

LOOKING UNTO JESUS

NO. 195

A SERMON
 DELIVERED ON SABBATH MORNING, MAY 23, 1858
 BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON
 AT THE MUSIC HALL, ROYAL SURREY GARDENS

“They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.”
Psalm 34:5

FROM the connection we are to understand the pronoun “him,” as referring to the word “LORD,” in the preceding verse. “They looked unto the Lord JEHOVAH and were lightened.” But no man ever yet looked to JEHOVAH God, as He is in Himself, and found any comfort in Him, for, “Our God is a consuming fire.”

An absolute God, apart from the Lord Jesus Christ, can afford no comfort whatever to a troubled heart. We *may* look to Him, and we shall be blinded, for the light of Godhead is insufferable, and as mortal eye cannot fix its gaze upon the sun, no human intellect could ever look unto God and find light, for the brightness of God would strike the eye of the mind with eternal blindness.

The only way in which any can see God is through the Mediator, Jesus Christ.

*“Till God in human flesh I see,
 My thoughts no comfort find,”—*

God shrouded and veiled in the manhood—there we can with steady gaze behold Him, for so He comes down to us, and our poor finite intelligence can understand and lay hold upon Him.

I shall therefore use my text this morning, and I think very legitimately, in reference to our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ—“They looked unto *him*, and were lightened.” For when we look at God, as revealed in Jesus Christ our Lord, and behold the Godhead as it is apparent in the Incarnate Man, who was born of the Virgin Mary and was crucified by Pontius Pilate, we do see that which enlightens the mind and casts rays of comfort into our awakened heart.

And now this morning, I shall first invite you, in order to illustrate my text, to *look to Jesus Christ in His life on earth*, and I hope there are some of you who will be lightened by that. We shall then *look to Him on His cross*. Afterwards, we shall *look to Him in His resurrection*. We shall *look to Him in His intercession*. And lastly, we shall *look to Him in His second coming*.

And it may be, as with faithful eye we look upon Him, the verse shall be fulfilled in our experience—which is the best proof of a truth—when we prove it to be true in our own hearts. We shall “Look unto him” and we *shall* “be lightened.”

I. First, then, we shall LOOK TO THE LORD JESUS CHRIST IN HIS LIFE.

And here the troubled saint will find the most to enlighten him. In the example, in the patience, in the sufferings of Jesus Christ, there are stars of glory to cheer the midnight darkness of the sky of your tribulation. Come hither, you children of God, and whatever now are your distresses, whether they are temporal or spiritual, you shall, in the life of Jesus Christ and His sufferings, find sufficient to cheer and comfort you—if the Holy Spirit shall now open your eyes to look unto Him.

Perhaps I have among my congregation, indeed I am sure I have, some who are plunged in the depths of poverty. You are the children of toil. With much sweat of your brow you eat your bread. The heavy yoke of oppression galls your neck. Perhaps at this time you are suffering the very extremity of hunger. You are pinched with famine, and though in the house of God, your body complains, for you

feel that you are brought very low. Look unto Him, you poor distressed brother in Jesus—look unto Him, and be lightened.

*“Why dost thou complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?—He told thee no less;
The heirs of salvation, we know from His Word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.”*

See Him there! Forty days He fasts and He hungers. See Him again, He treads the weary way and at last all athirst He sits upon the curb of the well of Sychar. And He, the Lord of glory, He who holds the clouds in the hollow of His hand, said to a woman, “Give me to drink.” And shall the servant be above his Master and the disciple above his Lord? If He suffered hunger, and thirst, and nakedness, O heir of poverty, be of good cheer—in all these you have fellowship with Jesus—therefore be comforted and look unto Him, and be lightened.

Perhaps your trouble is of another caste. You have come here today smarting from the forked tongue of that adder—slander. Your character, though pure and spotless before God, seems to be lost before man, for that foul slanderous thing has sought to take away that which is dearer to you than life itself—your character, your good name. And you are this day filled with bitterness and made drunken with wormwood, because you have been accused of crimes which your soul loathes.

Come, you child of mourning, this indeed is a heavy blow—poverty is like Solomon’s whip, but slander is like the scorpion of Rehoboam. To fall into the depths of poverty is to have it on your little finger, but to be slandered is to have it on your loins. But in all this, you may have comfort from Christ. Come and look unto Him, and be lightened.

The King of kings was called a Samaritan. They said of Him that He had a devil and was mad. And yet, infinite wisdom dwelt in Him, though He was charged with madness. And was He not ever pure and holy? And did they not call Him a drunken man and a wine-bibber? He was His father’s glorious Son and yet they said He did cast out devils through Beelzebub, the prince of the devils.

Come, poor slandered one, wipe those tears away! “If they have called the Master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call they of His household?” If they had honored Him, then might you have expected that they would honor you. But inasmuch they mocked Him and took away His glory and His character, blush not to bear the reproach and the shame, for He is with you, carrying His cross before you, and that cross was heavier than yours. Look, then, unto Him, and be lightened.

But I hear another say, “Ah! but my trouble is worse than either of those. I am not today smarting from slander, nor am I burdened with penury. But sir, the hand of God lies heavy upon me. He has brought my sins to my remembrance. He has taken away the bright shining of His countenance. Once I did believe in Him and could ‘read my title clear to mansions in the skies,’ but today I am brought very low.

“He has lifted me up and cast me down. Like a wrestler, He has elevated me that He might dash me to the ground with the greater force. My bones are sore vexed and my spirit within me is melted with anguish.” Come, my tried brother, “Look unto him, and be lightened.” No longer groan over your own miseries, but come you with me and look unto Him, if you can.

See you the garden of Olives? It is a cold night and the ground is crisp beneath your feet, for the frost is hard. And there, in the gloom of the olive garden, kneels your Lord. Listen to Him. Can you understand the music of His groans, the meaning of His sighs? Sure, your griefs are not as heavy as His were, when drops of blood were forced through His skin, and a bloody sweat did stain the ground!

Say, are your wrestlings greater than His? If, then, He had to combat with the powers of darkness, expect to do so also. And look to Him in the last solemn hour of His extremity, and hear Him say, “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?” And when you have heard that, murmur not, as though

some strange thing had happened to you—as if you have to join in His “lama sabacthani”—and have to sweat some few drops of His bloody sweat. “They looked unto him, and were lightened.”

But possibly I may have here someone who is much persecuted by man. “Ah!” says one, “I cannot practice my religion with comfort. My friends have turned against me. I am mocked, and jeered, and reviled, for Christ’s sake.” Come, Christian, be not afraid of all this, but “Look unto him, and be lightened.”

Remember how they persecuted Him? Oh! think you of the shame and spitting, the plucking off the hair, the reviling of the soldiers. Think you of that fearful march through the streets, when every man did hoot Him, and when even they that were crucified with Him did revile Him. Have you been treated worse than He? Methinks this is enough to make you gird your armor on once more.

Why need you blush to be as much dishonored as your Master? It was this thought that cheered the martyrs of old. They who fought the bloody fight knew they would win the blood-red crown—that ruby crown of martyrdom. Therefore, they did endure, as seeing Him who is invisible, for this ever cheered and comforted them. They remembered Him who had “endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, that they might not be weary or faint in their minds.” They “resisted unto blood, striving against sin,” for they knew their Master had done the same and His example did comfort them.

I am persuaded, beloved brothers and sisters, that if we looked more to Christ, our troubles would not become anything like so black. In the dark night, looking to Christ will clear the ebony sky. When the darkness seems thick, like that of Egypt—darkness that might be felt, like solid pillars of ebony, even then—like a bright lightning flash, as bright but not as transient, will a look to Jesus prove.

One glimpse at Him may well suffice for all our toils while on the road. Cheered by His voice, nerved by His strength, we are prepared to do and suffer, even as He did, to the death—if He will be with us, even unto the end. This, then, is our first point. We trust that those of you who are weary Christians, will not forget to “Look unto him, and be lightened.”

II. And now, I have to invite you to a more dreary sight. But strange it is, just as the sight becomes more black, so to us does it grow more bright. The more deeply the Savior dived into the depths of misery, the brighter were the pearls which He brought up—the greater His griefs, the greater our joys, and the deeper His dishonor, the brighter our glories.

Come, then—and this time I shall ask poor, doubting, trembling sinners and saints, to come with me—come you now to Calvary’s cross. There, on the summit of that little hill, outside the gates of Jerusalem, where common criminals were ordinarily put to death—the Tyburn of Jerusalem, the Old Bailey of that city where criminals were executed—there stand three crosses.

The center one is reserved for one who is reputed to be the greatest of criminals. See there! They have nailed Him to the cross. It is the Lord of life and glory, before whose feet angels delight to pour full vials of glory. They have nailed Him to the cross—He hangs there in mid-heaven, dying, bleeding—He is thirsty and He cries.

They bring Him vinegar and thrust it into His mouth. He is in suffering and He needs sympathy, but they mock Him and they say, “He saved others; himself he cannot save.” They misquote His words, they challenge Him now to destroy the temple and build it in three days. While the very thing was being fulfilled, they taunt Him with His powerlessness to accomplish it.

Now see Him, ere the veil is drawn over agonies too black for eye to behold. See Him now! Was ever face marred like that face? Was ever heart so big with agony? And did eyes ever seem so pregnant with the fire of suffering, as those great wells of fiery agony? Come and behold Him, come and look at Him now.

The sun is eclipsed, refusing to behold Him! earth quakes, the dead rise, the horrors of His sufferings have startled earth itself,

“He dies! The Friend of sinners dies.”

And we invite you to look to this scene that you may be lightened. What are your doubts this morning? Whatever they are, they can find a kind and fond solution here—by looking at Christ on the cross. You have come here, perhaps, doubting God’s mercy. Look to Christ upon the cross and can you doubt it then? If God were not full of mercy and plenteous in His compassion, would He have given His Son to bleed and die?

Do you think that a Father would rend His darling from His heart and nail Him to a tree that He might suffer an ignominious death for our sakes, and yet be hard, merciless, and without pity? God forbid the impious thought! There must be mercy in the heart of God or else there had never been a cross on Calvary.

But do you doubt God’s power to save? Are you saying to yourself this morning, “How can He forgive so great a sinner as I am?” Oh! look there, sinner, look there to the great atonement made—to the utmost ransom paid. Do you think that that blood has not an efficacy to pardon and to justify? True, without that cross it had been an unanswerable question—“How can God be just and yet the justifier of the ungodly?”

But see there the bleeding Substitute! and know that God has accepted His sufferings as an equivalent for the woes of all believers. And then let your spirit dare to think, if it can, that there is not sufficient the blood of Christ to enable God to vindicate His justice, and yet to have mercy upon sinners.

But I know you say, “My doubt is not of His general mercy, nor of His power to forgive, but of His willingness to forgive *me*.” Now I beseech you, by Him that lives and was dead, do not this morning look into your own heart in order to find an answer to that difficulty. Do not sit down and look at your sins. They have brought you into the danger—they cannot bring you out of it.

The best answer you will ever get is at the foot of the cross. Sit down, when you get home this morning, for half-an-hour in quiet contemplation. Sit at the foot of the cross and contemplate the dying Savior, and I will defy you, then, to say, “I doubt His love to me.” Looking at Christ begets faith. You cannot believe on Christ except as you see Him, and if you look to Him you will learn that He is able to save.

You will learn his lovingkindness, and you cannot doubt Him after having once beheld Him. Dr. Watts says,

*“His worth, if all the nations knew,
Surely the whole world would love Him too;”*

and I am sure it is quite true if I read it another way—

*“His worth, if all the nations knew,
Surely the whole world would trust Him too.”*

Oh, that you would look to Him now and your doubts would soon be removed, for there is nothing that so speedily kills all doubt and fear as a look into the loving eyes of the bleeding, dying Lord.

“Ah,” says one, “but my doubts are concerning my own salvation in this respect. I cannot be as holy as I want to be.” “I have tried very much,” says one, “to get rid of all my sins and I cannot. I have labored to live without wicked thoughts and without unholy acts, and I still find that my heart is ‘deceitful above all things.’ And I wander from God. Surely I cannot be saved while I am like this.”

Stay! Look to Him and be lightened. What business have you to be looking to yourself? The first business of a sinner is not with himself, but with Christ. Your business is to come to Christ—sick, weary, and soul-diseased—and ask Christ to cure you. You are not to be your own physician, and then go to Christ—but just as you are.

The only salvation for you is to trust implicitly, simply, nakedly, on Christ. As I sometimes put it—make Christ the only pillar of your hope and never seek to buttress or prop Him up. “He is able, He is willing.” All He asks of you is just to trust Him. As for your good works, they shall come afterwards.

They are after-fruits of the Spirit. Your first business is not to do, but to believe. Look to Jesus and put your only trust in Him.

“Oh,” another cries, “sir, I am afraid I do not feel my need of a Savior as I ought.” Looking to yourselves again! all looking to yourselves you see! This is all wrong. Our doubts and fears all arise from this cause—we turn our eyes the wrong way—just look to the cross again, just as the poor thief did when he was dying. He said, “Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.” Do the same.

You may tell Him, if you please, that you do not feel your need of Him as you ought. You may put this among your other sins, that you fear you have not a right sense of your great and enormous guilt. You may add to all your confessions, this cry, “Lord help me to confess my sins better. Help me to feel them more penitently.”

But recollect, it is not your repentance that saves you—it is the blood of Christ streaming from His hands, and feet, and side. Oh! I beseech you by Him whose servant I am, this morning turn your eyes to the cross of Christ. There He hangs this day. He is lifted up in your midst. As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so is the Son of Man lifted up today in your eyes, that whoever believes in Him may not perish, but have everlasting life.

And you children of God, I turn to you, for you have your doubts too. Would you get rid of them? Would you rejoice in the Lord with faith unmoved and confidence unshaken? Then look to Jesus. Look again to Him and you shall be lightened. I know not how it is with you, my beloved friends, but I very often find myself in a doubting frame of mind. And it seems to be a question of whether I have any love to Christ or not.

And despite the fact that some laugh at the hymn, it is a hymn that I am forced to sing—

*“Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I His, or am I not?”*

And really I am convinced that every Christian has his doubts at times and that the people who do not doubt are just the people that ought to doubt—for he who never doubts about his state, perhaps may do so when it is too late. I knew a man who said he never had a doubt for thirty years. I told him that I knew a person who never had a doubt about him for thirty years. “How is that?” he said, “that is strange.” He thought it a compliment.

I said, “I knew a man who never had a doubt about you for thirty years—he knew you were always the most confounded hypocrite he ever met—he had no doubt about you.” But this man had no doubt about himself—he was a chosen child of God, a great favorite of the Most High. He loved the doctrine of election, wrote it on his very brow. And yet, he was the hardest driver and the most cruel oppressor of the poor I ever met with, and when brought to poverty himself, he might very frequently be seen rolling through the streets. And this man had not a doubt for thirty years—and yet the best people are always doubting.

Some of those who are just living outside the gates of heaven are afraid of being cast into hell after all—while those people who are on the high road to the pit of hell are not the least afraid. However, if you would get rid of your doubts once more, turn to Christ. You know what Dr. Carey had put on his tombstone—just these words, for they were his comfort—

*“A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into Christ’s arms I fall;
He is my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.”*

Remember what that eminent Scotch divine said when he was dying? Someone said to him, “What, are you now dying?” Said he, “I am just gathering all my good works up together, and I am throwing them all overboard. And I am lashing myself to the plank of free grace and I hope to swim to glory on it.”

So do you. Every day keep your eye only on Christ, and so long as your eye is single, your whole body must and shall be full of light. But if you once look cross-eyed, first to yourself and then to Christ, your whole body shall be full of darkness. Remember, then, Christian, to hie away to the cross. When that great black dog of hell is after you, away to the cross!

Go where the sheep goes when he is molested by the dog—go to the shepherd. The dog is afraid of the shepherd’s crook. You need not be afraid of it—it is one of the things that shall comfort you. “Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.”

Away to the cross, my brothers! away to the cross if you would get rid of your doubts. Certain I am that if we lived more with Jesus, were more like Jesus, and trusted Jesus more, doubts and fears would be very scarce and rare things, and we should have as little to complain of them as the first emigrants in Australia had to complain of thistles—for they found none there and none would have been there if they had not been carried there.

If we live simply by faith on the cross of Christ, we live in a land where there are no thistles. But if we will live on self, we shall have plenty of thistles, and thorns, and briars, and nettles growing there. “They looked unto him, and were lightened.”

III. And now, I invite you to a glorious scene—CHRIST’S RESURRECTION.

Come here and look at Him, as the old serpent bruises His heel!

*“He dies! The Friend of sinners dies,
And Salem’s daughters weep around.”*

He was wrapped in His grave clothes and put into His grave, and there He slept three days and nights. And on the first day of the week, He, who could not be holden by the bands of death, and whose flesh did not see corruption, neither did His soul abide in Hades—He arose from the dead. In vain the bands that swaddled Him—He unfolded them by Himself, and by His own living power wrapped them in perfect order, and laid them in their place.

In vain the stone and the seal—the angel appeared and rolled away the stone and forth the Savior came. In vain the guards and watchmen—for in terror they fled far away and He rose the conqueror over death—the first fruits of them that slept. By His own power and might He came again to life.

I see among my congregation not a few wearing the black mourning clothes of sorrow. You have lost, some of you, the dearest of your earthly relatives. There are others here, who, I doubt not, are under the constant fear of death. You are all your lifetime subject to bondage, because you are thinking upon the groans and dying strife, which fall upon men when they near the river Jordan.

Come, come, I beseech you, you weeping and timid spirits, behold Jesus Christ risen! For remember, this is a great truth—“Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept.” And the verse of our song just embodies it—

*“What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust,
Yet as the Lord our Savior rose,
So all His followers must.”*

There, widow—weep no longer for your husband, if he died in Jesus. See the Master. He is risen from the dead—no spectre is He. In the presence of His disciples He eats a piece of broiled fish and part of an honeycomb. No spirit is He, for He says, “Handle me and see; a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have.”

That was a real resurrection. And learn then, beloved, when you weep, to restrain your sorrows, for your loved ones *shall* live again. Not only shall their spirits live, but their bodies too.

*“Corruption, earth, and worms,
Do but refine this flesh;
At the archangel’s sounding trump,
We put it on afresh.”*

Oh! think not that the worm has eaten up your children, your friends, your husband, your father, your aged parents—true, the worms seem to have devoured them. Oh! what is the worm after all, but the filter through which our poor filthy flesh must go? For in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump, we shall be raised incorruptible and the living shall be changed.

You shall see the eye that just now have been closed and you shall look on them again. You shall again grasp the hand that just now fell motionless at the side. You shall kiss the lips that just now were clay-cold and white, and you shall hear again the voice that is silent in the tomb. They shall live again.

And you that fear death—why fear to die? Jesus died before you and He passed through the iron gates—and as He passed through them before you, He will come and meet you. Jesus who lives can—

*“Make the dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are.”*

Why should you weep? For Jesus rose from the dead—so shall you. Be of good cheer and confidence. You are not lost when you are put into the tomb. You are but seed sown to ripen against the eternal harvest. Your spirit mounts to God. Your body slumbers for a while to be quickened into eternal life. It cannot be quickened except it die. But when it dies it shall receive a new life. It shall not be destroyed.

“They looked to him, and were lightened.” Oh! this is a precious thing to look to—a risen Savior. I know of nothing that can lift our spirits higher than a true view of the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. We have not lost any friends then. They have gone before us. We shall not die ourselves. We shall seem to die, but we shall begin to live. For it is written—

*“He lives to die; He dies to live;
He lives to die no more.”*

May that be the lot of each one of us!

IV. And with the greatest possible brevity, I invite you to LOOK AT JESUS CHRIST ASCENDING INTO HEAVEN.

After forty days, He takes His disciples to the hill, and while He discourses with them, on a sudden He mounts upward. And He is separated from them and a cloud receives Him into glory. Perhaps I may be allowed a little poetical license if I try to picture that which occurred after He ascended into the clouds.

The angels came from heaven—

*“They brought His chariot from on high,
To bear Him to His throne;
Clapped their triumphant wings and cried,
The glorious work is done.”*

I doubt not that with matchless triumph He ascended the hill of light and went to the celestial city, and when He neared the portals of that great metropolis of the universe, the angels shouted, “Lift up

your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors,” and the bright spirits from burning battlements cried out, “Who is this King of glory—who?” And the answer came, “The LORD mighty in battle, and the LORD of hosts; he is the King of glory.”

And then both they upon the walls and they who walk with the chariots join the song once more, and with one mighty sea of music, beating its melodious waves against the gates of heaven and forcing them open, the strain is heard, “Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors, that the King of glory may come in”—and in He went.

And at His feet the angelic hosts all cast their crowns, and forth came the blood-washed and met Him, not casting roses at His feet, as we do at the feet of conquerors in our streets, but casting immortal flowers, imperishable wreaths of honor that can never decay. While again, again, again, the heavens did ring with this melody, “Unto him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father—unto him be glory for ever and ever.” And all the saints and all the angels said, “Amen.”

Now, look you here, Christian, here is your comfort—Jesus Christ won the victory and He ascended to His throne of glory. You are fighting today and wrestling with spiritual enemies, not with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers. You are at war today and mayhap the enemy has thrust sore at you, and you have been ready to fall. It is a marvel to you that you have not turned your back in the day of battle, for you have often feared lest you should be made to fly like a coward from the field.

But tremble not, your Master was more than conqueror and so shall you be. The day is coming when with splendor less than His, but yet the same in its measure, you too shall pass the gates of bliss. When you are dying, angels shall meet you in mid-stream, and when your blood is cooling with the cold current, then shall your heart be warming with another stream—a stream of light and heat from the great fountain of all joy, and you shall stand on the other side of Jordan, and angels shall meet you clothed in their immaculate garments.

They shall attend you up the hill of light, and they shall chant the praise of Jesus, and hail you as another trophy of His power. And when you enter the gates of heaven, you shall be met with Christ your Master, who will say to you—“Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

Then will you feel that you are sharing in His victory, as once you shared in His struggles and His war. Fight on, Christian—your glorious Captain has won a great victory and has secured for you in one and the same victory, a standard that never yet was stained with defeat—though often dipped in the blood of the slain.

V. And now once more, “Look unto him, and be lightened.” See there He sits in heaven. He has led captivity captive and now sits at the right hand of God, forever making intercession for us. Can your faith picture Him today? Like a great High Priest of old, He stands with outstretched arms—there is majesty in His mien—for He is no mean cringing suppliant.

He does not beat His breast, nor cast His eyes upon the ground—but with authority He pleads enthroned in glory. There on His head is the bright shining miter of His priesthood, and look you on His breast are glittering the precious stones whereon the names of His Elect are everlastingly engraven.

Hear Him as He pleads, hear you not what it is?—is that your prayer that He is mentioning before the throne? The prayer that this morning you offered ere you came to the house of God, Christ is now offering before His Father’s throne. The vow which just now you uttered when you said, “Have pity and have mercy”—He is now uttering there.

He is the Altar and the Priest, and with His own sacrifice He perfumes our prayers. And yet, mayhap, you have been at prayer many a day and had no answer. Poor weeping suppliant, you have sought the Lord and He has not heard you, or at least not answered you to your soul’s delight. You have cried unto Him, but the heavens have been as brass, and He has shut out your prayer. You are full of darkness and heaviness on account of this, “Look to him and be lightened.”

If you do not succeed, He will. If your intercession is unnoticed, His cannot be passed away. If your prayers can be like water spilt on a rock which cannot be gathered up, yet His prayers are not like that—He is God’s Son—He pleads and must prevail. God cannot refuse His own Son what He now asks—He who once bought mercies with His blood. Oh! be of good cheer, continue still your supplication. “Look unto him, and be lightened.”

VI. In the last place, there are some of you here, weary with this world’s din and clamor, and with this world’s iniquity and vice. You have been striving all your life long to put an end to the reign of sin and it seems as if your efforts have been fruitless. The pillars of hell stand as fast as ever and the black palace of evil is not laid in ruins. You have brought against it all the battering rams of prayer and the might of God—you have thought—and yet the world still sins, its rivers still roll with blood, its plains are still defiled with the lascivious dance, and its ear is still polluted with the filthy song and profane oath.

God is not honored. Man is still vile. And perhaps you are saying, “It is vain for us to fight on, we have undertaken a task which cannot be accomplished. The kingdoms of this world never can become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ.” But Christian, “Look unto him, and be lightened.”

Lo! He comes. He comes. He comes quickly. And what we cannot do in six thousand years, He can do in an instant. Lo! He comes. He comes to reign. We may try to build His throne, but we shall not accomplish it. But when He comes, He shall build His throne Himself, on solid pillars of light, and sit and judge in Jerusalem, amidst His saints, gloriously.

Perhaps today, the hour we are assembled, Christ may come—“For of that day and hour knoweth no man; no, not the angels in heaven.” Christ Jesus may, while I yet speak, appear in the clouds of glory. We have no reason to be guessing at the time of His appearing. He will come as a thief in the night. And whether it shall be at cock-crowing, or broad day, or at midnight, we are not allowed to guess. It is left entirely in the dark, and vain are the prophecies of men—vain your “Apocalyptic Sketches,” or ought of that. No man knows anything of it, except that it is certain He will come.

But when He comes, no spirit in heaven or on earth should pretend to know. Oh! it is my joyous hope that He may come whilst yet I live. Perhaps there may be some of us here who shall be alive and remain at the coming of the Son of Man. Oh, glorious hope! We shall have to sleep, but we shall all be changed. He may come now, and we that are alive and remain shall be caught up together with the Lord in the air, and so shall be forever with Him.

But if you die, Christian, this is your hope—“I will come again, and receive you to myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.” And this is to be your duty—“Watch, therefore, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh.” Oh, will I not work on, for Christ is at the door! Oh! I will not give up toiling never so hard, for my Master comes, and His reward is with Him, and His work before Him, giving unto every man according as his work shall be.

Oh, I will not lie down in despair, for the trump is sounding now. I think I hear the trampling of the conquering legion, the last of God’s mighty heroes are even now, perhaps, born into the world. The hour of this revival is the hour of the turning of the battle. Thick has been the fight, and hot and furious the struggle, but the trump of the Conqueror is beginning to sound, the angel is lifting it now to his lips. The first blast has been heard across the sea and we shall hear it yet again.

Or if we hear it not in these our days, yet still it is our hope. He comes, He comes, and every eye shall see Him, and they who have crucified Him shall weep and wail before Him, but the righteous shall rejoice, and shall magnify Him exceedingly. “They looked unto him, and were lightened.”

I remember I concluded preaching at Exeter Hall with these three words, “Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!” And I think I will conclude my sermon of this morning with the same words, but not till I have spoken to one poor forlorn soul who is standing over there, wondering whether there is mercy for him.

He says, “It is well enough, sir, to say, ‘Look to Jesus,’ but suppose you cannot look? If your eye is blind—what then?” Oh! my poor brother, turn your restless eyeballs to the cross, and that light which gives light to them that see, shall give eyesight to them that are blind. Oh! if you cannot believe this

morning, look and consider, and weigh the matter, and in weighing and reflecting you shall be helped to believe.

He asks nothing of you. He bids you now believe that He died for you. If today you feel yourself a lost, guilty sinner, all He asks is that you would believe on Him. That is to say, trust Him, confide in Him. Is it not little He asks? And yet it is more than any of us are prepared to give, except the Spirit has made us willing. Come, cast yourselves upon Him. Fall flat on His promise. Sink or swim, confide in Him, and you cannot guess the joy that you shall feel in that one instant that you believe on Him.

Were there not some of you impressed last Sabbath Day and you have been anxious all the week? Oh! I hope I have brought a good message to you this morning for your comfort. “Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth,” says Christ, “for I am God, and beside me there is none else.” Look you now and looking you shall live.

May every blessing rest upon you and may each go away to think of that one Person whom we love, even Jesus—Jesus—Jesus!

Taken from The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit C. H. Spurgeon Collection. Only necessary changes have been made, such as correcting spelling errors, some punctuation usage, capitalization of deity pronouns, and minimal updating of a few archaic words. The content is unabridged. Additional Bible-based resources are available at www.spurgeongems.org.