

## CHRIST TRIUMPHANT NO. 273

**DELIVERED ON SABBATH MORNING, SEPTEMBER 4, 1859,  
BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON,  
AT THE MUSIC HALL, ROYAL SURREY GARDENS.**

*“And having spoiled principalities and powers, He made a show  
of them openly, triumphing over them in it.”  
Colossians 2:15.*

TO the eyes of reason the cross is the center of sorrow and the lowest depth of shame. Jesus dies a malefactor's death. He hangs upon the gallows of a felon and pours out His blood upon the common mount of doom with thieves for His companions. In the midst of mockery, and jest, and scorn, and vulgarity, and blasphemy, He gives up the ghost. Earth rejects Him and lifts Him from her surface. Heaven affords Him no light, but darkens the midday sun in the hour of His extremity. Deeper in woe than the Savior dived, imagination cannot descend. A blacker calumny than was cast on Him satanic malice itself could not invent. He hid not His face from shame and spitting; and what shame and spitting it was! To the world the cross must always be the emblem of shame; to the Jew a stumbling block, and to the Greek foolishness. How different however is the view which presents itself to the eyes of faith. Faith knows no shame in the cross, except the shame of those who nailed the Savior there; it sees no ground for scorn, but it hurls indignant scorn at sin, the enemy which pierced the Lord. Faith sees woe, indeed, but from this woe it marks a fount of mercy springing. It is true it mourns a dying Savior, but it beholds Him bringing life and immortality to light at the very moment when His soul was eclipsed in the shadow of death. Faith regards the cross, not as the emblem of shame, but as the token of glory. The sons of Belial lay the cross in the dust, but the Christian makes a constellation of it, and sees it glittering in the seventh heaven. Man spits upon it, but believers, having angels for their companions, bow down and worship Him who ever lives though once He was crucified. My brethren, our text presents us with a portion of the view which faith is certain to discover when its eyes are anointed with the eye salve of the Spirit. It tells us that the cross was Jesus Christ's field of triumph. There He fought, and there He conquered, too. As victor on the cross He divided the spoil. No, more than this; in our text the cross is spoken of as being Christ's triumphal chariot in which He rode when He led captivity captive, and received gifts for men. Calvin thus admirably expounds the last sentence of our text—“The expression in the Greek allows, it is true, of our reading—*in Himself*; the connection of the passage, however, requires that we read it otherwise; for what would be meager as applied to Christ, suits admirably well as applied to the cross. For as he had previously compared the cross to a signal trophy or show of triumph, in which Christ led about His enemies, so he now also compares it to a triumphal car in which He showed Himself in great magnificence. For there is no tribunal so magnificent, no throne so stately, no show of triumph so distinguished, no chariot so elevated, as is the gallows on which Christ has subdued death and the devil, the prince of death; no, more, has utterly trodden them under His feet.”

I shall this morning, by God's help, address you upon the two portions of the text. First, I shall endeavor to describe *Christ as spoiling His enemies on the cross*; and having done that I shall lead your imagination and your faith further on to see *the Savior in triumphal procession upon His cross*, leading His enemies captive, and making a show of them openly before the eyes of the astonished universe.

**I.** First, our faith is invited this morning to behold CHRIST MAKING A SPOIL OF PRINCIPALITIES AND POWERS. Satan, leagued with sin and death, had made this world the home of woe. The Prince of the power of the air, not content with his dominions in hell, must necessarily invade this fair earth. He found our first parents in the midst of Eden; he tempted them to forego their allegiance to the King of heaven; and they became at once his bond slaves—bond slaves forever, if the Lord of heaven

had not interposed to ransom them. The voice of mercy was heard while the fetters were being riveted upon their feet, crying, "*You shall yet be free!*" In the fullness of time there shall come one who shall bruise the serpent's head, and shall deliver his prisoners from the house of their bondage. Long did the promise tarry. The earth groaned and travailed in its bondage. Man was Satan's slave, and heavy were the clanking chains which were upon his soul. At last, in the fullness of time, the Deliverer came forth, born of a woman. This infant conqueror was but a span long. He lay in the manger—*He* who was one day to bind the old dragon and cast him into the bottomless pit, and set a seal upon him. When the old serpent knew that his enemy was born, he conspired to put Him to death; he leagued with Herod to seek the young child that he might destroy Him. But the providence of God preserved the future conqueror; He went down into Egypt, and there He was hidden for a little season. Anon, when He had come to fullness of years, He made His public advent, and began to preach liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that were bound. Then Satan again shot forth his arrows, and sought to end the existence of the woman's seed. By different means he sought to slay Him before His time. Once the Jews took up stones to stone Him, nor did they fail to repeat the attempt. They sought to cast Him down from the brow of a hill headlong. By all manner of devices they labored to take away His life, but His hour was not yet. Dangers might surround Him, but He was invulnerable till the time was come. At last the tremendous day arrived. Foot to foot the conqueror must fight with the dread tyrant. A voice was heard in heaven, "This is your hour, and the power of darkness." And Christ Himself exclaimed, "Now is the crisis of this world; now must the prince of darkness be cast out." From the table of communion the Redeemer arose at midnight, and marched forth to the battle. How dreadful was the contest! In the very first onset the mighty conqueror, seemed Himself to be vanquished. Beaten to the earth at the first assault, He fell upon His knees and cried, "My Father, if it is possible, let this cup pass from Me." Revived in strength, made strong by heaven, He no longer quailed, and from that hour never did He utter a word which looked like renouncing the fight. From the terrible skirmish all red with bloody sweat, He dashed into the thick of the battle. The kiss of Judas was, as it were, the first sounding of the trumpet; Pilate's bar was the glittering of the spear; the cruel lash was the crossing of the swords. But the cross was the center of the battle; there, on the top of Calvary, must the dread fight of eternity be fought. Now must the Son of God arise, and gird His sword upon His thigh. Dread defeat or glorious conquest awaited the Champion of the church. Which shall it be? We hold our breath with anxious suspense while the storm is raging. I hear the trumpet sound. The howlings and yells of hell rise in awful clamor. The pit is emptying out its legions. Terrible as lions, hungry as wolves, and black as night, the demons rush on in myriads. Satan's reserve forces, those who had long been kept against this day of terrible battle, are roaring from their dens. See how countless are their armies, and how fierce their countenances. Brandishing his sword the arch fiend leads the van, bidding his followers fight neither with small nor great, save only with the King of Israel. Terrible are the leaders of the battle. Sin is there, and all its innumerable offspring, spitting forth the venom of asps, and sinking their poison fangs in the Savior's flesh. Death is there upon his pale horse, and his cruel dart rends its way through the body of Jesus even to His inmost heart. He is "exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death." Hell comes, with all its coals of juniper and fiery darts. But chief and head among them is Satan; remembering well the ancient day when Christ hurled him from the battlements of heaven, he rushes with all his malice yelling to the attack. The darts shot into the air are so countless that they blind the sun. Darkness covers the battlefield, and like that of Egypt it was a darkness which might be felt. Long does the battle seem to waver, for there is but one against many. One man—no, tell it, lest any should misunderstand me, one *God* stands in battle array against ten thousands of principalities and powers. On, on they come, and He receives them all. Silently at first He permits their ranks to break upon Him, too terribly enduring hardness to spare a thought for shouting. But at last the battle cry is heard. He who is fighting for His people begins to shout, but it is a shout which makes the church tremble. He cries, "I thirst." The battle is so hot upon Him, and the dust so thick that He is choked with thirst. He cries, "I thirst." Surely, now, He is about to be defeated? Wait awhile; do you see yon heaps; all these have fallen beneath His arm, and for the rest fear not the issue.

The enemy is but rushing to his own destruction. In vain his fury and his rage, for see the last rank is charging; the battle of ages is almost over. At last the darkness is dispersed. Listen how the conqueror cries, "It is finished." And where are now His enemies? They are all dead. There lies the king of terrors, pierced through with one of his own darts! There lies Satan with his head all bleeding, broken! Yonder crawls the broken-backed serpent, writhing in ghastly misery! As for sin, it is cut in pieces, and scattered to the winds of heaven! "*It is finished,*" cries the conqueror, as He came with dyed garments from Bozrah, "I have trodden the winepress alone, I have trampled them in My fury, and their blood is sprinkled on My garments."

And now, He proceeds to *divide the spoil*.

We pause here to remark that when the spoil is divided it is a sure token that the battle is completely won. The enemy will never suffer the spoil to be divided among the conquerors as long as he has any strength remaining. We may gather from our text of a surety, that Jesus Christ has totally routed, thoroughly defeated once for all, and put to retreat all His enemies, or else He would not have divided the spoil.

And now, what does this expression mean of Christ dividing the spoil? I take it that it means, first of all, that *He disarmed all His enemies*. Satan came against Christ; he had in his hand a sharp sword called the Law, dipped in the poison of sin, so that every wound which the law inflicted was deadly. Christ dashed this sword out of Satan's hand, and there stood the prince of darkness unarmed. His helmet was split it two, and his head was crushed as with a rod of iron. Death rose against Christ. The Savior snatched his quiver from him, emptied out all his darts, cut them in two, gave Death back the feather end, but kept the poisoned barbs from him, that he might never destroy the ransomed. Sin came against Christ; but Sin was utterly cut in pieces. It had been Satan's armor bearer, but its shield was cast away, and it lay dead upon the plain. Is it not a noble picture to behold all the enemies of Christ—no, my brethren, all your enemies, and mine, totally disarmed? Satan has nothing left him now wherewith he may attack us. He may attempt to injure us, but wound us he never can, for his sword and spear are utterly taken away. In the old battles, especially among the Romans, after the enemy had been overcome, it was the custom to take away all their weapons and ammunition; afterwards they were stripped of their armor and their garments; their hands were tied behind their backs, and they were made to pass under the yoke. Now, even so has Christ done with sin, death, and hell; He has taken their armor, spoiled them of all their weapons, and made them all to pass under the yoke; so that now they are our slaves, and we in Christ are conquerors of them who were mightier than we.

I take it this is the first meaning of dividing the spoil—total disarming of the adversary.

In the next place, when the victors divide the spoil they carry away not only the weapons but all the treasures which belong to their enemies. They dismantle their fortresses, and rifle all their stores, so that in the future they may not be able to renew the attack. Christ has done the like with all His enemies. Old Satan had taken away from us all our possessions. Paradise, Satan had added to his territories. All the joy, and happiness, and peace of man, Satan had taken—not that he could enjoy them himself, but that he delighted to thrust us down into poverty and damnation. Now, all our lost inheritances Christ has gotten back for us! Paradise is ours, and more than all the joy and happiness that Adam had, Christ has brought back to us. O robber of our race, how are you spoiled and carried away captive! Did you despoil Adam of his riches? The second Adam has torn them from you! How is the hammer of the whole earth cut asunder and broken, and the waster to become desolate. Now shall the needy be remembered, and again shall the meek inherit the earth. "Then is the prey of a great spoil divided, the lame take the prey."

Moreover, when victors divide the spoil, it is usual to take away all the ornaments from the enemy, the crowns and the jewels. Christ on the cross did the same with Satan. Satan had a crown on his head, a haughty diadem of triumph. "I fought the first Adam," he said; "I overcame him, and here's my glittering diadem." Christ snatched it from his brow in the hour when He bruised the serpent's head. And now Satan cannot boast of a single victory, he is thoroughly defeated. In the first skirmish he vanquished manhood, but in the second battle manhood vanquished him. The crown is taken from Satan. He is no

longer the prince of God's people. His reigning power is gone. He may tempt, but he cannot compel; he may threaten, but he cannot subdue; for the crown is taken from his head, and the mighty are brought low. O sing unto the Lord a new song, all you His people, make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms, all you His redeemed; for He has broken in sunder the gates of brass, and cut the bars of iron, he has broken the bow and cut the spear in sunder, he has burned the chariots in the fire, he has dashed in pieces our enemies, and divided the spoil with the strong.

And now, what does this say to us? Simply this. If Christ on the cross has spoiled Satan, let us not be afraid to encounter this great enemy of our souls. My brethren, in all things we must be made like unto Christ. We must bear our cross, and on that cross we must fight as He did with sin, and death, and hell. Let us not fear. The result of the battle is certain, for as the Lord our Savior has overcome once even so shall we most surely conquer in Him. Be you none of you afraid with sudden fear when the evil one comes upon you. If he accuses you, reply to him in these words—"Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" If he condemns you, laugh him to scorn, crying—"Who is he that condemns? It is Christ that died, yes rather has risen again." If he threaten to divide you from Christ's love, encounter him with confidence—"I am persuaded that neither things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." If he lets loose your sins upon you dash the hell dogs aside with this—"If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." If death should threaten you, shout in his very face—"O grave! Where is your sting; O death! Where is your victory." Hold up the cross before you. Let that be your shield and buckler, and rest assured that as your Master not only routed the foe but afterwards took the spoil, it shall be even so with you. Your battles with Satan shall turn to your advantage. You shall become all the richer for your antagonists. The more numerous they shall be, the greater shall be your share of the spoil. Your tribulation shall work patience, and your patience experience, and your experience hope—a hope that makes not ashamed. Through much tribulation shall you inherit the kingdom, and by the very attacks of Satan shall you be helped the better to enjoy the rest which remains for the people of God. Put yourselves in array against sin and Satan. All you that bend the bow shoot at them, spare no arrows, for your enemies are rebels against God. Go you up against them, put your feet upon their necks, fear not, neither be dismayed, for the battle is the Lord's and He will deliver them into your hands. Be you very courageous, remembering that you have to fight a stingless dragon. He may hiss, but his teeth are broken and his poison fangs extracted. You have to do battle with an enemy already scarred by your Master's weapons. You have to fight with a naked enemy. Every blow you give him tells upon him, for he has nothing to protect him. Christ has stripped him naked, and divided his armor, and left him defenseless before His people. Be not afraid. The lion may howl, but tear you in pieces he never can. The enemy may rush in upon you with hideous noise and terrible alarms, but there is no real cause for fear. Stand fast in the Lord. You war against a king who has lost his crown; you fight against an enemy whose cheekbones have been smitten, and the joints of whose loins have been loosed. Rejoice, rejoice you in the day of battle, for it is for you but the beginning of an eternity of triumph.

I have thus endeavored to dwell upon the first part of the text, Christ on the cross divided the spoil, and He would have us do the same.

**II.** The second part of our text refers not only to the dividing of the spoil, but to THE TRIUMPH. When a Roman general had performed great feats in a foreign country, his highest reward was that the senate should decree him a triumph. Of course there was a division of spoil made on the battlefield, and each soldier and each captain took his share; but every man looked forward rapturously to the day when they should enjoy the public triumph. On a certain set day the gates of Rome were thrown open; the houses were all decorated with ornaments; and the people climbed to the tops of the houses or stood in great crowds along the streets. The gates were opened, and by and by the first legion began to stream in with its banners flying, and its trumpets sounding. The people saw the stern warriors as they marched along the street returning from their blood-red fields of battle. After one half of the army had thus filed,

your eye would rest upon one who was the center of all attraction: riding in a noble chariot drawn by milk-white horses, there came the conqueror himself, crowned with the laurel crown and standing erect. Chained to his chariot were the kings and mighty men of the regions which he had conquered. Immediately behind them came part of the booty. There were carried the ivory and the ebony, and the beasts of the different countries which he had subdued. After these came the rest of the soldiers, a long, long stream of valiant men, all of them sharing the triumphs of their captain. Behind them came banners, the old flags which had floated aloft in the battle, the standards which had been taken from the enemy. And after these, large painted emblems of the great victories of the warrior. Upon one there would be a huge map depicting the rivers which he had crossed, or the seas through which his navy had found their way. Everything was represented in a picture and the populace gave a fresh shout as they saw the memorial of each triumph. And then, behind, together with the trophies, would come the prisoners of less eminent rank. Then the rear would be closed with the sound of trumpet, adding to the acclamation of the throng. It was a noble day for old Rome. Children would never forget those triumphs; they would estimate their years from the time of one triumph to another. High holiday was kept. Women cast down flowers before the conqueror, and he was the true monarch of the day.

Now, our apostle had evidently seen such a triumph, or read of it, and he takes this as a representation of what Christ did on the cross. He says, "Jesus made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in it." Have you ever thought that the cross could be the scene of a triumph. Most of the old commentators can scarcely conceive it to be true. They say, "This must certainly refer to Christ's resurrection and ascension." But, nevertheless, so says the Scripture, even on the cross Christ enjoyed a triumph. Yes! While those hands were bleeding the acclamations of angels were being poured upon His head. Yes, while those feet were being torn with the nails, the noblest spirits in the world were crowding round Him with admiration. And when upon that blood-stained cross He died in agonies unutterable, there was heard a shout such as never was heard before for the ransomed in heaven and all the angels of God with loudest harmony chanted His praise. Then was sung, in fullest chorus, the song of Moses, the servant of God and of the Lamb, for He had indeed cut Rahab and sorely wounded the dragon. Sing unto the Lord, for He has triumphed gloriously. The Lord shall reign forever and ever, King of kings, and Lord of lords.

I do not feel able, however, this morning, to work out a scene so grand, and yet so contrary to everything that flesh could guess as a picture of Christ actually triumphing on the cross—in the midst of His bleeding, His wounds and His pains, actually being a triumphant victor, and admired of all. I choose, rather, to take my text thus; the cross is the ground of Christ's ultimate triumph. He may be said to have really triumphed there, because it was by that one act of His, that one offering of Himself, that He completely vanquished all His foes, and forever sat down at the right hand of the Majesty in the heavens. In the cross, to the spiritual eye, every victory of Christ is contained. It may not be there in fact, but it is there virtually; the germ of His glories may be discovered by the eye of faith in the agonies of the cross.

Bear with me while I humbly attempt to depict the triumph which now results from the cross.

Christ has forever overcome all His foes, and divided the spoil upon the battlefield, and now, even at this day is He enjoying the well-earned reward and triumph of His fearful struggle. Lift up your eyes to the battlements of heaven, the great metropolis of God. The pearly gates are wide open, and the city shines with her jeweled walls like a bride prepared for her husband. Do you see the angels crowding to the battlements? Do you observe them on every mansion of the celestial city, eagerly desiring and looking for something which has not yet arrived? At last, there is heard the sound of a trumpet and the angels hurry to the gates—the vanguard of the redeemed is approaching the city. Abel comes in alone, clothed in crimson garb, the herald of a glorious army of martyrs. Listen to the shout of acclamation! This is the first of Christ's warriors, at once a soldier and a trophy, that have been delivered. Close at his heels there follow others, who in those early times had learned the coming Savior's fame. Behind them a mighty host may be discovered of patriarchal veterans, who have witnessed to the coming of the Lord in a wanton age. See Enoch still walking with his God, and singing sweetly—"Behold the Lord comes with ten

thousands of His saints.” There too is Noah, who had sailed in the ark with the Lord as his pilot. Then follow Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Moses, and Joshua, and Samuel, and David, all mighty men of valor. Listen to them as they enter! Every one of them, waving his helmet in the air, cries, “Unto Him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in His blood, unto Him be honor, and glory, and dominion, and power, forever and ever.” Look, my brethren, with admiration upon this noble army! Mark the heroes as they march along the golden streets, everywhere meeting an enthusiastic welcome from the angels who have kept their first estate. On, on they pour, those countless legions—was there ever such a spectacle? It is not the pageant of a day, but the “show” of all time. For four thousand years, on streams the army of Christ’s redeemed. Sometimes there is a short rank, for the people have been often diminished and brought low; but, soon, a crowd succeeds, and on, on, still on they come, all shouting, all praising Him who loved them and gave Himself for them. But see, *He* comes! I see His immediate herald, clad in a garment of camel’s hair, and a leather girdle about his loins. The Prince of the house of David is not far behind. Let every eye be open. Now, mark, how not only angels, but the redeemed crowd the windows of heaven! He comes! He comes! It is Christ Himself! Lash the snow white coursers up the everlasting hills; “Lift up your heads, O you gates, and be you lifted up you everlasting doors that the King of glory may come in.” See, He enters in the midst of acclamations. It is He! But He is not crowned with thorns. It is He! But though His hands wear the scars, they are stained no longer with blood. His eyes are as a flame of fire, and on His head are many crowns, and He has on His vesture and on His thigh written, KING of KINGS and LORD OF LORDS. He stands aloft in that chariot which is “paved with love for the daughters of Jerusalem.” Clothed in a vesture dipped in blood, He stands confessed the emperor of heaven and earth. On, on He rides, and louder than the noise of many waters and like great thunders are the acclamations which surround Him! Look how John’s vision is become a reality, for now we can see for ourselves and hear with our ears the new song, whereof He writes, “They sung a new song, saying, You are worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for You were slain, and have redeemed us to God by Your blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and have made us unto our God kings and priests: and we shall reign on the earth. And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne and the beasts and the elders: and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands; saying with a loud voice, worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto Him who sits upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever. And the four beasts said, amen. And the four and twenty elders fell down and worshiped Him that lives forever and ever.” But who are those at His chariot wheels? Who are those grim monsters that come howling in the rear? I know them. First of all there is the arch enemy. Look to the old serpent, bound and fettered, how he writhes his ragged length along! His azure hues all tarnished with trailing in the dust, his scales despoiled of their once-vaunted brightness. Now is captivity led captive, and death and hell shall be cast into the lake of fire. With what derision is the chief of rebels regarded. How is he become the object of everlasting contempt. He that sits in the heavens do laugh, the Lord does have him in derision. Behold how the serpent’s head is broken, and the dragon is trampled under foot. And now regard attentively yon hideous monster, *Sin*, chained hand in hand with his satanic sire. See how he rolls his fiery eyeballs, mark how he twists and writhes in agonies. Mark how he glares upon the holy city, but is unable to spit his venom there, for he is chained and gagged, and dragged along an unwilling captive at the wheels of the victor. And there, too, is old Death, with his darts all broken and his hands behind him—the grim king of terrors, he too is a captive. Listen to the songs of the redeemed, of those who have entered into Paradise, as they see these mighty prisoners dragged along! “Worthy is He,” they shout, “to live and reign at His Almighty Father’s side, for He has ascended up on high, He has led captivity captive, and received gifts for men.”

And now behind Him I see the great mass of His people streaming in. The apostles first arrive in one goodly fellowship hymning their Lord; and then their immediate successors; and then a long array of

those who through cruel mockings and blood, through flame and sword, have followed their Master. These are those of whom the world was not worthy, brightest among the stars of heaven. Regard also the mighty preachers and confessors of the faith, Chrysostom, Athanasius, Augustine, and the like. Witness their holy unanimity in praising their Lord. Then let your eyes run along the glittering ranks till you come to the days of Reformation. I see in the midst of the squadron, Luther, and Calvin, and Zwingli, three holy brothers. I see just before them Wickliffe, and Huss, and Jerome of Prague, all marching together. And then I see a number that no man can number, converted to God through these mighty reformers, who now follow in the rear of the King of kings and Lord of lords. And looking down to our own time I see the stream broader and wider. For many are the soldiers who have in these last times entered into their Master's triumph. We may mourn their absence from *us*, but we must rejoice in their presence with the *Lord*. But what is the unanimous shout, what is the one song that still rolls from the first rank to the last? It is this: "Unto Him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever!" Have they changed the tune? Have they supplanted His name by another? Have they put the crown on another head, or elevated another hero into the chariot? Ah, no: they are content still to let the triumphant procession stream along its glorious length; still to rejoice as they behold fresh trophies of His love, for every soldier is a trophy, every warrior in Christ's army is another proof of His power to save, and His victory over death and hell.

I have not time to enlarge further, or else I might describe the mighty pictures at the end of the procession; for in the old Roman triumphs, the deeds of the conqueror were all depicted in paintings. The towns he had taken, the rivers he had passed, the provinces he had subdued, the battles he had fought, were represented in pictures and exposed to the view of the people, who with great festivity and rejoicing, accompanied him in throngs, or beheld him from the windows of their houses, and filled the air with their acclamations and applauses. I might present to you first of all the picture of hell's dungeons blown to atoms. Satan had prepared deep in the depths of darkness a prison for God's elect; but Christ has not left one stone upon another. On the picture I see the chains broken in pieces, the prison doors burnt with fire, and all the depths of the vast deep shaken to their foundations. On another picture I see heaven open to all believers; I see the gates that were fast shut heaved open by the golden lever of Christ's atonement. I see one, another picture, the grave despoiled; I behold Jesus in it, slumbering for a while, and then rolling away the stone and rising to immortality and glory. But we cannot stay to describe these mighty pictures of the victories of His love. We know that the time shall come when the triumphant procession shall cease, when the last of His redeemed shall have entered into the city of happiness and of joy, and when with the shout of a trumpet heard for the last time, He shall ascend to heaven and take His people up to reign with God, even our Father, forever and ever, world without end.

Our only question, and with that we conclude, is, have we a good hope through grace that we shall march in that tremendous procession? Shall we pass under review in that day of pomp and glory? Say, my soul, shall you have a humble part in that glorious pageant? Will you follow at His chariot wheels? Will you join in the thundering hosannas? Shall your voice help to swell the everlasting chorus? Sometimes, I fear it shall not. There are times when the awful question comes—what if my name should be left out when He should read the muster roll? Brethren, does not that thought trouble you? But yet I put the question again. Can you answer it? Will you be there—shall you see this pomp? Will you behold Him triumph over sin, death, and hell at last? Can you answer this question? There is another, but the answer will serve for both—do you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ? Is He your confidence and your trust? Have you committed your soul to His keeping? Reposing on His might can you say for your immortal spirit—

*“Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on You?”*

If you can say that, your eyes shall see Him in the day of His glory; no, you shall share His glory, and sit with Him upon His throne, even as He has overcome and sat down with His Father upon His throne. I blush to preach as I have done this morning on a theme far beyond my power; yet I could not leave it

unsung, but, as best I might, sing it. May God enlarge your faith, and strengthen your hope, and inflame your love, and make you ready to be made partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light, that when He shall come with flying clouds on wings of wind, you may be ready to meet Him, and may with Him ascend to gaze forever on the vision of His glory.

May God grant this blessing, for Christ's sake. Amen.

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