

HIS NAME—WONDERFUL!

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**A SERMON
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AT THE MUSIC HALL, ROYAL SURREY GARDENS**

*“His name shall be called Wonderful.”
Isaiah 9:6*

ONE evening last week I stood by the seashore when the storm was raging. The voice of the Lord was upon the waters And who was I that I should tarry within doors when my Master’s voice was heard sounding along the water? I rose and stood to behold the flash of His lightnings and listen to the glory of His thunders.

The sea and the thunder were contesting with one another—the sea with infinite clamor striving to hush the deep-throated thunder, so that his voice should not be heard. Yet over and above the roar of the billows might be heard that voice of God, as He spake with flames of fire and divided the way for the waters.

It was a dark night, and the sky was covered with thick clouds, and scarce a star could be seen through the rifts of the tempest—but at one particular time, I noticed far away on the horizon, as if miles across the water—a bright shining, like gold. It was the moon hidden behind the clouds, so that she could not shine upon us. But she was able to send her rays down upon the waters, far away, where no cloud happened to intervene.

I thought as I read this chapter last evening, that the prophet seemed to have stood in a like position when He wrote the words of my text. All round him were clouds of darkness. He heard prophetic thunders roaring and he saw flashes of the lightnings of divine vengeance—clouds and darkness for many a league were scattered through history.

But he saw far away a bright spot—one place where the clear shining came down from heaven. And he sat down and he penned these words—“The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.” And though he looked through whole leagues of space, where he saw the battle of the warrior “with confused noise and garments rolled in blood,” yet he fixed his eye upon one bright spot in the futurity, and he declared that there he saw hope of peace, prosperity, and blessedness. For he said, “Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful.”

My dear friends, we live today upon the verge of that bright spot. The world has been passing through these clouds of darkness and the light is gleaming on us now, like the glintings of the first rays of morning. We are coming to a brighter day and “at evening time it shall be light.” The clouds and darkness shall be rolled up as a mantle that God needs no longer, and He shall appear in His glory and His people shall rejoice with Him.

But you must mark that all the brightness was the result of this child born, this Son given, whose name is called Wonderful. And if we can discern any brightness in our own hearts, or in the world’s history, it can come from nowhere else than from the One who is called, “Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God.”

The person spoken of in our text is undoubtedly the Lord Jesus Christ. He is a child born, with reference to His human nature. He is born of the virgin, a child. But He is a Son given, with reference to His divine nature, being given as well as born. Of course, the Godhead could not be born of woman. That was from everlasting and is to everlasting. As a child He was born—as a Son He was given.

“The government is upon his shoulder, and his name shall be called Wonderful.” Beloved, there are a thousand things in this world that are called by names that do not belong to them. But in entering upon my text, I must announce at the very opening, that Christ is called Wonderful, because He is so. God the Father never gave His Son a name which He did not deserve.

There is no panegyric here, no flattery. It is just the simple name that He deserves. They that know Him best will say that the word does not overstrain His merits, but rather falls infinitely short of His glorious deserving. His name is called Wonderful.

And mark, it does not merely say that God has given Him the name of Wonderful—though that is implied, but “His name shall be *called*” so. It *shall* be. It is at this time called Wonderful by all His believing people and it shall be. As long as the moon endures, there shall be found men, and angels, and glorified spirits, who shall always call Him by His right name. “His name shall be called Wonderful.”

I find that this name may bear two or three interpretations. The word is sometimes in Scripture translated “marvelous.” Jesus Christ may be called marvelous. And a learned German interpreter says, that without doubt, the meaning of miraculous is also wrapped up in it. Christ is the marvel of marvels, the miracle of miracles.

“His name shall be called *Miraculous*,” for He is more than a man, He is God’s highest miracle. “Great is the mystery of godliness; God was manifest in the flesh.” It may also mean separated or distinguished. And Jesus Christ may well be called this, for as Saul was distinguished from all men, being head and shoulders taller than they, so is Christ distinguished above all men.

He is anointed with the oil of gladness above His fellows, and in His character and in His acts, He is infinitely separated from all comparison with any of the sons of men. “Thou art fairer than the children of men; grace is poured into thy lips.” He is “the chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely.” “His name shall be called the *Separated One*,” the distinguished one, the noble one, set apart from the common race of mankind.

We shall, however, this morning keep to the old version and simply read it thus, “His name shall be called Wonderful.” And first I shall notice that Jesus Christ deserves to be called Wonderful for *what He was in the past*. Secondly, that He is called Wonderful by all His people for *what He is in the present*. And in the third place, that He *shall* be called Wonderful, *for what He shall be in the future*.

I. First, Christ shall be called Wonderful for WHAT HE WAS IN THE PAST.

Gather up your thoughts, my brethren, for a moment, and center them all on Christ and you will soon see how wonderful He is. Consider His eternal existence, “begotten of his Father from before all worlds,” being of the same substance with His Father—begotten, not made, co-equal, co-eternal, in every attribute—“very God of very God.”

For a moment remember that He who became an infant of a span long was no less than the King of ages, the everlasting Father, who was from eternity and is to be to all eternity. The divine nature of Christ is indeed wonderful.

Just think for a moment how much interest clusters round the life of an old man. Those of us who are but as children in years, look up to him with wonder and astonishment as he tells us the varied stories of the experience through which he has passed. But what is the life of an aged man—how brief it appears when compared with the life of the tree that shelters him.

It existed long before that old man’s father crept a helpless infant into the world. How many storms have swept over its brow! How many kings have come and gone! How many empires have risen and fallen since that old oak was slumbering in its acorn cradle! But what is the life of the tree compared with the soil on which it grows?

What a wonderful story that soil might tell! What changes it has passed through in all the eras of time that have elapsed since, “In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.” There is a wonderful story connected with every atom of black mold which furnishes the nourishment of the oak. But what is the history of that soil compared with the marvelous history of the rock on which it rests—the cliff on which it lifts its head?

Oh, what stories might it tell, what records lie hidden in its bowels. Perhaps it could tell the story of the time when “the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the earth.” Perhaps it might speak and tell us of those days when the morning and the evening were the first day, and the morning and the evening were the second day, and could explain to us the mysteries of how God made this marvelous piece of miracle—the world.

But what is the history of the cliff compared with that of the sea that rolls at its base—that deep blue ocean, over which a thousand navies have swept without leaving a furrow upon its brow! But what is the history of the sea compared with the history of the heavens that are stretched like a curtain over that vast basin!

What a history is that of the hosts of heaven—of the everlasting marches of the sun, moon, and stars! Who can tell their generation or who can write their biography? But what is the history of the heavens compared with the history of the angels?

They could tell you of the day when they saw this world wrapped in swaddling bands of mist—when, like a newborn infant, the last of God’s offspring—it came forth from Him and the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy. And what is the history of the angels that excel in strength compared with the history of the Lord Jesus Christ? The angel is but of yesterday and he knows nothing.

Christ, the Eternal One, charges even His angels with folly and looks upon them as His ministering spirits, that come and go at His good pleasure. Oh, Christians, gather with reverence and mysterious awe around the throne of Him who is your great Redeemer, for “his name is called Wonderful,” since He has existed before all things, and “by him all things were made; and without him was not anything made that was made.”

Consider, again, the incarnation of Christ, and you will rightly say that His name deserves to be called “Wonderful.” Oh! what is that I see? Oh! world of wonders, what is that I see? The Eternal of ages, whose hair is white like wool, as white as snow, becomes an infant. Can it be?

You angels, are you not astonished? He becomes an infant, hangs at a virgin’s breast, draws His nourishment from the breast of woman. Oh wonder of wonders! Manger of Bethlehem, you have miracles poured into you. This is a sight that surpasses all others.

Talk of the sun, moon and stars, consider you the heavens—the work of God’s fingers—the moon and the stars that He has ordained, but all the wonders of the universe shrink into nothing, when we come to the mystery of the incarnation of the Lord Jesus Christ.

It was a marvelous thing when Joshua bade the sun to stand still, but more marvelous when God seemed to stand still and no longer to move forward, but rather, like the sun upon the dial of Ahaz did go back ten degrees, and veil His splendor in a cloud.

There have been sights matchless and wonderful at which we might look for years, and yet turn away and say, “I cannot understand this. Here is a deep into which I dare not dive—my thoughts are drowned. This is a steep without a summit. I cannot climb it. It is high. I cannot attain it!” But all these things are as nothing compared with the incarnation of the Son of God.

I do believe that the very angels have never wondered but once and that has been incessantly ever since they first beheld it. They never cease to tell the astonishing story, and to tell it with increasing astonishment too, that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, was born of the Virgin Mary and became a man.

Is He not rightly called Wonderful? Infinite, and an infant—eternal, and yet born of a woman—Almighty, and yet hanging on a woman’s breast—supporting the universe and yet needing to be carried in a mother’s arms—King of angels and yet the reputed son of Joseph—Heir of all things and yet the carpenter’s despised son? WONDERFUL are You, O Jesus, and that shall be Your name forever.

But trace the Savior’s course and all the way He is wonderful. Is it not marvelous that He submitted to the taunts and jeers of His enemies—that for a long life He should allow the bulls of Bashan to gird Him round and the dogs to encompass Him? Is it not surprising that He should have bridled in His anger, when blasphemy was uttered against His sacred person?

Had you or I been possessed of His matchless might, we should have dashed our enemies down the brow of the hill, if they had sought to cast us there. We should never have submitted to shame and spitting. No, we would have looked upon them and with one fierce look of wrath have dashed their spirits into eternal torment.

But He hears it all—keeps in His noble spirit—the Lion of the tribe of Judah, but bearing still the lamb-like character of

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

I do believe that Jesus of Nazareth was the King of heaven and yet He was a poor, despised, persecuted, and slandered man. But while I believe it, I can never understand it. I bless Him for it. I love Him for it. I desire to praise His name while immortality endures for His infinite condescension in thus suffering for me. But to understand it, I can never pretend. His name must all His life be called Wonderful.

But see Him die. Come O my brothers, you children of God, and gather round the cross. See your Master. There He hangs. Can you understand this riddle—God was manifest in the flesh and crucified of men? My Master, I cannot understand how You could stoop Your awful head to such a death as this—how You could take from Your brow the coronet of stars which from old eternity had shone resplendent there. But how You should permit the crown of thorns to gird Your temples astonishes me far more.

That You should cast away the mantle of Your glory, the azure of Your everlasting empire, I cannot comprehend. But how You should have become veiled in the ignominious purple for a while, and then be bowed to by impious men who mocked You as a pretended king, and how You should be stripped naked to Your shame, without a single covering—this is still more incomprehensible.

Truly Your name is Wonderful. Oh, Your love to me is wonderful, passing the love of woman. Was ever grief like Yours? Was ever love like Yours that could open the flood gates of such grief. Your grief is like a river, but was there ever a spring that poured out such a torrent? Was ever love so mighty as to become the fount from which such an ocean of grief could come rolling down?

Here is matchless love—matchless love to make Him suffer—matchless power to enable Him to endure all the weight of His Father’s wrath. Here is matchless justice that He Himself should acquiesce in His Father’s will and not allow men to be saved without His own sufferings. And here is matchless mercy to the chief of sinners that Christ should suffer even for them. “His name shall be called Wonderful.”

But He died. He died! See Salem’s daughters weep around. Joseph of Arimathea takes up the lifeless body after it has been taken down from the cross. They bear it away to the sepulchre. It is put in a garden. Do You call Him Wonderful now?

*“Is this the Saviour long foretold
To usher in the age of gold?”*

And is He *dead*? Lift His hands! They drop motionless by His side. His foot exhibits still the nail print, but there is no mark of life. “Aha,” cries the Jew, “is this the Messiah? He is dead. He shall see corruption in a little space of time. Oh! watchman, keep good ward lest His disciples steal His body. His body can never come forth, unless they steal it, for He is dead. Is this the Wonderful, the Counselor?”

But God did not leave His soul in Hades. Nor did He suffer His body—“His Holy One”—to see corruption. Yes, He *is* wonderful, even in His death. That clay-cold corpse is wonderful. Perhaps this is the greatest wonder of all—that He who is “Death of death and hell’s destruction” should for a while endure the bonds of death.

But here is the real wonder—He could not be holden by those bonds—those chains which have held ten thousand of the sons and daughters of Adam, and which have never been broken yet by any man of

human mold, save by a miracle, were but to Him as green withes. Death bound our Samson fast and said, "I have Him now. I have taken away the locks of his strength. His glory is departed and now he is mine."

But the hands that kept the human race in chains were nothing to the Savior. The third day He burst them and He rose again from the dead, from henceforth to die no more. Oh! Thou risen Savior—You who could not see corruption—You are wonderful in Your resurrection. And You are wonderful too in Your ascension—as I see You leading captivity captive and receiving gifts for men. "His name shall be called Wonderful."

Pause here one moment and let us think—Christ is surpassingly wonderful. The little story I have told you just now—not little in itself, but little as I have told it—has in it something surpassingly wonderful. All the wonders that you ever saw are nothing compared with this.

As we have passed through various countries we have seen a wonder, and some older traveler than ourselves has said, "Yes this is wonderful to you, but I could show you something that utterly eclipses that." Though we have seen some splendid landscapes with glorious hills, and we have climbed up where the eagle seemed to knit the mountain and the sky together in his flight, and we have stood and looked down and said, "How wonderful!" Says he, "I have seen fairer lands than these, and wider and richer prospects by far."

But when we speak of Christ, none can say they ever saw a greater wonder than He is. You have come now to the very summit of every thing that may be wondered at. There are no mysteries equal to this mystery, there is no surprise equal to this surprise. There is no astonishment, no admiration that should equal the astonishment and admiration that we feel when we behold Christ in the glories of the past. He surpasses every thing.

And yet again—wonder is a short-lived emotion. You know, it is proverbial that a wonder grows grey-headed in nine days. The long period that a wonder is found to last is about that time. It is such a short-lived thing. But Christ is and ever shall be wonderful. You may think of Him through three-score years and ten, but you shall wonder at Him more at the end than at the beginning.

Abraham might wonder at Him when he saw His day in the distant future. But I do not think that even Abraham himself could wonder at Christ so much as the very least in the kingdom of heaven today wonders at Him, seeing that we know more than Abraham and therefore wonder more.

Think again for one moment and you will say of Christ that He deserves to be called Wonderful—not only because He is always wonderful and because He is surpassingly wonderful—but also because He is altogether wonderful.

There have been some great feats of skill in the arts and sciences—for instance, if we take a common wonder of the day, the telegraph—how much there is about that which is wonderful! But there are a great many things in the telegraph that we can understand. Though there are many mysteries in it, still there are parts of it that are like keys to the mysteries, so that if we cannot solve the riddle wholly, yet it is disrobed of some of the low garments of its mystery. But now if you look at Christ anyhow, anywhere, anyway—He is all mystery. He is altogether wonderful—always to be looked at and always to be admired.

And again, He is universally wondered at. They tell us that the religion of Christ is very good for old women. I was once complimented by a person who told me he believed my preaching would be extremely suitable for blacks—for Negroes. He did not intend it as a compliment, but I replied, "Well sir, if it is suitable for blacks, I should think it would be very suitable for whites, for there is only a little difference of skin, and I do not preach to people's skins, but to their hearts."

Now, of Christ we can say that He is universally a wonder—the strongest intellects have wondered at Him. Our Lockes and our Newtons have felt themselves to be as little children when they have come to the foot of the cross. The wonder has not been confined to ladies, to children, to old women, and dying men. The highest intellects and the lustiest minds have all wondered at Christ.

I am sure it is a difficult task to make some people wonder. Hard thinkers and close mathematicians are not easily brought to wonder—but such men have covered their faces with their hands, and cast themselves in the dust, and confessed that they have been lost in wonder and amazement. Well then may Christ be called Wonderful.

II. “His name shall be called Wonderful.” He is wonderful for WHAT HE IS IN THE PRESENT.

And here I will not diverge, but will just appeal to you personally. Is He wonderful to *you*? Let me tell the story of my own wonderment at Christ, and in telling it I shall be telling the experience of all God’s children.

There was a time when I wondered not at Christ. I heard of His beauties, but I had never seen them. I heard of His power, but it was nought to me. It was but news of something done in a far country—I had no connection with it and therefore I observed it not.

But once upon a time, there came one to my house of a black and terrible aspect. He smote the door. I tried to bolt it—to hold it fast. He smote again and again, till at last he entered, and with a rough voice he summoned me before him. And he said, “I have a message from God for you. You are condemned on account of your sins.” I looked at him with astonishment. I asked him his name. He said, “My name is the Law.” And I fell at his feet as one that was dead. “I was alive without the law once: but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died.”

As I lay there, he smote me. He smote me till every rib seemed as if it must break and my bowels be poured forth. My heart was melted like wax within me. I seemed to be stretched upon a rack—to be pinched with hot irons—to be beaten with whips of burning wire. A misery extreme dwelt and reigned in my heart. I dared not lift up my eyes, but I thought within myself, “There may be hope, there may be mercy for me. Perhaps the God whom I have offended may accept my tears and my promises of amendment, and I may live.”

But when that thought crossed me, heavier were the blows and more poignant my sufferings than before, till hope entirely failed me, and I had nought wherein to trust. Darkness black and dense gathered round me. I heard a voice, as it were, of rushing to and fro, and of wailing and gnashing of teeth. I said within my soul, “I am cast out from His sight, I am utterly abhorred of God. He has trampled me in the mire of the streets in His anger.”

And there came one by, of sorrowful but of loving aspect, and He stooped over me, and He said, “Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.” I arose in astonishment, and He took me and He led me to a place where stood a cross, and He seemed to vanish from my sight.

But He appeared again hanging there. I looked upon Him as He bled upon that tree. His eyes darted a glance of unutterable love into my spirit, and in a moment, looking at Him, the bruises that my soul had suffered were healed. The gaping wounds were cured. The broken bones rejoiced. The rags that had covered me were all removed—my spirit was white as the spotless snows of the far-off north.

I had melody within my spirit, for I was saved, washed, cleansed, forgiven, through Him that did hang upon the tree. Oh, how I wondered that I should be pardoned! It was not the pardon that I wondered at so much—the wonder was that it should come to me. I wondered that He should be able to pardon such sins as mine, such crimes, so numerous and so black, and that after such an accusing conscience He should have power to still every wave within my spirit, and make my soul like the surface of a river, undisturbed, quiet, and at ease.

His name then to my spirit was Wonderful. But brethren and sisters, if you have felt this, you can say you thought Him wonderful then—if you are feeling it—a sense of adoring wonder enraptures your heart even now.

And has He not been wonderful to you since that auspicious hour, when first you heard Mercy’s voice spoken to you? How often have you been in sadness, sickness, and sorrow! But your pain has been light, for Jesus Christ has been with you on your sickbeds. Your care has been no care at all, for you have been able to cast your burden upon Him. The trial which threatened to crush you, rather lifted you

up to heaven and you have said, “How wonderful that Jesus Christ’s name should give me such comfort, such joy, such peace, such confidence.”

Various things bring to my recollection a period now removed by the space of nearly two years. Never shall we forget, beloved, the judgments of the Lord, when by terrible things in righteousness He answered our prayer that He would give us success in this house. We cannot forget how the people were scattered—how some of the sheep were slain and the shepherd himself was smitten.

I may not have told in your hearing the story of my own woe. Perhaps never soul went so near the burning furnace of insanity and yet came away unharmed. I have walked by that fire until these locks seemed to be crisp with the heat thereof. My brain was racked. I dared not look up to God and prayer that was once my solace, was cause of my affright and terror, if I attempted it.

I shall never forget the time when I first became restored to myself. It was in the garden of a friend. I was walking solitary and alone, musing upon my misery, much cheered as that was by the kindness of my loving friend, yet far too heavy for my soul to bear.

When on a sudden the name of Jesus flashed through my mind. The person of Christ seemed visible to me. I stood still. The burning lava of my soul was cooled. My agonies were hushed. I bowed myself there and the garden that had seemed a Gethsemane became to me a Paradise. And then it seemed so strange to me that nought should have brought me back but that name of Jesus.

I thought indeed at that time that I would love Him better all the days of my life. But there were two things I wondered at. I wondered that He should be so good to me and I wondered more that I should have been so ungrateful to Him. But His name has been from that time “Wonderful” to me and I must record what He has done for my soul.

And now, brothers and sisters, you shall all find, every day of your life—whatever your trials and troubles—that He shall always be made the more wonderful by them. He sends you troubles to be like a black foil, to make the diamond of His name shine the brighter. You would never know the wonders of God if it were not that you find them out in the furnace.

“They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the LORD, and his wonders in the deep.” And we shall never see the wonders of God except in that deep. We must go into the deeps before we know how wonderful His power and His might to save.

I must not leave this point without one more remark. There have been times when you and I have said of Christ, “His name is wonderful indeed, for we have been by it transported entirely above the world and carried upward to the very gates of heaven itself.” I pity you, beloved, if you do not understand the rhapsody I am about to use.

There are moments when the Christian feels the charms of earth all broken, and his wings are loosed and he begins to fly. And up he soars, till he forgets earth’s sorrows and leaves them far behind. And up he goes, till he forgets earth’s joys and leaves them like the mountaintops far below—as when the eagle flies to meet the sun—and up, up, up he goes, with his Savior full before him almost in vision beatific.

His heart is full of Christ. His soul beholds his Savior and the cloud that darkened his view of the Savior’s face seems to be dispersed. At such a time the Christian can sympathize with Paul. He says, “Whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell—God knoweth!” But I am, as it were, “caught up to the third heaven.”

And how is this rapture produced? By the music of flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of instruments? No. How then? By riches? By fame? By wealth? Ah, no. By a strong mind? By a lively disposition? No. By the name of Jesus. That one name is all sufficient to lead the Christian into heights of transport that verge upon the region where the angels fly in cloudless day.

III. I have no more time to stay upon this point, although the text is infinite and one might preach upon it forever. I have only to notice that His name shall be called Wonderful IN THE FUTURE.

The day is come, the day of wrath, the day of fire. The ages are ended. The last century, like the last pillar of a dilapidated temple, has crumbled to its fall. The clock of time is verging to its last hour. It is on the stroke. The time is come when the things that are made must disappear.

Lo, I see earth's bowels moving. A thousand hillocks give up the slumbering dead. The battlefields are clothed no more with the rich harvests that have been manured with blood. But a new harvest has sprung up. The fields are thick with men. The sea itself becomes a prolific mother, and though she has swallowed men alive, she gives them up again and they stand before God—an exceedingly great army.

Sinners! you have risen from your tombs. The pillars of heaven are reeling. The sky is moving to and fro. The sun, the eye of this great world, is rolling like a maniac's and glaring with dismay. The moon that long has cheered the night now makes the darkness terrible, for she is turned into a clot of blood. Portents, and signs, and wonders past imagination, make the heavens shake, and make men's hearts quail within them.

Suddenly upon a cloud there comes one like unto the Son of Man. Sinners! picture your astonishment and your wonder when you see Him. Where are you, Voltaire? You said, "I will crush the wretch." Come and crush Him now! "Nay" says Voltaire, "He is not the man I thought He was." Oh how will he wonder when he finds out what Christ is!

Now, Judas, come and give Him a traitor's kiss! "Ah! nay," says he, "I knew not what I kissed—I thought I kissed only the son of Mary, but lo! He is the everlasting God."

Now, you kings and princes that stood up and took counsel together against the Lord and against His anointed, saying, "Let us break his bands asunder, and cast his cords from us!" Come now, take counsel once more—rebel against Him now!

Oh! can you picture the astonishment, the wonder, the dismay, when careless, godless infidels and Socinians find out what Christ is? "Oh!" they will say, "This is wonderful, I thought not He was such as this"—while Christ shall say to them, "You thought that I was altogether such as yourselves. But I am no such thing. I am come in all My Father's glory to judge the quick and the dead."

Pharaoh led his hosts into the midst of the Red Sea. The path was dry and shingly, and on either shore stood like a wall of alabaster the clear white water, stiff as with the breath of frost, consolidated into marble. There it stood. Can you guess the astonishment and dismay of the hosts of Pharaoh, when they saw those walls of water about to close upon them? "Behold, you despisers, and wonder, and perish!"

Such will be your astonishment, when Christ, whom you have despised today—Christ, whom you would not have to be your Savior—Christ, whose Bible you left unread, whose Sabbath you despised—Christ, whose Gospel you rejected—shall come in the glory of His Father and all His holy angels with Him. Ay, then indeed will you "behold, and wonder, and perish," and you shall say, "His name is Wonderful."

But perhaps, the most wonderful part of the day of judgment is this—do you see all the horrors yonder—the black darkness, the horrid night, the clashing comets, the pale stars, sickly and wan, falling like figs from the fig tree? Do you hear the cry, "Rocks, hide us, mountains, on us fall"? "Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise." But there never was a battle like this. This is with fire and smoke indeed.

But do you see yonder? All is peaceful, all serene and quiet. The myriads of the redeemed, are they shrieking, crying, wailing? No. see them! They are gathering—gathering round the throne. That very throne that seems to scatter as with a hundred hands, death and destruction on the wicked, becomes the sun of light and happiness to all believers.

Do you see them coming, robed in white with their bright wings? while gathering round Him they veil their faces. Do you hear them cry, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, for thou wast slain, and thou hast risen from the dead; worthy art thou to live and reign, when death itself is dead"? Do you hear them? It is all song and no shriek. Do you see them? It is all joy and no terror. His name to them is Wonderful. But it is the wonder of admiration, the wonder of ecstasy, the wonder of affection, and not the wonder of horror and dismay.

Saints of the Lord! you *shall* know the wonders of His name when you shall see Him as He is and shall be like Him is in the day of His appearing. Oh! my enraptured spirit, you shall bear your part in

your Redeemer's triumph, unworthy though you are—the chief of sinners and less than the least of saints. Your eye shall see Him and not another. "I know that my redeemer liveth, and when he shall stand in the latter day upon the earth, though worms devour this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

Oh! make yourselves ready, you virgins! Behold, the Bridegroom comes. Arise and trim your lamps, and go you out to meet Him. He comes—He comes—He comes. And when He comes, you shall well say of Him as you meet Him with joy, "Thy name is called Wonderful. All hail! all hail! all hail!"

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.