

# THE ROYAL PAIR IN THEIR GLORIOUS CHARIOT

## NO. 482

A SERMON  
 DELIVERED ON SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 30, 1862  
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 AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON

*“Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke,  
 perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant?  
 Behold his bed, which is Solomon’s;*

*threescore valiant men are about it, of the valiant of Israel. They all hold swords, being expert in war:  
 every man hath his sword upon his thigh because of fear in the night.*

*King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon.*

*He made the pillars thereof of silver, the bottom thereof of gold, the covering of it of purple,  
 the midst thereof being paved with love, for the daughters of Jerusalem. Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion,  
 and behold King Solomon with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals,  
 and in the day of the gladness of his heart.”*

*Solomon’s Song 3:6-11*

GREAT princes in the East are in the habit of traveling in splendid palanquins, which are at the same time chariots and beds. The person reclines within, screened by curtains from public view. A bodyguard protects the equipage from robbers, and blazing torches light up the path along which the travelers proceed. King Solomon, in this Song, describes the church of Christ and Christ Himself, as travailing through the world in such a palanquin.

The day is coming when both our divine Lord and His chosen bride shall be revealed in glory before the eyes of all men. The present age is the period of concealment—the mystical Solomon and his beloved Solyma are both on earth, but they are unseen of men. Like the ark of old, they dwell within curtains, only the anointed priests of God can discern their beauties, and even these gaze rather by faith than by sight.

“Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world,” is certainly true, for Jesus is here. But equally correct is that word of Peter, “Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.” He is here in the reality, power, and influence of His presence, but He is not here as to the visibility of His kingdom and person, for we wait with our loins girt about, and with patience of hope, until the revelation of Jesus Christ.

The portion of the blessed canticle now before us is, we think, descriptive of the progress of the hidden Christ through the world. He has been borne along, in very truth, but He Himself has been so little perceived of men, that they even ask the question, “Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness?” He is not now manifested openly to men. If any should say, “Lo here!” or “Lo there! this is Christ!” believe them not, for Christ is not as yet seen. When He does come He shall be as perceptible as the lightning’s flash, which every man’s eye discerns without the need of an instructor.

So, also, with His true church. She also is hidden like her Lord, and though her hands, her foot, or her face may be sometimes seen, yet the whole elect body has never yet been beheld. If any say, “Lo, here is the church of Christ!” or “Lo there!” believe them not, for it is a fact that there is no corporation of men of which we can say exclusively or even universally, “Lo, this is the church of Christ.”

There are tares growing with the wheat in the best guarded field, and on the other hand no one enclosure contains all the wheat. The true church of Christ is scattered here and there. It is found amongst all denominations, and there is not one denomination of which you can say, “This only is the church of Christ, or all its members belong to the body of Christ’s spouse.” Just now the mystical bride

is in a certain sense as invisible as her Husband. Behold, then, the betrothed ones carried through the world in the sumptuous chariot of which we have to speak this morning.

I must now claim your attention while I notice, first, *the glory of the progress of Christ through the world, as described in the sixth verse*. Secondly, *the security of Christ's cause, as represented in the seventh and eighth*. Thirdly, *the superlative excellence of it, as described in the ninth and tenth*. And lastly, *our joyful duties with regard to it, as openly declared in the eleventh*.

**I.** First then, THE MAGNIFICENT PROGRESS, THE GLORIOUS ON-GOING OF THE CHURCH AND HER LORD THROUGH THE WORLD.

“Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant?” The equipage excites the attention of the onlooker, his curiosity is raised, and he asks, “*Who is this?*” Now, in the first progress of the Christian church, in her very earliest days, there were persons who marveled greatly, and though they set down the wonders of the day of Pentecost to drunkenness, yet “they were all amazed, and were in doubt, saying one to another, What meaneth this?”

In after years, many a heathen philosopher said, “What is this new power which is breaking the idols in pieces, changing old customs, making even thrones unsafe—what is this?” By and by, in the age of the Reformation, there were cowed monks, cardinals in their red hats, and bishops, and princes, and emperors, who all said, “What is this? What strange doctrine has come to light?”

In the times of the modern reformation, a century ago, when God was pleased to revive His church through the instrumentality of Whitefield and his brethren, there were many who said, “What is this new enthusiasm, this Methodism? Whence came it, and what power is this which it wields?” And doubtless, whenever God shall be pleased to bring forth His church in power, and to make her mighty among the sons of men, the ignorance of men will be discovered breaking forth in wonder, for they will say, “Who is this?”

Spiritual religion is as much a novelty now as in the day when Grecian sages scoffed at it on Mars' Hill. The true church of God is a stranger and a pilgrim still, an alien and a foreigner in every land, a speckled bird, a dove in the midst of ravens, a lily among thorns.

The ignorance of men concerning spiritual things is not, however, caused by the darkness of the things themselves, for Christ and His church are *the great lights of the world*. When great persons traveled in their palanquins, and more especially in marriage processions, they were attended by a number of persons who, at night, carried high up in the air burning cressets which gave forth a blaze of light.

Sometimes these lights were simply torches carried in the hands of running footmen. At other times they were a sort of iron basket lifted high into the air upon poles, from which went up a pillar of smoke and flame. Our text says, “Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke?” a beautiful illustration of the fact that wherever Christ and His cause are carried, light is a sure accompaniment.

Into whatsoever region the Gospel may journey, her every herald is a flash of light, her every minister a flaming fire. God makes His churches the golden candlesticks, and says unto His children, “Ye are the lights of the world.” As certainly as ever God said, “Let there be light,” and there was light over the old creation, so does He say, whenever His church advances, “Let there be light,” and there is light.

Dens of darkness, where the bats of superstition had folded their wings and hung themselves up for perpetual ease, have been disturbed by the glare of these divine flambeaux, the innermost caverns of superstition and sin, once black with a darkness which might be felt, have been visited with a light above the brightness of the sun. “The people which sat in darkness have seen a great light, and to them who sat in the region and shadow of death light has sprung up.”

Thus saith the Lord unto the nation where His kingdom comes, “Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord hath risen upon thee!” Bear ye the church of Christ to the South Seas, carry

Christ and His spouse in His palanquin to the Caffre, the Khoikhoi, or the Eskimo, and everywhere the night of death is ended, and the morning with its glorious dawn has come. High lift your lamps, ye servants of our Lord. High lift up the cross of the Redeemer, for in Him is light, and His light is the life of men.

But you will tell me that our text rather speaks of “*pillars of smoke*,” than of sparkling lamps. Brethren, the smoke is but the effect of the flame, and even the pillar of smoke is luminous. What is the smoke that has attended the church? What but the deaths of her martyrs, the sufferings of her confessors, the patient endurance of her valiant sons? Wherever she goes, the thick smoke of her suffering goes up to heaven. “We are always delivered unto death,” said the apostle. The cause of truth involves a perpetual sacrifice, her smoke ascendeth forever.

Black smoke I say it is in the eyes of man, but unto God it is a sweet-smelling savor. Never did fat of rams, or the fat of kidneys of fed beasts smell so sweetly before the Most High as the faith, the love, the courage, which has ascended up to heaven from the dauntless heroes of the church in past ages when at the stake they have been faithful even unto death.

Suffering, and grief, and woe, are the lot of the spouse of the despised and rejected Savior, but all these are as things of nought if thereby she may scatter that terrible blackness which blinds the face of man and makes him a stranger to his God.

It often happens that oriental monarchs of immense possessions are not content with burning common coals in these cressets, but frequently consume sandalwood and other woods which give forth a delightful smell, or else if they use ordinary coals, they sprinkle upon them frankincense and myrrh, so that a delicious perfume is spread on all sides.

In the olden times they also went to great expense in obtaining drugs, which the merchants collected from all parts of the earth, and these were carefully compounded into the renowned “*powders of the merchants*,” which yielded a delicious variety of delicate perfumes, not to be produced by any one particular aromatic essence. Our inspired poet describes the traveling procession of the royal pair, and fails not to dwell upon the delightful perfume of myrrh and frankincense, with all the powders of the merchant, “which make the wilderness smell as a garden of roses.”

Wherever the church of Christ proceeds, though her pathway is a desert, though she marches through a howling wilderness, she scatters the richest perfume. The page of history were only worthy to be blotted in oblivion were it not for the sweet odors which the church has left upon it. Look at all past ages, and the track of the church is still redolent with all the richest fragrance of human virtue and divine grace.

Wherever the church advances she makes manifest the savor of the knowledge of Christ in every place! Men believe in Jesus, and unto the Lord faith has all the fragrance of myrrh. They love Jesus, and love in the esteem of heaven is better than frankincense. Loving Christ they endeavor to be like Him, till patience, humility, brotherly kindness, truthfulness, and all things that are honest, lovely, and of good repute, like “*powders of the merchant*,” are spread abroad throughout the whole earth.

Tell me where the church is not, and I will tell you where sin reigns. Tell me where Christ and His church are carried, and I will tell you where you shall find every virtue that can adorn humanity, and every excellence that can magnify the excellence of the grace of God.

If you would find an antidote for the deadly exhalations which lurk among this world’s deserts of sin, if you would destroy the foul pestilence which reigns in the darkness of heathenism, of Popery, and of infidelity, cry unto the Mighty One—“Arise, thou unknown traveler, arise and bid thy servants carry thee into the midst of all this misery and death! The light of thy flaming torches shall scatter the darkness, and the burning of thy precious perfumes shall say unto evil—‘Fold thy wings!’ and unto the pestilence of sin—‘Get thee back unto thy den!’”

Among the ten wonders which Jewish tradition ascribes to the temple, we find that the rain never extinguished the fire of the wood which was laid in order upon the altar, nor did the wind ever conquer

the pillar of smoke so as to disperse or bend it. Verily it is so with the church of God, as she cometh out of the wilderness—who shall quench her flaming lamp or stay the incense of her golden censers?

Ride on, Great Prince, and bear Your spouse with You in Your majestic chariot, till You have lit the world with Your divine light, and have made it a temple filled with a cloud of incense of sweet smell to the nostrils of Jehovah!

**II.** We have, secondly, to notice THE SECURITY OF CHRIST'S CHURCH AT ALL TIMES.

Of course when traveling through a wilderness, a royal procession was always in danger of attack. Arabs prowled around, wandering Bedouins were always prepared to fall upon the caravan, and more especially was this the case with a marriage procession, because then the robbers might expect to obtain many jewels, or if not, a heavy ransom for the redemption of the bride or bridegroom by their friends.

What shall I say of the attacks which have been made upon the church of Christ, and upon Christ Himself? They have been incessant. When one form of evil has been routed, another has presented itself. Evil teems with children. The frogs and lice of Egypt were not more numerous than the enemies of the Lord's anointed and His bride.

Every day produces new battles. These attacks arise from all quarters. Sometimes from the world, and sometimes, alas! from even professed members of the church. Adversaries lurk everywhere, and until the church and her Lord shall be revealed in the splendor of the Millennium, having left the wilderness forever, we must expect to find her molested on every side.

My dear brethren, we know that Christ's cause in the world is always safe because of divine protection, and because the legions of God's angels keep watch and ward over the saints. But we have something more tangible than this. Our gracious God has been pleased to commit unto *men* the ministry of Christ. "Unto the angels hath he not put in subjection the world to come, whereof we speak."

The Lord ordains that chosen men should be the protectors of His church, not that they have any power as of themselves to do anything, but He girds the weak with strength and makes the feeble mighty. So then, men, even the sons of men stand in array around the traveling palanquin of Christ, to guard both the Bridegroom and the bride.

Read the seventh and eighth verses carefully, and you will notice *that there are enough swordsmen*. "Threescore valiant men are about it." There are always enough men chosen of God to guard the church. Poor Unbelief holds up her hands and cries—"Ah! the good men are all dead, Zion is under a cloud, the Lord has taken away the great men, we have no valiant defenders of the faith, none such as this crisis may require!"

Ah! Unbelief, let the Lord say unto you as he did unto Elias—"Yet have I left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal." There shall be just as many warriors as the crisis shall require. We do not know where the men are to come from, but the Lord will provide. There may be sitting in the Sunday school today a child who shall one day shake this nation from one end to the other. There may be even here, unknown, obscure, and unobserved, the man whom God will make strong to rebuke the infamous infidelity of our age. We know not where the anointing rests.

We, in our folly, would anoint Eliab or Abinadab, but God has chosen David, the shepherd boy, and He will bring him forth and teach him how to hurl the stone at Goliath's brow. Tremble not, neither be ye afraid, God who makes man and makes man's mouth, will find the sixty men when the sixty shall be needed. "The LORD gave the word, great was the company of them that published it." The glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together, for the mouth of the Lord has spoken it.

Observe that these warriors *are men of the right mettle*. "Yes," says poor trembling Little-faith, "we have hosts of men, but they are not like the Great-hearts of old. They have not the qualifications which the age requires." Ah! but remember, about the bed of Solomon there are "threescore *valiant* men," and glory be unto my Master, while I may not flatter the ministry, I must not dishonor Him by believing that He has left His church without *valiant* defenders.

There are Luthers still living who bid defiance to all adversaries, men who can say, “We count not our lives dear unto us that we may finish our course with joy, and fulfill the ministry which the Lord has delivered unto us.”

Fear not, you may not at present know the valor of the Lord’s bodyguard, but when the church’s battle grows hotter than just now, suddenly there shall be seen a champion stalking to the front of the battle, and men shall say, “Who is this? How he wields that battleaxe! How he splits the armor of his foes! See how he piles them in heaps on heaps, and mounts that hill of slaughtered enemies to smite a greater foe! Who is this?” And the answer shall be, “This is a man whom God hath found—the world knew not of him, but God has trained him in the camps of Dan, and now the Spirit moveth him to smite the Philistines.

“Ah!” I think I hear you say, “but though there may be so many men, and men of the right sort, I am afraid *they are not in the right place.*” Look again at the text. It is written—“Threescore valiant men are ABOUT IT,” that is, there are some on that side, and some on this, some before, and some behind. They are all round the traveling chariot of Christ.

“I wish there might be one in our parish,” says one. Pray for him, and He who has promised to send you all good things may yet send him to you. “Pray ye the LORD of the harvest that he may send forth labourers into his harvest.” It is singular how God sometimes raises a mighty man, in this denomination, then in that, and then in the other.

Suppose any body of Christians should try to monopolize all the valiant men themselves? Why, they could not do it, because every side of the royal bed must be guarded, and in his own place each man is set for the defense of the Gospel. The church is compassed about with mighties, who are under God to do great exploits. If the Lord guides the flight of sparrows, surely He knows how to dispose His ministers, and let the church be well content to let them occupy their posts until the wilderness is past, and the glory shall be revealed.

The church often makes mistakes, and thinks she can make ministers, or at least choose their position. She can do no such thing. God sends the valiant man, all you can do is to recognize his valor, and accept him as your champion, beyond that you cannot go. This is God’s work, not man’s. A minister made by men, made valiant by human strength, had better betake himself at once ignominiously to his tent, for his disgrace will be certain. God who sends the men, knows where to put them, so that they may stand round about the bed, and leave no corner unprotected.

Notice that these men *are all well armed.* The text says expressly, “They all hold swords.” What swords are these? Every valiant man in Christ’s Israel holds the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. A man who is a good textuary will usually be a good divine. He who draws from the treasury of the written word will find his spoken word to be fruitful in profit to the people of God.

If we use carnal reason, if we rely upon refinement, argument, eloquence, or any other form of the wisdom of man, we shall soon find our enemies will defeat us. But to ply the Word right and left, to give Gospel cuts and strokes such as the devil himself cannot parry, this is to overcome the world through the Word of God.

Besides this, and here is an opportunity for you all to carry swords—every valiant man in God’s Israel carries the sword of prayer, which is comparable to those huge two-handed swords of olden time, which the soldier lifted up and brought down with such tremendous force, as to cleave a man in halves. Prayer is a weapon which no man can effectually resist. If you know how to use it, bring it down upon your foeman’s head, and woe unto him!

I would to God that in this church there were found many of these valiant men of Israel! Indeed, would God all the Lord’s servants were prophets, that it might be said of all of you that you hold swords. Your holy lives can be swords with which to smite your enemies. The tongues with which you speak of Christ lovingly, tenderly, persuasively—these may be weapons against our common enemy.

Oh that when we hear the muster roll at last, it may be said of every church member that he held a sword! Do not tremble ye timid ones for the ark of the Lord, neither let your fears promote your

unbelief—God knows full well how to give the right weapons to the right men, and His church shall be secure even to the end.

Further, my brethren, these men are not only well armed, *but they are well trained*. They are all expert in war, men who have endured temptations themselves, men whose souls have been exercised, men who have slain both the lion and the bear, and are men of war from their youth.

Christian ministers especially should be no novices, but both in the school of temptation, and in some school of the prophets, they should be disciplined for fight. May there be such found here! I look out daily for such among you as are taught of God, and much of my time is spent with our young soldiers to make them expert in war. O that the Lord would hear my prayers and bless our college with men, and means, and above all with His Spirit.

Fools are not the men for this age. We need a sound knowledge of doctrine, practical power in preaching, and a thorough insight into the human heart. And where these by earnest prayer can be found in a man and further developed by careful teaching, we are bound to give our aid. Such men should be looked after, and no pains should be spared to bring them forth. In fact, dear friends, you ought to think it a high honor to be allowed to help in putting such men into working order.

Oh! how I groan to get my friends to feel the importance of sending out trained young ministers. I give my time and my substance cheerfully, but when will the Christian church help in this matter as it should?

Further, these men were not only well trained, but you will see *that they were always ready*. Each man has his sword upon his thigh, ready to be drawn forth. I know some nominal ministers who seem to me to carry no sword at all. They keep a sheath, a very handsome sheath, with a hilt at the top and a stick inside. What is the good of such men?

We want men to have *swords* in their sheaths, men who can speak with power, and have the demonstration of the Spirit and the power thereof resting upon them. Such men should wear their swords where they are to be got at, so that when the adversary comes they may dash at him at once. Rejoice, O daughter of Zion, thy Lord hath not left thee, even at this day, without some such men!

Observe also that these men were *watchful*, for “they had their sword on their thigh because of fear *in the night*.” They never sleep, but watch always for the Church’s interest. Pray you that the Lord may raise up many such, who night and day with tears shall watch for the souls of men, and against the enemies of our Israel.

Dear friends, some of you may at times be alarmed when you hear of attacks made upon the Bible. At one time it was thought that ethnology would prove that the human race could not be one, and Moses was terribly abused by some who said it was not possible that all of us could have come of one pair. That battle was fought, and you hear nothing of it now, it is over, learning and argument in the hand of God have routed those antagonists.

Then they pelted us with shells, and bones of lizards. Geology threatened to dig our graves, but we have lived all through that struggle, and we have found geology to be a great blessing, for it has shed a new light on the first chapter of Genesis, and made us understand a great deal better what it meant.

Another Amalekite advances to combat. This time it is with figures and numbers. We are to be speared with arithmetic, and slain with algebra! And what will be the result of it? Why, it will do the Bible a world of good, for we shall understand it better. I thank God whenever the Bible is attacked, for all those who know the times and seasons, begin to study just that part of Scripture more carefully, and then we get a clearer light shed upon it, and we find ourselves more confirmed than ever that this is the very truth, and that God hath revealed it to us.

“Well, but who will take this matter up?” I do not know, and I do not particularly care, but I know my Master has His threescore valiant men round about His bed, and that each man has his sword upon his thigh because of fear in the night, and never mind what the battle may be, the end of it will be for God’s glory, and there shall be progress with the chariot of Christ through that which seemed as if it

must overthrow it. Cast aside your fears, rejoice and be glad, O daughter of Zion! Thy Lord is with thee in the traveling chariot, and the threescore valiant men are watching against thy foes.

**III.** Meanwhile, reposing in peace, let us notice THE EXCELLENCY OF THIS CHARIOT IN WHICH JESUS RIDES.

It is not difficult to convey to persons the most unacquainted with Eastern manners and customs, an idea of what this palanquin is. It is a sort of large sedan in which one or two persons may recline with ease. Of course, this palanquin could not be made of gold or silver, because then it would be too heavy for carriage. It must be made of wood, hence King Solomon made a bed, or chariot, or palanquin, of the wood of Lebanon.

Then there needs to be four pillars supporting the covering and the curtains, the pillars thereof are of silver. The bottom of it should be something massive, in order to sustain the weight of the person, the bottom is of gold. The canopy on the top, is a covering of purple. Since to lie on gold would be very unpleasant, it is covered with delicate, daintily wrought carpets, and so we have the bottom thereof paved, or rather carpeted with love for the daughters of Jerusalem. Some delicate devices of needlework adorn the bottom of this bed-chariot in which the king and his spouse recline during their journey.

The doctrines of the Gospel are comparable, for their antiquity, for their sweet fragrance, for their incorruptibility, to the wood of Lebanon. The Gospel of Christ never decays. Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and for ever. Not one single truth bears any sign of rot. And to those souls that are enlightened from above, the Gospel gives forth a fragrance far richer than the wood of Lebanon.

*“No beams of cedar or of fir,  
Can with Thy precious truth compare.”*

I rejoice to know concerning you as a church, that the more you understand the doctrines of grace the better you love them. You are confirmed in the present faith, and well you may be, for our doctrine is worthy of your confidence. We are not afraid that any truth which Christ has uttered should be tried by the most stringent criticism, for not one single stone of all the bulwarks of Gospel doctrine can ever be removed out of its place. When cedars of Lebanon have yielded to the worm, even then shall the truth as it is in Jesus remain the same.

As for the silver pillars which bear up the canopy, to what should I liken them but to *the attributes of God* which support and guarantee the efficiency of the great atonement of Christ beneath which we are sheltered. There is the silver pillar of God's *justice*. He cannot, He will not smite the soul that hides beneath the cross of Christ. If Christ has paid the debt, how is it possible that God should visit again a second time the iniquity of His people, first on their Surety, and then again on themselves?

Then stands the next, the solid pillar of His *power*. “They shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand; my Father which gave them me is greater than all, and none is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand.”

Then on the other side is the pillar of His *love*, a silver pillar indeed, bright and sparkling to the eye. Love unchanging and eternal, strong as the power and fast as the justice which bear up the canopy on the other side.

And here on this side stands *immortality*, another column upon which the atonement rests. If God could change, then might He cast away His blood-bought, but “because I am God and change not, therefore ye sons of Jacob rejoice.”

As for the *covering of the chariot*, it is of purple. I need not tell you where it was dyed. No Tyrian hues are mingled here! Look up, Christian, and delight yourself in that blood-red canopy which shelters you from the sun by day and from the moon by night! From hell and heaven, from time and from eternity, are you secured by this covering which is of purple.

Oh! tempting theme to dilate upon the precious and glorious doctrine of atonement! Whenever our adversaries assail the church, whatever may be the apparent object of their animosity, their real one is

always the same, a desperate hatred to the great truth that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them. Well, as *they* hate it, let *us* love it, and under it let us take our greatest delight.

As for the *bottom of this palanquin*, which is of gold—may not this represent the eternal purpose and counsel of God, that purpose which He formed in Himself or ever the earth was? Pure was the decree of God, holy, wise, just, for His own glory, and most true. And as the precious things of the temple were all of gold, well may the basis of eternal love, an immutable and unchangeable decree, be compared to much fine gold.

I do not know, brethren, how it is with you, but I find it most pleasant to have as the basis of my hope, the firm decree of God. Atonement covers me, I know, but still on this I must rest, JEHOVAH wills it, God decrees it, He has said it and it must be done, He has commanded and it stands fast.

Oh! that golden sovereignty, whereon is written—“I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy; it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth.”

Dear brethren, the apostle plainly tells us that this is the basis on which even the silver pillars rest, “for he hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus, according as he hath chosen us in him from before the foundation of the world.”

Then, to make this all soft and pleasant to recline upon, here is pavement of needlework. Soft cushions of love on which to rest. There is a double meaning here, for both the bride and bridegroom find rest in love. Our Lord finds rest in the love of His people. “Here will I dwell for ever.” They do, as it were, make these carpets of needlework in their love and affection for Him, and in their trust and confidence in Him, and here He rests.

On the other hand, our Beloved spent His life to work for us our bed of rest, so that we must translate it, “love *of*,” as well as love *for* the daughters of Jerusalem.” *We* rest in Christ’s love, *He* rests in our love. Come, I need not explain further, brothers and sisters. Take your rest now to the full. You are married unto Christ, you are one with Him, betrothed to Him in faithfulness, embraced in the arms of His affection.

Fear not the noise of archers, the “threescore valiant men” protect you, and the King Himself embraces you. Now solace yourself with Him, take your full of His sweet society, and say unto Him from the bottom of your heart, “Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, for his love is better than wine.”

Leave fighting for the evidences to the valiant men who can do it. As for you, ye daughters of Jerusalem, rest upon your Lord’s bosom, leave conflict to the men ordained to fight, the men expert in war. As for you, be you expert in communion, understand the motions of Jesus’ heart, look unto the luster of His loving eyes, behold His beauties, be ravished with His divine affection to you, and now let your soul be satisfied with favor, and be full of the lovingkindness of the Lord!

**IV.** We close, then, by noticing THE DUTY OF EVERY BELIEVING HEART in connection with the subject.

Let every believer, while he recognizes himself as part of the church inside the palanquin, yet look upon himself personally as one of the daughters of Zion, and let us each *go forth* this morning to meet King Solomon. It is not King David, King David is the type of Christ up to the time of His crucifixion—“despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,” and yet King of the Jews.

King Solomon is the type of Christ ever since the day when—

*“They brought His chariot from above,  
To bear Him to His throne,”*

and with sound of trumpet, conducted Him to His Father’s above. Now it is King Solomon, King Solomon for wealth, for wisdom, for dignity, for honor, for peace. He is the Wonderful, Counsellor, The



mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace, and therefore is He King Solomon going forth.

Get up from your beds of sloth, rise from your chambers of ease, go forth, go forth to pray, to labor, to suffer. Go forth to live in purity, leaving Babylon behind, go forth to walk with Him alone, leaving even your kinfolk and acquaintances if they will not follow with you. Wherefore tarry you at home when the King is abroad? “Behold the Bridegroom cometh, come forth to meet him,” *and behold King Solomon*. Today let your eye rest upon Him. Let your eye behold the head that today is crowned with glory, wearing many crowns.

Behold you too, His hands which once were pierced, but are now grasping the scepter. Look to His girdle where swing the keys of heaven, and death, and hell. Look to His feet, once pierced with iron, but now set upon the dragon’s head. Behold His legs, like fine brass, as if they glowed in a furnace. Look at His heart, that bosom which heaves with love to you, and when you have surveyed Him from head to foot exclaim, “Yea, he is the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely.”

Does sin prevail? Behold King Solomon. Have doubts and fears arisen? Behold King Jesus. Are you troubled, and does your enemy annoy you? Look up to Him, behold King Solomon. I pray you remember the light in which you are to behold Him. Do not think that Christ has lost His former power. Behold Him as He was at Pentecost, *with the crown wherewith His mother crowned Him in the day of His espousals*.

Oh! how glorious was our Lord when the church crowned Him with her zeal, and the arrows went abroad, and three thousand fell slain by His right hand to be made alive by the breath of His mouth! Oh, how these early saints crowned Him, when they brought of their substance and laid it at the apostle’s feet, neither did any man count that all he had was his own.

They crowned Him with their heart’s purest love, the church had on her brow her bridal wreath, and her Husband wore His nuptial crown. Behold Him today as wearing that crown still, for He is the same Christ, and do you go forth to meet Him, and labor for Him, and love Him as the first saints did.

Forget not that His mother is to crown Him soon in the day of His espousals. He is our brother as well as our husband, and the church is *His* mother as well as ours. Oh! she is to crown Him soon! The day of His espousals draweth nigh. Hark! I hear the trumpet sound! Jesus comes, and His feet stand upon Mount Olivet. Kings and princes lick the dust before Him, He gathers sheaves of scepters beneath His arms even as the mower gathers wheat with the sickle. He treads on principalities and powers, the young lion and the dragon does He trample under foot.

And now His saints cry, “Hosanna, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the LORD.” The long expected one is come, and His mother crowns Him in the day of His espousals! Courage, poor heart, courage! Go forth and see King Solomon today as He is to be, and remember—

*“It does not yet appear  
How great we shall be made;  
But when we see our Savior here,  
We shall be like our Head.”*

When we look on *Him*, let us rejoice that this is to be our glory. We are to put off this sackcloth and put on scarlet and fine linen. The dust is to be wiped from our brow and the sweat from our face. The shackles are to be taken from our wrists, and the gyves from our legs, and we are to be emancipated, ennobled, glorified, made partners with Christ in all His splendor, and taught to reign with Him world without end

But there are some here that I can hardly call the daughters of Jerusalem, yet they are always round about Zion’s gate. Oh, there are many of you who are always listening to our voice, and joining in our hymns, and yet you have not seen our Master yet! Go forth, leave your sinful pleasures, and leave your self-righteousness too. Go forth and behold King Solomon.

Look to Jesus, sinner, bleeding on the cross, and as you look, love and trust, and I know that as soon as you have seen Him and trusted Him, you will have a crown to put upon His head. It will be the day of your espousal to Him, and you will crown Him with such a crown. You will decorate that crown with jewels dug from the secret mine of your deepest heart, and having made this crown, you will put it on His head, and fall down before Him and sing—

*“All hail the power of Jesu’s name,  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all.”*

Well then, we will lay aside every fear, and continue all the day gazing upon our matchless Christ, adoring Him, exalting Him, and having fellowship with Him, for all is well. His traveling chariot is always safe, and soon He will step out of it with His bride at His right hand, and the world shall be astonished to behold the beauties of the royal pair when He shall be exalted, and they that are with Him, before the presence of His Father and all the holy angels!

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