

A PRECIOUS PROMISE FOR A PURE PEOPLE

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A SERMON
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“Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty.”
Isaiah 33:17

No doubt these words originally had a timely and strictly literal meaning for the people of Jerusalem. When the city was besieged by Sennacherib, the inhabitants saw Hezekiah in garb of mourning. How had he torn his clothes in sorrow! but the day would come, according to prophecy, when Sennacherib must fall. Those who counted the resources and estimated the strength or the weakness of the city would be far away, and then there would be times of liberty. The people would be able to travel to the utmost ends of Palestine, so they would see the land that is very far off. Hezekiah himself would come out in his robes of excellency and majesty on a joyful occasion to praise the Lord, and thus would the people's eyes see the king in his beauty.

The passage, however, has been frequently used with quite another import and that properly enough if it is thoroughly understood that it is by way of accommodation we take it, and that it is typically we trace it out. Have we not by faith seen our King in His robes of mourning? Have we not seen Jesus in the sorrowful weeds of affliction and humiliation while here below? Our faith has gazed upon Him in the rent garments of His passion. We have beheld Him in His agony and bloody sweat, in His crucifixion and His death.

Well, now, another and a brighter view awaits us. Our eyes will one day see the King in a more glorious array. We will behold Him as John saw Him on Patmos. We will behold the King in His beauty, and then we shall enter and enjoy the land which is at present very far off.

I think it meet and right to take such a word as this tonight when there are so many in our midst who are seeking and finding the Savior, because it is very certain that not long after their conversion, they will have to encounter some of the difficulties of the way. Sometimes within a few hours of their starting on pilgrimage they are met by some of the dragons, or they fall into some Slough of Despond, or they are surprised by some Hill Difficulty, therefore, they ought to be stimulated with encouragements, they need to be cheered and consoled by the prospect which lies before them.

You will recollect how Christian is represented by Bunyan in his famous allegory to be reading in his book as he went along concerning the blessed country, the celestial land where their eyes should behold the King in His beauty, and this beguiled the roughness of the road, and made the pilgrim hasten on with more alacrity and less weariness.

Now I am going to turn over one of the elementary pages of this Book. I want to show the young convert a vision pleasing and profitable for all Christians, young or old, the glory that awaits him, the rest which is secured by the promise of God to every pilgrim who continues in the blessed road, and holds on, and holds out to the end.

Your eyes, beloved, you who have lately been converted to God, if by divine grace your conversion prove genuine, your eyes shall one day behold the King in His beauty. This may well inspire you with courage and dispose you to endure with patience all the difficulties of the way. When God brought His servant Abraham into the separated position of a stranger in a strange land, it was not long before He said to him, “Lift up now thine eyes, and look to the north, and to the south, and to the east, and to the west, for all this land will I give to thee and to thy seed for ever,” as if to solace and cheer him in the place of his sojourn by the picture and the promise that greeted him.

In like manner, you children of faithful Abraham, you who have left all for Christ's sake, look upon your future heritage from the spot of your present exile, and your hearts will exceedingly rejoice.

We shall notice, first, the object to be seen—*the king in his beauty!* Then, secondly, *the nature of this vision*, for our eyes shall see the admirable spectacle, and thirdly, we shall draw your attention to *those to whom this favor will be granted*. The context will help us to discover of whom it is the Lord speaks when He says, “Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty.” Not all eyes, but your eyes shall see the King in His beauty. What is this vision which is here promised to God's people? They are to see the King. They are to see—

I. THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY.

THE King—a sweet title which belongs to our Lord Jesus Christ as His exclusive prerogative, crowned with the thorn crown once, but now wearing the diadem of universal monarchy. Other kings there are, but theirs is only a temporary title to temporal precedence among the sons of men. I had almost said theirs was a mimic sovereignty. He is the real King—the King of kings—the King that reigns forever and forever. He is King, for He is God. JEHOVAH reigns. The Maker of the earth must be her King. He in whose hands are the deep places of the earth, and the strength of the hills, He by whom all things exist and all things consist, He must of necessity reign.

The government shall be upon His shoulders. His name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God. From the very fact that He is the Son of God, the express image of His Father's glory, He must be King. Because He condescended to veil Himself in our flesh, He derives a second title to the kingdom—He is King now by His merits. Wherefore God also has highly exalted Him and given Him a name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus, every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth. For the suffering of death, He was made for a little while, lower than the angels, but now, seeing He has been obedient even unto death, even the death of the cross, He has obtained a more excellent name than the angels, and He is crowned with glory and honor.

He is Head over all things now. In Him dwells all the fullness of the Godhead bodily. We rejoice to reflect upon Him as King by nature, and then as King by due desert over a kingdom which He has inherited by right divine. He is King at this time by virtue of the conquests He has made, having spoiled the principalities and powers of darkness.

In this world He fought the battle, and so bravely did He fight it out that He could say, “It is finished.” He made an end of sin, He made reconciliation for iniquity, He trampled death and hell beneath His feet, and now He is King by force of arms. He entered into the strong man's house, wrestled with him, and vanquished him, for He is stronger than he, He has led captivity captive, and He has ascended upon high—King of kings and Lord of lords. He reigns supremely, moreover, in some of our hearts. We have yielded to the sway of His love. We rejoice to crown Him. We never feel happier than when our hearts and tongues are singing—

*“Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.”*

I trust there are many more among you who have not yet yielded that will yet yield your hearts to His power. Fresh provinces shall be added to His empire, new cities of Mansoul will open their gates that the Prince Emanuel may ride in and may sit in triumph there. Oh! that it may be so, for a multitude that no man can number shall cheerfully, joyfully own His sway, and kiss the Son lest He be angry.

But mark, the limit of His power is not according to the will of man, for where He does not reign by the joyful consent of His people and the mighty conquest of His love, He still exercises absolute dominion. Even the wicked are His servants. They shall be made in some way or other to subserve His glory, for He must reign till He has put all enemies under His feet.

Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing? The King is anointed upon God's holy hill of Zion. King He is. He has a bit in the mouth of His most violent adversaries, and He turns

them about according to His own will. What though with mingled cruelty and rage men attack the Gospel of Christ, they strive in vain to thwart the divine decree. In ways mysterious and unknown to us, the Lord asserts His own supremacy. He reigns even where the rulers conspire, and the people rebel against Him.

Beloved, the sovereignty of our Lord Jesus Christ, to which He is entitled by inheritance, is due to Him for His merits, and in the equitable claim of His conquests—this reign of Christ extends over all things. He is the universal Lord. In this world He is Regent everywhere. By Him all things exist and consist. When I think of Him, it seems to me that the sea roars to His praise, and the trees of the wood rejoice in His presence. There is not a dewdrop that twinkles on the flower at sunrise but reflects His bounty, there is not an avalanche that falls from its Alp with thundering crash but resounds with tokens of His power. The Great Shepherd reigns.

The Lord is King. As Joseph was made ruler over all the land of Egypt, even so, according unto the word of Jesus, all the people are ruled. He has all things put under His feet, for it was of Him the prophet sang of old, “Thou hast made him a little”—(or as the margin has it, a little while)—“lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor; thou hast put all things under his feet, all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowl of the air, the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.”

Though we see not yet all things put under man, yet we see Jesus, who, for the suffering of death was made, for a little while, lower than the angels, crowned with glory and honor. At this hour He rules on earth. Death and hell are under His scepter. Satan, and the spirits that have followed his leadership, bite their iron bonds while they confess the power of the Lord Divine to be paramount. He can crush His enemies and break them with a rod of iron as a potter’s vessel. His mighty power is felt and feared.

But oh! yonder, up in heaven, where the full beams of His glory are unveiled, He reigns in matchless splendor. The angels worshipped Him when He was brought forth as the Only Begotten into the world. So spoke the oracle, “Let all the angels of God worship him.” Seraphim and cherubim, are they not His messengers? He makes them like flames of fire. The redeemed by blood, what could they do? What is their joy, their occupation, their delight, but to sing forever, “Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive honor, and glory, and dominion, and power”?

Oh! tell us not of emperors, there is but One Imperial brow. Tell us not of monarchs, for the crown belongs to the blessed and only Potentate. He alone is King. As such, we think of Him, and long for His appearing, when we shall hail Him the King in His beauty.

I love to see His courtiers. That is a happy hour in which I can talk with one who has my Master’s ear. I love to see the skirts of His garment as I come in fellowship with Him to His table. I love to tread His courts, I love to hear His voice, even though I cannot yet see the face of Him that speaks with me. But to see the King—to see the King Himself! Oh! joy unspeakable! It is worth worlds even to have a good hope of beholding a sight so resplendent with glory.

Note well the promise, “Thine eyes shall see the king in his *beauty*.” Does not this suggest to us that the King has been seen, though not in His beauty? He was seen on earth as the prophet foretold, “despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.” And as seen then, we are told there is no beauty that we should desire Him. There was a time when many were astonished at Him. His visage was more marred than any man, and His form more than the sons of men, that was in the day of His humiliation.

But we are yet to see the King in His beauty, and I know, beloved, that in part that vision does beam, even now, upon spirits before the throne. I would not exactly say that they have eyes, for they have left these organs of sense behind them. They have not received the fullness of this promise, yet in a measure they see the beauty of the King, that beauty which His Father has put upon Him now that He has ascended up on high, and returned to the Father, having obeyed all His precepts, and fulfilled all His will. His Father has already rewarded Him. He sits enthroned at the right hand of the Majesty on high, He is adored and worshipped. It is no small sight for our dis-imprisoned spirits to behold Him and adore.

But remember the spirits in heaven, without us, cannot be made perfect, so says the apostle. They are waiting for the adoption—to wit, the redemption of the body—waiting for the trumpet of resurrection. It is then, I think, that this blessed hope will be fully verified, “Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty.” As Job puts it, “I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and my eyes will behold, and not another.” Our bodies shall be raised from the dead.

*“These eyes shall see Him in that day,
The God that died for me;
And all my rising bones shall say—
Lord, who is like to Thee?”*

From the dark chambers of the grave we shall come forth with all the blood-bought company of the faithful. Then we shall see the King in His beauty. What beauty that will be! We steadfastly look for His appearing when He shall come the second time. This personal manifestation must be welcome to the saints. To see Him then must be to see His beauty. Our senses, relieved of infirmity, will be endowed with full capacity, our graces being increased, and our spirits lively and vigorous to appreciate His wonderful person. As God and Man we do now believe in Him, but how little can our faith anticipate the vision!

We acknowledge the mystery which is as yet unveiled. How little are we affected by the wonderful information which must astonish angels—that the infinite can be joined with the finite, that the Godhead can be in perfect union with the manhood, the bush of the manhood burning with the glow of the Godhead, yet not thereby consumed. ’Tis matchless that the Eternal should link Himself with finite flesh, that He should hang upon His mother’s breast, who bears up the columns of the universe. Strange conjunction! Till we wake up in His likeness we shall never thoroughly understand it.

Oh! how amazement will resolve itself into admiration as we gaze upon Him who has a nature that we have been familiar with, and yet the proper divinity which no man has seen or can see! What grandeur to behold! What rapture to experience when our eyes see the King in His beauty! The sight will overwhelm us. But in other respects than that which is essential to His Kingly dignity, the spectacle will be illustrious.

In the hour of conquest, He will take possession of a throne which no rival dare dispute. Judas will be there, but he will not think of betraying Him. Pilate will be there, but he will not think of questioning Him. The Jews will be there, but they will not cry, “Crucify him.” The Romans will be there, but they will not think of hauling Him away to execution. His enemies in that day shall lick the dust. They shall be like chaff before the whirlwind in the day of His coming. And what will be the splendor of His glory when He shall be proclaimed King of kings in His beauty, with all the insignia of His royal power!

He will have the beauty of state pageant too, for He will assume office as Judge of the quick and the dead. Then will the trumpet sound, and all the solemn pomp of the great assize will encircle Him round about. The vivid lightning will flash through the universe and the roar of His thunder shall awake the dead, while an irresistible summons shall compel them to appear before His dread tribunal. From His searching gaze no creature shall be hid, and every eye shall see Him. They also who pierced Him, and all the kindreds of the earth, shall weep and wail because of Him.

But to us that awful pomp will not be appalling, but a fit accessory on which His royal beauty is displayed. We shall admire the hand that holds the scepter, for we shall recognize it as the same hand that was once pierced for us. We shall admire the voice that condemns the wicked, and bids them “Depart!” for that voice shall pronounce our welcome, saying, “Come, ye blessed.”

We shall admire the Shepherd’s crook with which He shall separate the sheep and the goats, for it will apportion us to eternal bliss, though it shall dismiss the goats to their eternal doom. Thrice happy and most blessed shall we be in that day. Terror and trouble shall be the lot of the world, trust and

triumph shall then be the portion of the saints. He shall be admired in all them that believed, and when that final judgment shall have fulfilled its destined purpose, He shall be in His beauty seen as the Conqueror of all evil, the Conqueror of sin, of death and hell.

The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. How shall we see Him in His beauty when death itself shall die! I cannot attempt to describe that beauty. It is far too dazzling for me to picture. I have dreamed of it sometimes in sacred soliloquies. My faith has tried to realize the facts which are revealed unto us by His Spirit. Still, the tongue cannot tell so much as the heart has conceived. There are unspeakable words which greet us in seasons of rapture which it is not lawful to utter. Whenever we are caught up to the third heaven in rapturous meditation, we have but small news to tell men. But how inconceivable to us now is the glory of Christ as it shall be when all His people are present with Him in heaven!

I have not touched upon the millennial age or the latter-day glory. Your thoughts can fill up the vacancy. But what will be the beauty of Christ in heaven in that day “when he shall make up his jewels”? What are the jewels of our King but His redeemed people? What will be the ornaments of His state but those for whom He shed His blood? And when they are all there, then we shall see the King in His beauty with all His jewels. Beauty! A shepherd’s beauty lies much in his simple garb, a mother’s beauty—very much of it is to be seen as she appears in the center of a happy and lovely family. So, beyond all doubt, the beauty of Christ will be most conspicuous when all His saints are with Him.

I was in company with some good people lately, who were discussing the question whether we should see the saints in heaven. I do not know whether they settled the question to their satisfaction, but I settled it very well to mine. I expect to see and know all the saints, to recognize them, and rejoice with them, and that without the slightest prejudice to my being wholly absorbed in the sight of my Lord.

Let me explain to you how this can be. When I went the other day into a friend’s drawing room, I observed that on all sides there were mirrors. The whole of the walls were covered with glass, and everywhere I looked I kept seeing my friend. It was not necessary that I should fix my eyes upon him, for all the mirrors reflected him. Thus, brethren, it seems to me that every saint in heaven will be a mirror of Christ, and that as we look upon all the loved ones, gazing round upon them all, we shall see Christ in every one of them, so we shall still be seeing the Master in the servants, seeing the Head in all the members. It is I in them, and they in me. Is it not so? It will be all the Master.

This is the sum total of heaven. “Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty,” and they shall see the beauty of the King in all His people. Nor does it appear that the manifestation shall be ever withdrawn, or that we shall ever leave off seeing the beauty of our King. There is the mercy. “Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty,” on and on, and on still, and on, forever on, discerning more and more of the beauty, the inexhaustible beauty and splendor of the Sun of Righteousness, world without end. The theme grows upon us. We must curb ourselves. We can but skim the surface as the swallow does the brook.

Now, as to—

II. THE NATURE OF THIS VISION, we know *it is in the future.*

“Thine eyes *shall* see the king in his beauty.” You poor sinners must be content with seeing the King in His majesty. Happy souls who come to see Jesus on the cross! Oh! it is joy for them to look unto Him and be saved. Behold the Lamb of God—behold the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. Poor sin-sick soul, are you looking to Jesus to be saved? If it be so in the present, then in the future you shall see Him in His beauty. It will be a vision for all. Their natural sense shall discern the real Savior,

“Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty.” It is not merely your spiritual perception, but your natural eyes. Does not Job express this conviction, “whom mine eyes shall see”? Oh! yes, not as it now is with this flesh and blood, but still with this body! I call you a vile body sometimes, my poor flesh and blood, and so you are. Yet in your origin there was something good, and in your destiny there is something better, “Bone of thy bone, and flesh of thy flesh.” Born of a woman as you were, and fed on bread as you must be, and though the worms devour you, yet shall you rise again.

Oh! body, you are even now the temple of God. Know you not that your *bodies* are the members of Christ? Know you not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost? These eyes shall see Him. They may be weeping eyes, aching eyes, weary eyes, and sleepy eyes, ay, or even blind eyes, or your failing eyes on which the curtain is being drawn about you—your eyes shall see the King. When heaven is in sight there will be no need for glasses to assist your vision. Your eyes, all strengthened to bear the light, as the eagle’s eye when the sun shines in his strength—“Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty.” *It will be a personal vision.* “Whom mine eyes shall see, and not another.” It shall not be somebody else repeating another’s testimony, “Yes, I see Him.”

I like to hear what John saw, but I like better to have John’s privilege, we shall be like John, and shall ourselves behold Him. Can you realize it? You recollect in Bunyan’s *Pilgrim’s Progress* how Mercy laughed in her sleep, and Christiana asked her what made her laugh so. Mercy replied that she had seen a beautiful vision. Is it not enough to make us laugh in our sleep, to think that “thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty”? To think that this head shall wear a crown, that these hands shall grasp the palms, that these feet shall stand on the transfigured globe, that these ears shall hear the symphonies of eternity, and that this tongue shall help to swell the everlasting chorus. Oh! who would not rejoice? This is the wine which, as it goes down, makes the lips of him who drinks to speak. Oh! that we may all have a personal sight of the King in His beauty!

And *it will be a near sight*, because it will be clear and distinct. “Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty.” This does not imply a distant view of a remote object, a dim vision of the dazzling splendor, but you will behold Him in such close proximity that you can discern every feature of His person, every phase of His comeliness. You shall discern all the insignia of His offices, His conquests, His titles, His dominion, and His glory.

Now you only see a picture of Him reflected as in a glass darkly, then you shall see Him face to face. Oh! that the curtain might be drawn up, the veil rent, the vision unfolded! It will be a delightful sight. When He shall appear in His beauty, we cannot wear the vestments of our mourning and sorrow. As He is, so are we in this world. As He shall be revealed, so shall we be also in that world. “It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.” Thus we shall be beautiful when we shall see Him in His beauty. He shall say to us, “Thou art all fair, my love; there is not a spot in thee.”

Oh! the delight, the pure unclouded joy, reflective as the light of heaven. What an introduction to eternal felicity this will be when your eyes shall see the King in His beauty! There is no period, no finale, no end put to it. This is no transient spectacle. His beauty never fades. Our festival can never terminate. As long as He appears in His beauty we shall see Him, and be enamored of His loveliness. Is it not written, “Because I live, ye shall live also”? Without His people, without the complement of His saints with Him, He would not be a full Christ at any time. “Know ye not that the church is the fullness of him who filleth all in all?” So all His disciples must be forever with Him, and they must forever see His face, and be partakers of His glory.

III. TO WHOM IS THIS VISION GIVEN?

We find a remarkably full description of these people. Read the fifteenth verse. Their ordinary gait distinguishes them. “*He that walketh righteously.*” “The pure in heart shall see God,” but if your deportment disgraces you, how deep will be your dishonor! Unholy creatures will never see a holy God. It is not possible. Oh! sinners, what think you of this? You must be changed, you must be cleansed, you must be converted, the Holy Ghost must regenerate you, otherwise, you cannot walk uprightly or stand in the presence of the King in His beauty.

Next to this they are known by their tongues, “*and speaketh uprightly.*” No liar shall enter into heaven. Those who talk lasciviously, those who swear profanely, the singers of idle songs, those who lend their lips to slander, backbite their neighbors, and circulate evil reports in malice—these and such as these can have no inheritance in the kingdom of God. Oh! may the Lord wash your tongues, rinse your mouths, and make them sweet and clean, else you will never sing the songs of heaven.

“He that walketh righteously and speaketh uprightly” is so far approved. But let him take heed to his commercial character, for it is further said, “*He that despiseth the gain of oppressions,*” or as the margin has it, of deceit. A man that gets money by squeezing others, by oppressing the poor by hard bargains, shall not enjoy the beatific vision. If you buy and sell, and get gain by lying, by false pretenses, by tricks of trade—ay, even by the customs that are commonly allowed, though they would look fraudulent if thoroughly exposed, you shall have no inheritance in the kingdom of God.

How can you be gracious when you are not honest? He that is not able to hold the scales lightly, measure out an even yard, or make out a bill equitably, may well tremble at being poised in the balances of the sanctuary. When such as these are weighed, they will be found wanting. Thorough integrity must stand the test of disinterestedness.

“*He that shaketh his hands from holding of bribes.*” Some men cannot help preferring coin to conscience. This is the way of bribery. Palm oil was largely used when Isaiah wrote. It is much in vogue still, perhaps not so much in this country as in others, but there are plenty of ways of receiving bribes besides selling one’s vote at the polling booth. How many men are bribed by a smile or a crown—bribed to Sabbath breaking—bribed to the follies of the world—bribed to I know not what of error! But drop a shilling into a conscientious man’s hand, and he shakes it from his hand, he does not like the touch of it, he is like Paul, who shook off the viper into the fire. So the man who is to see the King in His beauty shakes his hand from holding bribes.

Moreover, “*He stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood.*” He does not like to hear of cruelty, of outrage, or wantonly causing pain. He stops his ears, he will not listen to any proposal either to gratify a resentment or to seek a personal advantage whereby his neighbor would be injured. In this wicked world it is often wise to stop one’s ears. A deaf ear is a great blessing when there is base conversation in the neighborhood.

The good man who thus keeps guard over his hands and his feet, his tongue and his ears, is likewise known by his eyes. “*He shutteth his eyes from seeing evil.*” He shuns the temptations to which a vain curiosity would expose him. Oh! if our mother Eve had shut her eyes when the serpent pointed out yon rosy apple on the tree! Oh! that she had shut her eyes to it! Oh! that she had said, “No, I will not even look at it.” Looking leads to longing, and longing leads to sin.

Do you say, “There can be no harm in looking, just to see for yourself, are we not told to prove all things?” “Just come here, young man,” says the tempter, “you do not know what life is, one evening will suffice to show you a little gaiety, and let you see how the frolic is carried on. You need not share in it, you know. You may learn a thing or two you never dreamed of before. Surely a man is not to go through the world a baby. Just come for an hour or two and look on.”

“Ah! no,” says the man whose eyes are to see the King in His beauty, “the tree of knowledge of good and evil never brought any man good yet, so please let me alone. I shut my eyes from the sight of it. I do not want to participate, even as a spectator. I do not care to look upon that which God will not look upon without abhorrence. I know that His love has put my sins behind His back, what, then, He puts behind His back shall I put before my face. That were ingratitude indeed!”

Perhaps you say, “Well, if this is the character of such as shall see the King in His beauty, I shall never come up to the standard.” “Nay, but you must, else *you* will never enjoy the beatific vision.” “But I cannot convert myself after this fashion.” I know you cannot, but there is One who can. Has not Jesus Christ come into the world to make us new creatures? It is His objective and intent. “Behold, I make all things new.” He changes a man, gives him new desires, new longings, and new hopes. And He can change you.

Let me ask you, have you ever seen, by faith, the King? Have you ever looked to Jesus on the cross, and did you ever recognize that Jesus Christ, if He is to be your Savior, must be your King? You say you have believed in Jesus. Yes, but did you take Him to be your King? Did you mean to obey Him as well as to trust Him? Did you intend to serve Him as well as to lean upon Him? Remember, you cannot have

a half of Christ. You cannot have Him as your Redeemer, but not as your Ruler. You must take Him as He is. He is a Savior, but He saves His people from their sins.

Now, if you have ever seen Christ as your Savior, you have seen beauty in Him, He is lovely in your eyes, for the loveliest sight in the world to a sinner is His Savior. “What is the latest news,” said a certain squire to a companion, accustomed to hunt with him, who had come up to the Metropolis—“what is the latest news you have heard in London?” “The latest news, and the best news I have ever heard,” was the quick reply, “is that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.” “Tom,” says he, “I think you are mad.” “William,” said Tom, “I know you are. I only wish you were cured of your insanity as, by the grace of God, I have been.”

Oh! that we did but all of us know Jesus Christ in His beauty, and could, every one of us, rejoice in Him, as those do that are charmed by the sight. If you have not your eyes opened, you cannot see the King in His beauty. But if they are opened now, so that you greet Jesus as your King, and see beauty in Him, then, whatever your former life may have been, its sins are forgiven—they are blotted out. Your Savior’s sacrifice, that offered such satisfaction to God for your sins, shall give sweet solace to your conscience. By the gracious help of the Holy Spirit, you shall start a fresh career, and begin a new life.

Be it so, and you will henceforth shut your eyes from seeing, stop your ears from hearing, shake your hands from all iniquity, and turn aside your feet from it, to live the life you live in the flesh by the faith of the Son of God, to His honor and glory! So shall your eyes, poor sinner—weeping, sorrowing, mournful eyes as they may now be—your eyes shall see the King in His beauty. The Lord grant that we, all of us, may have a present earnest and a future fruition of this delightful promise, for His name’s sake. Amen.

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