed her. The heavens are not pure in his sight, and he charged his angels with folly; but the blood-washed Church is pure, and no folly is charged on her. Her righteousness, is the righteousness of her Creator, and her purity is the holiness of God himself.

Surely the Lord was pleased to adopt this way of pardon for one other reason that you and I might have strong consolation, and that, having strong consolation, we might also have strong reason for devoting

ourselves to Christ's service. There are those that think that pardon through atoning blood will make men live in sin. They little know what is in the heart of the redeemed, for, being bought with such a price, we would be perfect if we could. So much has been done for us that if we could do for Christ ten thousand times more than we have ever done, we should only rejoice to do it, cost what it may. You know when a man is under burden of sin, he cannot serve his God well, because he says, "I would serve him but my sins are so many"; but when his sins are laid on Christ then he says, "Now I can give all my strength to the glory of God. I have no sin to fret about now; it is laid on Jesus. There is nothing now to make me dread an angry God, for the anger of God is turned away, and in Jesus Christ I am a justified man." This I might enlarge, but I must not. You see Christ as the sin-bearer, bearing our sins on the tree.

Now the third aspect under which he appears is this — he is seen in the text as a justifier. "By his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many, for he shall bear their iniquities." Christ is himself just, and yet the justifier. Jesus Christ needed not to have wrought out a righteousness; he needed not to have become man; he needed not to have been obedient to the Father. "God over all, blessed for ever." He has, therefore, a righteousness to give away — one which he does not need for himself. This is the root and bottom of it — he has a righteousness which he does not need for himself; and he, therefore, gives it to us, and becomes the Lord our righteousness. And every soul to whom Jesus gives his righteousness is righteous at once. This is God's way of making men righteous, not by their own deeds, but by the deeds of Jesus. He imputes to us what Christ has done. He takes the righteousness of the Lord Christ and gives it to the sinner, blots out the sinner's sin, and makes the sinner righteous in a moment before his sight. The text says he shall do this to many — not to all; for, alas! tens of thousands die condemned; but to many. Blessed word is that! Why not to me? If it is God's decree that Christ shall justify many, why should not I be one among them? And if he will justify all who know him — (by his knowledge shall he justify them) — O my soul, study Christ! Endeavour to be his disciple; sit at his feet; learn of him; know him; for then he will justify thee, and make thee just in the sight of God. Remember, beloved, that this is the reward that Christ has for his death. "He shall see of the travail of his soul. "How? Why, "by his knowledge shall he justify many." It is Christ's delight to take a sinner and to make him just. This is the spoil which he divides with the strong.

Because he poured out his soul unto death, and was numbered with the transgressors, and bare the sin of many, he makes men just; and this is his sure reward — he asks no better — he that believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly is saved by that belief. This is Christ's glory, Christ's delight, the fullness of Christ's satisfaction — that he justifies many. Oh! that he might get that satisfaction in this house to-night—that many poor condemned souls might know him, and be made just by him. Then would his heart leap for joy. The joy that was set before him when he died would then come to him.

I have thus briefly set forward Christ in his threefold capacity — a servant, a sin-bearer, and a justifier. Now, with brevity, we are to look at: —

## II. THE MANY IN THEIR THREEFOLD CHARACTER.

And in the text we see them, first, as needing justification; secondly, as receiving knowledge; and, thirdly, as justified. Now we begin, to-night, this second head where God began with us. We see the many needing justification. Christ would not have come to justify the just; they do not want it. The whole have no need of a physician. Suppose a man is brought up before a court of justice. He is justified, or reckoned to be just, if he is proved not guilty. But we, before the court of God, are all guilty; therefore, justification cannot come in that way to us. Our only hope of justification lies in this — God says, "That man's sins I laid upon Christ. I punished Christ for that man. He is not guilty. Christ was obedient in that man's behalf. Christ's obedience is that man's obedience. He is just in Christ's righteousness. I take him not as what he is, as what his sponsor is, even Christ; what his surety is, what his substitute is." As, for instance, in the old balloting days, when men had to go to war, if the number was called out, and a substitute was provided, the person providing the substitute was said by the law to discharge his duty to his country. I believe that some time ago in the Northern States a person who had found a substitute to go to fight in the South heard after a while that his substitute was dead. On a second drawing being made, this man was drawn, but he said, "No; I am dead. Number and so went to the war, and is dead. That is me. My substitute is dead." So when God's justice galls to me, a sinner, I do not answer to it. Why? Christ answered on my behalf long ago, and died for me. I am dead with Christ. "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." There is no legal charge that can be brought, because Christ has stood in my stead, been punished in my stead, been reckoned as if he were me; and

now this day I am reckoned as if I were in Christ's stead, even as he was reckoned to be in my-stead. You see where we begin, then. We begin needing justification; for we have, first of all, the sin of our first parents. "All we like sheep have gone astray." We have, next, our own sins. "We have turned every one to his own way." "We have many sins of omission and of commission, "The Lord hath laid on him our iniquities; whether they are iniquities of excess or of shortcoming, they are both laid upon Jesus Christ's head. We were guilty; we were so guilty, that by ourselves considered we were under condemnation. "He that believeth not is condemned already," and if we had remained as we were, we were heirs of wrath, even as others. And our sin deserved the same punishment as others. O ye that are guilty, hear to-night what good news there is in this for you. Christ came to justify the ungodly. The Redeemer died for those who have no righteousness of their own. "Scarcely for a righteous man will one die; peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for the ungodly." Christ came to bring a righteousness to those who have none-to save the sinful, the vile, the hell-deserving; he came to give them his righteousness, and to take upon himself their sins. Oh! the wonders of divine grace! that whereas we want justification, we are the very people he came to justify.

And now note, in the second place, these people in their second stage. They are instructed; they are made to know. The text says, "By his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many." That is to say — (you may read it, as you have got it in our version, if you like; but you will understand it better if you read it — and it will be quite as correct-thus) — "by the knowledge of him shall my righteous servant justify many." That is to say, when the soul knows Christ, knows him, believes him, learns him, trusts him, then it is justified. You see there are no doings in the case; there are no feelings in the matter. It is which is another word for believing; for we know him when we believe him; and we inevitably believe him when we truly and really know him. The heart understands Christ through hearing; and through hearing of him, it comes to believe him; and when the heart knows Christ and believes him, it is then justified. But suppose the text means this, "By his knowledge" — (that is, the knowledge which he gives) — "he justifies many." That knowledge is contained in his word; it fell from his own lips; you have heard it to-night; we have preached it to you. It is not the knowledge Moses brought; it is the knowledge that Christ



brought. “Whosoever believeth on him is not condemned.” May it be knowledge to your soul by his teaching it to your soul! By his Divine Spirit, he leeches to profit. But, dear hearer, do see this — the whole way of my getting the result of Christ’s sacrifice is by knowing and believing — not by doing. We are justified by faith, and not by the works of the law. “By the works of the law shall no flesh be justified.” “By the law is the knowledge of sin.” “Grace and peace come by Jesus Christ,” and they come to us through believing or through knowing — by knowing him, by being made to know, through him, that we are justified.

And please to notice — the peculiar character in which Christ is known to the justified. They know him as God’s servant, and they know him as bearing their iniquities. Some persons think a great deal of Christ in his glory, and Of Christ in his second advent. God forbid that I should have you forget him in those characters, or in any other! But the soul-saving aspect of Christ is not his glory, nor his second advent, but Christ the servant, and Christ the sin-bearer. It is from the cross that the words come, “Look unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth. “I, if I be lifted up” — not on the throne, but on the cross — “I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.” “God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.” Let who will preach Christ exalted, “we preach Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness, but unto us. who are saved, the wisdom of God and the power of God. “Do let me make this very clear, for, perhaps, some soul might get light to-night. Thou hast many sins upon thee, man. Thou canst never get them off by any doings of shine own. No obedience, or tears, or anything else which thou canst do, can make one spot of sin stir an inch. Thou art black as night, black as hell, and thou canst not make thyself white; but here it is — if thou wilt know Jesus, if thou wilt hear of Jesus, if thou wilt believe on him — believe what he teaches, if thou wilt believe that he is God’s sent servant, that he is the propitiation for sin, that he is the sin-bearer — and if thou wilt trust him with thy sin, and with thy soul, thou art saved. No spot of sin remains on thee; this moment thou art saved, for he shall justify; that is, make just, and that is an instantaneous work. A man may have been a condemned sinner five minutes ago, but the moment that he knows Christ, he is a justified soul. By that very knowledge, or, as I have said, by that faith, by that simple dependence on the Christ whom he has learned to know, the man is just, and he may go on his way rejoicing.

So I shall close with that third aspect of the many. It is said, "He shall justify them. "What a grand word it is! "He shall justify them." He shall make them just. It is a forensic, legal term. He shall make them just before the court of God. Now notice in the text the sins mentioned were real. The bearing of sin by Christ was real. Therefore, the justification in the text is real. You see that thief on the cross. What a wretch he is! He has been guilty of every crime. His sins are real. But he believes in Jesus, Jesus the dying Savior, and his sins are forgiven. Now hearken. That thief is a just man. "Why," say you, "he has done no just action." I grant you it; he would if he could; he is willing now to confess the Master, for he speaks a word of rebuke to the thief on the other side of the cross; but I do not say he is just because of that. He is just because of nothing that he has done, but he is just because he believes in the dying Savior. And thou, poor sinner, though thou hast never done a good work in thy life, though thou deservest to be damned to all eternity, though thou hast lived in everything that is vile, if thou cost this night trust thy soul to Jesus, and know him, Jesus justifies thee, and thou art really just.

And, what is more, thou art for ever just. Thou hast a justification that will never wear out, a righteousness that will outlast time itself. The tooth of decay shall never harm it, nor rust shall corrupt it, nor moth consume it. Thou art just, and just for ever. Do you understand me? I will make it plain, and put it in words that cannot be misunderstood. The soul that believes in Jesus is so justified that none can even lay anything to his charge. "Why," says one, "the man has been a very guilty man, and lived a horrible life." So had Paul. He had been a foaming persecutor, raging against God's saints. But listen to Paul: "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" Is not he afraid to say that? No, because he goes on to say, "It is God that justifieth." Suppose the judge says in court, "That man is clear"; it is of no use anybody getting up and saying, "Let me come into the witness-box; I have something against him." You are out of court, sir. The judge says he is clear and that is enough. God says of the guiltiest soul, "I laid that man's sins on Christ. I punished Christ for that man, and that man is clear." And if God says you are clear, who shall lay anything to your charge? Listen again; a believer cannot be condemned. Do you doubt it? Paul shall speak again "Who is he that condemneth?" "Why, Paul, you have done much that you deserve to be condemned for. Oh! but here it is. "It is Christ that died; yea, rather, that is risen again, who sitteth at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." He means this,

“How can you condemn me? Christ was condemned for me. He died; he rose again. That proved that he himself was not condemned. He had paid the debt, else he had not been allowed to rise. He has gone into heaven to plead for me, and he will be the judge. And if he died for me, thinkest thou that he who alone can condemn will condemn those whom he died for? Will he cast away his own chosen — condemn a limb of his own body, and reject out of his own mouth the very soul to whom he said, “I have forgiven thee, and blotted out thy sin “? It cannot be. The believer, then, cannot be accused; he cannot be condemned, and consequently he cannot be punished. What shall he be punished for? “For his sins,” says one. He has not any; he has not any. They were laid on Christ. “He shall bear their iniquities.” Can a sin be in two places at once? If my sins are on Christ, they cannot be on me. If God has laid the weight of my guilt on Christ, and Christ bore it and made an end of it, then I am clear of it as though I never sinned. Glory be to God for such a gospel as thirsty think that a soul, condemned and lost by nature, should be made completely clean through the purging of the great atoning sacrifice of our dear Lord and Master. For, mark you, there is more than that, for when Christ justifies a man, he not only blots out his sin, but he is a just man, and the man is treated henceforth as if he were just. Now the just shall be rewarded; the just shall have the favor of God; the just shall enter heaven; and so shall you, poor guilty sinner. If you trust Christ, that righteousness of Christ becomes yours. I could preach all night upon such a subject, but I should weary you. I should not weary myself in thinking it over though, nor should you in meditating upon it. It is enough to make heaven ring again and again with melody. I am sure it is God’s gospel; for nobody could have invented it — a plan so just to God, so safe to man; and I am all the more sure it is God’s gospel because there are many that hate it. They cannot bear it. How should they? They are righteous in themselves, and hope to enter heaven by their own works. They go about to establish their own righteousness, but this is as it always has been. As it was in Paul’s day, so it is now; and this only confirms our confidence in the gospel that we preach. Believing this, I can go to my bed and fall asleep in peace, not caring whether I wake again or no this side heaven. Believing this, doubts and fears prevail not, for my soul flies to the atoning sacrifice again, and tells the devil that my sins are no longer mine, but Christ’s, or rather that they were imputed to him, and laid upon him, and that he was punished for them in my stead, and I am for Christ hath suffered for me. Believe this, dear heart; believe it. Thou hast never heard a better gospel; thou hast heard it better preached; but never

better news came to thy ears than this; and until thou gettest to heaven thou wilt never hear music that can beat this — the music of a Savior's wounds, and groans, and death, in a poor sinner's stead. I know what you will do if you believe it. You will go home glad of heart, and the moment you get home you will say, "I am a saved soul, for I have done with my former sins.

*“Now for the love I bear his name,  
What was my gain I count my loss,  
My former pride I call my shame,  
And nail my glory to his cross.”*

Oh! you will have done with your old companions. The love of Christ will constrain you. Nothing cleanses the Augean stable of human nature, like a stream of love and blood made to run through it. When Christ's sacrifice comes to a soul, it casts out sin and Satan, sets the man working at once, and none can work so vigorously those who feel that they owe all to the grace of God, who feel that they have nothing to do to save themselves; they, are saved. That work is all done for ever; and now out of gratitude they give their whole life, and soul, and strength, to spread abroad the gospel of Jesus now, and make God's names famous, even to the end of time. God bless you, dear hearers. May this all be yours, for Christ's sake. Amen.

# WITH GOLDEN GIRDLE GIRT

NO. 3555

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*DELIVERED BY C. H. SPURGEON,*

**AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON**

*“He was girt about the paps with a golden girdle.” — Revelation 1:13*

BE assured, my brethren, the more real Jesus Christ is to us the more power there will be in our religion. Those men whose religion lies in believing certain doctrines, and contending for certain modes of expression, may be strong enough in bigotry, but they often fail entirely in developing the spirit of true Christianity. There may be minds so constituted that they can live under the power of an idea, and they might possibly be able to die for it. But these, I think, must be comparatively few. To draw out enthusiasm among men, there must generally be a man as leader and commander in whom the people can implicitly trust, to whom they will voluntarily tender obedience. Individual men have wrought wonders. The thoughts which they incarnated may have been in themselves strong, yet their strength was never so forcible as when the men who represented those thoughts were present to give them currency. Then the blood of the many was stirred, and every man's heart beat high. The presence of Oliver Cromwell in a regiment was equal to any ten thousand men. He had only to appear, and all his soldiers felt so sure of victory, they would dash upon the cavaliers as some mighty tornado, driving them like chaff before the wind. The presence of Napoleon at any moment in a battle was almost sufficient to turn the scale. Let but “the little corporal” appear and wave his sword, and men seemed to lose all sense of their own personal danger, and rushed into the very mouth of death to gain the victory. In those old days of the Huguenots when they were warring for their liberties, what shouts there were, what beating of hearts, what a glamour of trumpets, what exultation, when Henry of Navarre came riding down the ranks! Then each man felt he had a giant's arm, and, as he rode

to battle, struck home for God and for the truth as he gave out his watchword, "Remember St. Bartholomew!"

Now the force of the religion of Jesus, under God the Holy Spirit, it seems to me, is never fully brought out except when our faith greets the Lord Jesus Christ as a person, and holds to him as a personal leader and commander, loving him and devoting ourselves to him as an ever-living, ever-gracious Friend. It is not by believing a set of ideas, and trying to be enthusiastic over them, that our courage rises or our prowess succeeds. Rather let us feel his presence, though we cannot see his face, and remembering that there is such an one as Jesus of Nazareth, who became a babe in Bethlehem for us; who lived, and toiled, and suffered for us; then laid bare his breast to the spear, and gave up his life for us. We grow strong when we thus think of him as our Savior, when his thorn — crowned head rises before our mind's eye, when we look into that face so marred with shame, and pain, and cruelty, till we are constrained to cry out, "Oh! my Savior, I love thee, and for the love I bear thy name would fain learn what I can do to honor thee, and I will do it; point out to me how much of my substance I should place upon shine altar, and I will be glad to place it there put me into the place of suffering if needs be, and I will account it a place of honor; for if thou be there, I can look into thy dear face, and think that I am suffering for thee; fire shall be then like a bed of roses to me, and death itself seem sweeter far than life."

We want to have more open testimony concerning the person of our Lord Jesus Christ; I am persuaded of that; and we have need, private Christians, to live more in fellowship with him, the Son of God, the Man Christ Jesus, who hath redeemed us from wrath, and through whose life we live. To him now — to him exclusively let all your thoughts be turned. Oh! that ye may discern the image which stood on that Lord's Day clearly before the view of John, the eyes of your understanding being opened, and your whole soul being attent to the revelation. It is but one part of John's description of our Lord Jesus Christ in heaven to which I propose to direct your attention. "He was girt about the breast a golden girdle." What did this golden girdle signify? And what are the golden lessons to be gathered from it?

## I. THE GOLDEN GIRDLE.

What did it mean? It was designed, first, to set forth our lord's excellence in all his offices. He is a prophet. The prophets of old were often girt about with leathern girdles; but our Savior wears a golden girdle, for he, above

all other prophets, is vested with authority. What he declares and testifies is true; yea, it is pure truth, unalloyed with tradition or superstition. He makes no mistakes. There is no treachery to taint his teaching. Sitting at his feet, you may accept every word he utters as infallible. You need not raise a question about it. The girdle of golden truth is round about him. He is also a priest. The high priest of old wore a girdle of many colors for glory and for beauty. Our Lord Jesus Christ wears a girdle superior to this. It is of the pure gold, for among the priests he hath no peer. Of all the sons of Aaron, none could vie with him. they must first offer a sacrifice for their own sins. They needed to wash their feet in the laver, and to be themselves touched with the cleansing blood. But Jesus Christ is without spot, or blemish, or any such thing.

*“Their priesthood ran through several bands  
For mortal was their race.”  
For mortal was their race.”*

But Jesus is immortal, and about him he wears the golden girdle to show that he excels all the priests of Aaron’s line. As for those persons who, in modern times, pretend to be priests, our Lord Jesus Christ is not to be mentioned in the same day with them. They are all deceivers. If they knew the truth, they would understand that there is no class of priests now. All caste of priesthood is for ever abolished. Every man that fears God, and every woman, too, is a priest, according to the word which is written, “He hath made us kings and priests unto God.” The priesthood is common to all the saints, and not confined to some. But he wears a golden girdle among them. Their priesthood would be nothing without his. He hath made them priests. They derive their priesthood entirely from him, neither could they be acceptable before God if they were not accepted in the Beloved. He is a King as well as a prophet and a priest, and that girdle, being made of gold, signifies his supremacy over all other kings. He is mightier far than they; “the Lord mighty in battle. “King of Kings” is his name, and the burden of the music of heaven is this, “King of kings, and Lord of lords.” The day shall come when he shall grasp his scepter and break the kingdoms of earth like potters’ vessels with his rod of iron. He is this day King of the Jews, but he shall openly be so proclaimed. In that day kings shall bow down before him, and he shall gather up sheaves of sceptres, while many crowns shall be upon his glorious brow. There is no kingdom like the kingdom of Christ. Other kingdoms and go like the hoar-frost of the morning, or the sheen upon the midnight waves; but his kingdom standeth

for ever and ever; it shall endure from everlasting to everlasting. As Prophet, Priest, and King, he wears a girdle of gold to show his supremacy in office above all others.

The golden girdle, moreover, bears witness to his power and authority. Men were often girt with girdles when they received office. The Prophet Isaiah saith of Ediakim that he received a girdle of power and dominion. Keys were hung upon the girdle. The housewife's girdle with her keys signified her authority over her servants. The keys at the girdle of great men signified their power in their various offices, and when we sometimes sing: —

*“Lo, in his hand the sovereign keys  
Of heaven, and death, and hell,”*

we recognize this meaning of Christ's golden girdle, that all power given unto him in heaven and in earth. He is the universal Lord. Up in heaven he enjoys an authority that is undisputed. Angels bow before him, and on the sea of glass they cast down their crowns and cry, “Hallelujah!” Here on earth all Providence is ruled by the man whose hand was pierced. All this dispensation is an economy of mediatorial government, over which Jesus Christ presides. He putteth down one and setteth up another. He makes the wheels of Providence revolve. Everything occurreth according to his decree and purpose; in all things he ruleth, and he overruleth them for the good of his Church, even as Joseph governed Egypt for the good of the seed of Abraham. What a comfort it is, beloved, for us to think of the authority and the power of our Lord Jesus Christ! He who had not where to lay his head; he who was despised and rejected of men; he who was a working man — the carpenter's son; he who felt the pangs of hunger, and endured the pains of weariness; he who was neglected, condemned, opposed, and cast out by his countrymen and his kinsmen it is he who is now undisputed Master and unrivalled Lord everywhere. No name so famous as that once branded with infamy, the name of Jesus. Whom sinful men rejected, holy angels now adore. On earth he was condemned and crucified; in heaven he is hailed with highest honor. Look up to that golden girdle. See how he descended, step by step, into the meanest depths of humiliation; then mark how he ascended with rapid flight to the towering heights of exaltation. Follow him. With him take your lot. Be willing to be made of no repute in this day of reproach that you may be a partaker of his glory in the day of his appearing.



Girt thus about with a golden girdle, we have a vivid representation of his activity. The girdle was used by the Easterns to bind up their long flowing robes. The Hebrew did not usually wear a girdle indoors. It was only when on a journey, or when engaged in some manual labor that he thus adjusted his attire. So our Lord's having a golden girdle signifies that he is still ready to serve his servants, to engage on their behalf. You remember how he once took towel and girded himself. That was with kind intent to wash their feet. Now it is no more with a linen towel, but with a girdle of gold that he prepares himself to work on the behalf of his beloved. He stands not in heaven with flowing garments, as though all work were done, but he stands there girt about the breast that he may be ready still, and show himself strong on behalf of his people. Be this your comfort now, Jesus has not forgotten to plead for you before his Father's throne. He never holds his peace, and never will. As long as you have a cause to plead, Christ will be your intercessor. Whatsoever you want, he is waiting to supply. As long as you have a sin to confess, Christ will be your advocate with the Father to purge your guilt and purify your souls. As long as you are persecuted on earth, there will be a Christ to represent you in heaven. As long as you are in this vale of tears, he, with golden girdle girt, will be the angel of God's presence to succor and to save you. In all your afflictions he was afflicted, and he will still bear and carry you as in the days of old. Oh! my brethren, how people do sometimes talk about the Christian Church, as if Jesus Christ, who died for us, were still dead!

What gloomy forebodings I have read during the last few months! Not that I have believed a word, or taken dreams for disasters. I have not even credited their sadness with over-much sincerity. I rather thought they wrote for a party purpose, with motives of policy. Were we to believe half we read, Protestantism, in a few years, would become vestige. We might have the Pope preaching in St. Paul's Cathedral. Not a few would be doomed to burn in Smithfield, and know not what pains and penalties we shall be subject to. Evidently the Church of Christ is quite unable to take care of herself. Unless she be provided with so many hundreds or thousands of pounds, she must go to the dogs; for money, the love of which used to be the root of all evil, somehow or other, is found out to be the root of all good. As for the good men who have prayed earnestly and worked so zealously, they are all going to leave off praying, and preaching too, when the State pay is stopped. So all the piety towards God, and all the good will towards men, will come to an end. Well, I suppose this

would be very likely if Jesus Christ were dead, but as long as he is alive, I think he is quite able to take care of the golden candlesticks himself; and the Church of God will probably be no worse in the next few years than it has been in the years that have passed. Nay, I will venture to prophesy that the less help she seeks from the world, and the more she leans upon her God, the brighter will her future be. Should the very foundations of society be shaken, and the worst calamities befall us, such as hope will never come, yet over the ashes of all earthly renown and government patronage, the supernal splendor of immortal Church of God would glow forth with clearer brilliance and brighter glory. Long has she been like a ship tossed with tempest, and not comforted. She has ploughed her way, and the spray that has broken over her has been blood-red with martyr's gore, but she has still kept on her course towards her desired haven. He that is with her is greater than all they that be against her. So shall it be till the world's end. Look, then, beloved, to the golden girdle of our Lord Jesus Christ, and as you perceive that he is still active to maintain his own cause, to deliver his people and to prosper his Church, you need not be afraid. And does not the golden girdle imply his enduring love? The breast was of old time, and still is among ourselves, supposed to be the dwelling-place of the affections. What, think ye, is the ruling passion in the heart of Christ? What is it that inflames the bosom of him who was once the Man of Sorrows, but now is lying of kings and Lord of fords He is girt about the breast with a girdle of gold. He never ceases to love his people. The girdle is an endless thing; it goes right round a man. Christ's heart always keeps within the sacred circle of undiminished, unchanging, undying affection for all whom his Father gave him, for all whom he bought with his precious blood. Never doubt the faithfulness of Christ to you, beloved, since faithfulness is the girdle of his loins. Never think that a promise will fail, or that the covenant will be broken. Trusting in him, you will never be suffered to perish. It cannot be. While he wears that golden girdle he cannot prove faithless. That heavenly decoration is a goodly order. Invested therewith, he cannot forget or prove untrue to those whom he has engaged to protect. Though heaven and earth shall pass away, not one word of grace shall fall to the ground. The sun and moon shall expire; dim with age, they will cease to shed their light abroad, but the love of Jesus Christ shall be as fresh and new as in the day of his espousals, and as delicious as when you first tasted of it. Yours shall it be for ever and ever to inherit and enjoy.

In days of yore, moreover, the girdle was the place where the Eastern kept his money; it was his purse. Some of the Orientals keep their cash in their turbans; in our Savior's day it was carried in the girdle. When our Lord speaks in Matthew about his disciples going without purse or scrip, he mentions there that they are not to — carry silver or gold in their girdles. This golden girdle, then to use a simple word, may represent the purse of the Lord Jesus, and we infer from its being golden that it is full of wealth unequalled, and riches unsurpassed. Jesus Christ bears about him all the available supplies that can be needed by his people. What a multitude of people he has to support, for on him all his saints do depend. They have been drawing upon him all their lives long, and so they always will. They are gentlemen commoners," as one used to say, upon the bounty of God's Providence. We are pensioners upon the beneficence of our Lord Jesus Christ; he has supplied us hitherto until now. Oh! how much grace you and I have wanted to keep us from starving, from sinking, from going down to the pit! And we have had all we needed! In fearful temptations, our foot has not slipped. We have passed through many trials, but without being crushed. Arduous has been our service; but as our day our strength has been. We should long ago have broken any earthly bank, and drained the exchequer; but Christ has been to us like an ever-flowing fountain, a well-head, a redundant source, communicating enough and to spare. What a purse! What ready relief for every emergency Christ has ever at command! Oh! brethren, have you little grace? Whose fault is it? Not your Lord's. Oh! you that have no spending money! you who are full of doubts and fears! you who have slender comfort and little joy! you who are saying, like the elder son in the parable, "Thou never gavest me a kid that I might make merry with my friends" — whose fault is it? Does not your Father say, "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is shine"? It you are poor in spiritual things, you make yourselves poor, singe, Christ is yours; and with him all things are yours. Do enjoy what God has given you. Take the good that God provides. Seek to live up to your privileges. Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, rejoice! As that golden girdle gleams from afar, say in your spirit: —

***"Since Christ is rich, can I be poor?  
What can I want besides?"***

And now let me briefly point out to you :

## II. THE GOLDEN LESSONS to be gathered from these five meanings of the golden girdle.

It will refresh your memories if I remind you that we showed how the golden girdle set forth the excellency of Christ in all his offices. The golden lesson, then, is — Admire him in all his offices. He that loves Christ will never be tired of hearing about him. Doubtless when Jacob's sons came back and told him that Joseph was lord over all Egypt, after hearing the story once, the old man would be sure to say, "Oh! tell me that again! I will be bound to say that as he sat in that tent of his, he would ask first one and then another to tell the tale; so would he try to pump them with questions. "Tell me, Judah, now how did he look? Has he grown stouter or thinner since the day he left me, and I never thought to see or hear of him any more? Tell me, Simeon, did he sit on a throne? Was he really like a king? Tell me, Levi, what did the Egyptians seem to think of him? Had they a high estimation of his character? Tell me, Zebulon, how did he speak? In what terms did he speak of his old father? Was there a tear in his eye when he referred to Benjamin, your other brother, the little one whom his father would not spare? " Surely I might draw that picture without being suspected of exaggeration. It would be all true. He loved his son so dearly and doted upon him so fondly that he could not know too much; nay, he could not know enough about him. Anybody that had anything to tell about Joseph would be sure to be welcome . So with every renewed heart. If there is anything to be learned about Jesus, you will want to know it. Dear brethren, let us cultivate this spirit more and more. Let us live in the study of the life of Jesus. These are things the angels desire to look into. Do you not desire to look into them too? Watch your Master. Let your experience, as it alters and ripens, reveal to your fresh beauties in your Lord. As you turn over page, after page, of Scripture, search after Jesus in it as men search after gold, and be not content unless you see your Savior's face revealed in every page.

Does the, girdle indicate his power and authority? The golden lesson is that ye trust him. If all power is his, lean on him. We do not lean on Christ enough. The remark of the Church was, "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning on her Beloved? " Lean on him. He will never sink under your weight. All the burdens that men ever had to carry, Christ carried, and he certainly will carry yours. There can be no wars and lightings that perplex you which did not perplex him, for in the great fight which comprehended yourselves, and the great warfare for all his saints, he

overcame. Nothing, then, can be difficult to him. How often we weary ourselves with walking when we might ride — I mean, we carry our troubles when we might take them to Christ. We fret, and groan, and cry, and our difficulties do not get any the less, but when we leave them with him who careth for us, and begin to trust, like a child trusts its father, how light of heart and how strong of spirit we become! The Lord give us to watch that golden girdle carefully, and as we see the power of Jesus Christ may we come to lean upon that power, and trust him at all times.

Or did the golden girdle signify his activity? The golden lesson is that we imitate him. Christ is in heaven, and yet he wears a girdle. Christian, always keep your girdle round your loins. “Stand, therefore, with your loins girt about,” says the Apostle, “and your lamps trimmed.” This is not the place for the Christian to unbind. Heaven is the place of rest for us; not this world of temptation and of sin. Still, stand ready to suffer or to serve. At the Master’s gate watch and wait to do his bidding. Never, on week-days, and much less on Sabbath days, let your spirits be out of order for Christian service. We ought so to live that, if called to die at any minute, we should not need to say a prayer — ready for heaven, ready for a life of service or for a death of glory. The true way for a Christian to live in this world is to be always as he would wish to be if Christ came at that moment, and there is a way of living that style simply depending upon the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ, and then going out into daily service for him, moved by love to him, Saying to him, “Lord, show me what thou wouldst have me to do.” I wish we always were as I have thus said we always should be. The Lord can teach us; let us ask him to teach us the lesson.

We told you, moreover, that the golden girdle indicated his enduring love, inasmuch as it is girt about his breast. Well, then, the golden lesson is, let us love him in return. Let us wear the golden girdle too. Oh! beloved, love him with all your heart, and soul; and strength. Let no rival come between you and Jesus. Keep your heart chaste for the Well-Beloved. My greatest longing is that I may present you as a chaste virgin unto Christ, that there may be nothing by way of error in respect to doctrine or to holiness of life that may disturb the full union of your souls with Jesus. Oh! to see that golden girdle, and an we see it to feel that he has belted us about after the self-same manner! “I am my Beloved’s, and my Beloved is mine.” I am not the world’s, nor is the world for me; but I belong to Jesus, and Jesus

belongs to me. May that be the deep feeling and the truthful expression of every one of you.

And then does the golden girdle suggest to us the wealth of Christ, as being his purse, let it be our golden lesson to rejoice in him. If he be so rich, and all that he is, and all that he has belongs to us, bring hither your choicest music and let your souls be glad in the name of the Lord. Why art thou bowed down? Why distressed? Has thy Lord withdrawn, or has he changed; is he deaf, or is his arm shortened that he cannot deliver? Nay, but let the children of God be joyful in their King. If you cannot be glad in what is created, be glad in the Creator himself. If you cannot drink of the streams, go and drink of the fountain-head; the water is sweeter and better there. Blessed wreck which makes us lose everything and cling to our God, for the loss will be a gain if we get nearer to God, love him better, and prize his friendship more.

Ah! me, the day will come when those of you who love not Christ will have to look on him, and you will see that golden girdle then, but it will bring no comfort to you; you despised him, hence in that girdle there will be no love to you, no blessing for you, no power for you. But what will there be? Why, that very girdle, since it is made of faithfulness, will show him faithful to his threatenings. Those who hear Christ preached and reject him will find that word true, "He that believeth not shall be damned." Nothing but condemnation can be the lot of the man who contemns pardon, and treats forgiveness with contempt. When simply to trust Christ saves the soul, to distrust him is the direst and most damnable of sins. It is suicidal. Unbeliever, thou refuses to pass through the only door that can lead thee to heaven. Well, man if thou never enter there, thy blood be on thine own head. Oh! that grace may lead thee just now to seek salvation! The man with the golden girdle can save thee, and none but he. Look to him. Behold him as he hangs upon the tree with hands and feet fastened there. Look and trust — trust and live. The Lord incline your hearts to espouse and not eschew his rich mercy, for his own dear name's sake. Amen.

# ABSCONDING AND APOSTASY

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*DELIVERED BY C. H. SPURGEON*

*“Will ye also go away?” — John 6:67.*

No mischief that ever befalls our Christian communities is more lamentable than that which comes from the defection of the members. The heaviest sorrow that can wring a pastor's heart is such as comes from the perfidy of his most familiar friend. The direst calamity the Church can dread in not such as will arise from the assault of enemies outside, but from false brethren and traitors within the camp. My eminent predecessor, Benjamin Keach, though arrested, brought before the magistrates, imprisoned, pilloried, and otherwise made to suffer by the Government of the times for the gospel doctrines that he preached and published, found it easier to brook the rough usage of open foes than to bear the griefs of wounded love, or sustain the shock of outraged confidence. I should not think his experience was very exceptional. Other saints would have preferred the rotten eggs of the villagers to the rooted animosities of slanderers. Troy could never be taken by the assaults of the Greeks outside her walls. Only when, by stratagem, the enemy had been admitted within the citadel was that brave city compelled to yield. The devil himself is not such a subtle foe to the Church as Judas, when, after the sop, Satan entered into him. Judas was a friend of Jesus. Jesus addressed him as such. And Judas said, "Hail, Master," and kissed him. But Judas it was who betrayed him. That is a picture which may well appal you; that is a peril which may well admonish you. In all our churches, among the many who enlist, there are some who desert. They continue awhile, and then they go back to the world. The radical reason why they retract is an obvious incongruity. "They went out from us because they were not of us, for if they had been of us, doubtless they would have continued with us." The unconverted adherents to our fellowship are no loss to the Church when they depart. They are not a real loss, any more than the scattering of the chaff from the threshing-floor is a

detriment to the wheat. Christ keeps the winnowing fan always going. His own preaching constantly sifted his hearers. Some were blown away because they were chaff. They did not really believe. By the ministry of the gospel, by the order of Providence, by all the arrangements of divine government, the precious are separated from the vile, the dross is purged away from the silver, that the good seed and the pure metal may remain and be preserved. The process is always painful. It causes great searching of heart amongst those who abide faithful, and occasions deep anxiety to gentle spirits of tender, sympathetic mould.

I trust, dear friends, that you will not think I harbor any ungenerous suspicions of your fidelity, because my text contains so pointed and so personal an appeal to your conscience. There is more of pathos than of pardon in the question as our Lord put it, "Ye will not go away, will ye?" He addressed the favored twelve. I put it to myself; I put it to those who are the officers of the church; I put it to every member without exception: Will ye also go away? But should there be one to whom it is peculiarly applicable, I do not desire to flinch from putting the question most personally to that one, "What are you going? Do you mean to turn back? Do you mean to go away?"

Let us approach the enquiry sideways. Will ye also go away? "Also" means as well as other people. Why do others go? If they have any good reason, perhaps we may see cause to follow their example. Look narrowly, then, at the various causes or excuses for defection. Why do they renounce the religious profession they once espoused? The fundamental reason is want of grace, a lack of true faith, an absence of vital godliness. It is, however, the outward reasons which expose the inward apostasy of the heart from Christ of which I am anxious to treat.

## I. WHY SOME LEAVE CHRIST

Some there are in these days, as there were in our Lord's own day, who depart from Christ because they cannot bear his doctrine. Our Lord had more explicitly than on any former occasion declared the necessity of the soul's feeding upon himself. They probably misunderstood his language, but they certainly took umbrage at his statement. Hence there were those who said, "This is a hard saying; who can hear it?" So they walked no more with him.



There are many points and particulars in which the gospel is offensive to human nature, and revolting to the pride of the creature. It was not intended to please man. How can we attribute such a purpose to God? Why should he devise a gospel to suit the whims of our poor fallen human nature? He intended to save men, but he never intended to gratify their depraved tastes. Rather doth he lay the axe to the root of the tree and cut down human pride. When God's servants are led to set forth some humbling doctrine, there are those who say, "Ah! I will not assent to that." They kick against any truth which wounds their prejudices. What say you, brethren, to the claims of the gospel on your allegiance? Should you discover that God's Word rebukes your favourite pleasure, or contradicts your cherished convictions, will you forthwith take umbrage and go away? Nay; but if your hearts are right with Christ you will be prepared to welcome all his teaching, and yield obedience to all his precepts. Only prove it to be Christ's teaching, and the right-minded professor is ready to receive it. That which is transparent on the face of Scripture he will cordially accept, as he says, "To the law and to the testimony. If they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." As for that which is merely inferred and argued from the general drift of Scripture, the true heart will not be hasty to reject, but patient to investigate, like the Koreans, who "were more noble than the Jews of Thessalonica, because they searched the Scriptures to see whether these things were so. "Oh! that the word of Christ may dwell in us richly! God forbid that any of us should ever turn aside offended because of him, his blessed person, his holy example, or his sacred teaching! May we be ever ready to believe what he says, and prompt to do what he commands! Remember, brethren, that the gospel commission has three parts to which the minister has to attend. We are to go and preach the gospel first. "Go ye, and disciple all nations. " The second thing is "baptising them; " and the third thing is "teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." As willing disciples of Jesus, let us press forward, hearkening to his voice, following in his footsteps, and accounting his revealed will as our supreme law. Far be it from us to go back, to repine, or to desert him, then, because we are offended at his doctrines. Others there are who desert the Savior for the sake of gain. Many have been entangled in that snare. Mr. By-ends originally went on pilgrimage because he thought it would pay. There was a silver mine on the road, and he purposed to survey that, and see whether silver might not be obtained, as well as the golden city beyond. He came, if I remember rightly, of a family

that got its living by the waterman's business, looking one way and pulling another. He was apparently striving for religion, though he had his eye all the while on the world. He was for holding with the hare, and running with the hounds. So when he came to a point where he must part with one or the other, he considered which upon the whole would be most profitable, and he gave up that which appeared to involve loss and self-sacrifice, and kept to that which would, as he called it, help him in the "main change," and assist him to get on in the present life. Sincerely do I trust there is no one among us but what despises Mr. By-ends and all of his class. If you would make money — and there need be nothing sinful in that — do let it be made honestly; never let riches be pursued under the presence of religion. Sell your wares and find a market for your merchandise, but do not sell Christ, nor barter a heavenly birthright for a worthless bribe. Put what goods you please into your shop window, but do not put a canting, hypocritical expression on your face, or "wear a holy leer," with a view of turning godliness into gain. God save us from that arrant villainy! May it never have a footing in our midst!

***"Neither man nor angel can discern  
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks  
Invisible, except to God alone."***

Does any man join a church for the sake of the respectability it implies, or for the standing it may give him, or for the credit he may get? He will soon find that it does not answer his purpose. Then away he will go. The graver probability is that he will be thrust out with shame.

Some leave Christ and go away terrified by persecution. Nowadays it is supposed that there is no such thing. But that is a mistake; for though martyrs are not burned at Smithfield, and the Lollards Tower is now a place for show (a memorial of times long ago), the harass, the cruelty, and the oppression are far enough from being obsolete. Godless husbands play the part of petty tyrants, and will not permit their wives the enjoyment of religion, but make their lives bitter with a galling bondage. Employers full often wreak malice on servants whose piety towards God is their sole cause of offense. Worse still, there are working men who consider themselves intelligent, who cannot allow their fellow-workman liberty to go to a place of worship without sneers, and jeers, and cruel mockings. In many cases the mirth of the workshop is never louder than when it is turned against a believer in Christ. They count it rare fun to hunt a man who cares for the salvation of his soul. They call themselves "Englishmen,"

but certainly they are no credit to their country. Look at the base-born, ill-bred cowards. Yonder is an atheist; he is raving about his rights because the magistrate will not believe him on his oath; he claims liberty of conscience to be a heathen himself, but denies his comrade's right to be a Christian. Look at that little party of British workmen; they belong to the Sabbath desecration society. They are petitioning Parliament to open museums and theatres on Sundays, and at the same time they are hounding to death a poor fellow who prefers going to chapel. They air their own self-respect by the oaths they utter, while they betray their self-abasement by the scorn they vent on those who presume to sing a hymn. They hail the drunkard as a chum, and scout the sober man as a fiend. I wonder that there is not more honorable feeling, more good faith, and true fellowship among our skilled workmen than to allow of one man being made the butt of a whole community. God give you grace to bear such persecutions as these! If they cut us to the quick, may we learn to bear them with equanimity, and even to rejoice that we are counted worthy to suffer for the Savior's sake! Some of us have had to run the gauntlet for many years. What we have said has been constantly misrepresented; what we have endeavored to do has been misjudged, and our motives have been misunderstood. Yet here we tare, as happy as anybody out CF heaven. We have not been injured by any or all the calumnies that have been heaped upon us. Our foes would have crushed us but, blessed be God, he cheered us often when we were cast down. The Lord give you, in like manner, strength of mind and courage of heart to bear the trial manfully! Then you will care no more for the laughter and the sneers of men than you do for the noise of those migratory birds high overhead, which you hear on an autumn evening as they are making their weary journey to a distant clime. Take heart, man. Fear God, and face your accusers. True courage grows strong on opposition. Never think of deserting the army of Christ. Least of all should you play the coward because the insolence of some ill-mannered bully. Let not your faith be vanquished by such scoffing. Alas! that so many a craven spirit has gone away for the sake of carnal ease, and deserted Christ, when his dear name had become the drunkard's jest and the derision of fools.

Anon, there are people who forsake true religion out of sheer levity. I know not how to account for some men's defections. If you take up the list of wrecks, you will notice some that have gone down through collisions, and others through striking upon rocks; but sometimes you meet with a

vessel “foundered at sea “; how it happened no one knows; the owner himself cannot understand it. It was a calm day, and there was a cloudless sky when the vessel sank. There are some professors who, concerning faith, have made shipwreck under such apparently easy circumstances, so free from trial, so exempt from temptation, that we have not seen anything to awaken anxiety on their behalf, yet all of a sudden they have foundered. We are startled and amazed. I remember one that fell into a gross sin, of whom a brother unwisely said, “If that man is not a Christian, I am not.” His prayers had certainly been sweet. Many a time they have melted me down before the throne of grace and yet the life of God could not have been in his soul, for he lived and died in flagrant vice, and was impenitent to the last. Such cases I can only attribute to a sort of levity which can be charmed with a sermon or a play; take a pew at the chapel or a box at the opera with equal nonchalance; and eagerly follow the excitement of the hour, “everything by turns, and nothing long.” “Unstable as water, they shall not excel.” At the spur of a moment they profess Christianity, they do not espouse it; and then, without troubling themselves to renounce it, they drop off into infidelity. They are soft and malleable enough to be hammered into any shape. Made of wax, they can be moulded by any hand that is strong enough to grip them. The Lord have mercy upon any of you that may happen to be of that genus! You spring up soon, and suddenly you wither. Hardly is the seed sown before the sprout appears. What a wonderful harvest you promise! But ah! no sooner has the sun risen with a burning heat than, because there is no earth, the good seed withers away. Pray God that you may be ploughed deep, that the iron pan of rock underneath may be broken right up, that you may have plenty of subsoil and root-hold, that the verdure you produce may be permanent. Want of principle is deadly, but the lack is far too common. Never cease to pray that you — may be rooted and grounded, stablished and built up, in Christ, so that when the floods come and the winds blow, you may not fall with a great destruction, as that house fell which was built upon the sand.

And, oh! how many leave Christ for the sake of sensual enjoyments! I will not enlarge upon this. Certain, however, it is that the pleasures of sin for a season fascinate their minds till they sacrifice their souls at the shrine of sordid vanity. For a merry dance, a wanton amusement, or a transient joy that would not bear reflection, they have renounced the pleasures that never pall, the immortal hopes that never fail, and turned their backs upon that blessed Savior who gives and feeds the tastes for joys unspeakable, for

joys of glory full. In our pastoral oversight of a church like this we have painful evidence that a considerable number gradually grow cold. The elders' reports of the absentees reiterate the vain excuses for non-attendance. One has so many children. The distance is too great for another. When they joined the church their family was just as large, and the distance was just the same. But the household cares become more irksome when the concern for religion begins to flag; and the fatigue of travelling increases when their zeal for the house of God falters. The elders fear they are growing cold. No actual transgression can we detect, but there is a gradual declension over which we grieve. I dread that coldheartedness; it steals so insensibly, yet so surely over the entire frame. I do not say that it is worse than open sin. It cannot be. Yet it is more insidious. A flagrant delinquency would startle one as a fit does a patient; but a slow process of backsliding may steal like paralysis over a person without awakening suspicion. Like the sleep which comes over men in the frozen regions, if they yield to it they will never wake again. You must be aroused, or else this supineness will surely end in death. "Grey hairs were upon him here and there, and he knew it not." Is it so with any of you, dear friends? Are you going aside by slow degrees? He that loses his substance little by little presently becomes a bankrupt, and painful is the discovery when the end comes. How miserable must a spiritual bankruptcy be to him who wastes by degrees his heavenly estate, if he ever had any! No words can describe it. God preserve us from such a catastrophe!

Some have turned aside, who allege that they did so through change of circumstances. They were with us when their means of livelihood were competent, if not affluent. From reverses in business, they have sunk in their social position. Hence they do not like to come into fellowship with us as they were wont to do. Now from my inmost soul I can say if there are any persons that wax poor, I for one, do not think one atom the less of them, or hold them in less esteem, however impoverished they may become. Do not tell me that you have no clothes fit to come in, for any clothes that you have paid for are creditable. If you have not paid for them, I cannot make excuses for you. Be honest. Frieze or fustian need not shame you; but for fineness or fashion I should certainly blame you. I am always glad to see brethren sitting here, as I sometimes do, in their smock-frocks. One good friend is rather conspicuous in that line. The wholesome whiteness of his rural garb is rather attractive. If he has paid for it, he is a far more respectable man than anyone that has run into debt for a suit of

broadcloth that he cannot pay for. And I rejoice to think that I am not expressing my own feeling merely, but that which is shared by the whole community. We all delight to see our poor brethren. If there are any of you suffering from a sensitiveness of your own, or a suspicion of our reflections, the sooner you get rid of such foolish pride the happier you will be. You are jealous of being thought respectable. Don't you know that a man is respectable for his character not for the money he has got in his pocket? Others forsake Christ because they have become rich and increased in goods. They did not scorn the little conventicle when they were plain, plodding people; but since fortune has smiled on them, and they have moved their residence from a terrace to a mansion, and they have taken to keep a carriage, they feel bound to move in another circle. To the parish church, or to some ritualistic church in their neighborhood, they go once on the Sunday. They patronise the place by their presence; they show themselves among the elite of that locality; they bow and bend, and face about to the east, as though they had been to the manner born. They are too respectable to go into the little Baptist chapel. They receive visitors in the afternoon, dine late, and dissipate Sabbathic hours in the frivolous presence of showing off their gentility. Well, I think their departure is not to be lamented. When gone they are certainly no loss to anybody. We sigh for them as we would for Judas or Demas. They have fallen foul of what they thought their good fortune but of what has proved to be their ruin. Those who have true principle when they rise in the world see more reason why they should spend their wealth and their influence in aiding a good cause. Principle would prevail over policy to the end, if in their hearts they believed the truth as it is in Jesus. It were no dishonor to a prince to go and sit down side by side with a pauper, were they both true followers of Jesus Christ. In old times, when our sires met in caves and dens of the earth, they met the liege and the lowly, the bond and free; or when, in earlier ages, the Christians gathered in the catacombs, men out of Caesar's household, now a chief, then a senator, anon a prince of the blood, came and sat down in those caves, lighted up with the dim candle, to listen while some unshod but heaven-taught man declared the gospel of Jesus with the power of the Holy Spirit. That they were illiterate I am quite sure, for on looking over the monuments that are found in the catacombs it is rare to find one inscription that is thoroughly well spelt. Though it is evident enough that the early Christians were an illiterate company of men, yet those that were great and noble did not disdain to join with them, nor will they if the light of heaven shines and the love of God burns in their hearts.

Unsound doctrine occasions many to apostatise. There is always plenty of that about. Deceivers will beguile the weak; and some have been led aside by modern doubt; and modest infidelity has its partisans. They begin cautiously by reading works with a view to answer scientific or intellectual skepticism. They read a little more, and dive a little deeper into the turbid stream, because they feel well able to stand against the insidious influence. They go on, till at last they are staggered. They do not repair to those who could help their scruples, but they continue to flounder on till at last they have lost their footing, and he that said he was a believer has ended in stark atheism, doubting even the existence of a God. Oh! that those who are well taught would be content with their teaching! Why meddle with heresies? What can they do but pollute your minds? Were I to get black, I imagine that I could wash away all the soils; but I should be sorry to black myself for the sake of washing. Why should you be so unwise as to go through pools of foul teaching merely because you think it easy to cleanse yourself of its pollution? Such trifling is dangerous. When you begin to read a book, and find it pernicious, put it aside. Someone may upbraid you for not reading it all through. But why should you? If I have a joint of meat on my table of which the smell and the taste at once convince me that it is putrid and unwholesome, should I show my discretion by fairly eating it all before giving my judgment that it is not fit for food? One mouthful is quite enough, and one sentence of some books ought to be quite enough for a sensible man to reject the whole mass. Let those that can relish such meat have it, but I have a taste for better food. Keep to the study of the Word of God. If it be your duty to expose these evils, encounter them bravely, with prayer to God to help you. But if not, as a humble believer in Jesus, what business have you to taste and test such noxious fare, when it is exposed in the market?

I will not continue in this strain. It is painful to me, if not to you. I will condense into a few sentences my answer to the second enquiry: —

## II. WHAT BECOMES OF THEM

Those that go aside — what becomes of them? Well, if they are God's children, I will tell you what becomes of them, for I have seen it scores of times. Though they go aside, they are not happy. They cannot rest, for they are miserable even when they try to be cheerful. After a while they begin to remember their first husband, for then it was better with them than now. They return; but there are scores and scores, to say nothing of the Came

which they have to carry with them to their grave, who are never the men they were before. They have to take a second place among their comrades. And even should sovereign grace so wonderfully bless their painful experience that they are fully restored, they can never mention the past without bitter regret. Their by-path serving for others' beacon, they will say to young people, "Never do as I have done; no good, all mischief, comes of it." In the vast majority of cases, however, they are not the Lord's people. So this is what comes of it. Those who prove traitors to a profession they once made are the hardest people in the world to impress. Doubtless some of you, when you lived in the country, used always to be punctual at your usual places of worship, but since you have come to London, where your absence from any sanctuary is unnoticed, you rarely enter the courts of the Lord's house; nor would you have been here to-night but for some special inducement — some country cousin or some particular friend having brought you. Though unknown to me, God scans your path. Well, here you are, and yet it may be to little profit. You have had counsels and cautions in such profusion that it is like pouring oil down a slab of marble to admonish you. May God of his omnipotent mercy break your obdurate heart, or there will be no hope for you! Such people frequently lose all conscience. They can go a deal further in talking against religion than anybody else. They will sometimes venture to say they know so much about it that they could expose it. Their boast and their threat are alike unmeaning; but as boys whistle while they walk through the churchyard to keep their courage up, so do their vain talk and their senseless stories betray their stifled fear. They speak contemptuously of God while they justify themselves in a course of which their own conscience upbraids them. They go back — alas! Some of them to prove themselves the most abandoned sinners in the world. The raw material out of which the devil constructs the deadliest fabric is that which was presumed to be the most saintly substance. There could not have been a Judas to betray Christ had he not first been distinguished as a disciple, who ventured to kiss his Master. You must pick him from among the apostles to make, an apostate. As the ringleaders of riotous transgression, when converted, often make the best revivalist preachers, so those that seem to be the most loyal subjects of Christ, when they become renegades, prove to be the bitterest foes and the blackest sinners. Painful reminiscences rush over one's mind. Standing here now in the midst of a great church, I call to mind things that have harrowed up my soul. God grant I may not see the like of them again! They go away! — ah! me, full many of them go away to



die in blank despair. Did you ever read the life of Francis Spira? If you want to sleep to-night, do not take up that memoir. Did you ever read the life of John Child, a Baptist minister of about two, hundred years ago? Mr. Keach gives it in one of his works. He was a man who knew the truth, and to a great extent had felt its power; but he went aside from it, and before he came to die his expressions were too terrible to listen to. The remorse and despair of his spirit chased every one away. At last he laid violent hands upon himself. For a man, after having once looked Christ in the face and kissed him, to betray him and crucify him afresh, to hang himself is not to be wondered at. To eat at the Lord's table, to drink of that cup of blessing, to mingle with the saints, join in their prayers and their hymns, professing to be a disciple of Christ, and then to go back and walk no more with him, is to venture on a course of no ordinary danger. The, swing of the pendulum, if it has been lifted high and let go, is so much the greater on the other side. I marvel not that any man should be precipitated into flagrant sin who wilfully renounces his vows of consecration to Jesus. And oh! when his eyes are opened and his conscience is aroused, how he wishes that he had never been born! Could he terminate his existence and annihilate his anguish-smitten soul, then the direst act of desperation by which he should end a life he could not mend might be accounted wise. But no; that is impossible. The relief he seeks he cannot find when he takes the dreadful leap from suffering here to an aggravated form of misery hereafter, ten thousand times worse to endure. He seals his doom and makes his own damnation sure as he, raises against himself a murdering hand. Do I address anyone here bereft of every ray of hope and shivering on the brink of cold despairs. Hold now! I would cry in your ears; do thyself no harm. Thou canst do thyself no good. Think not to cure thy woes by committing another crime.

*“Twere madness thus to shun the living light,  
And plunge thy guilty soul in endless night.”*

While there is life there is hope. Jesus Christ can forgive you. Return to him. He can wash you in his blood. He can make you glean, though your sin be as scarlet. But, oh! do not trifle, make no delay. Tarry no longer in your present condition; else, may be, you will fill up the measure of your iniquities or ever you are aware, and you may taste, even in this world, some beginning of the wrath to come. If not rescued as a trophy of grace right speedily, you may become a monument of God's wrath; a beacon to deter others from daring to turn aside. I speak solemnly; I cannot help it.

So intensely do I feel the terror of that woe, and so confident am I that some of you are making light of it, that I would go down on my knees and entreat you with tears to mind what you are at. You have got on the inclined plane, and you are going down, down, down. Your feet are even now on the slippery places from which multitudes have been cast down into destruction. How are they brought into desolation as in a moment! The Lord make haste to deliver you! May he stretch out his hand and receive you! I can only call out to you. You seem to have got where I cannot reach you. Do not venture a footstep further in that dangerous road. Look to Jesus, look to Jesus; he can redeem your life from the pit by his sovereign grace, and he alone. Then as a wandering sheep, brought back to the fold, you shall adore his name. Our third point is this: —

### III. WHY SHOWED NOT WE GO AWAY AS THEY HAVE GONE?

Were we left to ourselves, I cannot tell you any reason why we should not go, as they have gone. Nor, indeed, could I tell you why the best man here should not be the worst before to-morrow morning, if the grace of God left him. John Bradford, you know, as he saw the poor criminals taken away to Tyburn to be executed, used to say, “ There goes John Bradford, but for the grace of God. “ Verily each one of us might say the same. To abide with Christ, however, is our only security, and we trust we shall never depart from him. ‘But how can we make sure of this? The great thing is to have a real foundation in Christ to begin with — genuine faith, vital godliness. The foundation is the first matter to be attended to in building a house. With a bad foundation there cannot be a substantial house. You require a firm bottom, a sound groundwork, before you proceed to the superstructure. Do pray God that if your religion be a sham, you may find it out now. Unless your hearts be deeply ploughed with genuine repentance, and unless you are thoroughly rooted and grounded in the faith, you may have some cause to suspect the reality of your conversion, and the verity of the Holy Spirit’s operation in you. May the Lord work in you a good beginning, and then you may rely upon it he will carry it on to the day of Jesus Christ.

Then remember, dear brethren and sisters, if you would be preserved from falling, you must be schooled in humility and keep very low before the Lord. When you are half an inch above the ground, you are that half-inch too high. Your place is to be nothing. Trust Christ, but do not trust yourself. Rely on the Spirit of God, but do not rely on anything that is in

yourself; no, not on a grace you have received, or on a gift you possess. Those do not slide that walk humbly with God. They are always safe whose entire dependence is upon God. Be jealous of your obedience; be circumspect; be careful; take heed to yourselves; your walk and conversation cannot be too cautious. Many are lost through being too remiss, but none through being too scrupulous. The statutes of the Lord are so right that you cannot neglect them without diverging from the path of rectitude. Watch and pray. God help you to watch, or else you will get drowsy. Never neglect prayer. That is at the root of every defection. Retrogression commonly begins at the closet. To restrain prayer is to deaden the very pulse of life. "Watch unto prayer." And I beseech you, dear friends, do shun that company which has led other Peoria astray. Parley not with those whose jokes are profane. Keep right away from them. It is not for you to be seen standing, much less to be found sitting down with men of loose manners and lewd converse. They can do you no good, but the evil they can bring upon you it would not be easy to estimate. You may have heard the story — but it is so good it will bear repeating — of the lady who advertised for a coachman, and was waited upon by three candidates for the situation. She put to the first one this question, "I want a really good coachman to drive my pair of horses, and, therefore, I ask you how near you can drive to danger and yet be safe?" "Well," he said, "I could drive very near indeed; I could go within a foot of a precipice without fear of any accident so long as I had the reins." She dismissed him with the remark that he would not do. To the next one who came she put the same question. "Now near could you drive to danger?" "Being determined to get the place, he said, "I could drive within a hair's breadth, and yet skilfully avoid any mishap." "You will not do," said she. When the third one came in, his mind was cast in another mould, so when the question was put to him, "How near could you drive to danger?" he said, "Madam, I never tried. It has always been a rule with me, to drive as far off from danger as I possibly can." The lady engaged him at once. In like manner, I believe that the man who is careful to run no risks, and to refrain from all equivocal conduct, having the fear of God in his heart, is most to be relied upon. If you are really built upon the Rock of Ages, you may meet the question without dismay, "Will you also go away?" and you can reply without presumption, "No, Lord, I cannot, and I will not go, for to whom should I go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, and

soul, and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it. Amen.

# AN URGENT NECESSITY

NO. 3557

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**ON LORD'S-DAY EVENING, 31ST JULY, 1870.**

*“It is time to seek the Lord till he come and rain righteousness upon you.” -  
Hosea 10:12.*

HOSEA uses a great many figures taken from farming. He describe the seeking of the Lord in the former part of this verse as ploughing, and sowing, and breaking up fallow ground. I suppose he intends by this to describe conviction of sin, humiliation of soul as the work that ploughs, the reception of the truth of the gospel by faith in Jesus Christ as sowing, for this introduces the living seed into the soul. And he here gives two reasons why this matter of seeking the Lord should be attended to at once. His first reason is the season. “It is time to seek the Lord.” The second is a very gracious expectation that God will rain righteousness upon us. First, then, prophet reasons that we should seek after the Lord because it is:-

## **I. THE TIME TO SEEK GOD.**

“It is time to seek the Lord.” I wish you to reflect, first, that we yet have time. It might have been otherwise. We might have been cut down in our sins. Many of our neighbors and acquaintances have died. Some of them we have reason to fear died in their iniquities, and were taken away with a stroke. We, too, have passed through dangers. Some have escaped in shipwreck. Some have been in imminent peril in accident; some of us have come into the very jaws of death in serious sickness. We might almost sing, or quite sing:-

*“Lord, and am I yet alive  
Not in torment, not in hell;  
Still doth thy good Spirit strive  
With the chief of sinners dwell.”*

We yet have time. Let no person living say he hath not time, for while life lasts, hope lasts. The sentence, “Depart, ye cursed,” is not yet pronounced by Christ’s lips on you. Pronounce it not on yourselves. Do not conclude your case to be hopeless, and make it hopeless, but rather believe that being in the assembly of God’s people, listening to the testimony of his grace, you are still on praying ground and pleading terms with God, and you yet have time given you to seek the Lord. The most aged need not despair; the most guilty need not conclude that their day of grace is over. Until that iron bar shall fasten the door, and you are shut in the pit for ever, let not Satan persuade you that you are beyond all hope. While the gospel note rings from the silver trumpet of gracious invitation, “He that hath ears to hear let him hear,” ye yet have time - time to seek the Lord.

This time is given you for this very purpose. You think, perhaps that your prolonged life is given you that you may mature your plans, that you may rectify mistakes of business, that you may accumulate more money, or perhaps you are grow enough to think that the best way of using time is to get earthly pleasure out of it, and indulge animal passions and appetites. Ah! sirs, it is not so. To whatever use you put this talent of time, God’s long-suffering has been your salvation. By it God teacheth you to repent while he permitteth you to live. His long-suffering is not that you may provoke him further, but that you may cease to provoke him. He cuts not down the tree not that it may spread its useless branches and cumber the ground yet worse, but if, perhaps, being digged about a little longer, it may bring forth fruit. It is the very motive why the Intercessor pleads, “Spare it yet another year.” He spares you that you may not depart hence till you are ready to depart. He gives you space, not for sin, for repenting opportunity, not for perpetrating worse offenses, but for turning from your evil ways. Your time has this mark on it, if you would but see it, “Repent! I give thee space. Repent. Take heed thou waste it not.” There is encouragement to every unconverted person in this thought. If this time is given you to repent in, then rest assured that, repenting and believing in Jesus’ you will be accepted. If the judge stands at the criminal’s door and waits, and says he waits there until he is willing to receive the pardon he grants, and if the criminal be anxious to receive the pardon, there can be no difficulty in the

way. The very waiting of the judge at the door proves that he does not want to execute the sentence - only desires to see some symptom of contrition, some tokens of turning from the evil way, and gives space if, perhaps, these token may become apparent. Hear ye, then, oh! unconverted ones, hear ye then, and trifle not with the space allowed you. It is time to seek the Lord, says the text; surely it is high time. Not only the time, but high time. It is high time, ye young ones, that ye seek the Lord, for Satan is on the watch for you if, perhaps, your unwary footsteps may be decoyed into the paths of evil - evil which, if you be not delivered from, you will have to regret ever having trodden to life's latest hour. Oh! if you would be kept from the snare of the fowled, ye young ones, it is time ye seek the Lord - high time. Now when you are leaving your mother's roof - going away from a father's gentle guidance, it is time to seek the Lord. I would press this on any young man here just launching into life, ore throb marriage, ere that business be entered upon - it is time to seek the Lord. Set up God's altar when you set up a house, and ore ye trade for yourself consecrate yourself and your substance to God, who can bless you and will. But, oh! ye that have passed now into middle life, have ye spent forty years in sin? It is high time ye sought the Lord. Your best days have been given to provoking hind Will ye not give the rest, such as they are, to his service? Oh! that his Spirit might constrain you so to do. And you that lean upon the staff, you who have come to the verge of human life, is it not high times to seek the Lord? I see your sun going down; the sky is scarcely bright, the red rays betoken that the sun is hiding himself. Oh! ere the dark, dark, endless night comes on, seek ye the Lord while yet he may be found. Be grateful for having been spared so long. Oh! be not so ungrateful as to use so long a life all for sin; for, remember, it will be then all used for your own destruction. You have long enough been a fool. Grey hairs and foolery are not well matched. You have long enough sported on the brink of hell; will you not start back from it By God's long-suffering and patience, I beseech you remember it is high time for you to seek the Lord. And you in whom I mark that treacherous spot upon the cheek that marks the worm beneath, and you with the preternaturally bright eye that indicates the fire of consumption within, it is time ye sought the Lord. And ye whose crumbling frames, or aching bones or relaxed sinews, or trembling nerves, all betoken how weak your body is, and how readily it may be crumbled back into the dust - these tokens from the Lord are upon you - it is time ye sought him. He knocks gently as yet, and gives you warning. Take heed, he will come soon and remove the house of the

wicked, and the tabernacle of the ungodly, and your souls must appear before his judgment-seat. It is high time ye sought the Lord. And, oh! all of you ungodly once that listen to my voice, and have listened to it so long, I have asked the Lord to teach me how to preach that I may somehow get at your hearts. I seem not to have learnt the art as yet. May his Spirit come and give the right word with a barbed shaft that shall plough its way right through your armor and pierce its way through all the hardness of your heart until it breaks the conscience and wounds you, and compels you to cry for mercy. What! all the years -of Park Street, and Exeter Hall, and the time at the Surrey Gardens, and ever since this Tabernacle has been built, and yet unsaved! It is time to seek the Lord. The very seats you sit on cry out against you, some of you, and I, unwilling as I am to speak it, I must be a swift witness against some of you, for to the best of my ability I have pointed to Christ, I have warned you from danger, I have told you of your great peril, I have warned you of the terrible punishment of sin, I have entreated you to fly to Jesus. It is time, ye gospel-hardened ones, that ye sought the Lord. If your lusts be gods, serve them; but decide ye and choke ye this day, and may God choose for you whom ye will serve. It is high time as well as time to seek the Lord.

Remember, too - and here is something solemn, but something sweet as well - it is God's time, for these are God's words put into the prophet's mouth - it is time to seek the Lord; God says, "It is time." When God says it is time, why, then, when I come I cannot be denied. God says, "It is time"; then if I do not come, I provoke him. Hear ye these words, ye that are dull of hearing, and ye whose hearts have a thick crust; hear ye, for Jehovah speaks to you this day. "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts as in the provocation." "To-day" - he limiteth the time - "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts; for if you do so, the day will come when he will deal with you as he did with his people Israel, who, having long provoked him, received this as his answer to their face, "He sware in his wrath that they should not enter into his rest." Not yet hath he spoken, but he may, and that awful voice which comes from Solomon's Proverbs may come to you. "Because I have called and ye refused, I stretched out my hand and no man regarded it, I also will mock at your calamity; I will laugh when your fear cometh." "To-day is the accepted time; to-day is the day of salvation."

Once more only. It is time to seek the Lord, and it is but time. It is but a time. Ye have not given to you eternity in which to seek the Lord. It is the



time, and the time is limited. It is still time, but it is limited. To some of you it is my limited. It is time to seek the Lord. The vessel lies in the harbor, and the favorable wind would take her out to sea, and bear her on to her port, but the sailor sleeps; the captain observes not the wind; the sails are furled. To-morrow the wind has changed. Now he may do as he will, he is land-locked, and there must he remain; he cannot put out to sea, for he cannot command the gale. So is it with you; there is a time which fled appoints you. Tis now! Slight it, and it may never come again. It is but a time. Oh! take this mercy at the flood; miss it not, I pray you. While God waits, come ye, lest there should come an hour when ye shall knock at his door and the voice shall be heard, "Too late, too late; ye cannot enter now." Ah! I would I had but power to put this as I should, and so that you would feel it; but, mayhap, you will feel it when I would wish you had no need to do so, I mean on a dying bed. The Puritans tell a story of a woman convinced of sin on her death-bed, who lived near Cambridge, who was visited by several ministers, all of whom had great skill in comforting seeking souls. When five or six of them had spoken gently and comfortingly to her, she opened her eyes upon them with a glare, and all she said was this, "Call back the time, call back the time, for otherwise I am damned." And so she died. And there are many, I hear, who might say that. "The time is gone! The time is gone; I cannot call it back!" Oh! take it on the wing while yet it - is time to seek the Lord. Ye know, perhaps, the story of the traveler on the prairie, when a fire in the distance could be seen. The prairie was on a blaze, and he knew that his only hope for life was to fight fire with fire. He searched for his matches. If he could make a ring around him and burn the grass so that when the fire came up it would have nothing to feed upon, then he might escape. He found but three matches in his box. He took one and struck it with some degree of care, but, alas! he could not light the train which he had laid, the match had gone out. He took another, and this time, very tremblingly, with much of tremulous anxiety about him, struck it. There was a light; he thought he was safe, but a gust of wind blew it out. And now all depended on the last match. He must be burnt to ashes, unhelped, unpitied by a friend, if that match failed him. Down he falls, and breathes the prayer, "God help me, God help me! Grant this may succeed." He struck it! You may guess with what care he had laid all the grass around it, and then he struck it as though he were loth to run the terrible risk; but he praised God when he saw its success, and that his life was saved. You have but one match left, O sinner; use it well - one light one time - the time to seek the Lord. Oh! seek him

now to-night. This moment in the pew say “God be merciful to me a sinner!” Is that your prayer? ‘Tis well. God hear and answer it! But now I must by your patience speak for a little while upon the second part of the text. There is another reason given for seeking the Lord, and that is.-

## II. THE BLESSED EXPECTATION.

It is that in due time he will rain righteousness upon us I understand by this that the ploughing and the sowing are ours, but these are nothing without the heavenly rain of grace. But God will be sure to send that in due time. In fact, our ploughing and sowing are results and tokens of his grace, and the grace of comfort will come where the grace of humiliation has already come. When it says “righteousness” I think it means to assure us that God can in a way of righteousness be gracious to us. Through his dear Son, who bore the punishment of our sine, God can righteously rain upon sinners. Now just a moment or two. You say you have not grace; you say you are not what you should be. ‘Tis even so. But seek the Lord, and he will rain righteousness upon you. Observe all grace must come from him. Rain comes from God. He rains it. Every drop of grace comes from heaven. You, sinner, can never get any grace unless he gives it you. Remember this, and wait upon him now for it. It must be heavenly grace, or it will be no grace at all. It can come to you. There are some parts on earth that never could be watered if it did not rain. Nobody would ever think of watering the hilltops. But he watereth his hills from his chambers. We cannot give grace to you; you are in such a desolate, lonely, mountainous place, but he can get at you, and he will. See how it is he will rain righteousness upon you. Then, as there is a straight way for rain even to the wilderness, so is there a straight way for God’s grace to drop into your desert heart. Rain comes sovereignly as God wills it, where he wills it, when he wills it. And in degree and duration according to his will. So does grace. Lift up your soul, then, to him for it, and bow your head, feeling that you deserve it not.

But in the metaphor of rain there is the idea of plenteousness. He will rain righteousness upon you. If you have no grace, he will give you much grace if you have great needs; he will give you great supplies; he will rain it upon you. God is not stinting in his love; he will not give you a drop or two, but he will give you a sea of mercy. “I will pour water upon him that is thirsty and floods upon the dry ground.” Now is not this good reason for seeking the Lord? Ye cannot get grace anywhere but from the Lord. God can gave

it you very abundantly. It is in his hands to give or not as he wills. Oh! seek it. He holdeth the stars; he guideth the clouds; he wingeth the tempest. Seek ye him, for his grace; he will give it to you. It can come from none besides. But it will come. There is the mercy of it. And you are told in the text to seek it until it does come. Seek him until the grace comes. I have known a sinner cry to God once, and mercy has come directly; but there have been many cases where souls have cried again and again, and only after a long while have they had success. I saw as I came here to-night - it all happened in a moment - I saw a little child just come home from school I suppose a very little child, and she tapped at her mother's door, and the mother did not come, and she did what was the best thing to do under the circumstances - cried as loud as ever she could, and her mother came to her. If ye have knocked at mercy's door, and mercy has not come, cry for it. Oh! a groan, a tear, a cry, a sigh, will quicken the steps of mercy. God cannot linger when a sinner cries. When a sinner weeps, Christ will soon have pity on him. But, anyhow, keep on till he comes. Seek till he rain righteousness upon you. Elijah got the fire in prayer very soon, but he did not get the rain very soon. He had to say to his servant "Go and look towards the sea." There was Elias, with his head between his knees, in mighty prayer, but not a drop of rain or sign of a cloud. "Go again, go again," repeated till he had made up seven times, and then there is a cloud the size of a man's hand. Sinner, hast thou prayed? Go again. Hast thou prayed twice? Go again. Has it come to three times? Go again. Has it come to four times, Go again. Does it amount to six times? Go again. Let there be no stint in prayer. Thou hast kept God waiting long enough. Thou must not marvel if he should now tarry awhile. Go again; go again. Say, "I am resolved that I will not give it up until thou shalt rain thy comfort, thy righteousness, thy grace, upon me." He will surely do it, and you do not know how soon - you do not know how soon - you will get comfort. And when it comes it will make up for all delays. You know the woman, when the child is born, remembereth no more the travail, for joy that a man is born into the world; and, oh! when Christ is yours, you will forget your travail in your joy and your rejoicing. I am thinking just now of Columbus and his crew. They had sailed long across the Atlantic, and had not found the golden land, the El Dorado, and so the sailors talked of going back, and many a scheme he had, by which he tempted them a little further on to that unknown shore. At last it came to this, they mutinied; they would go no farther; they would not seek the land again; wherefore should they drift away and be lost for ever? He said, "Give me but three days, and if

between now and the third day we see not the shore, then we will reverse the helm." Within those three days shore stood the fair shores of the New World before the mariners' eyes. Suppose they had turned back the second day, and had gone home and never found it. Well, I don't know that it would have mattered much to those sailors. Somebody else would have found it, but you are, perhaps, within three days now of being accepted in the Beloved - perhaps within three hours. Pray God that it may be within three minutes. And will you not go on little farther; will you not still cry, and will you not take the gospel step, the grand step of believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved? That brings you to the El Dorado, to the land of gold, to the land of mercy, to the bosom of Christ, to the safety of the blessed, to the security of the glory that shall be revealed hereafter. Oh! sinner, be thou not discouraged, but seek the Lord, for thou hast his promise he will be found of thee. Some even of God's servants have been a good while seeking, and they have not found him. When that dear martyr of Christ, Mr. Glover, lay in prison he was in a very sad state of heart, and he said, "I love him, and I will burn for him; but, oh! that I had some glimpses of his face." And his fellow-sufferer who lay in prison with him used to tell him, "He will appear to you; you shall have joy." But day after day all through that weary time spent in prison, he would constantly be saying, "Am I his? Hath he forgotten to be gracious? Hath he shut up the bowels of his compassion? But," said Glover, "if he never speak comfortably to me again, I know his truth, and I know his gospel, and I will burn for him. By his grace, I will never turn away"; and the morning came on which he was to be burned, and he awoke with some heaviness on his spirit. There seemed to be no comfort in any promise to which he turned, and prayer brought no relief. And they came and put the chains on him, and they led him out, and he came to where the stake was and where the faggots were, and he was about to strip and put on his shirt for the burning, and suddenly he leapt up and said, "He is come! He is come! He is come! Glory be unto his name." His friends had asked him to give some sign that his spirit had revived, and he stood and burned as though he scarcely felt the fire, singing Psalms and praying. And so it will be with every earnest seeker. If the looks of love have never come to you for years, you will have them yet, for never soul believed but what was safe. Some have believed, but not been comfortable, but they are safe; the comfort will come. Only seek ye, for he will rain righteousness on you.

*“So I must maintain my hold,  
‘Tis the goodness makes me bold;  
I can no denial take,  
For I plead for Jesus’ sake.”*

Oh! sinner, never let go. Cling close to Christ, and he cannot cast you away, for this is his promise, “Him that cometh, I will in no wise cast out.” Come ye, and the Lord bless you. Amen and amen.

# A PLEA FROM THE CROSS

NO. 3558

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DELIVERED BY C.H. SPURGEON

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON.

ON THE LORD'S-DAY EVENING, 29TH JAN., 1871

*“Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.” — Luke 22:34.*

To the godly heart there is a brighter light on Calvary than anywhere else beneath the sun. He who often resorts to Golgotha, if his spirit be right, must be wise. It is the University of Saints? He who would know sin — its heinousness, its penalty — must see the Son of God making expiation for it by his death on the accursed tree. He who would know love — the love which many waters cannot quench, and which the floods cannot drown — must read it in the Savior's face' or, if you will, written in crimson lines in the Savior's heart, pierced with the spear. He who would know hoe? he may get his sin forgiven, must resort to the cross. There, and there only, is seen the way by which sin can be pardoned and the sinner accepted with God; and he who, finding pardon there, would seek to be useful to his fellow-men and bring them into the like condition, must himself keep near that cross, that he may speak much of it, and, in the power of it, may be able to persuade and to prevail with the sons of men. Abide at the gross, beloved; there is no air so healthy and quickening as that which is breathed there. There was the birthplace of your hope, there its native air; there must be on earth the climax of your joy. Live upon a crucified Savior as you live by a crucified Savior.

And now this word which we hear at Calvary, the first word of our Savior after he had been fastened to the cross — this word I shall not attempt to fathom, or go into the depths of it, but shall rather touch the surface of it,

skimming it, and uttering a few such sentences, as it were, one after the other that have arisen to my mind while listening to the voice of our Lord in this his plaintive cry, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." I will suppose that I have here, and I fear I need not make it a supposition, many that as yet are unpardoned, unreconciled to God. Will you come with me and make a pilgrimage to Calvary? Will you see your Savior? He has just come up the hill of doom; they have thrown him upon his back. There is the cross, the executioners have stretched out his hands and his feet; they have taken the nails; they have driven them through his hands and feet. He is fastened to the wood, and now as they are lifting him up, before it jars into the ground, again you hear him cry, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." I want you to learn a few lessons out of this. And the first shall be, see here: —

### I. THE SAVIOR'S LOVE TO SINNERS.

It is his last hour, but he thinks of them. He had searched for them in his health and strength; he went about doing good; he came to seek and to save the rebellious, and he had spent his active life in their service. He is about to die, but the ruling passion is strong in death. He is seeking sinners still, and if he can preach no more, yet he can pray; and if he will not speak to them, yet he can speak to God for them, and so he continues still to show which way his heart runs, by the prayer for those that nailed him to the wood, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." He had been thirty years in their midst, and his holy soul had been much vexed by them. He had endured the contradiction of sinners against himself, but you see he has not cast them off; he has not turned his love to wrath; he is not weary of them; but still he pleads, "Father, oh! forgive them." What love is this! One would suppose that the pain which he then felt might have distracted his mind from others, and his prayer might have been for himself, that patience might be given, that strength might be sustained; but no, oblivious of himself, his only care is still for those he seeks — the sinful sons of men. Just as an arrow from a bow shot forth with such force that it speeds onward to its target, his whole strength and soul speeds onward to the mark of the salvation of the sons of men. One thing, one thing only, doth he do — he seeketh still their good, and I say again, if not now by active ministering to them, yet by ministering for them, he prays "Father, forgive them." It is one thing to love persons at a distance, and to have philanthropic desires for their good; it is quite another thing to live with them, and still have the same fondness towards them and another thing by

far to receive bad treatment from them, contumely, and scorn, and a worse thing even than that, to be about to receive your death from them, and still to pray for them. But such is the perseverance of Jesus' love that it cannot be turned aside. They have spit into his face, but still he prays for them; they have scourged him with their cruel lashes; they have hounded him along the fleets; they have at last pierced his hands and feet, and stripped him; and they now hang him up upon the gibbet between heaven and earth; but still nothing can diminish the flame of his love, nor turn aside his heart's desire from them; it is still for them he lives, for them he dies. "Father, oh! forgive them," is the sign and proof that he is holding still to the one great work he undertook. Now I would, O sinner, I would that thou wouldest learn this lesson. Herein is love, behold what love! Wilt thou not come and share in it? What keeps thee back, Canst thou hold thy heart from Immanuel? Canst thou refuse to love such a dear lover of the sons of men? Methinks if our hearts were not adamant or worse, they must be melted at the sight of the pleading love of Jesus upon the tree. Come, soul, have done with thy hardness; let a drop of Christ's blood melt that hears of shine. Have done with thy carelessness; let a spark of love set thy heart on fire towards him. Art thou afraid to come, afraid of him that dies for sinners, afraid of love, terrified at mercy? Oh! be not so, but come and welcome, and put thy trust in him who, with his dying breath, proves the strength of his Almighty love by pleading for his foes. Let that stand for the first remark; here is the strong love of Christ. Here, next, we see: —

## II. HOW LOVE SHOWS ITSELF.

How did Jesus prove his love in this last great moment? It was by prayer. Love shows itself in prayer. Prayer alone would not be a sufficient proof of love, but he that dies and prays, whose life is a prayer, and whose death is a prayer, proves his love by adding to his life and death the vocal utterance of both in this cry, "Father, forgive them." If Jesus Christ would prove his love to you, he does it by praying for you. Observe, then, the extreme value of prayer. It is a ripe fruit of the cross; it is, if I may so call it, a golden apple of the cross — intercessory prayer. See, sinner, the need there is for thee to pray then. If Jesus prays, and proves his love by prayer, and if the saints on earth who love thee pray for thee, depend upon it prayer is no light thing. Bend that knee of shine, lift that eye of thine to heaven, and let a prayer go up from the depths of thy spirit, "Father, forgive me. Thy Son has prayed, so pray I. He saith, "Father, forgive them," and I pray, "Father, forgive me." Ought not this to bring every



sinner to his knees? Would it not, if men were in their senses? Would not the sight of a dying Christ pleading for the guilty make the guilty plead? Oh! who can restrain prayer for himself when Jesus leads the way? When he saith, "Forgive them," will you not say, "Amen"! Oh! deserve ye not right well to perish if ye cannot join your assent to the divine intercession of the pleading Savior? Sinner, I beseech thee now, in the secret of thy soul, to pray, "Father, forgive me." "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." Is there no woman, is there no man, that could pray that now? You need not speak; let but your lips move. But, oh! since Jesus Christ to-night is set forth before you in the delightful attitude of an intercessor praying for the guilty, I implore you pray for yourselves, and may God send you this night an answer of peace; may your pardon be signed and sealed to the comfort of your spirit.

And now leaving that observation, we pass to the next. We see the love of Jesus; we see how that love shows itself in prayer. See next: —

### III. WHAT IT IS THE SAVIOR ASKS.

He asks forgiveness, "Father, forgive them." If the Savior should pray for all of us here present, he need not amend that prayer. It was suitable to those who nailed him to the tree. They needed pardon for the murder of their Savior. It was suit able to the clamoring multitude, who had said, "Crucify him, crucify him." They needed forgiveness for that blood which they then brought upon themselves, but it is equally suitable to each one here present, "Forgive them." May I ask you to look back upon your past lives? Have you been kept from grosser sins? Thank God for it; but your sins of heart, of mind, of tongue, your sins of omission — what, are these nothing? God grant you may feel them to be something, and may you feel to-night that what you want is even as if you had been an open offender, you want forgiveness, and if perchance there be some heft who have gone into open sin with a high hand and an outstretched arm, yet, my brother, yet my sister, this prayer needs no enlargement to suit you, "Father, forgive them." "Father, forgive them," forgiveness covers all. A man receipts a bill; he puts his name at the bottom. If that bill were for ten thousand pounds or tenpence, it is the same, the receipt has covered all; and Jesus' hand, when he puts it with the nail-prints bloody red upon the great record of our sins, draws a red line down the page and blots out the whole, and leaves not a single sin on the page. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as wool; though they be red like crimson, they shall be whiter than snow."

Oh! the greatness of that word “forgiven!” Blessed be the Lord Jesus for praying such a prayer as that. Do you know, I do not think it need be altered for the best man and the best woman here, for even our best things need forgiveness. When you have prayed the best prayer you ever prayed, you might well ask God to forgive it to you. If you have preached the best sermon you ever preached, you may ask to be forgiven it, for some sin has mingled with your holiest action, so forgiveness is wanted at best, and evermore wanted at the worst — wanted to-day, to-morrow, and all through life, and wanted when the breath leaves the body — ever wanted that blessed prayer that sweeps the compass of mortal existence — that comprehends so much “Father, forgive them.” This is the great thing love asks, for the forgiveness of those for whom she pleads. But passing on you will observe: —

**IV.** FOR WHOM IT IS THAT OUR SAVIOR IN THIS CASE OFFERED THE PETITION, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.” Now that little word “them” is a great word because it is so little. “Father, forgive them.” The Savior is explicit; he does not mention the names of the four soldiers who pierced his hands and feet. No; he meant them, but he meant more. He does not mention the names of these in the crowd who were gazing upon him with insolent stare — he meant them. He does not mention those that had cried, “Crucify him, crucify him” — he had meant them. He does not say, “Father, forgive them, for they knew not what they did”; for that would look as if he only preyed for sins that had already been committed. He does not say, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they shall,” for that would look as if he only prayed for sins that would be committed; but he says, “Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.” And putting it thus in the present, it seems as though the petition had one hand to reach out to the past sins of mankind before he died, and another hand to the sins to come of mankind after he had offered the sacrifice. “They know not what they do.” It is put so indefinitely, the “them” and the “do,” the tense of the verb and the pronoun; they are so indefinite that I bless God for the wide extent of their range. “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.” Who, then, is included in that word “them”? I venture to say every man that is willing to be included — every man that feels he is included. Did you slay Christ? Have your sins caused him to die? Do you know to-night that your sins fastened him to the cruel tree? Could you join in the hymn we sung just now? Then, when Jesus said, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,” he

included you in that prayer, and me in that prayer, and tens of thousands besides in that word “them.” Yet, yet you will observe in that word he put it specially. He does not exclude any, but he does include some more peculiarly than others, for his prayer is for those who knew not what they did. Can I get in there? I think I can; I believe the most here present can; I do not think all the sons of men can — Judas, for instance, I fear he did not know what he did, and deliberately sold his Lord and Master. I am half afraid that Pilate to a great extent knew what he did, and there are some of whom it is written, “There is a sin which is unto death.” I do not say that ye shall pray for it. A great doctrine, but it is in the Word — a terrible doctrine, but there it stands. You know how Peter put it in that first sermon. He said, “I wot, my brethren, that through ignorance ye did it, as did also your rulers” — as if he felt that had they known what they did, their sin had been unpardonable. And the Apostle Paul himself, speaking of his own persecution, says, “Because I did it ignorantly, in unbelief.” There is a deliberate crucifixion of Christ as Christ, knowing what you are doing — doing it out of sheer malice to the Christ of God — out of intense hatred to him, to him personally — which is unpardonable, for this reason, that the man who commits it never repents. Could he repent, the pardon were sure, but the capacity to do that argues incapacity ever to be made penitent; the man is given over, hardened — he perishes in his sin. But the Lord Jesus in this prayer felt that those round him did not know what they were doing; the most of them did not know he was God’s Son. They would not have crucified him had they known — they would not have crucified the Lord of glory. They did know — most of them knew — that he was a righteous man, and they must have felt they were doing very wrong in putting him to death; but they did not recognize him as the Messiah and as the Son of God — else had the most of them held back their hand. Now though I have sinned against light and knowledge, and you have done the same, my brethren, yet in our past sin we did not deliberately intend to put Christ to death; we did not, like Satan of malice propense, desire to overthrow the kingdom of God and Christ. Blessed be God, he saved us from that. We went far, very far, horribly far, but restraining grace kept us back from that, and the Savior puts it there — makes such the object of his prayer. I do not say he excludes those who did it knowingly, but he does include peculiarly those who did not know what they did — whose sin to a great extent as to its far-reaching heinousness was wrapped in ignorance; he says, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.” Then the prayer of love is offered for a vast company of

sinners in darkness and ignorance, who have sinned, but who have not been suffered utterly, knowingly, wilfully, viciously to crucify the Son of God and put him to an open shame.

Now I want you to notice what this prayer of love admits. There is something in it that ought never to be forgotten. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." You see, then, this prayer, even of a patient loving, gentle Savior, who wishes to plead all he can on the behalf of those for whom he prays — this prayer admits that they need to be forgiven who have sinned ignorantly. Some people have thought, "If I did not know it to be sin to the full extent, then it was not sin." Ah! not so! It was sin, for Christ asks to have it forgiven. if I, doing what I did not fully understand, yet did wrong, I am not excused the wrong because I did not know to the fullest extent how wrong it was. I am just as guilty as if I did know, from some points of view, though not from others, and from any point of view I need still to be forgiven. Ignorance of the law does not prevent the guilt of him who breaks it. As you know, my brethren, human law, the law of the land, for instance, takes ignorance of the law as a complete excuse for the breach of the law. The laws of England always assume that every man knows the law. The law is made; it is a public law, and he who breaks it cannot go before the Magistrate and say, "I did not know it was the law; you must discharge me." The Magistrate may, as a man, say "Well, if you did not know it was law, there is some excuse for you"; as a Magistrate, he must not say that, for the law judges the man on its own self as publicly known, and does not allow of the excuse of not knowing the law. If the Savior, in his infinite mercy, said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," it was a plea — of course, not a plea of law. Sinai has no room for that excuse, for Sinai says, "If you don't know, you ought to know; and in this particular case especially, if they did not know Christ to be God, they ought to have known it. The prophecies were so clear; the person of Christ so exactly fitted in to every type and every prophetic declaration, that it was "a wilful blindness that had happened unto Israel." They ought to have known it. One sin is never an excuse for another sin. It was a sin for them not to know; that sin, therefore, did not excuse them. for committing the other. It is only sovereign grace that brought that in as a plea; it is not justice; it is not law; it is the heart of mercy that pleads that. What I want you to notice now, then, is though I did not know when I sinned as child and as a young man all that was meant by sin, though I especially did not know that I was crucifying Christ, yet the guilt is just the

same as before God, and I need to be forgiven for it, or else it will be laid to my charge, and I shall be punished as surely as God's law stands fast. Do you think the Savior would easy, "Father, forgive them," if it were not a wrong? He never prayed a superfluous prayer; the prayer "Forgive" is a sentence in itself, teaching us that sins of ignorance are sins. Oh! my dear hearers, there are none of us that know to the full extent the sin of our sin. The most tender heart here does not know the blackness of its sin. I have sometimes talked with persons under conviction who have told me what dreadful sinners they were, and they have looked a little surprised when I have said, "But you are ten times worse than you think you are." Nay, they scarcely thought that could be possible, yet I would venture to say that to the most tender-hearted penitent that ever lived you have no idea, my friend, of the aggravation of your sin, nor is it possible you should have, nor do I know that it is desirable. So long as you know enough of your sin to hate it, and to flee to Christ for the pardon of it, that will suffice.. But, oh! the scholarship that would be needed to understand all the depths of sin, 'twere the scholarship of the cross over again; you would have need to die like Christ to know what sin means in its infinite, its boundless guilt. Do not ask to know that, but do pray now, that the Lord would search you and forgive you your sins. You did not know of pardoned sins you have committed; sins manifold that have passed by your notice, that you have not observed, and consequently could not have confessed in particular. Beseech the Savior, whose cry is, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," to pray for unknown mercy by his unknown agony for your unknown sin. It is a wondrous prayer this; we cannot stay much longer on it.

We make yet another remark, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do."

#### V. THIS PRAYER WARNS US.

I have felt intense pleasure in thinking it over, but at the same time that pleasure has been mingled with great bitterness. There is such a warning there, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do" It does not say, as I have already said, that if they did know, Christ would not pray for them, but it does seem to hint that. In the background I see a something — not that every sin committed against light is unpardonable; God be thanked that is not so; but some sins committed against light and knowledge so harden the heart that the man never repents), never will, he will go to hell

case-hardened like steel, and I am afraid some of you are in great likelihood of committing it. Those that have not heard the gospel cannot very readily commit this, unless their conscience has been desperately violated; but some of you that have been hearers often, and perhaps were once professors, that have knowingly chosen the wrong path, and have deliberately sacrificed your character for drink or gain or lust — I will not say that you have passed that bound, but I do tremble as I hear the booming of that text, “There is a sin unto death; I do not say that ye shall pray for it”; and even as I hear the Master’s words, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.” But these persons knew what they did, did it deliberately, did it over again and again, and again, perhaps went to the Lord’s table and deliberately went to their uncleanness again, stood up in public it may be, and then went to their filthiness again, deliberately; or they listened to the sermon on the Sunday. and they said, “I’ll do better,” and then went on Monday to their drunken companions again, deliberately. Oh! man, you may have stood in the street, perhaps, and said to yourself, “Now, which shall it be! I feel as if I were called to serve God, but yet how can I give up such and such a darling lust?” There is a point in men’s lives wherein, if they deliberately choose the wrong, knowing it is the wrong, with the light shining on their eyeballs, they deliberately give up Christ, heaven, pardon; they choose hell and their own delusions, and I fear me that with many from that hour the wax is cooled upon their death-warrant, and it never will be, reversed, for this text, though it gently flows from the Savior’s lips and drops like dew, has about it the lightning flash, a thunderbolt that startles, “Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.” But there are some who know what they do, and take the hammer and nail Christ up to the cross, and take a spear and pierce his side, and do it knowing what they are at, all the while talking glibly of religion, taking the Bible to make jokes out of it, taking the very ministers they once professed to love and making scoff of them, taking the doctrines of the gospel and making these a cloak for their sins — these men what will I say of them? God have mercy upon them, but I fear me, I fear me, that he never will, for they will never seek it, and he will never grant it. Could they seek it, he would give it. While a man can seek, he shall find; while a heart can melt, God will pity There is never a contrite soul but what God looks with love upon it; hut here is the mischief, for these men, who know what they do, repent not, but are seared as with a hot iron; they become wandering stars, for whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever.

But I must not close here. This shall be a closing word. At the same time, you see the text woos. It warns, but it woos. How it woos the ignorant, especially! "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Oh! some of you have dropped in here to-night who, perhaps, don't often listen to the gospel. You have been living a life of sin; you knew it was sin; you knew it was sin, but you did not know that you were nailing Christ to the cross. You sought your own pleasure, you sought your own gratifications. You have been very guilty; you have lived a careless Godless, Christless life, but still you did not mean to sin against God so as to crucify Christ. You see you have done so; now you feel you are guilty of it, but you had not that light that you now have. Then Jesus says, "Come to me, come to me; my prayer goes up to heaven for you, you ignorant one" sinful, but without light, Jesus intercedeth. Oh! join your prayer with the prayer of Jesus, and say, "Father, forgive thine ignorant child, thy sinful, wayward child; I do not plead, "I knew not what I did," but Christ pleads it for me. I plead that Jesus died. Oh! for his sake, have pity. Hear his blood as it drops from his hands and feet; hear it and plead for me, "Father, forgive them." Oh if ye will seek the Lord, ye shall have him; if ye will but turn your eye to him upon the cross, you shall live. Whoever among you in this house will but trust him, shall find him able and willing to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by him. Oh! come and welcome, come and welcome, and may God grant that you may come to-night.

*"But if your ears refuse The language of his grace,  
And hearts grow gross like stubborn Jews,  
That unbelieving race,*

*The Lord in vengeance dressed  
Will lift his hand and swear  
' You that despised my promised rest  
Shall have no portion there."*

God bless you. Amen.

# THE PIERCED HEART OF JESUS

NO. 3559

**PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, APRIL 12TH, 1917.**

*DELIVERED BY C. H. SPURGEON,*

**AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON.**

“Then came the soldiers and brake the legs of the first, and of the other which was crucified with him. But when they came to Jesus and saw that he was dead already they break not his legs, but one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came thereout blood and water. And he that saw it bare record that his record is true: and he knoweth that he saith true, that ye might believe. For these things were done that the Scripture should be fulfilled, A bone of him shall not be broken. And again another Scripture saith, They shall look on him whom they have pierced.”  
— St. John 19:32-37.

WHAT a wonderful conjunction of prophecy and Providence! I want you to behold it, and admire it. Two texts of Scripture, the one in Exodus the other in Zechariah (such a long interval having occurred between the distinct records), predict, the former that not a bone of the Paschal Lamb should be broken; the latter, that he should be pierced. How were these twain to be fulfilled in the minuteness of one incident? The rough Roman soldier comes with the iron bar to brew the bones of the three prisoners who have been crucified. He has orders to break their legs. The well disciplined soldier acts almost mechanically, according to orders. Roman discipline was of the very sternest kind. Will not the soldier, therefore, break the legs of Jesus? No. Moved by some strange impulse, he marks that one of the three, Jesus, who is called Christ, is dead already. Though commanded to break his legs, he forbears; but most likely to clear himself of all doubt on that point, he pierces his side with a spear. The wilfulness of the soldier, wavering though wanton, thus fulfilled both the prophecies of which he must have been himself totally ignorant; and this was brought



about first by his not doing what he was ordered to do; and, secondly, by doing what he had not been ordered to do. Oh! how inscrutable the mystery of Providence! How marvellously does God rule the sons of men while he leaves them to their own free will! Did not this soldier act altogether as a free agent, whether following the dictates of his reason or the impulse of his temper, when he thus unwittingly, by his singular conduct, verified to the letter the words of prophecy as precisely and entirely as if he had been a mere puppet moved with wires at the instigation of another mind and another hand than his own. This was not an accidental circumstance, or a singular coincidence — it was Providence; a sublime purpose of God brought to pass by simple means. Irregularities among men do not disorganize the ordained purposes of heaven, and what we think to be chaos is a well-ordered system far beyond our ken, into which we vainly attempt to peer.

I need not detain you with any speculations arising out of the piercing of our Savior by the spear. It has been, I think, very soberly argued, that in all probability the physical cause of our Savior's death was a broken heart. In a scientific treatise by one who had studied the anatomy of the subject, and investigated a case which appeared after death to bear some resemblance to our Savior's case, it has been shown that when, on the heart being pierced, a small portion of blood and water has flowed, death has been traceable to a heart broken with intense grief. So, if we may assign a physical cause to the death of our Lord, it appears most probable to have been so occasioned. It was anguish that, in the first stage, produced a bloody sweat in Gethsemane, and in the last stage ruptured his heart. Not, however, that I am inclined to attach any importance to such arguments or speculations. For my part I do not see that there is any analogy, or that analogy need be sought between the case of the Savior and the case of any common man. The anatomist would be baffled with an analysis. The body of any ordinary person would exhibit symptoms of corruption. From this, he that hung upon the cross was exempt. When death comes, and the vital spark quits the human frame, the process of decomposition speedily begins. But our Lord saw no corruption. Overshadowed as was his virgin mother by the Spirit at her conception, his birth was predicted as "that holy thing which shall be born of thee." Through the entire course of his life on earth, the Spirit rested upon him in a special manner. And even after his soul had left his body, the Spirit preserved and kept that body, so that the prophecy was fulfilled, "Neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption."

Hence you search in vain for a parallel. The disparity of any instances that might be sought for is so palpable that you really have not any data to start with, or any premises to reason upon, in the effort to judge of what happened in the anatomy of the sacred body of our blessed Lord. Instead of following speculations which rather belong to the physician than the theologian, I desire the Spirit of God to conduct us into some spiritual reflections arising out of the piercing of the heart of Jesus Christ by the soldier's spear. One observation, I think, lies upon the very surface of the narrative.

### **I. EVEN AFTER OUR LORD'S DEATH, MEN RUDELY ASSAILED HIM.**

Was it not enough that they had scourged his back? Did it not suffice that they had put a thorn crown on his head? Was it not sufficient that they had nailed his feet and his hands to the tree? And yet after they were satisfied that the life had been forfeited to the law, and the body was already dead, nothing could content human cruelty till his heart was pierced with the lance. Say, now, was not this man who pierced Christ's heart a fair, though a foul, sample of our sinful race; his heartless act a type of our headstrong profanity? We, too, after the Savior's death have pierced him. Shall I show you how? The crime is so common that you come to condone it. His Godhead is his glory. Deny his Deity and you not only detract from his dignity, but you; make him unworthy of our confidence. This is to thrust the spear into his very heart. Your tone is treacherous when you say, "He is but a man. Though an admirable teacher, I can only regard him as a finite creature." Oh! how many people go up and down among us professing to be members of a Protestant Church, and believers in the Scripture, who yet will not acknowledge the miracles of Christ to be authentic, wrought in token of his own personal authority, bearing the witness of his Father, and conveying a clear proof that he was the Son of God! The Lord have mercy upon those who in this respect pierce our dear Redeemer afresh. If any of us have been guilty of this sin, may we be converted from our dangerous error, and led to avow him, like Thomas, "My Lord and my God."

They pierce him, too, who attack the doctrines which he taught, and the testimony which he delivered. The truth was in Christ's heart; it was written there. Whatever he preached with his lips he sanctified with his life. His heart was a fountain whence came all those doctrines which reveal the father to us. Do men attack any truth revealed to us by Christ, they do in effect what the soldier did in fact; they do spiritually as this Roman

legionary did literally; they thrust at his heart. If you disparage the words that Jesus spoke, or call in question the truth that he showed to his disciples and made manifest in the word, what is there left of that mission in which he made known the will of God the Father? To proclaim this truth he came; to bear witness to this truth he died. He witnessed a good confession before Pontius Pilate. If you touch those doctrines, you touch the apple of his eye; nay, you pierce his heart again. How do they also thrust at his heart who persecute his people! And has he not often been wounded thus through all the centuries that have transpired since he ascended up on high to the Father's right hand? Saul of Tarsus pierced his heart, for Jesus said, "Why persecutest thou me?" The sufferings of the men and women, haled to prison, and beaten in the synagogue, and compelled to blaspheme, were injuries wantonly and wickedly done to Christ himself. And what shall we say of the martyrs, their groans in the prison-house, their cries at the rack, their pangs at the stake, their blood so cruelly shed; have not all these touched the Savior's heart?

So, too, every rude jeer and ribald jest, every hard word and bitter taunt aimed at a follower of Christ, is a reproach of the dear Lord and Master for whose sake it is meekly borne; but on their part "who whet their tongue like a sword," it is aimed at the heart of Jesus, on whom they cannot otherwise wreak their vengeance now, for he cannot henceforth suffer, except in sympathy with the sufferings of his saints.

And there is yet another class of persons who, although Christ's sufferings are over, still continue to pierce him. They are such as pretend to be his disciples, but they lie and practice a foul hypocrisy. Are there any such present? I tremble as I ask the question. As there were false apostles of yore, so there are foul apostates in these days. Their profession is only the prelude to their perfidy. They make solemn pledge to obey him, but, like Judas, they only wait a suited opportunity to betray him. They will sell the Savior for silver; only let the price be high enough, their principle is low enough; their conscience will not hesitate to "crucify the Lord afresh, and put him to an open shame." Oh! you inconsistent professors! Oh! you graceless men and women! How dare you come to the table of his fellowship? You have a name to live, and yet you are dead; you are crucifying him; you are piercing him; the guilt of the Roman soldier clings to you.

I fear me, too, there is another class that pierces his heart — it includes those who refuse to believe in his willingness to forgive them. When under conviction of sin, it may be difficult to believe that one can be pardoned; but when the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ is revealed to us, and his infinite condescension that brought him to suffer for us, it does seem hard that any should doubt him. Yet some there are who link their chains, sit down in despair, and say, “He is not willing to forgive.” So unkind, ungenerous a thought as that he is unwilling to forgive pierce him to the heart and cut him to the quick. I know some of you do not mean this. You are startled now that you think what you are doing. I pray the Lord you may humbly trust him. Oh! do not doubt him, the Son of God, who suffered for his enemies, surrendering his life for even the ungodly. Will you, can you still distrust him? Will you doubt the testimony which God has given concerning his Son? Were it not far better that you honored him by casting yourselves at his feet? Angels that sing his praises night and day unceasingly do not honor him more than you will do, if, all black and defiled as you are, you will come and trust him that he can wash you and make you whiter than snow. Oh! do ye this, and pierce his heart no more!

Some men pierce the heart of Christ through their carelessness. They trifle and even scoff because they have not known him, or sought by any means to learn what claims he has upon their homage. They disparage those divine features of his ministry which they have never properly understood. So they pierce the heart of Christ out of ignorant prejudice. They are unacquainted with the gospel themselves. All that they have heard or read about it has been from the tongue or pen or opponent or satirist, and then, catching their temper, they have joined in reviling it. Alas! too, there are some who malign the Savior out of mere malice. Though they know better, yet they wilfully blaspheme his name. Stop, oh! stop, and pierce him no more, I pray thee, lest he that has meekly endured so long as the Lamb of God should suddenly stir himself up as the lion of the tribe of Judah, and make you feel the terror of his power, who will not feel the majesty of his love. So much for our first point. Even after Jesus’ death, there are those who still pierce him. Our second thought is such as I am charmed to give you.

**II. THESE ATTACKS UPON THE SAVIOR ARE OVERRULED TO DISPLAY HIS GRACE THE BETTER.**

His heart is pierced, it is true, but with what result, my brethren? Does there flash from it fire? Does the peal of thundering wrath roll over the sinner's head? Ah I no; it is like the sandal tree, that perfumes the axe that wounds it. Adown that spear no sooner is it withdrawn from the wound than there gushes a fountain of blood and water. The attacks that are made upon Jesus Christ only display his virtues. Observe how this is brought about. If truth be attacked, and the gospel be assailed, what is the immediate consequence? Why, then, the saints search deeper into it, so they come to understand the doctrine better; they learn the arguments by which it is sustained, and they love the truth with fonder, as well as stronger convictions, till they feel moved to sacrifice themselves for it. The heart of Christ was opened by the spear, and often the heart of truth is revealed by the opposition brought to bear against it. They think to confute our doctrines; they do but confirm our faith in their verity. Where they think they shall prove US they help to make us sages. They drive us to the root of the matter, and they rather establish us in the precious truth. The March wind tears not up the oak, but roots it more firmly in its native soil. So shall it ever be with attacks made upon our Lord and Master. We shall understand him the better and discover more of the Scriptures that were fulfilled in him.

Moreover, it often happens that when Christ is opposed by persecution, the gospel is proclaimed with more zeal, and diffused with more rapidity. The saints who were, in early days, persecuted in Jerusalem, went everywhere preaching the Word. What if I say the spear of persecution does, as it were, set the atoning blood flowing more freely among the sons of men, and make the purifying water of the Savior's sacrifice to be dispersed over a wider area, and amongst a larger population. Shall I compare the persecuted Church to an oppressed nation, and remind you that, like Israel in Egypt, the more they were oppressed the more they multiplied and grew? The spear let loose the blood and water from the heart of Jesus, and the spear of persecution lets loose the gospel, and compels Christian men who might have rested in inglorious ease to go forward and laboriously dispense the gospel of salvation, telling the grace of God to perishing men. So, too (but let no man turn this into evil), the very sin of men which cloth wound Christ becomes the means of magnifying God's grace. Though it be a vile thing to say, "Let us sin that grace may abound," yet is it a most glorious truth that where sin aboundeth grace cloth much more abound. Thus the cleansing power of the blood becomes more renowned by reason

of the sin that made this wondrous sacrifice necessary. Perhaps we had never known the Savior so well if we had not seen sin so clearly in the lives of the pardoned ones, who afterwards were washed, and cleansed, and sanctified by his purifying energy. The very opposition that comes forth is overruled for Oa triumph. The stronger his foes the louder the shout of victory when he returns from the strife.

And when the Church is assailed (which is one way of piercing Christ) she gets some immediate benefit from the grievous trial; for persecution acts like a great winnowing-fan that drives the chaff away from the floor on which the pure grain is housed; it is to the Church like a refiner's fire. The mere dross is separated. The faithless, who are among the faithful found, soon apostatise, while the sterling gold and silver, the genuine lovers of Christ are purged and purified by the ordeal through which they are constrained to pass. Oh! blessed Savior, they do pierce thee, and pierce thee they may, but thou art honored; for their bitter reviling elicits thy sweet virtue. They may thrust their spears into thy very hearts but by giving forth shine own energy of love and mercy, and greeting them with salvation, thou dost conquer those who thought to conquer thee! Put these two things together brethren, man continuing still to wound the Savior, and the more redundant display of the Savior's grace as the consequence. Then find a total if you can.

Another thought, which diverges a little from the last, may help us to pursue our meditation. Since the soldier sent his spear into the Savior's heart: —

### III. THE WAY TO THAT HEART IS OPEN

It was always open, in fact, for he always loved the sons of men; but now yearn see it open. It was no little wound that was made by the lance, for into it, we read, Thomas put his hand. What a gaping fissure must that have been into which the Apostle might put his palm! "Reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side." He lives still, as Tone of us could live, with a passage to the heart always open. In his very flesh he testifies to us to-day that his heart is ready to receive any message that his children may choose to send, and equally ready to respond with the love that has its fountain there. Behold the open heart of Jesus! it is open that all the grace that is within it may freely flow to undeserving sinners. Think not, sinner, that thou hast need to open Jesus' side. The blood has flown freely. Say now, wilt thou come and wash in it? Thou best not to beg for cleansing, as

though it were a boon hardly to be obtained by importunity; it flows, still it flows. He is willing — as willing as he is able, and as able as he is willing, to cleanse thee from thy guilt. Whatever there may be in the heart of Christ, it all flows out. The precious liquid is kept within, but set abroad for every needy, thirsty soul. His heart is open. It is open for the doubter to put his hand into it now. Where art thou, Thomas? Dost thou ask some hard thing, and say, “Except I see this and that, I will not believe”? Oh! trembler, weighed down by thy sins and thy weakness, dost thou not see him this day in glory, with his heart still open towards thee? Put thy hand into the wound, and say, “My Lord and my God.” Accept thy Savior without hesitation or delay. Come and find rest in him. His side is open for thy hand to reach his heart. It is open — that side is open — for those who pierced him to look in to see what they have done, and lament it. But see how tender is his heart, and go to him without fear. Ye pierced him; look at him and mourn because ye did so. Ye sinners, though ye did put your Lord to death, his heart is open to you. He invites you to come and receive his mercy that he has treasured up for you. Oh! come, come ye! He will receive you now. His heart is open to sympathize with the griefs and woes, the prayers and pleadings, the desires and longings, of all his people. You know we have to get to some men’s hearts through their ears, and through their eyes. In not a few of our callous race, these passages are choked up. You show them sorrow, and they see it without emotion. You cannot reach their heart. If you tell them a pitiful tale of deep distress, they hear it with indifference; for somehow the story loses its way in the mazes of the ear; it does not reach the heart. Far otherwise is it with your Lord. His heart is so accessible that you need not fear he will not hear you, or that he will not heed your faintest cry. You will feel that you can come close, straight, quick to him, by a near passage; you reach his very soul at once. Say not, then, that no one sympathizes with thee. Jesus does; he cannot fail to pity, solace, or to cheer. His pierced heart sympathizes far more quickly than the tenderest heart that ever lived before or after. His love passeth the love of women, tender as that is. There is no love like that of him with the open heart — the love of Jesus with the opened heart with the open side. I cannot express to you what I see in this bare fact, this blessed truth. I wish I could. But it would be better still if you could see the same. Oh! I can come to him now and put my prayers into his side — can come and put my desires into his side. Oh! Jesus, “all my desire is before thee, and my groanings are not hid from thee.” I have but five senses, thou hast a new one — thou hast a new way to thy heart, such as we poor mortals have

not. My brethren may be inattentive, but thou never. Thou art he of the wounded heart — for ever sympathetic — for ever full of gentleness. I might linger on this thought, but I prefer leaving it to your meditation, lest I should darken it with words; so let us finish with a last reflection.

#### **IV. A WOUND IN CHRIST'S SIDE REVEALS THE HEART OF JESUS IN ITS PRECIOUSNESS.**

That spear did, as it were, break the alabaster box and let out the sweet perfume. What, then, was there in the Savior's heart? Men carry in their hearts that which is dearest. The true man is what he is at the heart's core. What was our blessed Redeemer's life-thought — the constraining motive of his life-work? Upon what did he most of all concentrate the desires and affections of his heart? See you not that when pierced there flowed forth blood and water? Those two things, then, must have been the nearest to the purpose of his heart. Hence I discern that in my Lord's heart, there was, first, a strong determination to purge sinners from their guilt by his blood. The atoning sacrifice is not merely the hand blood of the Savior's work, nor is it merely the foot blood of the Savior's journeying through the vale of tears; it was his heart's blood, indicative of heart work — it was the blood of redemption shed for us. He loved that work. He was straitened till he could accomplish it. And let me tell thee it is Christ's joy to wash thee from thy sin; Start not back because thy conscience is troubled. He has opened a fountain for thy uncleanness — in the very midst of the house of David has he opened it. He delights to take away thy guilt.

*“Dear, dying Lamb, ‘thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,’  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Is saved to sin no more.”*

It has not lost its power; then for me let it plead; to me let it be precious. Let me feel its potent virtue. By it may I have boldness. Like the Apostle, may I say, “Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth; who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died.” Oh! to have the blood applied to the conscience. Rest not till you hear it speak peace through your whole nature, till you see the curse removed, and are assured that there is, therefore, now no condemnation for you because you are in Christ Jesus. It is Christ's heart work to redeem his people by his blood. Oh! that he may now see of the travail of his soul in your redemption!



Moreover, beloved, in Christ's heart there was the water as well as the blood. He would have his people sanctified as well as pardoned; he would deliver them from the power as well as from the guilt of sin. I believe this is very near Christ's heart. That he may present his Church without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing is his design as well as his desire. His spirit is working to this end. That he might not suffer so much as a single, stain to rest upon the nature of his people is alike the pleasure and the purpose of Christ. He has put their guilt away by the sacrifice of himself. This is done. Yet he continues to demand their self-sacrifice, that he may put away their evil propensities, the fruit of their first father's fall. My soul, glorify the pierced heart of Christ. Give him to see in thyself the effect of the water that flowed from his heart. "Be ye holy," saith he, "as I am holy. Be ye perfect," he says again, "even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Deny the flesh with its affections and lusts. Separate yourselves from sinners. Avoid partaking of other men's sins. Like him, be ye "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners." This can only be effected by the Spirit's vital application of the Savior's atoning death. Stay thou at the cross: foot; live under the influence of his passion; pray that ye may rise out of this world's fading, failing vanity into newness of life, through his pierced heart. In fine, let us stand in penitence before the Crucified One, and mourn that we pierced him; but let us stand in his propitiation, rejoicing that his piercing has procured our pardon. So let us go on our way, resolved, by his help, that we will glorify him "in all manner of holy conversation and godliness." For "he that saw it bare record, and his record is true, and he knoweth that he saith true, that ye might believe." May you believe, may you all believe the record true! Believing, you shall have life through his name. Amen.

# THE STRAIT GATE

NO. 3560

**PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, APRIL 19TH, 1917 DELIVERED**

*BY C.H. SPURGEON*

**AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON.**

*“Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able.”-Luke 13:24.*

THE precepts of our Lord Jesus Christ are dictated by the soundest wisdom. He has given us divine prescriptions for the health of our souls, and his commandments, though clothed with sovereign authority, are spoken in such infinite kindness that we may regard them as the advice of a true and faithful friend. This is not a legal, but a gospel exhortation, “Strive to enter in at the strait gate.” He himself is the only gate, or the door, by which we can find admission, and the way to enter in through Jesus Christ is not by working, but by believing. Then, as to the strife we are urged to carry on, it is an earnest endeavor to steer clear of all the rocks, and shoals, and quicksands of popular fallacies and deceitful traditions, and to sail in the deep waters, with his covenant for our chart, and his Word for our compass, in simple obedience to his statutes, trusting to him as our pilot, whose voice we always hear, though his face we cannot see. The storm signal may well rouse your fears; the cry of peril had need excite your caution. The mere mention sounds like a menace. “Many shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able.” Listen to that warning, lest ye be amongst the “many” that founder mayhap you shall be among the few that escape. Harken to what Jesus tells you shall come to pass with the multitude, that it may never come to pass with you as individuals. Mark now: —

## **I. A GATE WHICH IT IS MOST DESIRABLE TO ENTER.**

Surely “many” would not seek to enter if they were not convinced of the desirableness of passing through it. The very fact that so many, although

they fail, will at least seek to enter, proves that there is a desire, a reason, and a motive why men should aim to enter.

This gate — that is, Christ — it is most desirable for us to pass through, because it is the gate of the city of refuge. (pities of refuge were appointed for men-slayers, that when they were pursued by the avenger of blood, they might pass the gate and be secure within the sanctuary or city. The gospel of Jesus Christ is intended as a refuge for those who have broken the law of God, whom vengeance is pursuing, who will certainly be overtaken, to their eternal destruction, unless they fly to Christ and find shelter in him. Outside of Christ the sword of fire pursues us swift and sharp. From God's wrath there is but one escape, and that is by a simple faith in Christ. Believe in him, and the sword is sheathed, and the energy and the love of God will become your everlasting portion; but refuse to believe in Jesus, and your innumerable sins, written in his book, shall be laid at your door in that day when the pillars of heaven shall reel, and the stars shall fall like withered fig leaves from the tree. Oh! who would not wish to escape from the wrath to come! Mr. Whitefield, when preaching, would often hold up his hands and cry, "Oh! the wrath to come! the wrath to come! the wrath to come!" There is more weight and meaning in these words than tongue can tell or heart conceive. The wrath to come! the wrath to come! When past that gate, like Noah after he had passed into the ark, you are safe from the overwhelming deluge; you are sheltered from the devouring conflagration which shall consume the earth; you are rescued from the death and the doom that await the countless multitudes of the impenitent. Who would not wish to enter where there is salvation, the only place where salvation can be found?

It is desirable to enter this gate because it is the gate of a home. There is sweet music in that word "home." Jesus; is the home of his people's hearts. We are at rest when we get to Christ. We have all we want when we have Jesus. Happiness is the portion of the Christian in this life while he lives upon his Savior. I have seen outside the night refuges crowds of persons waiting an hour beforehand, till the doors were opened. Poor souls! Shivering in the cold, but in expectation of being warmed and comforted in a little time for & little while, when they should be admitted. What think ye, O homeless men and women! were there a permanent home for you, & home from which you never could be banished, a home into which you could be introduced as dear children, would I not be worth your while to wait long at the door, and to knock again and again right vehemently,

could ye but ultimately gain admission? Jesus is a home for the homeless, a rest for the weary, a comfort for the comfortless. Is your heart broken, Jesus can comfort you; have you been banished from your family, or one by one have the dear ones been taken to their last resting-place; do you feel solitary, friendless, cheerless, accounting “the black flowing river” to be preferred before this troubled stream of life, and that pitiless society of men and women, eager all for gain and gaiety, recking nothing of your griefs or your groans — oh! come to Jesus; trust in him, and he will light up a star in the black midnight sky; he will kindle a fire in your hearts that shall make them glow with joy and comfort, even now. It were worth while to be a Christian, irrespective of the hereafter. Such present comfort as a belief in Jesus imparts is an inestimable compensation. This is the gate of refuge, and it is the gate of a home.

Moreover, it leads to a blessed feast. We read just now of the supper that was spread. Jesus does not feed our bodies, but he does what is better, he feeds our minds. A hungry stomach is terrible, but a hungry heart is far more dreadful, for a loaf of bread will fill the one, but what can satisfy the other? Oh! when the heart gets craving, and pining, and yearning after something it cannot get, it is like the sea that cannot rest; it is like the grave that never can be filled; it is like the horse-leech, whose daughters cry, “Give, give, give.” Happy the man who believes in Jesus, for he becomes at once a contented man. Not only does he find rest in Christ, but joy and gladness, peace, and abiding satisfaction are the portion of his lot. I tell you what I do know — and I would not lie, even for the Lord himself — I tell you that there is a mirth to be found in faith in Christ which cannot be matched. Speak ye of their buoyant spirits who make merry in the dance, or of the festive glee of those that are filled with wine? It is but the crackling of a handful of thorns under a pot — how soon it is gone! But the joy of the man who meditates on the love of Christ which embraces him, on the blood of Christ which cleanses him, on the arm of Christ which upholds him, on the hand of Christ which leads him, on the crown of Christ which is to be his portion — the joy of such a man is constant, deep, overflowing, beyond the power of expression. The meanest Christian in all the world, bed-ridden, living on parish allowance, full of pains and ready to die, when his heart is stayed upon Christ, would not change places the youngest, brightest, richest, noblest spirit to be found outside the Church of God. Nay, kings and emperors, boast no more of your beggarly crowns, their glitter will soon fade; your purple robes will soon be moth eaten; your

silver shall soon be cankered; of your palace, not a stone shall be left upon its fellow. Bitter shall be the dregs of your wine-cups, and all your music shall end in discord. I tell you that the poorest of all the company of the faithful in Christ Jesus excel you, and “would not change their blest estate for all that earth calls good or great.” So abundantly worth while is it to come to Christ for the happiness, as well as the repose, which we find in him.

Well likewise, dear friends, may men desire to pass through the strait gate, knowing it is the gate which leads to Paradise. There was one gate of Paradise through which our father-Adam — and our mother-Eve — went weeping they left the garden all behind them, to wander into the desert world. Can you picture them to yourselves, with the cherubim behind them and the flaming sword bidding them begone, for Paradise was no place for rebels? Men have wandered up and down the world since then to find the gate of Paradise, that they might enter yet again. They have scaled the peaks of Sinai, but they have not found it there. They have traversed the tracks of the wilderness, weary and footsore, jaded and faint, but they have found no gate to Paradise anywhere in all their expeditions. The scholar has searched for it in the ancient books; the astronomer has hunted for it among the stars; sages, as they were called, have sought to find it by studying their arts; and fools have tried to find it among their viols and their bowls, But there is only one gate. See, there it is It is in the form of a cross, and he that will find the gate of heaven finds the cross and the Man that did hang thereon. Happy he who can come up to it and pass through it, reposing all his confidence, in the atonement once made by the Man of Suffering on Calvary’s tree. On earth he is saved, and in the article of death he shall pass through that gate of pearl unchallenged, walk the streets of gold unabashed, and bow before the excellent glory without a fear. He is free of heaven. The cross is a mark of a citizen of the skies. Having truly believed in Jesus, everlasting felicity is his beyond all doubt. Who, then, would not pass through the strait gate?

And who would not wish to pass through it when he considers what will be the lot of those outside the gate? How we tremble at the thought of that outer darkness, where shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth! There are many enquiries nowadays about eternal punishment. Oh! men and brethren, do not rashly or carelessly challenge the bitter experience of such condemnation! Speculate as you will about the doctrine, but I pray you do not trifle with the reality. To be lost for ever, let that mean what it

may. will be more than you can bear though your ribs were iron, and your bones were brass. Tempt not the avenging angel. Beware that ye forget not God, lest he tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver. By the living God, I pray you fear and tremble, lest you be found out of Chris in the day of his appearing. Rest not, be not patient, much less merry, till you are saved. To be in danger of hell-fire is a peril that no heart can adequately realize, no language fitly paint. Oh! I beseech you, halt not, give yourself no rest, till you have got beyond that danger!

Flee for your lives, for the fiery shower will soon descend! Escape! God, in his mercy, quicken your pace that you may escape full soon, lest the hour of mercy cease and the Day of Judgment come! Surely these are reasons enough for wanting to pass in at the strait gate. Observe still further what our Lord tells us.

## **II. THERE IS A CROWD OF PEOPLE WHO WILL SEEK TO ENTER AND WILL NOT BE ABLE.**

Who are these? If you look closely at the crowd who this day seek to pass, methinks you will see a considerable difference between seeking and striving. You are not merely advised to seek; you are urgently bidden to strive. Striving is a more vehement exercise than seeking. Are you amongst those who coolly seek admission because, forsooth, they suppose it is the proper thing? Many there be who come up to the gate of mercy and seek to enter, not striving, not particularly anxious, certainly far enough from being agitated. And when they look at the gate they object to the lintel because it is too low, nor will they deign to stoop. There is no believing in Jesus with a proud heart. He that trusts Christ must feel himself to be guilty, and acknowledge it. He never will savingly believe till he has been thoroughly convinced of sin. But many say, "I will never stoop to that. Unless I have something to do in the work, and share some of the merit, I cannot enter." No, sirs, some of you are quite unable to believe in Christ because you believe in yourselves. As long as a man thinks himself a fine fellow, how can he think well of Jesus? You eclipse the sun; you hold up your own little hands before the sunlight; how can you expect to see? You are too good to go to heaven, or, at least, too good in your own apprehension. Oh! man. I pray God prick that bubble, that blown-up bladder, and let out the gas, that you may discern what you really are, for you are nothing, after all, but a poor worm, contemptible, notwithstanding your conceit and pride, in spite of your poverty, an arrogant worm, that

dares to lift up its head when it has nothing to glory in. Oh! bow thyself in lowly self-abhorrence, else thou mayest seek to enter, but shalt not be able!

Some are unable to enter because the pride of life will not let them. They come to this gate in their carriage and pair, and expect to drive in, but they cannot get admission. There is no different way of salvation for a peer of the realm than for a pauper in the workhouse. The greatest prince that ever lived must trust Jesus just as the meanest peasant does. I recollect a minister once telling me that he attended the bedside of a very proud woman, of considerable wealth, and she said to him, "Do you think, sir, that when I am in heaven, such a person as Betty-my maid-will be in the same place as I am? I never could endure her company here. She is a good servant in her way, but I am sure I could not put up with her in heaven." "No, madam," said he, "I do not suppose you will ever be where Betty will be." He knew Betty to be one of the humblest and most consistent of Christian women anywhere, and he might have told her proud mistress that in the sight of God meekness is preferable to majesty. The Lord Jesus, in the day of his coming, will wipe out all such distinctions as may very properly exist on earth, though they cannot be recognized beyond the skies. Oh! rich man, glory not in thy richest All thy wealth, if thou couldst take it with thee, would not buy a single paving-stone in the streets of heaven. This poor stuff do not trust in it. Oh! lay it aside as a crown of glorying, and pass humbly through the gate with Lazarus!

Some are unable to enter because they carry contraband goods with them. When you land in France, there stands the gendarme, who wants to see what you are carrying in that basket. If you attempt to push by, you will soon find yourself in custody. He must know what is there; contraband goods cannot be taken in. So at the gate of mercy which is Christ, no man can be saved if he desire to keep his sins. He must give up every false way. "Oh!" saith the drunkard, "I'd like to get to heaven, but I must smuggle in this bottle somehow." "I would like to be a Christian," says another; "I do not mind taking Dr. Watts's hymns with me, but I should like sometimes to sing a Bacchanalian song, or a lightsome serenade." "Well," cries another, "I enjoy myself on Sunday with God's people, but you must not deny me the amusements of the world during the week; I cannot give them up." Well, then you cannot enter, for Jesus Christ never saves us in our sins; he saves us from our sins. "Debtor," says the fool, "make me well, but I'd like to keep my fever." "No," saith the doctor, "how can you be well while you keep the fever? "How can a man be saved from his sins while he clings to

his sins? What is salvation but to be delivered from sin? Sin-lovers may seek to be saved, but they shall not be able; while they hug their sins, they cannot have Christ. Some of you are in this grievous predicament. You have been attending this house of prayer a good long time. I do not know what hinders you, but this I do know, there is a worm somewhere eating out the heart of that fair-looking apple. Some private sin that you pamper is destroying your souls. Oh! that you had grace to give it up, and to come in by the strait gate, trusting in Jesus Christ!

Not a few are unable to enter in because they want to postpone the matter until to-morrow. To-day, at any rate, you are engaged with other plans and projects. "A little longer let me revel in some of the sensual enjoyments of life, and afterwards I will come in." Procrastinators are among the most hopeless of people. He that hath "to-morrow" quivering on his lips is never likely to have grace reigning in his heart.

Others, and these are in the worst plight of all, think that they are in, and that they have entered. They mistake the outside of the gate for the inside. A strange mistake to fall into, but many do thus delude themselves. They rub their backs against the posts, and then they tell us they are as near heaven as anybody else. They have never passed the threshold; they have never found shelter in Christ, albeit they may have felt wonderfully excited at a revival meeting, and sung as loudly and lustily as any of the congregation: —

*"I do believe, I will believe."*

There is a considerable show of reformation about them. Although they have not got a new garment, they have mended up the old one. They are not new creatures, but still they are better behaved creatures than they were before. And they are "all right." Be not deceived, my dear friends; do beware of mistaking a work of nature for the operation of God's grace. Do not be taken in by the devil's counterfeits. They are well made; they look like genuine; when they are brand new they shine and glitter like fine gold, but they will not stand the test; every one of them will have a nail driven through them one day; they will never pass current with God. If you have a religion, let it be real and true, not feigned and hypocritical. Of all cheats, the man who cheats himself is certainly the least wise, and, as I think, he is the least honest. Do not play the knave with shine own soul. Suspect thyself too much rather than too little. Better journey to heaven in terror of hell than dream of the happy land while drifting in the other direction. "Ah!



that deceit should steal such gentle shapes!" Be on your guard, every one of you. Let not any man deceive himself.

Thus it is that a crowd — I had almost said a countless crowd — of people nowadays seek to enter in, but for manifold reasons they are not able to do so. And yet there is a more appalling aspect to the some fact. "Many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able." The dying arc not able. Panic-stricken the dying man sends for the minister whom he never went to hear when his health was good, and hours hung heavy on his hands. The charm of Sundays lay in their dissipation; an excursion up the river, or a cheap trip to Brighton and back; anything-everything sooner than hear the gospel. He never read his Bible; he never prayed. Now the doctor shakes his head and the nurse suggests that they "fetch a clergyman." Poor soul! she means right; but what, think you, can he do? What can we ministers do for you? What can any man do for his fellow-creature? "None of us can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him." He begins to seek, when, alas! he cannot think, poor fellow, for he is in articulo mortis, with the throes of his last struggle. His head swims, pains grow at his vitals, a glassy film is o'er his eyes, rambling words fall from his lips. Could he think, he has got something else to think about than the dread future that awaits him. Look at his weeping wife. See those dear children, brought in to get a last kiss from their father. Were his mind more vigorous, it were not likely to be taken up with spiritual thoughts, there is too much in the solemn farewell to occupy the moments left in preparation for the future. "Pray for me, sir," he says, with fainting, failing breath. Yes, he is seeking to enter in. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred I fear the answer is, he shall not be able. Little hope have I for deathbed repentance's. Never trust to them, I beseech you. Such a vestibule as a deathbed you may never have. To die in the street may be your lot. Should you have a deathbed, you will have something else to think about besides religion. Oh! how often have I heard Christian men say, when they have been dying, "Ah! sir, if I had a God to seek now, what a misery it would be! What a blessing it is that, with all the cares that now come upon me, I have a sure and certain hope in Christ, for I found him years ago." Oh! dear hearers, do not be among those who postpone and procrastinate, till, in a dying hour, after a fashion you seek to enter and find you shall not be able.

Some years ago I was awakened about three o'clock in the morning by a sharp ring of the door-bell. I was urged without delay to visit a house not

very far off London Bridge. I went; and up two pairs of stairs I was shown into a room, the occupants of which were a nurse and a dying man. There was nobody else. "Oh:! sir," said she, "Mr. So-and-so, about half an hour ago, begged me to send for you." "What does he want?" I asked. "He is dying, sir," she replied. I said, "I see that. What sort of a man was he?" "He came home last night, sir, from Brighton. He had been out all day. I looked for a Bible, sir, but there is not one in the house; I hope you have got one with you." "Oh!" I said, "a Bible would be of no use to him now; if he could understand me, I could tell him the way of salvation in the very words of Holy Scripture." I spoke to him, but he gave me no answer. I spoke again; still there was no reply. All sense had fled. I stood a few minutes gazing at his face, till I perceived he was dead; his soul had departed. That man in his lifetime had been wont to jeer at me. In strong language he had often denounced me as a hypocrite. Yet he was no sooner smitten with the darts of death than he sought my presence and my counsel, feeling no doubt in his heart that I was a servant of God, though he did not care to own it with his lips. There I stood, unable to help him. Promptly as I had responded to his call, what could I do but look at his corpse and go home again? He had, when too late, sighed for the ministry of reconciliation, sought to enter in, but he was not able. There was no space left him then for repentance; he had wasted the opportunity. Therefore, I pray and beseech you, my dear hearers, by the near approach of death — it may be much nearer than you think — give earnest heed to these things. I look round on this building, and note the pews and sittings from which hearers, whose faces were once familiar to us have gone — some to glory, some I know not where. God knoweth Oh! let not the next removal, if it be yours, vacate the seat of a scoffer, or of a neglecter, or of one who, having been touched in his conscience, silenced the secret monitor and would not turn. As the Lord liveth, you must turn or burn; you must either repent or be ruined for ever. May God give you wisdom to choose the better part!

It appears from Scripture that even after death there will be son who will seek to enter and shall not be able. I do not attempt to explain what I cannot understand, but I find the Master represents those on the left hand asking a question, "When saw we thee hungry, and fed thee not?" as if they had some glimmering hope that the sentence upon them might be reversed. And I read in another place of those who will come and knock at the door, and say, "Lord, Lord, open to us." But the Master of the house, having

already risen up and shut to the door, will answer, “Verily, I say unto you, I know you not.” Is there, then, such a thing as prayer in hell? When the soul has passed out of the body without hope. will it seek for hope hereafter? Perhaps so. Did not the rich man pray to Abraham to send Lazarus? It is but natural to expect that, as they doubted God’s promises on earth, they may doubt God’s threatenings in hell, and may hope, peradventure, that there will be a way of escape. They will seek, they will seek, but they shall not be able, not able to enter heaven. They said they were not able on earth; they shall find they are not able in hell. Non possumus is the sinner’s cry. “We are not able to leave our sins; we are not able to believe; we are not able to be serious; we are not able to be prayerful”, and then, how it will be thrown back into their teeth! not able to enter heaven, not able to escape from torment; not able to live; not able to die; not able, because the gate of heaven admits no sinner who has not been washed in the Redeemer’s blood. Back with you sir! You would not come to the fountain, you would not wash. Back with you. You ate not able; not able, because heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people, and you never thought of preparation. Away with you, sir! How can you enter when you are not prepared? Heaven is a place for which a fitness is needed, Men cannot enjoy that which would be contrary to their natures. Away with you, sirs! You could not enjoy heaven if you were admitted, for you are not changed in heart. Away with you! What, do you linger? Do you cry? Do you pray? Do you weep? Do you entreat? Away with you! Nay, the angels shall sweep you away, for is it not written: You yourselves shall be thrust out — unceremoniously driven and scourged away from the gate of glory, because you would not come to the gate of grace? These are terrible things to utter. I well might shrink from speaking thus, were it not that fidelity to your souls makes such demands that I must ring the warning. If ye die without faith in Christ, behold there is a gulf fixed between you and heaven. I do not know what that means, but I know what idea it gives to me, and should give to you. Between heaven and hell there is no traffic None ever passed from hell to heaven.

*“There are no acts of pardon passed  
In the cold grave to which we haste;  
But darkness, death, and long despair  
Reign in eternal silence there.”*

They would fain pass the gulf — were it fire, they could be glad to pass it; were it full of torments, many and manifold as a Spanish Inquisition could

invent, they would be glad to bear them; could they but hope to cross the gulf. But no, the voice is heard — an angel's voice: "He that is filthy, let him be filthy still; he that is unjust, let him be unjust still." The wax has cooled; you cannot alter the impression. The die is cast; you cannot remould it. The tree has fallen; there it lies. I wish I could speak now in words that should burn their way right into your inmost hearts. Alas! I cannot. I must, however, just repeat the text again, and leave it with you. Many shall seek in that dread day to enter, but shall not be able. Oh! enter then, enter ye! Enter now, while yet the gate stands open wide, and mercy bids you come! Make haste to enter while yet the avenging angel lingers, and the angel of mercy stands with outstretched arms and cries, "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." May God, the ever-blessed Spirit, without whom no warning can be effectual, and no invitation can be attractive, sweetly constrain you to trust Christ tonight. Here is the gospel in a few words? Jesus suffered the wrath and torment we justly merited. He doubtless bore the penalty of your transgressions, if so be you penitently believe in his sacrifice. When you trust in him for pardon, 'tis proof your sins were laid on him for judgment. You are, therefore, a forgiven man? a pardoned woman; you are saved — saved for ever. If you have? a simple, child-like trust, you may go home, singing for joy of heart, knowing that you have already entered the strait gate, and before you lie grace on earth and glory in heaven. May God bless you richly, and may you adore him gratefully, for his dear name's sake. Amen.

# THE DRAWINGS OF LOVE

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BY C.H. SPURGEON

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON.

“The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore, with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.” — Jeremiah 31:3.

From the connection it is clear that this passage primarily refers to God’s ancient people, the natural descendants of Abraham. He chose them from of old, and separated them from the nations of the world. Their election fills a large chapter in history, and it shines with resplendent lustre in prophecy. There is an interval during which they have experienced strange vicissitudes, been visited with heavy chastisements, and acquired an ill-reputation for the perverseness of their mind and the obstinacy of their heart. Yet a future glory awaits them when they shall turn unto the Lord their God again be restored to their land, and acknowledge Jesus of Nazareth as the King of the Jews, their own anointed King. Without abating, however, a jot or little from the literal significance of these words as they were addressed by the Hebrew prophet to the Hebrew race, we may accept them as an oracle of God referring to the entire church of his redeemed family, and pertaining to every distinct member of that sacred community. Every Christian, therefore, whose faith can grasp the testimony may appropriate it to himself. As many a believer has heard, so every believer may hear the voice of the Holy Spirit sounding in his ear these words, “ Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore, with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.”

There are two things of which we propose to speak briefly to-night — the unspeakable boon, “I have loved thee with an everlasting love” and the

unmistakable evidence, “therefore, with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.”

How exceedingly great and precious this assurance, how priceless this blessing, to be embraced with the love, the everlasting love of God? Our God is a God of infinite benevolence. Towards all his creatures he shows his goodwill. His tender mercies are over all his works. He wisheth well to all mankind. With what force and with what feeling he asserts it! “As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live” (Ezekiel 33:11). And whosoever of the whole human race, penitent for past sin, will turn to Jesus, the Savior of sinners, he shall find in him pardon for the past and grace for the future. This general truth, which we have always steadfastly maintained, which we never saw any reason to doubt, and which we have proclaimed as widely as our ministry could reach, is not at all inconsistent with the fact that God hath a chosen people amongst the children of men who were beloved of him, foreknown to him, and ordained by him to inherit all spiritual blessings before the foundation of the world. As an elect people, they are the special objects of his love. On their behalf the covenant of grace was made; for them the blood of Christ was shed on Calvary; in them the Spirit of God worketh effectually to their salvation. Of them and to them it is that such words as these are spoken, “I have loved thee with an everlasting love;” a love far superior to mere benevolence — towering above it as the mountain above the sea; love kindlier, deeper, sweeter far than that bounty of providence which gilds the earth with sunshine, or scatters the craps of morning dew; a love that reveals its preciousness in the drops of blood distilled from the Savior’s heart, and manifests its personal, immutable favor to souls beloved in the gift of the Holy Spirit, which is the seal of their redemption and the sign of their adoption. So the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God. Now think for a little while of: —

### **I. THIS INESTIMABLE BOON**

Let us consider the text word by word. “I have loved thee,” Who is the speaker? “I”; the great “I am,” Jehovah the Lord. There is but one God, and that God filleth all things. “By him all things were made, and through him all things consist.” He is not far away, to he spoken of as though he were at an infinite distance from us, though heaven is his throne; for he is here with us. We live in him, move in him, and have our being in him.

Imagination's utmost stretch fails to grasp any true conception of what God is. The strong wing of reason, though it were stronger than that of the far-famed albatross, would utterly fail if it should attempt to find out God. Incomprehensible art thou, O Jehovah! thy Being is too great for mortal mind to compass! Yet this we understand — thy voice hath reached us; from the excellent glory it has broken in tones distinctly on our ears: "Yea, I have loved thee." Believer in Christ, hast thou heard it? The love of any creature is precious. We prize the love of the beggar in the street. We are flattered by it. We cannot estimate it by silver or gold. Most men court the acquaintance or esteem the friendship of those among their fellow creatures who are in anywise distinguished for rank, for learning, or for wealth. There is a charm in living in the esteem of those who themselves are estimable; but no passion of our nature will supply me with an adequate comparison when I ask, what must it be to be loved with the love of God; to be loved by him whose dignity is beyond degree, whose power to bless is infinite, whose faithfulness never varies, whose immutability standeth fast like great mountain to be loved by him who dieth not, and who will be with us when we die; to be caressed by him who changeth not in all our cares, to be shielded by his love when we stand at the judgment-seat and pass the last dread ordeal that responsible creatures have to undergo! Oh! to be beloved of God! Had ye the hatred of all mankind, this honey would turn their gall into sweetness. It were enough to make you start up from the dungeon of wretchedness, from the chamber of poverty; ay, or from the bed of death. How like an angel you might feel; and know that such thou art, a prince of the blood Imperial. If this be true of thee, my friend, in joy unspeakable thou mayest emulate the bliss of spirits blest, who see Jehovah and adore him before his throne. Who is loved? "I have loved thee." Drink that in if thou canst, Christian. Come to that well-head; here is joy for thee indeed. Repeat the words to yourself with fitting emphasis, "Yea, I have loved thee." Is it not a wonder that the Mighty God should love any of the race of Adam — so insignificant, so ephemeral, so soon to pass away? Did an angel love an emmet creeping on an ant-hill, it were strange, though the disparity is comparatively trivial between these twain; but for the eternal God to love a finite man is a marvel of marvels! And yet had he loved all men everywhere, save and except myself, it had not so amazed me as when I grasp the truth in relation to myself that he has loved me. Let me hear his voice, saying, "Yea, I have loved thee," and forthwith I sit down abashed with humility and overwhelmed with gratitude, to exclaim with David, "What am I, and what is my father's house, that thou haste brought me

hither? Why hast thou loved me,?” Surely there was nothing in my natural constitution, nothing in my circumstances, nothing in my transient career, that could merit thy esteem or regard, O my God! Wherefore, then, best thou spoken thus unto thy servant, saying, “I have loved thee!” Oh! how well I could imagine his having rather said to one and another of us, “I have despised thee!” Thou wast, perhaps, once a drunkard, yet he loved thee; a swearer, yet he loved thee; thou hadst a furious temper, yet he loved thee; and thou hast, even now, infirmities and imperfections that make thee sometimes loathe thyself and lie down in shame, weary of life, chafed with the conflict in which you have to fight with such besetting sins day by day — evil thoughts and evil desires, so degrading to thy nature, so disgusting to thyself, so dishonoring to thy God. Still, he saith, “Yea, I have loved thee.” Come, brothers and sisters, hear the word, and heed it; do not fritter away the sweetness of the text with vexation questions. Here it is. In large and legible letters it is written. Come to this well-head and drink. Take your fill and slake your thirst with this love divine. If you believe in Jesus, what though you be poor, obscure, illiterate, and compassed with infirmities, which make you despise yourself, yet he who cannot lie saith, “I have loved thee.” These words have been said to a Magdalen; they have been spoken to one possessed with seven devils; they were whispered in the heart of the dying thief within the tenfold darkness of despair itself they have sounded their note of cheer. Blessed be the name of the Lord, you and I can hear the voice of his Spirit, as he bears witness with our spirit, “Yea, I have loved thee.” What a disparity by nature, what a conjunction by grace between these two, the “I” and the “thee” — the infinite “I” and the insignificant “thee” — the first person so grand, the second person so paltry!

Whenever I attempt to speak about God’s love, I feel that I would rather hold my tongue, sit down to muse, and ask believers to be kind enough to join me in meditation, rather than wait upon my feeble expressions. If the love of God utterly surpasseth human knowledge, how much more a mortal’s speech? What is it he bestows? That God should be merciful to us is a theme for praise; that he should pity us is a cause for gratitude; but that he should love us is a subject for constant wonder, as well as praise and gratitude. Love us! Why, the beggars in the street may excite our pity? and towards the criminals in our jails we may be moved with compassion; but we feel we could not love many whom we would cheerfully help. Yet God loves those whom he has saved from their sins, and delivered from the



wrath to come. Between that great heart in heaven and this poor throbbing, aching heart on earth there is love established — love of the dearest, truest, sweetest and most faithful kind. In fact, the love of woman, the mother's love, the love of the spouse, these are but the water; but the love of God is the wine; these are but the things of the earth, but the love of God is the celestial. The mother's love mirrors the love of God, as the dewdrop mirrors the sun, but as the dewdrop compasseth not that mighty orb, so no love that beats in human bosom can ever compass as no words own express the height, length, and breadth of the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. "Yea, I have loved thee." Oh! come thou near then, Christian. Thy Father, he that chastened thee yesterday, loves thee; he whom thou forgettest so often, and whom thou has offended so constantly, yet loves thee. Thou knowest what it is to love. Translate the love thou bearest to thy dearest friend, and look at it and say, "God loves me better than this." Think you there are some thou couldst die for cheerfully, whose pain thou wouldst freely take if thou couldst ease them of it for a while, upon whose weary bed thou wouldest cheerfully lie down if a night of suffering could be spared him; but thy Father loves thee better than that, and Jesus proves it to thee. He took thy sins, thy sorrows, thy death, thy grave, that thou mightest be pardoned, accepted, and received into divine favor, and so mightest live and be blessed for evermore.

Passing on with our meditation, let us observe that there is incomparable strength, as well as inexhaustible sweetness in this assurance, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." That word "everlasting" is the very marrow of the gospel. Take it away, and you have robbed the sacred oracle of its divinest part. The love of God is "everlasting." The word bears three ideas within it. It has never had a beginning. God never began to love his people Or ever Adam fell; ere man was made, ere the mountains were brought forth, before the blue heavens were stretched abroad, there were thoughts of love in his heart towards us. He began to create, he began actually to redeem, but he never began to love. It is eternal love which glows in the bosom of God towards every one of his chosen people. Some of our hearers, strange to say, take no delight in this doctrine; but if you know that everlasting love is yours, you will rejoice to hear it proclaimed again and again. You will welcome the joyful sound. Ah! God's love is no mushroom growth. It sprung not up yesterday, nor will it perish to-morrow; but, like the eternal hills, it standeth fast. You were loved of your God before he had fashioned Adam's clay, or ever this round world was

rolled from between his palm to spin in its mighty orb, long ere the stars began to shine, ere time was, when God dwelt in eternity all alone, he loved you then with an everlasting love.

The second idea is that he loves his people without cessation. It would not be everlasting if it came now and then to a halt; if it were like the Australian rivers, which flow on, become dry, and flow on again. The love of God is not so. It swells and flows on like some mighty river of Europe or America, ever expanding, mighty, joyous river; returning again into the eternal ocean — from whence it came. It never pauses. Christian, thy God loves thee always the same. He cannot love thee more; he will not love thee less. Never, when afflictions multiply, when terrors affright thee or when thy distresses abound, does God's love falter or flag. Let the rod fall never so heavily upon thee, the hand that moves, like the heart that prompts the stroke, is full of love. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, but trust him for his grace. Whether he brings thee down into the depths of misery, or lifts thee up into the seventh heaven of delight, his faithful love never varies or fluctuates; it is everlasting in its continuity.

And, being everlasting, the third thought is, it never ends. You will grow grey soon, but the love of God shall still have its locks bushy and black as a raven, with the verdure of youth. You will die soon, but the love of God will not expire. Your spirit will mount and traverse tracts unknown, but that love shall encompass you there; and at the bar of judgment, amidst the splendours of the resurrection morning in the millennial glory, and in the eternity that shall follow, the love of God shall be your unfailing portion. Never shall that love desert thee. A destiny how splendid! For thy soul an heritage, how boundless! Stand thou to night on thy Pisgah, and lift up shine eyes to the north, and the south, to the east and the west, for the infinite prospective that lieth before thee is all thine own inheritance. God began not to love thee, nor will he ever cease to love thee. Thou art his, and thou shalt be his when worlds shall pass away and time shall cease to be. There is infinitely more solace and satisfaction here than I can bring out. I must leave it with you, and commend it to your meditation. Sure I am there is no more delightful manna for the pilgrims in the wilderness to feed upon than this doctrine applied to the heart. The love of God towards us personally in Jesus Christ is an everlasting love. Now we come to the second point, which is: —

**II.** THE UNMISTAKABLE MANIFESTATION, the manifestation by which this love is made known. Good people often get puzzled with the doctrine of election. In their simplicity they sometimes ask, "How can we know whether we are the Lord's chosen, or ascertain if our names are written in the Lamb's book of Life?" You cannot scan that mystic roll, or pry between those folded leaves. Had you an angel's wing and a seraph's eye, you could not read what God has written in his book. The Lord knoweth them that are his. No man shall know by any revelation, save that which, the Holy Spirit gives according to my text. There is a way of knowing, and it is this: "Therefore, with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." Were you ever drawn? Have you been drawn with loving-kindness? If so, then there is evidence that the Lord loved you with an everlasting love. Be ready, therefore, to judge yourselves. You are challenged with this pointed question: Were you ever divinely drawn? Say now, beloved, have you experienced this saved attraction that made you willing in the day of his power? Were you ever drawn from sin to holiness? You loved sin once; in it you found much pleasure; there were some forms and fashions of vice and folly which were very dear to your heart. Have your tastes been changed and your track been turned by the sovereign charm of this divine loving-kindness? Can you say, "The things I once loved, I now hate; and what gave me pleasure, now causes me a pang"? Is it so? I do not ask you whether you are perfect and upright. Alas! who of us could answer this question otherwise than with blushes of shame? But I do ask, if thou dost hate sin in every shape, and desire holiness in every form? Wouldst thou be perfect if thou couldst be? If thou couldst live as thou wouldst list, how wouldst thou list to live? Is thy answer, "I would live as though it were possible for me to serve God day and night in his temple, without a wandering thought or a rebellious wish"? Ah! then, if you have been thus drawn from sin to holiness by the way of the cross, no doubt he loved you with an everlasting love, and you need not discredit it. You may be as sure of it as if an angel should come and drop a letter into your hands on which these words should be inscribed. Yea, surer still; for the angel might have missed his way, but God's Word cannot err. If thou art thus drawn, he has loved thee with an everlasting love.

Harken again. Hast thou ever been drawn from self to Jesus? There was a time when thou thoughtist thyself as good as other men. Had the bottom of thine heart been searched, there would have been found written there, "I do not see that I am so great an offender as the most of my neighbors; I am

respectable, upright, moral; I should hope it would speed well with me at the last, for if I am not now all that I should be, I shall try to be good, and by earnest endeavors, joined with fervent prayers and repentance, I hope to fit myself for heaven.” Oh! that you may be drawn away from all such empty conceit, and led to rest your hope solely on that blessed Man who sits at the right hand of God, crowned with glory, though he was once fastened to the tree, despised and rejected of men, and made to suffer as a scapegoat for our sins This, beloved, would be a sure sign that you had renounced yourself and closed in with Christ. You must have been loved with an everlasting love. It is as impossible for any of the elect of God to come to Christ and lay hold on him without divine drawing, as it would be for devils to feel tenderness of heart and repentance towards God. If thou canst say from thy heart: —

*“Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling,”*

then his drawing may suffice as the proving that he loved thee with an everlasting love.

Have you ever been drawn from sight to faith, from consulting your creature faculties to confidence in God? You used to depend only on what you called your common-sense. You walked by the judgment of your own mind. Do you now trust in him who truly is, though he is invisible; who speaks to you, though his voice is inaudible? Have you a sense, day by day, of the presence One Supreme whom you cannot hear nor see? Does the unseen presence of God affect you in your actions? Do motives drawn from the next world influence you? Say whether do you, in the day of trouble, lean upon an arm of flesh, or cry, and pray, and make supplication to the Almighty? Have you learnt to walk in dependence upon the living God, even if his providence seem, to fail you, and give a lie to his promises? Know, then, that a life of faith is a special gift of God; it is the fruit of divine protection; so as thou art enabled to walk with God, and he deigns to befriend thee, thou mayest humbly but safely conclude that, in the records of the chosen, thy name, stands inscribed. To be drawn into a life of faith is a blessed evidence of Christ’s love.

Are you, moreover, day by day being drawn from earth to heaven? Do you feel as if there were a magnet up there drawing your heart, so that when you are at work in your business, in your family with all its cares, you cannot help darting a prayer up to the Most High? Do you ever feel this

onward impulse of something you do not understand, which impels you to have fellowship with God beyond the skies? Oh! if this be so, rest thou assured that it is Christ that draws. There is a link between thee and heaven, and Christ is drawing that link, and lifting thy soul forward towards himself. I love that sweet hymn, and I hope you love the sentiment of it: —

*“My heart is with him on the throne.  
And ill can brook delay;  
Each moment listening for the voice,  
‘Make hast and come away!’”*

If your heart is here below, then your treasure is here; but if your heart is up there — if your brightest hopes, your fondest wishes be in the heavenly places, your treasure is manifestly there, and the title-deeds of that treasure will be found in the eternal purpose of God, whereby he ordained you unto himself that you might show forth his praise. Thus have I tried to show you that those who are thus drawn may be assured that they were loved with an everlasting love. And now will you, further, observe that it is with loving-kindness they are drawn.

Some people are frightened into religion. Beware of any religion that depends upon exciting your terror. Some people’s religion consists entirely of doing what they think they must do, though they do not like it. They are afraid of punishment, or they are anxious for a reward. Such is not the religion of Jesus Christ. It is said that the soldiers of Persia were driven into battle, and that the sound of the whips of the generals could be heard even while the battle was raging, lashing on the unwilling ranks to fulfill their part in the fray. Not so went the Greeks to battle. They rushed like lions amidst a flock of sheep to tear their prey. They fought for their country, for their temples, for their lives, for all that they held dear, and right cheerily from such an impulse within did they engage in the war. The difference between the Greeks and the Persians is just the difference I want to describe among the professed followers of our Lord. The genuine Christian serves God because he loves him; not that he fears hell, for he knows that he has been delivered from condemnation, being washed in Jesus’ blood; not that he expects to earn heaven; he scorns the idea. Heaven is not to be merited by our poor paltry works. And besides, heaven is his inheritance, since Christ has given it to him, having made his title sure. But he serves God because he loves him. He is drawn by a sense of the love of God towards him to love God in return. Who is the best

servant? Not, surely, the man who only does what he is paid for; who serves you for his wage, and who would betray your interest to benefit himself; rather is he the true servant who would cling to you in all your fortunes or misfortunes, through good or through evil report. Some of the old-fashioned servants were so attached to their masters, that they were reckoned on and regarded as members of the family. Those are the true servants of Christ who love him, and render him their services, not menially for the pay they count upon, but loyally, because their hearts are faithful and true to him; they love him so that they could not turn aside from him, or seek another Lord. Say now, are you thus drawn with loving kindness? What a lovely word this “loving-kindness” Is! “Kindness,” seems to be like some huge opal or some sparkling diamond, a Koh-i-noor; and love seems to be like fine gold to encircle it. Methinks I could stand and look at that word “loving-kindness” till with sacred enchantment I burst into a song. There is such a charming sweetness, and yet such an immutable stability in the grace of God which it reveals, that our rapture is kindled as often as we review it. Of that loving-kindness I have tasted here below, and of that loving-kindness I hope to sing in yonder skies in worthier notes than this weak voice can compass now. The loving-kindness of the Lord, as it beams from his eyes, as it is communicated by his helping hand, as it is expressed by his gentle, tender voice, quickens the soul in the path of duty, and restrains it from falling into sin. How can I do this great wickedness, how can I sin against so almighty a Friend, whose kindness to me is so gratuitous, so constant, and so exceedingly generous?

*“Now for the love I bear his name,  
What was my gain, I count my loss;  
My former pride I call my shame,  
And nail my glory to his cross.”*

*“Yes, and I must and will esteem  
All things but loss for Jesus’ sake.  
Oh! may my so be found in him  
And of his righteousness partake!”*

Thus clearly and thus surely may ye judge for yourselves whether ye are God’s chosen or not. Are you drawn, and how are you drawn? Is it with loving-kindness? These are the two points that melt and fuse in experience. As before that God whose eyes of fire search you through and through, I do conjure you to judge, and righteously judge, now as to your own condition. Be not satisfied to rest peacefully until you can say, “Thanks and

praise to God's eternal love, I am drawn; by grace, by grace divine, I am constrained. Henceforth, I freely yield myself up to Christ to be his servant, his disciple, his friend, his brother, for ever and for ever. The Lord hath appeared unto me, saying, 'Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love.'

Do I hear a sigh come up from some in this assembly; a sigh which, being interpreted, would say, "Alas! for me, this sacred solace was never mine; I never was drawn; I feel no love, no such melting favors as your description of loving-kindness ever dawned on me; but, ah! I wish I were drawn; that I had a part amongst that blessed throng who shall for ever see his face. Oh! that I could believe that I, though the meanest of them all, should find my name written in the Lamb's book of life! "Why friend, with thee, it would seem, the drawing has begun. Surely God's loving-kindness hath made thy mouth water. I rejoice exceedingly over those who hunger after the bread of life, for they shall speedily be filled. Right well I know my Master will give it to them. If thou desirest Christ, depend upon it, Christ desireth thee. No sinner ever was beforehand with Christ. When you are willing to have him, he is evidently willing to have you. You had not put out one hand towards him, if he had not put two hands on you already. Oh! if thou wilt but trust the bleeding lamb; believe that he can save thee, and trust in him to save thee with unfeigned confidence, then thou art already drawn. This is proof positive that God has loved thee from before the world's beginning. Oh! how I would that some might be drawn to-night; some who have been great and grievous sinners. There be many such among the chosen vessels of mercy. God grant some of you young people may be drawn. And you who, though no longer young, are still without the blessing, I cannot bear the thought that you should tarry longer uncalled by sovereign grace. May the Holy Spirit attract you! May you feel in your heart the wish to belong to Christ; the desire to be counted among them when he maketh up his jewels. Turn that wish into a prayer. Bow your head now, and pray with this petition. God will hear your secret sighs. He does not reject sincere prayers, however badly they may be worded. If you can get no further than a sigh, it has its value in his kind esteem. The tear that fell just now upon the floor of the pew was not lost; for an angel tracked and treasured it, and carried it on high. God will accept thee if thou wilt accept Christ. If thou trustest Jesus now, 'tis done!

Thou art saved. The moment a sinner believes and trusts in Christ, he is saved—saved for ever. In that moment his iniquity is blotted out, and he is accepted in the Beloved. From that moment he might sing: —

*“Tis done, the great transaction’s done;  
I am my Lord’s, and he is mine;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Glad to obey the voice divine.”*

The Lord appear to you, speak to you, and bless you, saying to you, “Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore, with loving-kindness have I drawn you.” Amen.



# PETER WALKING ON THE SEA

NO. 3562

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*DELIVERED BY C.H. SPURGEON,*

**AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON.**

“And Peter answered him and said, Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water. And he said, Come. And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water. But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid, and beginning to sink, he cried, saying Lord, save me.” — Matthew 14:28-31.

A FEW reflections will be sure to cross the mind of any thoughtful reader of this narrative.

**I.** THE MIXED CHARACTER OF THE BELIEVER’S EXPERIENCE is here very palpably suggested to us. Peter was undoubtedly a bold believer in Jesus Christ. He addresses his Master devoutly, calling him “Lord” — a name of reverence, the use of which evidences the change that had been wrought in his character, and the obedient spirit it had produced. But the misgivings implied in that “if” — “if it be thou” — savors rather of unbelief, and yet we find this hesitancy immediately followed by an expression of such strong confidence that we marvel at the request he uttered, “Bid me come to thee on the water.” Then cheered by the Lord’s prompt answer, “Come,” we find showing his courage by descending from the vessel, setting foot on the sea, and actually walking on the water. Thus did he participate in the wonder which Christ worked, and share in the miracle of subduing the elements. His valor, however, soon evaporates; for “when he saw that the wind was boisterous, he was afraid” — “The faith that buoyed him up gave place to a fear that bowed him down. He who was walking the liquid wave one instant is sinking beneath the surge the next. The gallant cry, “Bid me come to thee on the water,” is quickly exchanged for the grievous wail, “Lord, save me.” So great his pluck, so dire his panic! And

is this a common experience? Are all God's people thus subject to changes; alternating between calm trust and craven fear? Can they be neither one thing nor the other completely — neither altogether believing nor totally unbelieving! We think it is even so. We will not say how much frailty of the creature is mixed up with fealty to Christ in the best of men; nor how far the grace of God may protect us from the guilt of double-dealing in the conduct of our lives. But we do mournfully confess that in our own experience the good and the evil contend for the mastery, and sometimes it seems but the turning of a hair which shall vanquish. Fully assured though we are that the new life which has been implanted in us will ultimately gain the victory, not less fully conscious are we that disasters and defeats are constantly occurring on our path to triumph. Our trophies are never won without troubles. He that knows anything, it seems to me, of what it is to live by faith, will and throughout his earthly career a continual conflict. He may never fall so low as to doubt his interest in Christ; yet he may sometimes wet his couch with tears, and wonder if God has forgotten to be gracious. He may be enabled to hold on his way for years without a slur on his character; yet will he often have to engage in such terrible struggles against inbred sin, and to endure such sore pressure from troubles without, that he is constrained to cry out, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" One day you may be on Tabor's summit witnessing your Master's transfiguration, and another day you may be in the Valley of Humiliation, groaning in spirit, minished and brought low through oppression, affliction, and sorrow. One day you may be as strong as a giant, and all things seem possible to you and another day you may be as weak as a baby and weep for the joys that are fled. You may one day "surname yourself by the name of Israel," and another day call yourself "the worm Jacob," fearing lest you should be trodden down by the common ills of life, and utterly crushed. Our way to heaven is up hill and down hill. Our life is made of chequered materials; it is not all of one fabric. Sometimes full of hope we bound forward with elastic step; anon the sun ceases to shine, the big rain-drops fall, the vapours rise, and we sit down with folded arms and fixed eye, wearing a sad, leaden cast. As in our experience, so in our nature, good and evil meet, but cannot blend; they are at constant variance. I mention this well-known fact because it may serve to comfort some of the younger sort who but of late have begun to go on pilgrimage. They fancied that since they were born again, and enlisted in Christ's army, they would never afterward have to fight with sin within; though perhaps they might be tempted, their soul would never give any

consent to it. They boasted when they put on the harness, though they had put it off. They sowed today, and they expected to reap their harvest tomorrow. They had scarce got loose from the shore, yet they expected soon to reach the port. When the vessel is a little buffeted and heaved to and fro by contrary winds, they cannot understand it. Beloved, it is so with all of us. Those saints of God who appear to you to be favored with perpetual sunshine could tell you quite another tale. Some whom God highly honors in public he often deeply humbles in private. He has a way of taking his children behind the door, and making them see some of the abominations within them, while at the same time he is giving them to see the beauties of Christ, and enabling them to feed on him. Do not think that yours is an extreme case, because your spiritual life is one of much contest with sin. So far from being extreme, I believe it is but a specimen of the way in which the Lord deals with all his own beloved ones

There I leave that first observation. Peter is at one moment confident, another instant he is dismayed; at one moment he is treading the waves like a miracle-worker, and the next instant he is sinking like an ordinary being. And so it is with us — sometime aloft, and anon crying out of the depths, “Lord, save me.” Proceeding to a then cast down; sometimes rejoicing with joy unspeakable, and second reflection, we observe that: —

## II. FAITH LOVES VENTURESOME SERVICE

Peter, when full of faith, said to his Master, “Lord, if it be thou, bid me come to thee upon the water.” Faith seems to have a secret instinct revealing her military and royal character. In the old wars of Troy we read of one who, being told by the prophet that the war would not be to his honor, sought to escape from the Greek ranks, and hid himself among the daughters of the king; but he was discovered by Ulysses, who sent a peddler, or one disguised as such, to sell various wares, and while the maidens at the gate came to buy the various trinkets in which they delighted, there was placed in the basket a trumpet, or a sword, and the young hero, disguised as he was, yet let out his taste and chose the warlike implement. It was his nature to do so, and he was discovered by the choice. Now, amidst ten thousand allurements, faith is quite certain to choose that which appertains to boldness and to venturesomeness. John is full of love, he stops in the vessel; but Peter abounds in faith, and he must be doing some high action congruous to the nature of faith, and therefore he says, “Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water” That is the kind

of thing for faith to do. Anybody can walk on the land, but faith is a waterwalker. She can do, and act, and work where others fail. Remember it is not said in Scripture that faith will pluck up mustards seeds, or that it will remove mole-hills. These little things are not the sphere for faith, but it is written, "Ye shall say unto this mountain, Be, thou removed hence; or this sycamore tree, Be plucked up by the roots." Faith loves to deal in great things; in marvellous adventure; in projects beyond human power. We are not to come to God and ask him to do for us what we can do for ourselves. There is no room for the exercise of faith where reason and human strength will suffice. Faith is a vessel expressly built for the deep seas. She is not a coaster, to keep close to the shore; she pushes out where she can neither see the shore nor fathom the depth; for she has a compass on board, and she looks up to the stars which God has fixed for her guidance; she has too, a blessed Pilot, so she feels herself secure, and all at home in the child waste of waters, with no human eye to gaze upon her, and no human hand to help. "If it be thou," said Peter, "let me come to thee on the water." If you have faith in God and that faith is in active exercise, I am persuaded you will feel an instinct within you prompting you to dare something more than others have ventured to attempt, eager to honor Jesus Christ more shall any one else would think possible who had little faith or no faith at all. What a blessed instinct it is which impels some of our brethren, as it frequently has done, to leave their native country and go out to preach the gospel in regions beyond the sea! not building upon another man's foundation, but, like the bold Apostle, seeking to extend the bounds of Immanuel's kingdom. How blessed it is when some brother finds it in his heart to consecrate more of his substance than is ordinary to the Lord's work, not grudging what he can spare, but glorying over what he can sacrifice! Yea, and blessed it is when faith kindles to furnace-heat and stimulates one to undertake a work for which he alone would be incompetent. God preserve such a man! How I rejoice at every mention of our brother Muller at Bristol! What lessons of trust in God's promise and his providence has he taught to Christians and Christian churches. How graciously has Christ made him to walk on the water! How securely has he sped his course these many years as safe on the flowing current of subscriptions as if he were proceeding on the solid bases of a rich endowment! How wonderfully his orphanage has been supported! He walks on waves in very truth. This sole dependence upon the eternal providence of a faithful God is indispensable to us. I trust we are not entire strangers to it in our measure and degree. It is no novelty to us to put our

foot down on what we thought to be a cloud, and find that God had placed a rock there; to walk right on in the dark, and see the midnight turn to noonday; to rest on the invisible, and prove it to be more substantial than the visible; to depend upon the naked promise of the covenant keeping God, and reap greater riches than all the treasures that could come from relying on an arm of flesh. Faith then, is a venturesome and if any of you have not ever yet been nerved with courage because you believed, I pray that your faith may grow till you feel compelled to attempt more than of your own unaided strength you can possibly do. Brethren, undertake something for Christ. Is there a brother here who ought to preach, but is too timid? I hope his faith will overcome his diffidence. Is there a sister here who ought to take a class in the school, but she is shy and hesitant I hope her faith in the Savior will get fresh impetus from her love to souls. "Such trust have we through Christ to Godward." Oh I that you may all be urged by strong convictions to attempt something in his service; that you may be taught by the Holy Spirit to set about it wisely; and that you may be enabled by that sufficiency which is of God to do it effectually! Though you may often have stumbled, in plain paths, you shall be able to walk on the water in safety when and where Jesus bids you. I say thin advisedly, for, venturesome as Peter's faith was, he would not make a move without first having the Master's leave. "If it be thou, bid me." We must not fondly imagine that we can do whatever we choose; but we may fairly expect that whenever God allots us a work, he will give us grace adequate to accomplish it. Peter walking on the sea without divine permission would be a presumption to attempt and an impossibility to perform; but Peter, with Christ's amens, might have walked across the Atlantic itself if his faith had not failed. So it is with you. If your Lord has called you to a work, rely upon him for the power to achieve it; he will not forsake you; but if it is merely your own whim or caprice which has thrust you into a position for which you are not qualified, you have no right to reckon upon the divine aid to speed your false steps. Blessed is he who goes to his Father and asks his counsel, for he shall always find that where God gives us guidance he will give us grace. But: —

### III. FAITH REALLY DOES WORK WONDERS

This is our third observation. Peter came down from the vessel. I think I see him bounding over the bulwarks. How strange he must have felt when that water in which he had been so often swimming became as solid marble under his feet! How elated he must have felt — a man with his

temperament naturally would so feel — when he began to walk, and found the water like a sea of glass beneath his tread! It was a marvellous thing to do. Others have made their way through tile sea, but Peter walked over it. The laws of gravitation were suspended for his support. Picture the scene. What Jesus was doing Peter was doing. Faith made Peter to be like his Lord. There were two walking, the one by his own infinite power, the other by the power imparted to hymn the power of faith.

Remember that faith will make any of us like Christ. “He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also,” said the Master, “and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father.” It does often seem impossible in certain conditions to act in a Christ-like spirit; but faith can make you walk the waves of the sea. Your Lord was patient in poverty; faith can make you walk that wave, and be patient and contented too. Christ was loving and gentle under the moat fearful God multiplied provocation’s; faith can give you that same gentleness of spirit and lowliness of mind; you can walk those billows too. Our Lord, in the midst of prosperity, refused worldly honor; when they sought to make him a king, he hid himself from the temptation. And you in the high places of the earth tempted by wealth, with flattery poured into your ears, may still walk, as Jesus did, safely through it all, if you have but faith in God, faith in the blessed Spirit, faith in him who is ever with you, even to the end of the world. There is nothing Christ did, except, the great atoning work, which his people shall not do, in and through him, by tile exercise of their faith. What a blessing it would be if God’s people really did believe the power that lies in them by the energy of faith! So many of us give up, succumb, lie down, as if we were weak; but we are not weak. When are weak in ourselves, then are we strong. This is no empty fiction, but a certain fact; we are strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. Let not, therefore, the believer think that he can only do what another man can do. He is of a nobler race. God dwelleth in him. Oh! what a glorious thought that is — God dwelling in a man! That wonderful word “enthusiasm “ — so often turned to ridicule and used as a term of reproach — what does it mean but God in a man? Enthusiasm! When God is thoroughly in a man, and the man knows it, then he is not cowed or put back by difficulties, or daunted by sneers. He is not so mindful of his feebleness as to excuse himself from effort, or to imagine that he can do nothing. In the confidence of that power which inspires him, he marches boldly on, fully assured that victory awaits him, and that victory he rests not till he realizes; it is given to his

confidence. So doth God requite and reward the man that puts his trust in him. May we always have enough of faith to be doing wonders. Some poor souls have enough faith to carry them to heaven; others have just enough faith to maintain decent character; but he shall be honored of God who hath such implicit, and such heroic, and such enduring faith that he can dare jeopardize, do exploits, and bear sufferings, because his Lord is with him. We must attempt some things which look like impossibilities, or we shall never keep up the esprit of the true soldiers of the cross. We pass on to make a fourth remark.

#### **IV. INTO THE SOUL OF THE MOST FAITHFUL AND CONFIDENT DISCIPLE UNBELIEF GENERALLY FINDS SOME DOOR OR OTHER FOR ENTRANCE.**

Peter had looked at the waves, and his faith was just strong enough to believe that Jesus could make him walk on the sea; but he had never taken the winds into his calculation. Had he thought of the winds as well as the waves, and reposed upon Jesus for the whole, I have no doubt his faith would have held out, and not have so fearfully given way. The first two or three steps on the water had exhilarated him, and made him feel what wonders he was doing; but there came a rough blast which threatened to overthrow him, and as he could scarcely stand against so rude a wind upon so slippery a floor he began to be afraid. Something occurred which he had not foreseen, and in strange surprise he yielded to blank unbelief. Thus it often comes to pass with us. We arrange our faith according to our estimate of the perils and perplexities that lie in our path; we even plan the events that will probably happens to us, and we feel sure that we can trust God in all these circumstances; but a fresh contingency arises upon which we had never reckoned, a wind which we had not thought of, and forthwith our courage fails, we do not trust God for that. I wish we had a faith which was free from and totally independent of weights and measures; a faith that trusted God for ten thousand things as readily as for one; that would rest upon God for a century as securely as for a day; a faith that would just cast itself, sink or swim, into the sea, believing in God that whether the winds were blowing or not, whether the waves were raging or not, everything is easy to omnipotence, and nothing can compromise the faithfulness of the Most High. But, alas! my brethren, we are always being startled by some new prodigies. Perhaps we are too fond of calculating changes, predicting probabilities, and forestalling the future. Hence comes our chagrin when we are balked or disappointed. If we walked on, leaving everything to his divine decree and watchful Providence, confiding in our heavenly Father's

wisdom and his love, we need never be amazed or bewildered; our faith would be equal to any rumor or riot that might arise. Just as unbelief introduced into Peter's mind a terror of the wind, and upset him at once, so the devil has ways of finding some point or other upon which to overthrow our faith. I have been sometimes full of joy in the Lord, and I have usually noticed that depression of spirits almost invariably follows, and that from some circumstance which at other times would not have caused me the slightest disturbance. Satan knows how to use any trivial thing to spoil the lustre of our faith and the placidity of our joy. With what subtlety he will assail you! A difficulty you have been laboring under may have been removed by God's providence; you may be very grateful, and ready to set up your stone of thankfulness, and to praise the name of the Lord. Anon a new difficulty will be suggested. While you are blessing God for all his mercy, on a sudden some trouble like a squall occurs; it may not be worth mentioning, but it will assume such strange proportions that it covers up all your joys and leaves you a prey to unbelief. How watchful we ought to be against unbelief, for of all sins this is one of the most heinous. Like Jeroboam, of whom we read that he sinned himself and made Israel to sin, unbelief is itself a sin, and becomes the parent of all sorts of sins. We sometimes talk to one another about our doubts and fears as if they were infirmities to be pitied rather than crimes to be loathed, but we seldom talk to each other about the delinquencies of our conduct, such as angry tempers, hasty words, harsh judgments, unbecoming levity, or lax conversation. No; we should be ashamed to confess transgressions that are far too common among people professing godliness. Why is it that we do not blush to acknowledge our doubts that mistrust God, and our fears that stagger at his promise? Are they not quite as much sins against the commandment of the Lord and the duty of every faithful Christian as drunkenness, or dishonesty, or any offense against the moral law? To doubt the faithfulness of God is atrocious. Who can estimate the amount of virus there is in the sin of unbelief? It would stab at the very heart of God; it would pluck the crown from the head of Jehovah. Let us hate unbelief with all our hearts, and watch against it. Remember that it can attack us from any quarter of the compass unless we keep perpetual guard. Those of us who have been boldest in the Lord's battle, and foremost in his service, may yet be overtaken with this sin, succumb to its debasing influence, and be left in the rear, shorn of honor and covered with shame. And now for a fifth reflection.



**V. IF AT ANY TIME FAITH SEEMS TO BE OVERTURNED BY AN INVASION OF UNBELIEF, IT THEN SHOWS ITS TRUE CONQUERING CHARACTER.**

Peter was soon made to doubt, but with what ease did he begin to pray! I like to think of the spontaneous character of Peter's prayer. He begins to sink, and he prays in a minute. he no sooner finds himself going down, than he says, "Lord, save me." This shows what a living thing his faith was. It might not walk the water always, but it could always pray, and that is the better thing of the two. Your faith may not always make you rejoice, but if your faith can always make you trust the precious blood, that is all you need. Your faith may not always take you to the top of the mountain, and bathe your forehead in the sunlight of God's countenance, but if your faith enables you to keep in the straight road that leads to eternal life, you may bless God for that. To walk the water is not an essential characteristic of faith, but to pray when you begin to sink is. To do great wonders for Christ is not indispensable to your soul's being saved, but to have the faculty of always turning the heart to him in time of distress is one of the sure marks of divine grace in the soul. I am sure Peter did not intone his prayer on that occasion. I am quite certain that he did not believe in having to search for music to which to set that prayer. It just came up from his heart. And are not these the very best prayers, that well up from the soul, flowing forth from the lips freely because the heart compels the tongue to speak? The heart, knowing its own bitterness, reveals it unto the Most High. Beloved, are you prayerful in such a respect as that? I do think it is a blessed plan to set apart time for prayer, and so to take your half-hour, or your hour, as you may be able, for secret devotion, but better than the set time for prayer is the spirit of prayer. While a regular habit of prayer is a great help to piety, the spirit of prayer promotes habitual, unintermitting communion with God. I once asked, down at Wootton-under-Edge, where Mr. Rowland Hill's study was, and they told me that was a question which they could not answer. "Why, how is that! Did he never study his sermons? Oh! yes; he was always studying his sermons; it did not matter whether he was in the parlour or in the paddock, attending to his correspondence, or looking after the cows, going out into the village to buy goods, or walking in the garden amidst flowers and fruits; he was always studying his sermons, so that he was one of the readiest of preachers. That is one of the best habits that a man can cultivate. So they said it was with his prayers. He was not a man who shut himself up for prayer, but he seemed to be always praying wherever he went. He would be often heard ejaculating true

prayers when others fancied his mind must be full of other thoughts. The story that is related of him at Mr. George Clayton's chapel in York Street, you will most of you remember, for I have repeated it several times. After he had been preaching, he lingered about the building so long that the pew-opener went to him and told him that it was time to close the place. The old gentleman was found tottering round the pews singing to himself: —

*“And when I shall die,  
‘Receive me,’ I’ll cry  
For Jesus hath loved me,  
I cannot tell why’  
But this thing I find,  
We two are so joined,  
That he won’t be in glory  
And leave me behind.”*

This peculiar practice of conversing, as it were, with oneself; of repeating texts of Scripture or verses of hymns; the propensity to pray with the heart and lift up the thoughts continually to God — well, it seems to me an indication of spiritual-mindedness above any common level. “Know,” says David, “that the Lord hath set apart him that is godly for himself.” But how should the man thus set apart behave himself? The Psalmist will tell you, “Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still.” Oh! for a mind ever active, never stagnant, always tranquil! Oh! for the wings of a dove! Take a pigeon; put it away in a cage; send it to a distance in the country; keep it there awhile; then, on a certain day, let it loose; you will soon know where its home is; for it mounts up, flies its circuit, takes its bearings, surveys its course, and then away it pursues its trip through the air till it reaches the dear old dove-cote. Does your soul make its way to the ark, and return to its rest with a like sacred instinct? All through the day you may be taken up with many cares. The shop or the warehouse, the nursery or the kitchen, may be your cage. There comes a moment when you are let loose and you get free. Where does your soul fly? Flies it off like a dove, to its resting-place? When it see the crows on the wing, if anybody asked me what trips they were taking, I could not tell them, but if they would wait till evening I would quickly solve the riddle, for then they would be quite sure to be seeking their nests. Does your heart in the time of trouble fly away to God? Does your spirit in the hour of distress seek the rock of refuge, and speed to the Great Deliverer? Then are you like Peter. You may not always walk on the waves, but you can always say,

“Lord, save me.” Canst thou say that from thy very soul, resting on the Savior’s mighty arm, then hast thou got the essence of a faith which will lead thee through growth in grace up to the perfection of glory.

**VI. OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST IS EQUALLY KIND, BOTH TO STRONG FAITH AND TO LITTLE FAITH.**

Strong faith says, “Bid me come to thee on the water.” Now Christ sometimes refuses to answer prayer after its own kind. The prayer of anger, in which James and John entreated that fire might come down from heaven to destroy the Samaritans, he rejected. The prayer of ambition, when the two sons of Zebedee craved a place, one on his right hand and the other on the left, in his kingdom, was denied. But the prayer of faith, though it looked bold and venturesome, our Lord received graciously, and answered speedily. “Bid me come to thee on the water.” “Come,” said Jesus. Is strong faith represented here by any of you? If thou ask a great thing of God, you shall have it. If thou hast but faith in Jesus, thou shalt ask what thou wilt, and it shall be done unto thee, for the desire of the righteous shall be granted. “Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.” Hast thou a great plan of usefulness! Hast thou an intense anxiety for soul-winning! Hast thou a strong yearning for the evangelization of thy district! Believe, fear not to tempt fortune, for all things are possible to him that believeth. The hands of Christ are pledged to faith. He will honor the trust thou reposest in him. If thou wilt but repose in him, he cannot, will not deny thee. True faith is his own work. If he has wrought the prayer in thee, he will surely answer it. Go forth, then, in this thy might of faith, and the Lord be with thee.

But perceive ye not how kind he also was to little faith? No sooner does Peter begin to sink and cry, “Save me,” than there is manifest good will and quick help in the Savior’s movement. “Immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand and caught him.” Our Lord did not pause to parley. He did not upbraid him, or say, “Peter, you have dishonored me by your unbelief. He did not accuse him harshly, rebuke him sternly, or punish him severely, leaving him to go down twice, and pulling him up the third time thus inflicting in him the pangs of death without its extreme penalty. Ah! no; the prompt help was ready for the pressing emergency. The sinking one was made to stand. After that he said, “O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt? “ Christ giveth liberally and upbraideth not; or when he does upbraid, it is always after his large generosity has abated the grievance. He

gives the choice portion, and then chastens us for our profit. He does not make us wait till we are submerged again and again; but he listens at once to the feeble cry of his sinking servants, and not till after he has delivered them dose he expostulate with them. Aesop tells a story of a man who saw a boy drowning, and sat upon the shore, and lectured him upon the imprudence of venturing beyond his depth; and there are some people who do the same with poor sinking souls. They tell them of what they ought to have done, of what they have not done, and of what they ought now to do, which they cannot do; but they do not stretch out their hand to help them. They observe the burden which is too heavy to be borne, but they lift not a finger to lighten it. Our Lord takes off the burden first, sets his servant on his feet, and then gives, him a word of counsel or of rebuke. Go to him, then, little faith; go to him ere thou retirest to thy rest. Tell thy Savior of the grief that distracts thee, of the woe that overwhelms thee. Confess thy sins, acknowledge thine inability to rescue thyself, and cast thyself now upon the gracious promise of the loving God. Whether thou be strong or weak, my brother, repair to the same place, for Jesus stands at the gate of mercy's house willing to receive all those that come to him.

# A CHEERING CONGRATULATION

NO. 3563

DELIVERED BY C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON.

*“Blessed is he who transgression is forgiven; whose sin is covered” —  
Psalm 32:1.*

MEN have all of them their own ideals of blessedness. Those ideals are often altogether contrary to the sayings which our Savior uttered in his Sermon on the Mount. They count those to be blessed who are strong in health, who are abundant in riches, who are honored with fame, who are entrusted with command, who exercise power — those, in fact, who are distinguished in the eyes of their fellow-creatures. Yet I find not such persons called “blessed” in God’s Word, but oftentimes humble souls, who might excite pity rather than envy, are congratulated upon the blessings which they are heirs to, and which they shall soon enjoy. To the penitent there is no voice so pleasant as that of pardon. God, who cannot lie — who cannot err — tells us what it is to be blessed. Here he declares that “blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven; whose sin is covered.” This is an oracle not to be disputed. Forgiven sin is better than accumulated wealth. The remission of sin is infinitely to be preferred before all the glitter and the glare of this world’s prosperity. The gratification of creature passions and earthly desires is illusive — a shadow and a fiction; but the blessedness of the justified, the blessedness of the man to whom God imputeth righteousness is substantial and true. How apt we are to say in our hearts, “Would God Adam had never fallen, for blessed must be the man who never sinned!” Could any man have attained to a perfect life, which deserved commendation at God’s hands, blessedness would surely glow around him like a halo; at his feet the earth would bottom; in his nostrils the air would breathe sweet odours; and his ears would be regaled with the sweet singing of birds; “content, indeed, to sojourn while he must

below the skies, but having there his home.” Such a man would feel and find the beams of brightness playing over the entire expanse of life, and the thrill of gladness filling his heart with unbroken peace. The mountains and hills would break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field would clap their hands, to multiply his inlets to happiness. But it is not of such imaginary bliss that our sacred Psalmist loves to sing; because, however true, it would be a mere mockery to tell us, who are so deeply fallen, of sweet delights that those alone could know who never fell. Our time of probation is over. We of mortal race were proved, tried, and condemned long ago. It is not possible now for us to have the blessedness of uncorrupted innocence. And yet, thank God, blessedness is still possible to us, sinners though we be. We may hear the voice of the ever blessed of God pronouncing us to be blessed. His mercy can secure to us what our merit could never have earned, for so it is written, “Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven; whose sin is covered” May every one of us partake of this blessedness, and know and rejoice in the full assurance.

Now the observations I address to you shall be very simple; but if they come home to us as true, and we can grasp them with a lively faith, they will be none the less gratifying to us because they seem common.

### **I. EVIDENTLY THERE IS FORGIVENESS WITH GOD: TRANSGRESSION MAY BE FORGIVEN.**

It is spoken of here, not as a flight of fancy, or a poetic dream; it is not an imaginary or a possible circumstance, but it is described as a fact that does occur, and has been the happy lot of some who knew its sweet relief, and felt its strange felicity — “Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven;” Do take the words with all their weight of meaning; for though taught in our catechisms, embodied in our creeds, and admitted in our ordinary conversation on religious subjects, the belief in the forgiveness of sins is not always sincere and hearty. When the guilt of sin is felt, and the burden of sin grows heavy, and when the wound stinks and is corrupt, as the Psalmist says, we are very apt to doubt the possibility of pardon; or, at least, of our own pardon. Under deep conviction of sin, and a sense of the peculiar heinousness of our own guilt, there is a haze and more than a haze — a thick fog, which hides the light of this doctrine from our view. We think all men pardonable except ourselves. We can believe in the doctrine of forgiveness of sin for blasphemers, for thieves, for drunkards, even for murderers; but there is some particular aggravation in the sin which we

have committed that appears to us to admit of no place of repentance, to find no promise of absolution. So, writing bitter things against ourselves, we become our own accusers and our own judges, and seem as if we would even become our own executioners. In our distraction we are thus prone to doubt that our transgression can be forgiven.

And, beloved, I am not sure that those of us who are saved do not sometimes have misgivings about this grand truth. Although I know that I am saved in Christ, yet at times when I look back upon my life, and especially dwell upon some dark blots which God has forgiven, but for which I can never forgive myself, the question comes across me, "Is it so? Is that really blotted out? It was so, crimson, So scarlet; can it be that the spot is entirely gone?" We know that, being washed in the blood of Christ, we are whiter than snow; but it is not always that our faith can realize the forgiveness of sins while our heart and conscience are revolving the flagrancy of their guilt, It should not be so. We ought to be able to bear, at one and the same time, a vision of sin in all its horror, and a full view of the sacrifice for sin in all its holiness anti acceptance to God — to feel that we are guilty, weak, lost, and ruined, yet to believe that Christ is not only able to save to the very uttermost, but that he has saved us — to confess our crimes, while we cast ourselves without a question into his blessed arms. I trust that we can do this But, alas fly may find its way into the sweetest pot of ointment, a little folly may taint a good reputation, and an unworthy doubt may tarnish the purest faith; so it may be profitable to remind even the forgiven man that forgiveness of sin is possible, that forgiveness of sin is presented in the gospel as a covenant blessing, that forgiveness of sin is the possession of every believer in Jesus, that his sin has gone entirely and irreversibly, and that for him all manner of sin has been forgiven, blotted out, and put away through the precious blood of Jesus, seeing that he has believed in God's great propitiatory sacrifice.

Peradventure there has strolled into this sanctuary to-night some professing Christian who, though a true child of God, has foully stained his profession. It may be, my dear friend, that in your weakness, and to your shame, and to your confusion of face, you have forsaken God, and have fallen into sin. You knew better you who have instructed others, you who would have denounced such conduct with great severity in your fellow-creatures, have fallen into the transgression yourself, and now you are conscious that both the sin and its results are very bitter; you are smarting under the rod, your bones have been sore broken, and, perhaps, while I am

speaking, it seems as if my words were putting them out of joint again where there had been a little healing. Beloved brother or sister in Christ, if your sin be a public sin, a grievous sin, a black and foul sin; if it be a sin which conscience cannot for a moment tolerate, a sin which God's people must detest, even though it be in you who are dear to them, let me entreat you not to suffer the deceitfulness of sin to drive you to despair; in the anguish of remorse do not shun the mercy seat. Doubt not that the Lord is still ready to pardon you. If not Satan persuade you that you have sinned a sin which is unto death. Nay, come to the cross of Christ. The blood of Jesus was real, and it was really shed to wash away real sin, not sin in the abstract, as we talk of it here, but sin in the concrete, and you have committed it — such sin as yours; nay, your sin, that special sin, that degrading sin, that sin which you are ashamed to mention, that sin which makes you now, even at the very thought of it, hang your head and blush. Know of a truth that your sin is pardonable. Do you ask me why I draw this inference from my text? I answer that it wee penned by David, when his crimes were complicated, his character corrupted, and his case seemed beyond the possibility of a cure. Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God! Whatever your sin may have been, it can scarcely have exceeded his in atrocity. You know how he added sin to sin; you know how high he stood, and how low he sunk; and you know how sweetly he could sing, “Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven; whose sin is covered.” It shines forth more clearly now than ever it shone before. Sin is pardonable; the Lord God is merciful and gracious. Hear the heavenly invitation, “Come, now, let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as wool; though they be red like crimson, they shall be whiter than snow.” Hear Jehovah's voice out of heaven, “I, even I, am he that blotteth out shine iniquities for my name's sake: I will not remember thy sins.” With such a peerless proclamation of perfect pardon we leave this point. We trust, however, that you will not leave it till you have proved its preciousness and its power. Observe now that the pardon being proved, the: —

## II. BLESSEDNESS MAY BE ENJOYED.

So much sadness comes from a sense of sin that it is not easy for a penitent to regard pleasure as within his reach, or for a criminal to imagine that cheerfulness can become his habitual condition. How have I heard a man say, “Were God to forgive me, I do not think I could be happy, such is my sin that, though it should be put away, the memory would haunt me, the



disgrace would distract me; my own conscience would confound me, I never could blend with the blessed ones.” Is not this just what the prodigal said, “I am not worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants”? He could not think so well of his father as to suppose that he could receive him again into his affections as his child; hence he would be content to take the yoke of service, and to be a hired servant of his father’s; not a servant born in the house, though these were common enough among the Jews; but a hired servant, willing to be even with the lowest class of servants, so that he might but live in his father’s) house. I know that this is often the feeling of humble souls, but look at the text and observe the blessed truth which it teaches. You may not only be forgiven, my dear friends, but you may enjoy, notwithstanding your past sin, blessedness on earth. Oh! look up through those tears! They can all be wiped away, or should they continue to flow in a long life of penitence, if they do but fall upon the Savior’s feet, which thou wouldest fain wash with the tears of thine affection, and wipe with the hairs of thy head, thou shalt find those tears to be precious drops. that ye need not rue. Though evangelical repentance may be compared to bitter herbs in one respect, to be eaten lamenting, yet in another respect there is no grace so sweet as repentance. In heaven, it is true, they do not repent, but here on earth it well becomes the saints. It is sweet here below to sit and weep one’s heart away in sorrow for sin at the foot of the cross of Christ, saying, “with my tears his feet I bathe”; and although we shall have done with it when we reach those blissful shores, until then repentance shall be the occupation of our lives.

But, dear friends, you may suppose that as sincere repentance always leads to great searching of heart, it cannot be blessed, yet it really is so.

Repentance, as we have already said, is a sweet grace. You remember that the prodigal shed his tears, his best tears, in his father’s bosom, when he put his face, as it were, close to his father’s heart, and sobbed out, “Father, I have sinned!” Oh! what a place for repentance is the bosom of God, with his love shed abroad in the heart, making you contrite and moving you to say, “How Could I have sinned against so good a God? How could I be an enemy to one who is so full of grace? How could I run away and spend my substance with harlots, when here was my Father’s deep care for my welfare! How could I choose their base love, when a love so pure, so true, so constant, was waiting for me?” Oh! it is a holy sorrow that hath a clear life ensuing; and I tell you that, however deep your repentance may be, it

shall not stand in the way of your being blessed; but shall even prove to be one contributory stream to the blessedness of your experience.

Does the memory of your sins haunt you, and do you feel that you shall always hang your head as one whom pardon could not purge? Not thus did the apostle Paul reflect on his many sins. Though he bewailed the wickedness of his heart, and was ashamed of the evil he had done, yet his humility after he was converted took the form of gratitude, cheering his very soul with the most lively impulse. While confessing that he was the very chief of sinners, at the same time and in the same breath he said, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Conscious of his own infirmities, he could exclaim, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" yet, confident of his full redemption, he could add, "I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." Moreover, hurling defiance at all his accusers, he asks, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" "No bolder or more triumphant champion of divine grace than that apostle, who was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious, but now rejoices to bear record, "I obtained mercy that, in me, Jesus Christ might show forth all long-suffering as a pattern to them who should hereafter believe on him to life everlasting." What though your past offenses be never so rank, and your present shame should sting you with ever so much poignant sorrow, yet with thrills of bliss you shall prove the full blessedness of the man whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

Methinks I hear one say, "Few men have fallen more deeply into sin than I have; if converted, I might be pointed out as an illustrious monument of divine grace; yet, what with vanities which have matured into vices, and passing follies which have grown into positive evil habits, it is not likely I should ever attain the same eminence in grace as those who were trained from childhood in the sanctuary, and never lived a dissolute life, or risked a desperate death, as I have done." Let me assure you that this is a great fallacy. The heights of glory are now open to those who once plunged into the depths of sin. Say not, slave of Satan, that thou canst not be a soldier of the cross. Thou canst be a heroic soldier. Thou mayest win a crown of victory. Why needest thou be weak in faith? Thou canst not be, languid in love. Great sinner as thou art, thou hast in this a sort of advantage; thou wilt love much because thou hast had much forgiven thee. Surely, if thy love be warmer than that of others, thou hast the mainspring of coal, the mightiest force within to mould thy future course. Instead of being less

than others, thou shouldest seek to outdo them all, not out of carnal emulation, but out of holy strife. I counsel thee. poor sinner, when thou comest to Christ, do not try to hide thyself in some obscure corner; but come to the light, that thou mayest have near and intimate fellowship with thy Lord; for the love thou hast to him, show kindness to his lambs; by thy generosity to his disciples, show thy gratitude to the Master; grudge no service; be ready to spend, and to be spent; yield yourself a living sacrifice to him who redeemed thee from thy sins and restored thee to his favor. I liked what one said to me to-day when I was seeing enquirers who are seeking membership with us. "By God's grace," he said, "I will try to make up for lost time." Let this be your resolve, dear friends. If you are called by grace when the day is far spent and the time in which you can hope to serve your Lord is getting brief, do not waste an opportunity, but engage with all your heart and soul in the work of faith and labor of love for the Lord Jesus. 'Some of us were called at the first or second hour of the day, and while we were yet children we found some employment in the vineyard. Still, we cannot serve Christ as we would. Oh I wish I had a thousand tongues that I might tell out his love, and could live a thousand lives to proclaim his grace amongst the sons of men! But as for you, whose time must, in the course of nature, be so short; you who have given so much of your lives to Satan — do not let Christ now be put off with the fag end, but give him the very best of your love, the fat of your sacrifice, the strength and soul of your being.

And as to the matter of enjoyment, I cannot believe from moment that when a great sinner is blessed with a great pardon, he should fail to have the fullness of joy which so divine a benefit must properly excite. My observation has been that the joy of those who have been graciously forgiven after having greatly transgressed rather exceeds than falls short of the joy of such as are more gradually brought into gospel liberty. Oh! no; my Master will not adjudge you to take a second rank.

He who was by birth an alien, and in open rebellion an enemy to God, shall have all the rights of citizenship, and partake of all the privileges of the saints. Not he who, like Samuel, was lighted to his couch in childhood by the lamps of tile sanctuary, is more welcome at the Father's board than the returning prodigal. Such blessedness is in store for some of you. You have fallen; you have lost your character; you have stifled the voice of your own conscience; you have forfeited all title to self-respect. But by Christ redeemed, in Christ restored, this infinite blessedness shall be your portion.

Have you been put out of the Church? Have your brethren been compelled to withdraw from fellowship with you because of your flagrant sin? Have you been convicted of a crime and suffered a term of imprisonment? There is blessedness possible to you yet. There may have strayed in here one who from the fold has wandered very far. Though you have forfeited your good name, I simply and sincerely point out to you the means whereby you may yet transform your blighted life into a blessed life. Glory to God and peace to your own soul shall immediately follow your trust in the sacrifice of .Christ. "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." Seemeth it not to thee that this is the very fountain of all blessings? Thou comest here to the streamhead, to the source of the great wide river of mercies. Those of you, therefore, who believe in the forgiveness of sins should not be satisfied till you have the title-deeds, enjoy the possession, and revel in the blessedness of this reconciliation to God. "If I am a Christian," said a sister to me hesitantly; "but I do; not like that ugly 'if,'" she added; "I must get rid of it." So she prayed the Lord, "Let there be no 'if' between me and thee." I would have you pray in like manner. Oh! those horrible "ifs"! They are spiritual mosquitoes that sting and harass us; they are like stones in the shoes, and you cannot travel with them. Hear what David says: "Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile." Still enlarging upon our last point, rather than venturing on to anything fresh, observe: —

### **III. THAT THE STATE OF FORGIVENESS IS EVIDENTLY A STATE OF BLESSEDNESS IF WE REMEMBER THE CONTRAST IT INVOLVES**

Ask the sinner, conscious of his guilt and its penalty, who is bemoaning himself and crying out, "God, be merciful to me a sinner!" what wouldst thou think if thy condition could be changed and thy conscience cleansed by one line of the Pen, or by one word of the lips that can pronounce a pardon? Would not that be blessed beyond wishful thought or wakeful dream? "Oh!" say you, "I would count no penance too severe, no sacrifice too costly, if I might but get my sins cancelled, forgiven; and completely obliterated. Look at poor Christian, wringing his hands, sighing and crying. Why was it? He wanted to have his burden taken off. Had you spoken to him, he would have told you he was willing to go through floods and flames if he could get relief from his burden, and be clean rid of it. Seeing how every anxious soul longs for forgiveness, clearly it must be a state to be greatly desired, and those who do attain it find it to be full of gladness, delight, and rejoicing. It is indeed blessed to have sin forgiven; but, oh!

how wretched to face its infamy, to feel its malignity, to fear its terrible penalty. Witness a soul in despair; that is a dreadful sight; I think I would sooner walk fifty miles than see a despairing soul; I have seen several such, shut up in the iron cage. You may talk, talk, talk, and try to give some cheer, but it is of no use. No promises can comfort; the gospel itself seems to have no charm. Were you to put the question to a despairing soul, ‘Would it be a blessed thing to have sin forgiven?’ sharp, quick, and decided would the answer be. Not the lips only — the heart would express itself in every muscle of the face, in every limb of the body — the nerves all tingling with joy, the eyes shining with gleams of heaven.

Ask dying sinners, stung with remorse at the memory of their lives, and filled with dread at the prospect of the future, whether it is not a blessed thing to have sins forgiven. Through they may have trifled hitherto, the death-hour forbids dissembling. Now the vanities of time pass like a shadow, and the realities of eternity come up like a spectra. “Too late!” they cry; “too late! Had we but fled to Christ before!” “Had we but turned our eyes to him in years gone by, then hope would have cheered us in this extremity!” But it is not death they dread so much as the after death; not present dissolution, but (shall I say it?) the damnation that may follow. Unforgiven sin! Who can paint the sentence it must meet? Could we peer into that world where wicked spirits are tormented ever and anon, and there ask the question, “Would it be a blessed thing to be forgiven?” ah! you can guess the answer. I pray thee, friend, tempt not the terror for thyself. Trifle not with kind entreaty; know that ‘tis treason so to do. The pardon spurned will recoil ...on your own head. You will bewail in everlasting misery the mercy that, through your wilfulness, was unavailing. Blessed must he be whose sins are forgiven, for it enables him to escape from the horrible doom of the impenitent.

But you shall have a witness nearer at hand. You know, as a fact recorded in the Gospels, that the Son of man had power an earth to forgive sins. You know, too, from the testimony of the Acts of the Apostles, that his Name, by faith in his Name, is invested with the same power. By the ministry of the Holy Spirit one may hear now, as in days of yore, a voice of divine authority saying, “Thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace.” It was only last week I met with one who had been forgiven on the previous Sunday. The sweet relief, the calm belief, and the true blessedness of that man was such that you could see it flashing from his eyes and animating every faculty of his being. The whole man was so full of joy that he did not

know how to contain himself. The drift of all his conversation was, "I have found Christ; I have laid hold on eternal life! I have trusted in Jesus! I am saved!" His joy, though uttered in part, was unutterable. I sympathised in his ecstasy, remembering that it was so with me. I wanted to tell everybody that Christ was precious, and was able to save. Oh! yes, the young convert is a good witness, though the old Christian is quite as good. It is a blessed thing to have had fifty years' enjoyment of the forgiveness of sin I have half a mind to call some of our venerable friends up here to bear their witness. I am sure they would not stammer: or had they lost the power of ready speech through infirmity of this flesh, their testimony would be sound and vigorous, for they would tell you unhesitatingly how blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. I wish I had time to show you that forgiveness of sin is not only blessed of itself, but: —

#### **IV. ALL ITS CONCOMITANTS HELP TO SWELL THE TIDE OF BLESSING.**

A thousand felicities follow in its train. If he who is forgiven is justified, acquitted, vindicated, sent forth without a stain or blemish on his reputation; he is regenerated, quickened, invigorated, and brought into newness of life; more still, he is adopted, initiated into a divine family, invested with a new relationship, and made heir of a heritage entailed by promise. The work of sanctification begun in him here will one day be completely perfected. He who is forgiven was elected from before the foundations of the world. He was redeemed with the precious blood of Jesus. For him Christ stood as his sponsor, surety, and substitute at the bar of justice. To the forgiven man all things have become new. Our Lord Jesus Christ has raised him up and made him sit in heavenly places with him. He is even now a son and heir, a child of God, a prince of the blood imperial, a priest and a king who shall reign with Christ for ever and ever. He who is washed in the precious blood is favored beyond any words that I can find to express it. Ten thousand blessings are his portion. "How precious!" such a pardoned one may exclaim; "how precious are thy thoughts unto me, O God! How great is the sum of them!" But the: —

#### **V. BLESSEDNESS OF THE MAN WHOSE TRANSGRESSION IS FORGIVEN WHOSE SIN IS COVERED, WILL BE MAINLY SEEN IN THE NEXT STATE.**

That disembodied spirit, clear of spot or blemish, washed and whitened in the blood of the Lamb, passes without fear into the invisible world. It trembles not, though it appears before the eye of justice. No award can come to the forgiven soul except this, "Come, thou blessed of my Father,

inherit the kingdom prepared for them.” We commit the body of the forgiven sinner to the grave in “sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection.” We give his flesh to be the food of the worm, and his skin may rot to dust; but though worms destroy his body, yet in his flesh shall he see God, whom his eyes shall see for himself and not another. I was astonished some little time ago when I heard a good pastor, standing by the coffin of an honored minister, say, “There lies nothing of our brother.” Not so, thought! The bodies of the saints were purchased by Christ; thought flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, neither can corruption inherit incorruption, yet there will be such a marvellous change pass over the body of the forgiven sinner that the same body changed, but still the same body — shall be reunited with the disembodied spirit to dwell at God’s right hand. Hark! hark! the trumpet sounds! Oh! my brethren, we can but speak in prose. These great scenes we shall all of us see. We shall then think after another fashion. The trumpet sounds. The echo reaches heaven. Hell startles at the sound to its nethermost domains. This trembling earth is all attention. The sea yields up her dead. A great white cloud comes sailing forth in awful majesty. Upon it there is a throne, where Jesus sits in state. But his heart has no cause to quake whose sins are all forgiven. Well may the ransomed soul be calm amidst the pomp and pageantry of that tremendous day; for he who sits upon the throne is the Son of man, in whose blood we have been washed. Lo! this is the same Jesus who said, “I have forgiven thee.” He cannot condemn us. We shall find to be our Friend whom others find to be their Judge. Blessed is that man who is forgiven! See him, as with ten thousand times ten thousand others, pure as himself and like to himself, who had washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, he ascends to the Celestial City, a perfect man in body and in soul, to dwell for ever there! Hark to the acclamations of the ten thousand times ten thousand, the sound of the harpers harping with their harps, and the song that is like great waters. Write yea, write now, “Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.” But doubly blessed are they then that they rise from the dead. Once they were sinners washed in blood; but then, in body and in soul, they shall have come, through the precious blood, to see Jesus face to face.

Oh! how I wish that all of us knew this blessedness! Seek it, friends, seek it. It is to be found. “Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near.” I am specially encouraged in preaching the gospel

this evening, because I have just been seeing some who have been recently converted. There are hearers of the gospel among you who have been listening to me for many years. Often have I feared that, in your case, I had labored in vain; but I have great hope now concerning some of you. The Lord keeps bringing in the old hearers of eight, nine, and ten years' standing. Oh! I pray the Lord to save every one of you, and bring you into the fold. I do long and pant that I may present you all before my Master's face with joy! Even should you go and join other churches, and serve the Lord elsewhere, that will cause me no sorrow or regret. But God forbid that any of you should despise mercy, reject the gospel, and die in your sins. May you prove the blessedness of pardon, and then shall we meet, an unbroken congregation, before the Throne.

The Lord grant it, for his Name's sake. Amen.



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