

CHRIST OUR PASSOVER

NO. 54

A SERMON
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 AT NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL, SOUTHWARK.

“For even Christ our passover is sacrificed for us.”
1 Corinthians 5:7.

THE more you read the Bible and the more you meditate upon it, the more you will be astonished with it. He who is but a casual reader of the Bible does not know the height, the depth, the length, and breadth of the mighty meanings contained in its pages. There are certain times when I discover a new vein of thought and I put my hand to my head and say in astonishment, “Oh, it is wonderful, I never saw this before in the Scriptures.” You will find the Scriptures enlarge as you enter them, the more you study them the less you will appear to know of them, for they widen out as we approach them. Especially will you find this the case with the typical parts of God’s Word. Most of the historical books were intended to be types either of dispensations, or experiences, or offices of Jesus Christ. Study the Bible with this as a key and you will not blame Herbert when he calls it “not only the book of God, but the God of books.” One of the most interesting points of the Scriptures is their constant tendency to display Christ, and perhaps one of the most beautiful figures under which Jesus Christ is ever exhibited in sacred writ, is the Passover Paschal Lamb. It is Christ of whom we are about to speak tonight.

Israel was in Egypt in extreme bondage, the severity of their slavery had continually increased till it was so oppressive that their incessant groans went up to heaven. God who avenges His own elect, though they cry day and night unto Him, at last determined that He would direct a fearful blow against Egypt’s king and Egypt’s nation, and deliver His people. We can picture the anxieties and the anticipations of Israel, but we can scarcely sympathize with them, unless we as Christians have had the same deliverance from spiritual Egypt. Let us, brethren, go back to the day in our experience, when we abode in the land of Egypt, working in the brick-kilns of sin, toiling to make ourselves better, and finding it to be of no avail, let us recall that memorable night, the beginning of months, the commencement of a new life in our spirit, and the beginning of an altogether new era in our soul. The Word of God struck the blow at our sin, He gave us Jesus Christ our sacrifice, and in that night we went out of Egypt.

Though we have passed through the wilderness since then, and have fought the Amalekites, have trodden on the fiery serpent, have been scorched by the heat and frozen by the snows, yet we have never since that time gone back to Egypt, although our hearts may sometimes have desired the leeks, the onions, and the flesh-pots of Egypt, yet we have never been brought into slavery since then. Come, let us keep the Passover this night, and think of the night when the Lord delivered us out of Egypt. Let us behold our Savior Jesus as the Paschal Lamb on which we feed, yea, let us not only look at Him as such, but let us sit down tonight at His table, let us eat of His flesh and drink of His blood, for His flesh is meat indeed, and His blood is drink indeed. In holy solemnity let our hearts approach that ancient supper, let us go back to Egypt’s darkness, and by holy contemplation behold, instead of the destroying angel, the angel of the covenant, at the head of the feast—“The Lamb of God which takes away the sins of the world.”

I shall not have time tonight to enter into the whole history and mystery of the Passover, you will not understand me to be tonight preaching concerning *the whole of it*, but a few prominent points therein as a part of them. It would require a dozen sermons to do so, in fact a book as large as Caryl upon Job—if we could find a divine equally prolix and equally sensible. But we shall first of all look at the Lord Jesus

Christ, and show how He corresponds with the Paschal Lamb, and endeavor to bring you to the two points—of having His blood sprinkled on you, and having fed on Him.

I. First, then, JESUS CHRIST IS TYPIFIED HERE UNDER THE PASCHAL LAMB, and should there be one of the seed of Abraham here who has never seen Christ to be the Messiah, I beg his special attention to that which I am to advance, when I speak of the Lord Jesus as none other than the Lamb of God slain for the deliverance of His chosen people. Follow me with your Bibles, and open first at the twelfth chapter of Exodus.

We commence, first of all, with the victim—the *lamb*. How fine a picture of Christ. No other creature could so well have typified Him who was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners. Being also the emblem of sacrifice, it most sweetly portrayed our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Search natural history through, and though and you will find other emblems which set forth different characteristics of His nature and admirably display Him to our souls, yet there is none which seems so appropriate to the person of our beloved Lord as that of the Lamb. A child would at once perceive the likeness between a lamb and Jesus Christ, so gentle and innocent, so mild and harmless, neither hurting others, nor seeming to have the power to resent an injury—

*“A humble man before His foes,
A weary man and full of woes.”*

What tortures the sheepish race have received from us! how are they, though innocent, continually slaughtered for our food! Their skin is dragged from their backs, their wool is shorn to give us a garment. And so the Lord Jesus Christ, our glorious Master, does give us His garments that we may be clothed with them, He is rent in sunder for us; His very blood is poured out for our sins; harmless and holy, a glorious sacrifice for the sins of all His children. Thus the Paschal Lamb might well convey to the pious Hebrew, the person of a suffering, silent, patient, harmless Messiah.

Look further down. It was a lamb *without blemish*. A blemished lamb, if it had the smallest speck of disease, the least wound, would not have been allowed for a Passover. The priest would not have suffered it to be slaughtered, nor would God have accepted the sacrifice at his hands. It must be a lamb without blemish. And was not Jesus Christ even such from His birth? Unblemished, born of the pure virgin Mary, begotten of the Holy Ghost, without a taint of sin, His soul was pure and spotless as the driven snow, white, clear, perfect, and His life was the same. In Him was no sin. He took our infirmities and bore our sorrows on the cross. He was in all points tempted as we are, but there was that sweet exception, “yet without sin.” A lamb without blemish. You who have known the Lord, who have tasted of His grace, who have held fellowship with Him, does not your heart acknowledge that He is a lamb without blemish? Can you find any fault with your Savior? Have you aught to lay to His charge? Has His truthfulness departed? Have His words been broken? Have His promises failed? Has He forgotten His engagements? And, in any respect, can you find in Him any blemish? Ah, no! He is the unblemished lamb, the pure, the spotless, the immaculate, “the Lamb of God who takes away the sin of the world,” and in Him there is no sin.

Go on further down the chapter. “Your lamb shall be without blemish, *a male of the first year*.” I need not stop to consider the reason why the male was chosen, we only note that it was to be a male of the first year. Then it was in its prime, then its strength was unexhausted, then its power was just ripened into maturity and perfection, God would not have an untimely fruit. God would not have that offered which had not come to maturity. And so our Lord Jesus Christ had just come to the ripeness of manhood when He was offered. At thirty four years of age was He sacrificed for our sins. He was then hale and strong, although His body may have been emaciated by suffering, and His face more marred than that of any other man, yet was He then in the perfection of manhood. I think I see Him then. His goodly beard flowing down upon His breast, I see Him with His eyes full of genius, His form erect, His mien majestic, His energy entire, His whole frame in full development—a real man, a magnificent man—

fairer than the sons of men, a lamb not only without blemish, but with His powers fully brought out. Such was Jesus Christ—a Lamb of the first year—not a boy, not a lad, not a young man, but a full man, that He might give His soul unto us. He did not give Himself to die for us when He was a youth, for He would not then have given all He was to be, He did not give Himself to die for us when He was in old age, for then would He have given Himself when He was in decay, but just in His maturity, in His very prime, then Jesus Christ our Passover was sacrificed for us. And, moreover, at the time of His death, Christ was full of life, for we are informed by one of the evangelists that, “He cried with a loud voice and gave up the ghost.” This is a sign that Jesus did not die through weakness, nor through decay of nature. His soul was strong within Him, He was still the Lamb of the first year. Still was He mighty, He could, if He pleased, even on the cross, have unlocked His hands from their iron bolts, and descending from the tree of infamy, have driven His astonished foes before Him, like deer scattered by a lion, yet did He meekly yield obedience unto death.

My soul, can you not see your Jesus here, the unblemished Lamb of the first year, strong and mighty? And, O my heart! does not the thought rise up—if Jesus consecrated Himself to you when He was thus in all His strength and vigor, should not I in youth dedicate myself to Him? And if I am in manhood, how am I doubly bound to give my strength to Him? And if I am in old age, still should I seek while the little remains, to consecrate that little to Him. If He gave His all to me, which was much, should I not give my little all to Him? Should I not feel bound to consecrate myself entirely to His service, to lay body, soul, and spirit, time, talents, all upon His altar? And though I am not an unblemished lamb, yet I am happy that as the leavened cake was accepted with the sacrifice, though never burned with it—I, though a leavened cake, may be offered on the altar with my Lord and Savior, the Lord’s burnt offering, and so, though impure, and full of leaven, I may be accepted in the beloved, an offering of a sweet savor, acceptable unto the Lord my God. Here is Jesus, beloved, a Lamb without blemish, a Lamb of the first year!

The subject now expands and the interest deepens. Let me have your very serious consideration to the next point, which has much gratified me in its discovery, and which will instruct you in the relation. In the sixth verse of the twelfth chapter of Exodus we are told that this lamb which should be offered at the Passover was to be *selected four days before its sacrifice, and to be kept apart*—“In the tenth day of this month they shall take to them every man a lamb, according to the house of their fathers, a lamb for an house: and if the household be too little for the lamb, let him and his neighbor next unto his house take it according to the number of the souls; every man according to his eating shall make your count for the lamb.” The sixth verse says, “And you shall keep it up until the fourteenth day of the same month.” For four days this lamb, chosen to be offered, was taken away from the rest of the flock and kept alone by itself, for two reasons: partly that by its constant bleating they might be put in remembrance of the solemn feast which was to be celebrated, and moreover, that during the four days they might be quite assured that it had no blemish, for during that time it was subject to constant inspection, in order that they might be certain that it had no hurt or injury that would render it unacceptable to the Lord. And now, brethren, a remarkable fact flashes before you—just as this lamb was separated four days, the ancient allegories used to say that Christ was separated four years. Four years after He left His father’s house, He went into the wilderness, and was tempted of the devil. Four years after His baptism He was sacrificed for us.

But there is another, better than that—about four days before His crucifixion, Jesus Christ rode in triumph through the streets of Jerusalem. He was thus openly set apart as being distinct from mankind. He, on the ass, rode up to the temple, that all might see Him to be Judah’s Lamb, chosen of God, and ordained from the foundation of the world. And what is more remarkable still, during those four days, you will see, if you turn to the Evangelists, at your leisure, that as much is recorded of what He did and said as through all the other parts of His life. During those four days, He upbraided the fig tree, and straightway it withered, it was then that He drove the buyers and sellers from the temple, it was then that He rebuked the priests and elders, by telling them the similitude of the two sons, one of whom said he

would go, and did not, and the other who said he would not go, and went, it was then that He narrated the parable of the husbandmen, who slew those who were sent to them, afterwards He gave the parable of the marriage of the king's son. Then comes His parable concerning the man who went unto the feast, not having on a wedding garment, and then also, the parable concerning the ten virgins, five of whom were wise, and five of whom were foolish, then comes the chapter of very striking denunciations against the Pharisees—"Woe unto you, O you blind Pharisees! cleanse first that which is within the cup and platter," and then also comes that long chapter of prophecy concerning what should happen at the siege of Jerusalem, and an account of the dissolution of the world, "Learn a parable of the fig tree: when his branch is yet tender and puts forth leaves, you know that summer is nigh."

But I will not trouble you by telling you here that at the same time He gave them that splendid description of the day of judgment when the sheep shall be divided from the goats. In fact, the most splendid utterances of Jesus were recorded as having taken place within these four days. Just as the lamb separated from its fellows, did bleat more than ever during the four days, so did Jesus during those four days speak more, and if you want to find a choice saying of Jesus, turn to the account of the last four days' ministry to find it. There you will find that chapter, "Let not your hearts be troubled," there also, His great prayer, "Father, I will;" and so on. The greatest things He did, He did in the last four days, when He was set apart.

And there is one more thing to which I beg your particular attention, and that is, that during those four days I told you that the lamb was subject to the closest scrutiny, so, also, during those four days, it is singular to relate, that Jesus Christ was examined by all classes of persons. It was during those four days that the lawyer asked Him which was the greatest commandment, and he said, "You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul, and with all your might, and you shall love your neighbor as yourself." It was then that the Herodians came and questioned Him about the tribute money, it was then that the Pharisees tempted Him, it was then, also, the Sadducees tried Him upon the subject of the resurrection. He was tried by all classes and grades—Herodians, Pharisees, Sadducees, lawyers, and the common people. It was during these four days that He was examined, but how did He come forth? An immaculate Lamb! The officers said, "Never man spoke like this man." His foes found none who could even bear false witness against Him, such as agreed together, and Pilate declared, "I find no fault in Him." He would not have been fit for the Paschal Lamb had a single blemish have been discovered, but "I find no fault in Him," was the utterance of the great chief magistrate, who thereby declared that the Lamb might be eaten at God's Passover, the symbol and the means of the deliverance of God's people. O beloved! you have only to study the Scriptures to find out wondrous things in them, you have only to search deeply, and you will stand amazed at their richness. You will find God's Word to be a very precious word, the more you live by it and study it, the more will it be endeared to your minds.

But the next thing we must mark is *the place where this lamb was to be killed*, which peculiarly sets forth that it must be Jesus Christ. The first Passover was held in Egypt, the second Passover was held in the wilderness, but we do not read that there were more than these two Passovers celebrated until the Israelites came to Canaan. And then, if you turn to a passage in Deuteronomy, the sixteenth chapter you will find that God no longer allowed them to slay the Lamb in their own houses but appointed a place for its celebration. In the wilderness, they brought their offerings to the tabernacle where the lamb was slaughtered, but at its first appointment in Egypt, of course they had no special place to which they took the lamb to be sacrificed. Afterwards, we read in the sixteenth of Deuteronomy, and the fifth verse, "You may not sacrifice the Passover within any of your gates, which the Lord your God gives you; but at the place which the Lord your God shall choose to place his name in, there you shall sacrifice the Passover at even, at the going down of the sun, at the season that you came forth out of Egypt." It was in Jerusalem that men ought to worship, for salvation was of the Jews; there was God's palace, there His altar smoked, and there only might the Paschal Lamb be killed. So was our blessed Lord led to Jerusalem. The infuriated throng dragged Him along the city. In Jerusalem our Lamb was sacrificed for

us, it was at the precise spot where God had ordained that it should be. Oh! if that mob who gathered round Him at Nazareth had been able to push Him headlong down the hill, then Christ could not have died at Jerusalem, but as He said, "A prophet cannot perish out of Jerusalem," so was it true that the King of all prophets could not do otherwise—the prophecies concerning Him would not have been fulfilled. "You shall kill the lamb in the place the Lord your God shall appoint." He was sacrificed in the very place. Thus, again you have an incidental proof that Jesus Christ was the Paschal Lamb for His people.

The next point is *the manner of his death*. I think the manner in which the lamb was to be offered so peculiarly sets forth the crucifixion of Christ, that no other kind of death could by any means have answered all the particulars set down here.

First, the lamb was to be slaughtered and its blood caught in a basin. Usually the priest stood at the altar, the Levites or the people, slaughtered the lamb and the blood was caught in a golden basin. Then, as soon as it was taken, the priest standing by the altar on which the fat was burning threw the blood on the fire or cast it at the foot of the altar. You may guess what a scene it was. Ten thousand lambs sacrificed and the blood poured out in a purple river. Next, the lamb was to be roasted, but it was not to have a bone of its body broken. Now I do say, there is nothing but crucifixion which can answer all these three things. Crucifixion has in it the shedding of blood—the hands and feet were pierced. It has in it the idea of roasting, for roasting signifies a long torment, and as the lamb was for a long time before the fire, so Christ, in crucifixion, was for a long time exposed to a broiling sun, and all the other pains which crucifixion engenders. Moreover not a bone was broken, which could not have been the case with any other punishment.

Suppose it had been possible to put Christ to death in any other way. Sometimes the Romans put criminals to death by decapitation, but by such a death the neck is broken. Many martyrs were put to death by having a sword pierced through them, but, while that would have been a bloody death and not a bone broken necessarily, the torment would not have been long enough to have been pictured by the roasting. So that, take whatever punishment you will—take hanging, which sometimes the Romans practiced in the form of strangling, that mode of punishment does not involve shedding of blood, and consequently the requirements would not have been answered. And I do think any intelligent Jew, reading through this account of the Passover, and then looking at the crucifixion, must be struck by the fact that the penalty and death of the cross by which Christ suffered, must have taken in all these three things. There was blood-shedding; the long continued suffering—the roasting of torture; and then added to that, singularly enough, by God's providence not a bone was broken, but the body was taken down from the cross intact. Some may say that burning might have answered the matter, but there would not have been a shedding of blood in that case and the bones would have been virtually broken in the fire. Besides, the body would not have been preserved entire. Crucifixion was the only death which could answer all of these three requirements. And my faith receives great strength from the fact that I see my Savior not only as a fulfillment of the type, but the only one.

My heart rejoices to look on Him whom I have pierced, and see His blood, as the lamb's blood, sprinkled on my lintel and my doorpost, and see His bones unbroken, and to believe that not a bone of His spiritual body shall be broken hereafter, and I rejoice, also, to see Him roasted in the fire, because thereby I see that He satisfied God for that roasting which I ought to have suffered in the torment of hell forever and ever.

Christian! I would that I had words to depict in better language, but as it is, I give you the undigested thoughts, which you may take home and live upon during the week, for you will find this Paschal Lamb to be an hourly feast, as well as supper, and you may feed upon it continually, till you come to the mount of God where you shall see Him as He is, and worship Him in the Lamb in the midst thereof.

II. HOW WE DERIVE BENEFIT FROM THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

Christ our Passover is slain for us. The Jew could not say that, he could say, *a* lamb, but "*the Lamb*," even "Christ our Passover," was not yet become a victim. And there are some of my hearers

within these walls tonight who cannot say, “Christ our Passover is slain for us.” But glory be to God! some of us can. There are not a few here, who have laid their hands upon the glorious Scapegoat, and now they can put their hands upon the Lamb also, and they can say, “Yes, it is true, He is not only slain, but Christ our Passover is slain for us.”

We derive benefit from the death of Christ in two modes: first, by having His blood sprinkled on us for our *redemption*, secondly, by our eating His flesh for food, *regeneration* and *sanctification*. The first aspect in which a sinner views Jesus is that of a lamb slain, whose blood is sprinkled on the doorpost and on the lintel. Note the fact that the blood was never sprinkled on the threshold. It was sprinkled on the lintel, the top of the door, on the side-post, but never on the threshold, for woe unto him who tramples under foot the blood of the Son of God! Even the priest of Dagon trod not on the threshold of his god, much less will the Christian trample under foot the blood of the Paschal Lamb. But His blood must be on our right hand to be our constant guard, and on our left to be our continual support. We want to have Jesus Christ sprinkled on us. As I told you before, it is not alone the blood of Christ poured out on Calvary that saves a sinner, it is the blood of Christ sprinkled on the heart.

Let us turn to the land of Zoan. Do you not think you behold the scene tonight! It is evening. The Egyptians are going homeward—little thinking of what is coming. But just as soon as the sun is set, a lamb is brought into every house. The Egyptian strangers passing by say, “These Hebrews are about to keep a feast tonight,” and they retire to their houses utterly careless about it. The father of the Hebrew house takes his lamb, and examining it once more with anxious curiosity, looks it over from head to foot, to see if it has a blemish. He finds none. “My son,” he says to one of them, “Bring here the basin.” It is held. He stabs the lamb, and the blood flows into the basin.

Do you not think you see the sire, as he commands his matronly wife to roast the lamb before the fire! “Take heed,” he says, “that not a bone is broken.” Do you see her intense anxiety as she puts it down to roast, lest a bone should be broken? “Now,” says the father, “bring a bunch of hyssop.” A child brings it. The father dips it into the blood. “Come here, my children, wife and all, and see what I am about to do.” He takes the hyssop in his hands, dips it in the blood and sprinkles it across the lintel and the doorpost. His children say, “What mean you by this ordinance?” He answers, “This night the Lord God will pass through to smite the Egyptians, and when He sees the blood upon the lintel and on the two side posts, the Lord will pass over the door, and will not allow the destroyer to come into your houses to smite you.” The thing is done, the lamb is cooked, the guests are set down to it, the father of the family has supplicated a blessing, they are sitting down to feast upon it. And mark how the old man carefully divides joint from joint, lest a bone should be broken, and he is particular that the smallest child of the family should have some of it to eat, for so the Lord has commanded.

Do you not think you see him as he tells them, “It is a solemn night—make haste—in another hour we shall all go out of Egypt.” He looks at his hands, they are rough with labor, and clapping them, he cries, “I am not to be a slave any longer.” His eldest son, perhaps, has been smarting under the lash and he says, “Son, you have had the task-master’s lash upon you this afternoon, but it is the last time you shall feel it.” He looks at them all, with tears in his eyes—“This is the night the Lord God will deliver you.”

Do you see them with their hats on their heads, with their loins girt and their staves in their hands? It is the dead of the night. Suddenly they hear a shriek! The father says, “Keep within doors, my children, you will know what it is in a moment.” Now another shriek—another shriek—shriek succeeds shriek, they hear perpetual wailing and lamentation. “Remain within,” he says, “the angel of death is flying abroad.” A solemn silence is in the room, and they can almost hear the wings of the angel flap in the air as he passes their blood-marked door. “Be calm,” says the sire, “that blood will save you.” The shrieking increases. “Eat quickly, my children,” he says again, and in a moment the Egyptians coming, say, “Get you hence! Get you hence! We care not for the jewels that you have borrowed. You have brought death into our houses.” “Oh!” says a mother, “Go! For God’s sake! go. My eldest son lies dead!” “Go!” says a father “Go! and peace go with you. It were an ill day when your people came into Egypt, and our king

began to slay your first-born, for God is punishing us for our cruelty.” Ah! see them leaving the land, the shrieks are still heard, the people are busy about their dead. As they go out, a son of Pharaoh is taken away unembalmed, to be buried in one of the pyramids. Presently they see one of their task-master’s sons taken away. A happy night for them—when they escape!

And do you see, my hearers, a glorious parallel? They had to sprinkle the blood and also to eat the lamb. Ah! my soul, have you ever had the blood sprinkled on you? Can you say that Jesus Christ is yours? It is not enough to say, “He loved the world and gave His Son,” you must say, “He loved *me* and gave Himself for *me*.” There is another hour coming, dear friends, when we shall all stand before God’s bar, and then God will say, “Angel of death, you once did smite Egypt’s first-born, you know your prey. Unsheathe your sword.” I behold the great gathering, you and I are standing among them. It is a solemn moment. All men stand in suspense. There is neither hum nor murmur. The very stars cease to shine lest the light should disturb the air by its motion. All is still. God says, “Have you sealed those that are Mine?” “I have,” says Gabriel, “they are sealed by blood every one of them.” Then says He next, “Sweep with your sword of slaughter! Sweep the Earth! and send the unclothed, the unpurchased, the unwashed ones to the pit.” Oh! how shall we feel beloved, when for a moment we see that angel flap his wings? He is just about to fly. “But,” will the doubt cross our minds, “perhaps he will come to me”? Oh! No, we shall stand and look the angel full in his face—

***“Bold shall I stand in that great day!
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
While through Your blood absolved I am
From sin’s tremendous curse and shame.”***

If we have the blood on us, we shall see the angel coming and we shall smile at him, we shall dare to come even to God’s face and say—

“Great God! I’m clean! Through Jesus’ blood, I’m clean!”

But if, my hearer, your unwashed spirit shall stand before its Maker, if your guilty soul shall appear with all its black spots upon it, unsprinkled with the purple tide, how will you speak when you see flash from the scabbard the angel’s sword swift for death, and winged for destruction, and when it shall cleave you asunder? I think I see you standing now. The angel is sweeping away a thousand there. There is one of your tavern companions. There one with whom you did dance and swear. There another, who after attending the same chapel, like you, was a despiser of religion. Now death comes nearer to you. Just as when the reaper sweeps the field and the next ear trembles because its turn shall come next, I see a brother and a sister swept into the pit. Have I no blood upon me? Then, O rocks! it were kind of you to hide me. You have no benevolence in your arms. Mountains! let me find in your caverns some little shelter. But it is all in vain, for vengeance shall cleave the mountains and split the rocks open to find me out. Have I no blood? Have I no hope? Ah! no! He smites me. Eternal damnation is my horrible portion. The depth of the darkness of Egypt for you, and the horrible torments of the pit from which none can escape! Ah! my dear hearers, could I preach as I could wish, could I speak to you without my lips and with my heart, then would I bid you seek that sprinkled blood, and urge you by the love of your own soul, by everything that is sacred and eternal, to labor to get this blood of Jesus sprinkled on your souls. It is the blood sprinkled that saves a sinner.

But when the Christian gets the blood sprinkled, that is not all he wants. *He wants something to feed upon.* And, O sweet thought! Jesus Christ is not only a Savior for sinners, but He is food for them after they are saved. The Paschal Lamb by faith we eat. We live on it. You may tell, my hearers, whether you have the blood sprinkled on the door by this: do you eat the Lamb? Suppose for a moment that one of the old Jews had said in his heart, “I do not see the use of this feasting. It is quite right to sprinkle the blood on the lintel or else the door will not be known, but what good is all this inside? We will have the

lamb prepared, and we will not break his bones, but we will not eat of it.” And suppose he went and stored the lamb away. What would have been the consequence? Why, the angel of death would have smitten Him as well as the rest, even if the blood had been upon him. And if, moreover, that old Jew had said, “There, we will have a little piece of it, but we will have something else to eat, we will have some unleavened bread, we will not turn the leaven out of our houses, but we will have some leavened bread.” If they had not consumed the lamb, but had reserved some of it, then the sword of the angel would have found the heart out as well as that of any other man.

Oh! dear hearer, you may think you have the blood sprinkled, you may think you are just, but if you do not live *on* Christ as well as *by* Christ, you will never be saved by the Paschal Lamb. “Ah!” say some, “we know nothing of this.” Of course you don’t. When Jesus Christ said, “Except you eat My flesh, and drink My blood, you have no life in you,” there were some that said, “This is a hard saying, who can bear it?” and many from that time went back—and walked no more with Him. They could not understand Him, but, Christian, do you not understand it? Is not Jesus Christ your daily food? And even with the bitter herbs, is He not sweet food? Some of you, my friends, who are true Christians, live too much on your changing frames and feelings, on your experiences and evidences. Now, that is all wrong. That is just as if a worshipper had gone to the tabernacle and began eating one of the coats that were worn by the priest. When a man lives on Christ’s righteousness, it is the same as eating Christ’s dress. When a man lives on his frames and feelings, that is as much as if the child of God should live on some tokens that he received in the sanctuary that never were meant for food, but only to comfort him a little. What the Christian lives on is not Christ’s righteousness, but Christ, he does not live on Christ’s pardon, but on Christ, and on Christ he lives daily, on nearness to Christ.

Oh! I do love Christ-preaching. It is not the doctrine of justification that does my heart good, it is Christ, the justifier, it is not pardon that so much makes the Christian’s heart rejoice, it is Christ the pardoner, it is not election that I love half so much as my being chosen in Christ before worlds began, ay! it is not final perseverance that I love so much as the thought that in Christ my life is hid, and that since He gives unto His sheep eternal life, they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of His hand. Take care, Christian, to eat the Paschal Lamb and nothing else. I tell you man, if you eat that alone, it will be like bread to you—your soul’s best food. If you live on aught else but the Savior, you are like one who seeks to live on some weed that grows in the desert, instead of eating the manna that comes down from heaven. Jesus is the manna. *In* Jesus as well as *by* Jesus we live. Now, dear friends, in coming to this table, we will keep the Paschal Supper. Once more, by faith, we will eat the Lamb, by holy trust we will come to a crucified Savior, and feed on His blood, and righteousness, and atonement.

And now, in concluding, let me ask you, are you hoping to be saved, my friends? One says, “Well, I don’t hardly know, I hope to be saved, but I do not know how.” Do you know, you imagine I tell you a fiction, when I tell you that people are hoping to be saved by works, but it is not so, it is a reality. In traveling through the country I meet with all sorts of characters, but most frequently with self-righteous persons. How often do I meet with a man who thinks himself quite godly because he attends church once on a Sunday, and who thinks himself quite righteous because he belongs to the Establishment, as a churchman said to me the other day, “I am a rigid churchman.” “I am glad of that,” I said to him, “because then you are a Calvinist, if you hold the ‘Articles.’” He replied “I don’t know about the ‘Articles,’ I go more by the ‘Rubric.’” And so I thought he was more of a formalist than a Christian. There are many persons like that in the world.

Another says, “I believe I shall be saved. I don’t owe anybody anything, I have never been a bankrupt, I pay everybody twenty shillings in the pound, I never get drunk, and if I wrong anybody at any time, I try to make up for it by giving a pound a year to such-and-such a society, I am as religious as most people, and I believe I shall be saved.” That will not do. It is as if some old Jew had said, “We don’t want the blood on the lintel, we have got a mahogany lintel, we don’t want the blood on the doorpost, we have a mahogany doorpost.” Ah! whatever it was, the angel would have smitten it if it had

not had the blood upon it. You may be as righteous as you like, if you have not the blood sprinkled, all the goodness of your doorposts and lintels will be of no avail whatever. “Yes,” says another, “I am not trusting exactly there. I believe it is my duty to be as good as I can, but then I think Jesus Christ’s mercy will make up the rest. I try to be as righteous as circumstances will allow, and I believe that whatever deficiencies there may be, Christ will make them up.” That is as if a Jew had said, “Child, bring me the blood,” and then, when that was brought, he had said, “bring me a ewer of water,” and then he had taken it and mixed it together, and sprinkled the doorpost with it. Why, the angel would have smitten him as well as anyone else, for it is *blood, blood, blood, blood!* that saves. It is not blood mixed with the water of our poor works, it is *blood, blood, blood, blood!* and nothing else. And the only way of salvation is by blood. For, without shedding of blood there is no remission of sin. Have precious blood sprinkled upon you, my hearers, trust in precious blood, let your hope be in a salvation sealed with an atonement of precious blood, and you are saved. But having no blood, or having blood mixed with anything else, you are damned as you are alive—for the angel shall slay you, however good and righteous you may be. Go home, then, and think of this, “Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us.”

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