

GOD'S PEOPLE IN THE FURNACE

NO. 35

A SERMON
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“I have chosen you in the furnace of affliction.”
Isaiah 48:10.

WHEN traveling through the country, you have often noticed that in different spots the old rocks peep out from under the soil, as if they would let us know what earth's bones are made of and what are the solid foundations of this globe. So in searching through the Scriptures you will find here instruction, here admonition, here rebuke, and here comfort, but very frequently you will discover the old doctrines, like old rocks rising amid other matters. And when you least expect it, you will find election, redemption, justification, effectual calling, final perseverance, or covenant security introduced, just to let us see what the solid foundations of the Gospel are, and what are those deep and mysterious truths on which the entire Gospel system must rest.

So in this text, for instance, when there seemed in the chapter little need of the mention of the doctrine of God's choosing His people, on a sudden the Holy Spirit moves the prophet's lips and bids him utter this sentiment, “I have chosen you.” I have chosen you by My eternal, sovereign, distinguishing grace. I have chosen you in covenant purposes. I have chosen you according to My electing love. “I have chosen you in the furnace of affliction.” Well, it is a good thing that they are sometimes mentioned when we least expect it, for these are things which we are apt to forget. The tendency of the many in the present age is to slight all doctrinal knowledge and to say, “We care not whether a thing is true or not.” This age is a superficial one. Few ministers plow deeper than the top soil. There are very few who come into the inward matter of the Gospel and deal with the stable things of which our faith must rest. And therefore, we bless and adore the Holy Spirit that He so frequently pens these glorious truths to make us recollect that there is such a thing as election, after all. “I have chosen you in the furnace of affliction.” However, I am not going to dwell upon that, but after making one or two preliminary observations, I shall proceed to discuss the subject of the furnace of affliction being the place where God's chosen ones are continually found.

And the first observation I shall make will be this, *all persons in the furnace of affliction are not chosen*. The text says, “I have chosen you in the furnace of affliction,” and it implies that there may be, and there doubtless are, some in the furnace who are not chosen. How many persons there are who suppose that because they are tried, afflicted, and tempted, therefore they are the children of God, whereas they are no such thing. It is a great truth that every child of God is afflicted, but it is a lie that every afflicted man is a child of God.

Every child of God will have some trial or other, but every man who has a trial is not necessarily an heir of heaven. The child of God may be in poverty—he frequently is, but we must not infer that therefore necessarily every man who is poor is a child of God, for many such are depraved and ruined, blaspheming against God and going far into iniquity. Many a child of God loses his property, but we are not therefore to conclude that every bankrupt or every insolvent is a vessel of mercy. Indeed, there is often some suspicion that he is no. A child of God may have his crops blasted and mildew seizes his fields, but that does not prove his election, for multitudes who never were chosen of God have had the mildew and the blast as well as he. He may be calumniated and his character may be slandered, but that may be the case with the most wicked worldling also, for there have been men far from religious who yet have been slandered in politics or in literature. No tribulation ever proves us to be children of God

unless it is sanctified by grace. But affliction is the common lot of all men—man is born to it, even as the sparks fly upward. And you must not infer, because you happen to be troubled, because you are poor, or sick, or tried in your minds, that therefore you are a child of God. If you do imagine so, you are building on a false foundation. You have taken a wrong thought and you are not right in the matter at all.

I would, this morning, if possible, disturb some of you who may have been laying a healing plaster to your souls when you have no right to do so. I would show you, if I could, very plainly, that after all your suffering, you may yet, through much tribulation, enter the kingdom of hell. There is such a thing as through trial going to the pit of perdition, for the road of the wicked is not always easy, nor are the paths of sin ever pleasant. There are trials in the pathway of the ungodly. There are troubles they have to suffer which are quite as acute as those of the children of God. Oh! trust not in your troubles, fix your thoughts on Jesus. Make Him the only object of your trust and let the only test be this, “Am I one with Christ? Am I leaning upon Him?” If so, whether I am tried or not, I am a child of God. But let me be ever so much tried, “though I give my body to be burned and have not charity, it profits me nothing.” Many an afflicted man has never been a child of God. Many of you, no doubt, can recollect persons in your lifetime whose afflictions made them worse instead of better, and of a great many men it may be said, as Aaron said, “Behold, I put gold into the furnace, and out of it came this calf.” Many a calf comes out of the furnace. Many a man is put into the furnace and comes out worse than he was before—he comes out a calf.

Men passed through the fire in the days of the kings of Israel—when they passed through the fire to Moloch. But Moloch's fire did not purify or benefit them. On the contrary, it made them worse, it made them dedicated to a false god. We are told also in the Word of God how a certain class of people are put into the furnace and get no good by it and are not the children of God. But, lest any should doubt what I have said, let them turn to the passage in the twenty-second chapter of Ezekiel, verses 17-18, “And the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, son of man, the house of Israel is to me become dross: all they are brass, and tin, and iron, and lead, in the midst of the furnace; they are even the dross of silver. Therefore thus says the Lord God, Because you are all become dross, behold, therefore I will gather you into the midst of Jerusalem. As they gather silver, and brass, and iron, and lead, and tin, into the midst of the furnace, to blow the fire upon it, to melt it; so will I gather you in my anger and in my fury, and I will leave you there and melt you.” So you see there are some who feel the furnace who are none of the Lord's, some to whom there is no promise of deliverance, some who have no hope that thereby they are becoming more and more pure and more fit for heaven. But on the contrary, God leaves them there as dross is left, to be utterly consumed. They have on earth the foretaste of hell and the brand of the demon is set upon them in their afflictions even here. Let that thought be taken to heart by any who are building their salvation on false grounds. Afflictions are no proof of sonship, though sonship always ensures affliction.

But the second preliminary remark I would make is on the *immutability of God's love to His people*. “I have chosen you in the furnace of affliction.” I chose you before you were here. Yea, I chose you before you had a being, and when all creatures lay before Me in the pure mass of creatureship, and I could create or not create as I pleased, I chose and created you a vessel of mercy appointed unto eternal life. And when you, in common with the whole race, had fallen, though I might have crushed you with them and sent you down to hell, I chose you in your fallen condition and I provided for your redemption. In the fullness of time, I sent My Son, who fulfilled My law and made it honorable. I chose you at your birth, when a helpless infant you did sleep upon your mother's breast. I chose you when you did grow up in childhood, with all your follies and your sins. Determined to save you, I watched o'er your path when, as Satan's blind slave, you did sport with death. I chose you when, in manhood, you did sin against Me with a high hand. When your unbridled lusts dashed you on madly towards hell. I chose you then, when you were a blasphemer and a swearer, and very far from Me. I chose you then even when you were dead in trespasses and sins. I loved you and still your name was kept in My book. The hour appointed came. I redeemed you from your sin. I made you love. I spoke to you and made you leave

your sins, and become My child and I chose you then over again. Since that hour how often have you forgotten Me! but I have never forgotten you. You have wandered from Me. You have rebelled against Me. Yea, your words have been exceeding hot against Me, and you have robbed Me of My honor, but I chose you even then. And now that I put you in the furnace, think you that My love is changed? Am I a summer friend fleeing from you in the winter? Am I one who loves you in prosperity and does cast you off in adversity? Nay, hearken to these My words, you furnace-trying one, 'I have chosen you in the furnace of affliction.'" Think not, then, when you are in trouble that God has cast you off. Think He has cast you off if you never have any trials and troubles. But when in the furnace say, "Did He not tell me this beforehand?"

***"Temptation or pain? He told me no less:
The heirs of salvation, I know from His Word,
through much tribulation must follow their Lord."***

O blessed reflection! Let it comfort us. His love does not change. It cannot be made to alter. The furnace cannot scorch us, not a single hair of our head can perish. We are as safe in the fire as we are out of it. He loves us as much in the depths of tribulation as He does in the heights of our joy and exultation. Oh! you who are beloved of friends, "When your father and mother forsake you, the Lord will take you up." You who can say, "He that ate bread with me has lifted up his heel against me." "Though all men forsake you," says JEHOVAH, "yet will not I." O Zion, say not you are forgotten of God. Hear Him when He speaks, "Can a woman forget her sucking child that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I never forget you." "I have graven you upon My hands; your walls are continually before me." Rejoice then, O Christian, in the second thought, that God's love does not fail in the furnace, but is as hot as the furnace and still hotter.

And now to the subject, which is this—*God's people in the furnace*. And in discussing it we shall first of all endeavor to prove the fact that *if you want God's people, you will find them in the furnace*. Secondly, we will try to show *the reasons why there is a furnace*. Thirdly, *the benefits of the furnace* and fourthly, *comforts in the furnace*. And may God help us in so doing!

I. First, then, I state the fact that **IF YOU WANT GOD'S PEOPLE, YOU MUST GENERALLY LOOK FOR THEM IN THE FURNACE.**

Look at the world in its primeval age, when Adam and Eve are expelled from the garden. Behold, they have begotten two sons, Cain and Abel. Which of them is the child of God? Yonder one who lies there smitten by the club, a lifeless corpse. He who has just now been in the furnace of his brother's enmity and persecution—that is the heir of heaven.

A few hundred years roll on and where is the child of God? There is one man whose ears are continually vexed with the conversation of the wicked and who walks with God, even Enoch, and he is the child of God. Descend still further, till you come to the days of Noah. You will find the man who is laughed at, hissed at, hooted as a fool, a simpleton, an idiot building a ship upon dry land, standing in the furnace of slander and laughter, that is Noah, the elect of God. Go on still through history. Let the names of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob pass before you and you may write upon all of them, "These were God's tried people."

Then go down to the time when Israel went into Egypt. Do you ask me to find out God's people? I take you not to the palaces of Pharaoh. I do not ask you to walk through the stately halls of Memphis or go to the hundred-gated Thebes. I take you to none of the places decked with the splendor, the glories, and dignity of monarchs, but I take you to the brick-kilns of Egypt. See yonder slaves smarting beneath the lash, whose cry of oppression goes up to heaven. The tally of their bricks is doubled and they have no straw wherewith to fashion them. These are the people of God. They are in the furnace. As we follow on in the paths of history, where were God's family next? They were in the furnace of the wilderness suffering privation and pain. The fiery serpent hissed upon them. The sun scorched them, their feet were weary, they lacked water, and bread failed them, and was only supplied by miracle. They were in no

desirable position, but amidst them—for all are not Israel that are of Israel—were the chosen ones, those who were most in the furnace, Joshua, the son of Nun, and Caleb, the son of Jephunneh, against whom the people took up stones to stone them, these were the sons of God. These were distinguished above their fellows as being elect out of the chosen nation.

Still turn over the blessed pages, pass through Judges and come to the time of Saul, and where was God's servant then? Where is the man whom the king delights to honor? Where is the man after God's own heart? He is in the furnace—wandering in the caves of Engedi, climbing the goat tracks, hunted like the partridge by a remorseless foe. And after his days, where were the saints? Not in the halls of Jezebel, nor sitting at the table of Ahab. Behold, they are hidden by fifties in the cave, and fed by bread and water. Behold yon man upon the mountaintop wrapping his shaggy garment around him. At one time his dwelling is by the rippling brook, where ravens bring him bread and flesh. At another time, a widow is his host whose only possessions are a little oil and a handful of meal—in the furnace Elijah stands, the remnant of God's chosen people.

Take history through. There is no need for me to follow it up, otherwise I might tell you of the days of Maccabees, when God's children were put to death without number, by all manner of tortures till then unheard of. I might tell you of the days of Christ and point to the despised fishermen, to be laughed at and become persecuted apostles. I might go on through the days of popery and point to those who died upon the mountains or suffered in the plains. The march of the army of God may be tracked by their ashes left behind them. The course of the ship of glory may be traced by the white sheen of sufferings left on the sea of time. Like as a comet when it dashes in its glory leaves a blaze behind it for a moment, so has the church left behind it blazing fires of persecution and trouble. The path of the just is scarred on earth's breast, the monuments of the church are the sepulchers of her martyrs. Earth has been plowed with deep furrows wherever they have lived. You will not find the saints of God where you do not find the furnace burning round about them. I suppose it will be so until the latest age. Until that time shall come when we shall sit under our own vine and our own fig tree, none making us afraid or daring to attempt it, we must still expect to suffer. Were we not slandered, were we not the butt of ridicule, we would not think ourselves the children of God. We glory that we stand prominent in the day of battle. We thank our enemies for all their shafts, for each one bears upon it proofs of our Father's love. We thank our foemen for every stab, for it only cuts our armor and rattles on our mail, never reaching the heart. We thank them for every slander they have forged and for every lie they have manufactured, for we know in whom we have believed and know that these things cannot separate us from His love. Yea, we take this as a mark of our being called, that we, as the sons of God, can suffer persecution for righteousness' sake.

It is a fact, I say, that you will find religion in the furnace. If I were asked to find religion in London, I proclaim the last place I should think of going to look for it would be in yon huge structure that exceeds a palace in glory, where you see men decked out in all the toys which the old harlot of Babylon herself once did love. I would go to a humbler place than that. I should not go to a place where they had the government to assist them, and the great and the noble of the land to back them up, but I should generally go among the poor, among the despised, where the furnace blazed the hottest. There I would expect to find saints—but not among the respectable and fashionable churches of our land. This is a fact then that God's people are often in the furnace.

II. And now, secondly. **THE REASON FOR THIS.** Why is it that God's children get there? Why does God see fit to put them in the furnace?

1. The first reason I have is this—that *it is the stamp of the covenant*. You know there are certain documents which, in order to be legal, must have a government stamp put upon them. If they have not this stamp, they may be written, but they will not be at all legal and cannot be pleaded in a court of law. Now we are told what the stamp of the covenant is. There are two stamps and for your information, allow me to refer you to the book of Genesis 15:17, and there you will see what they are. When Abraham was lying down at night, a horror of darkness came upon him and God made a covenant with

him and it is said, "And it came to pass, that when the sun went down and it was dark, behold a smoking furnace and a burning lamp that passed between the pieces." These two things were the stamps that made the covenant secure, "a burning lamp"—the light for God's people, light for their darkness, light to guide them all the way to heaven. And beside the lamp, "a smoking furnace." Shall I then wish you to rend the smoking furnace off? Do I wish to get rid of it? No. For that would invalidate the whole. Therefore will I cheerfully bear it, since it is absolutely necessary to render that covenant valid.

2. Another reason is this—*all precious things have to be tried*. You never saw a precious thing yet which did not have a trial. The diamond must be cut, and hard cutting that poor jewel has. Were it capable of feeling pain, nothing would be more fretted and worried about, than that diamond. Gold, too, must be tried. It cannot be used as it is dug up from the mine or in grains as it is found in the rivers. It must pass through the crucible and have the dross taken away. Silver must be tried. In fact, all things that are of any value must endure the fire. It is the law of nature. Solomon tells us so in the seventeenth chapter of Proverbs, the third verse, he says, "The fining pot is for silver and the furnace for gold." If you were nothing but tin, there would be no need of the "fining pot" for you. But it is simply because you are valuable that you must be tried. It was one of the laws of God, written in the book of Numbers, thirty-first chapter, twenty-third verse, "Everything that may abide the fire, you shall make go through the fire and it shall be clean." It is a law of nature, it is a law of grace that everything that can abide the fire—everything that is precious—must be tried. Be sure of this—that which will not stand trial is not worth having.

Would I choose to preach in this house if I thought it would not stand the trial of a large congregation, but might one of these days totter and break down? Would anyone forming a railway construct a bridge that would not stand a trial of the weight that might run across it? No, we have things that would stand the trial, otherwise we would think them of no value. That which I can trust one hour, but find it break the next, when I need it most, is of little use to me. But because you are of value, saints, because you are gold, therefore you must be tried. From the very fact that you are valuable, you must be made to pass through the furnace.

3. Another thought is this, *the Christian is said to be a sacrifice to God*. Now every sacrifice must be burned with fire. Even when they offered the green ears before the harvest, it is said the green ears must be dried with fire. They killed the bullock and laid it on the altar, but it was no sacrifice till they burned it. They slew the lamb, they laid the wood, but there was no sacrifice in the killing of the lamb till it was burned. Know not you, brethren, we are offerings to God and that we are a living sacrifice unto Jesus Christ. But how could we be a sacrifice if we were not burned? If we never had the fire of trouble put about us, if we never were kindled, we should lie there without smoke, without flame, unacceptable to God. But because you are His sacrifice, therefore you must be burned. Fire must penetrate you and you must be offered as a whole burnt offering, holy and acceptable unto God.

4. Another reason why we must be put in the furnace is, because *otherwise we should not be at all like Jesus Christ*. If you read that beautiful description of Jesus Christ in the book of Revelation, you will find it says that, "His feet were like fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace." The feet of Jesus Christ represent His humanity, the head, the divinity. The head of His Deity suffered not—as God He could not suffer. But "His feet were like fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace." How can we be like Christ, unless our feet, too, are burned in the furnace? If He walked through the flames, must not we do the same? that, "in all things he might be like unto his brethren." We are, we know, to be like Christ in that august appearance when He shall come to be admired of all His saints. We are to be like Him when we shall see Him as He is. And shall we fear to be like Him here? Will we not tread where our Savior trod? There is His footstep, shall not our foot fill the same place? There is His track, will we not willingly say,

*"His track I see and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view."*

Yes! Onward, Christian! The Captain of your salvation has gone through the dark valley before you—therefore, onward! Onward with boldness! Onward with courage! Onward with hope! that you may be like your Savior by participation in His sufferings.

III. And now WHAT ARE THE BENEFITS OF THE FURNACE?

For we are quite sure that all these reasons are not sufficient for God's trying His people unless there is some benefit to be derived from it.

1. Very simply and briefly, then, one benefit to be derived from the furnace is that *it purifies us*. I was very kindly shown, by some of the magistrates of Glasgow, over one of the largest shipbuilding works I had ever seen. I saw them cast certain articles while I was present. I noticed them put the metal in the crucible, and after subjecting it to an intense heat, I saw them pour it out like water into the molds, but first they removed the impurities from the top. But the scum would never have come on the top had it not been for the fire. They could not extract the dross if it had not been put in the furnace and melted. That is the benefit of the furnace to God's people. It melts, tries, and purifies them. They get rid of their dross and if we can but get rid of that, we may be willing to suffer all the misery in the world. The man who is very badly diseased may stop a long while before he is willing that the doctor's knife shall be used upon him, but when death comes to his bedside, he will say at last, "Anything, physician. Anything, surgeon. If you can but get this disease away—cut as deep as you please." I confess I have the greatest antipathy to pain, but nevertheless, a greater pain will make one bear a less one to relieve it. And as sin is pain to God's people, as it is a weary torment, they will be willing, if necessary, to have their right hand cut off or their right eye plucked out, rather than having two eyes or two hands to be cast into hell-fire. The furnace is a good place for you, Christian. It befits you. It helps you to become more like Christ and it is fitting you for heaven. The more furnace-work you have, the sooner you will get home. For God will not keep you long out of heaven when you are fit for it. When all the dross is burned and the tin is gone, He will say, "Bring here that wedge of gold. I do not keep My pure gold on earth. I will put it away with My crown jewels in the secret place of My tabernacle of heaven."

2. Another benefit of the furnace is that *it makes us more ready to be molded*. Let a blacksmith take a piece of cold iron. Lay it on the anvil and bring down his heavy hammer with tremendous force to fashion it. There he is at work. Ah! Mr. Blacksmith, you will have many a hard day's work before you will make anything out of that bar of iron. "But," he says, "I mean to smite hard, to strike true, and morning, noon, and night, this hammer shall be always ringing on the anvil and on the iron." Ah! so it may, Mr. Blacksmith, but there will be nothing come of it. You may smite it eternally while it is cold and you shall be a fool for your pains. The best thing you could do would be to place it in the furnace, then you might weld it, then you could melt it entirely, and pour it into a mold, and it would take any shape you pleased. What could our manufacturers do if they could not melt the metal they use? They could not make half the various things we see around us if they were not able to liquefy the metal, and afterwards mold it. There could be no good men in the world if it were not for trouble. We could, none of us, be made useful if we could not be tried in the fire. Take me as I am, a rough piece of metal, very rough, stern, and hard. You may tutor me in my childhood and use the rod. You may train me in my manhood and set the pains of the magistrate and the fear of the law before my eyes, but you will make a very sorry fellow of me with all your hitting and knocking. But if God takes me in hand, and puts me in the furnace of affliction, and melts me down by trial, then He can fashion me like unto His own glorious image, that I may at last be gathered with Him above. The furnace makes us fusible. We can better be poured out and molded and delivered unto the doctrines, when we have been somewhat tried.

3. Then the furnace is very useful to God's people because *they get more light there than anywhere else*. If you travel in the neighborhood of Birmingham, or in other manufacturing districts, you will be interested at night by the glare of light which is cast by all those furnaces. It is labor's own honorable illumination. This may be an idea apart from the subject, but I believe there is no place where we learn so much and have so much light cast upon Scripture as we do in the furnace. Read a truth in hope, read it in peace, read it in prosperity and you will not make anything of it. Be put inside the furnace, (and

nobody knows what a bright blaze is there who has not been there) and you will then be able to spell all hard words and understand more than you ever could without it.

4. One more use of the furnace, and I give this for the benefit of those who hate God's people is, that *it is useful for bringing plagues on our enemies*. Do you not remember the passage in Exodus, where "The LORD said unto Moses and unto Aaron, 'Take to you handfuls of ashes of the furnace, and let Moses sprinkle it towards the heaven in the sight of Pharaoh. And it shall become small dust in all the land of Egypt and shall be a boil breaking forth with blains upon man and upon beast'"? There is nothing that so plagues the enemies of Israel as "handfuls of ashes of the furnace" that we are able to cast upon them. The devil is never more devoid of wisdom than when he meddles with God's people and tries to run down God's ministers. "*Run him down!*" Sir, you run him up! You will never hurt him by all you can say against him for "handfuls of the dust of the furnace" will be scattered abroad to bring plagues upon the ungodly throughout the land. Did any Christian ever suffer yet by persecution—really suffer by it? Does he ever *really* lose by it? No, it is quite the reverse. We gain by it.

You remember the case of the burning fiery furnace of Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego, and Nebuchadnezzar's dealings? You remember he commanded that the furnace should be heated seven times hotter than usual and he told his brave men, his strongest ones, to take these three men bound and cast them into the furnace. There they go! They have thrown three men bound into the fire, but before they have time to turn back, it is said the heat of the flames slew those men that cast them into the furnace. Nebuchadnezzar, said himself, "Did we not cast three bound into the furnace? Behold I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and the fourth is like the Son of God." Now, just mark these points, Nebuchadnezzar made a great blunder and heated the fire too hot. That is just what our enemies often do. If they would just speak the truth about us and only tell our imperfections, they would then have enough to do. But in their endeavors to cast down God's servants, they heat the fire rather too hot. They make what they say smell, as Rowland Hill said, too much like a lie, therefore nobody believes them. And instead of doing any hurt, it just kills the men who would have cast us into the fire.

I have noticed sometimes when there comes out a desperate article against any particular man, suppose the man is right, the person who writes the article is always damaged by it, but not the man who is thrown into the fire. It does the slandered man good. All that has ever been said of me, as one of God's servants, has done me good. It has just burned the bonds of my obscurity and given me liberty to speak to thousands. Moreover, to throw the Christian into the furnace is to put him into Christ's parlor, for lo, Jesus Christ is walking with him! Spare yourselves the trouble, O you enemies. If you wish to hurt us, spare yourselves the labor. You think that is the furnace. It is not. It is the gate of heaven. Jesus Christ is there and will you be so foolish as to put us just where we like to be? Oh! kind enemies, thus to render us threefold blessed. But were you wise, you would say, "Let it alone. If the thing be of God, it will stand. If it be not of God, it will utterly fall." God's enemies receive more damage from "the ashes of the furnace" than in any other way. They are shots that kill wherever they go. Persecution damages our enemies. It cannot hurt us. Let them still go on, let them still fight, all their arrows fall back upon themselves. And as for anything of evil that is done against us, it is but small and light compared with the damage that is done to their own cause. This, then, is another blessing concerning the furnace—it hurts our enemies though it does not hurt us.

IV. And now, to wind up, let us consider THE COMFORTS IN THE FURNACE.

Christian men may say, "It is all well to tell us what good the furnace does, but we want some comfort in it."

1. Well, then, beloved, the first thing I will give you is the comfort of the text itself—ELECTION. Comfort yourself, you tried one, with this thought, God says, "I have *chosen* you in the furnace of affliction." The fire is hot, but He has chosen me. The furnace burns, but He has chosen me. These coals are hot, the place I love not, but He has chosen me. Ah! it comes like a soft gale assuaging the fury of the flame. It is like some gentle wind fanning the cheeks. Yea, this one thought arrays us in fireproof armor against which the heat has no power. Let affliction come—God has chosen me. Poverty, you may come in at the door—God is in the house already and He has chosen me. Sickness, you may come, but I will have this by my side for a balsam—God has chosen me. Whatever it is, I know that He has chosen me.

2. The next comfort is *that you have the Son of Man with you in the furnace*. In that silent bedchamber of yours, there sits by your side One whom you have not seen, but whom you love. And oftentimes when you know it not, He makes all your bed in your affliction and smoothes your pillow for you. You are in poverty, but in that lonely house of yours, that has nothing to cover its bare walls, where you sleep on a miserable pallet, do you know that the Lord of life and glory is a frequent visitor? He often treads those bare floors and putting His hands upon those walls, He consecrates them! Were you in a palace, He might not come there. He loves to come into these desolate places that He may visit you. The Son of Man is with you, Christian. You cannot see Him, but you may feel the pressure of His hands. Do you not hear His voice? It is the valley of the shadow of death. You see nothing, but He says, "Fear not, I am with you, be not dismayed, for I am your God." It is like that noble speech of Caesar's, "Fear not, you carry Caesar and all his fortune." Fear not, Christian. You carry Jesus in the same boat with you and all His fortune! He is with you in the same fire. The same fire that scorches you, scorches Him. That which could destroy you could destroy Him, for you are a portion of the fullness of Him that fills all-in-all. Will you not take hold of Jesus, then, and say

*"Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where He goes."*

Feeling that you are safe in His hands, will you not laugh even death to scorn and triumph over the sting of the grave, because Jesus Christ is with you?

Now, dear friends, there is another great furnace besides the one I have been talking of. There is a very great furnace, "The pile thereof is fire and much wood, the breath of the LORD, like a stream of brimstone, does kindle it." There is a furnace so hot that when the ungodly are cast into it, they shall be as the crackling of thorns under a pot. There is a burning so exceedingly fierce that all those tormented in its flames spend their time in "weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth." There is a furnace "where the worm dies not and where the fire is not quenched." Where it is I know not. I think it is not down here in the bowels of the earth. It were a sad thought that earth has hell within her own bowels, but I think that it is somewhere in the universe the Eternal has declared.

Men and women! you who love not God, a few more years will set you on a journey through the vast unknown to find out where this place is. Should you die Godless and Christless, a strong hand will seize you on your deathbed, and irresistibly you will be borne along through the vast expanse of ether, unknowing where you are tending, but with the dread thought that you are in the hand of a demon, who with an iron hand is bearing you most swiftly on. Down he plunges you. Ah! what a fall were that my friends! To find yourselves there in that desperate land of torments! May you never know it! Words cannot tell you of it now. I can but just call up a few dread horrible emotions. I can but picture it in a few short rough words—may you never know it. Would you wish to escape, there is but one door. Would you be saved, there is but one way. Would you find entrance into heaven and escape from hell, there is but one road. The road is this, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and you shall be saved." "He that believes and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believes not shall be damned." To believe is to trust in Jesus. As an old divine used to say, "Faith is recumbency on Christ." But it is too hard a word. He meant faith is lying down on Christ. As a child lies on its mother's arms, so is faith. As the seaman trusts to his bark, so is faith. As the old man leans on his staff, so is faith. As I may trust, there is faith. Faith is to trust. Trust in Jesus, He will never deceive you

*"Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good."*

Thus may you escape that furnace of fire into which the wicked man must be cast. God bless you all, for His name's sake.

Taken from The C. H. Spurgeon Collection, Version 1.0, Ages Software. 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.