

## THE GLORY OF CHRIST—BEHELD!

### NO. 414

A SERMON DELIVERED ON SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 20, 1861,  
 BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON,  
 AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON.

*“And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, (and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and Truth.”*  
*John 1:14.*

I CANNOT refrain from mentioning an incident connected with the perusal of the first chapter of John. I suppose there is not a passage in God’s Word which has not at some time or other been blessed to the conversion of a soul. Even the fifth chapter of Genesis which is so uninteresting to most readers, because the verses continually end, “And he died,” “And he died,” “And he died,” has been blessed to one—who from the reiteration of the fact that men who lived nine hundred years nevertheless died—was led to think of his own death.

Now the first chapter of John was the means of the conversion of a celebrated writer, Junius the younger, who did good service in the Church. His father, perceiving him to be an ungodly young man, put in his way as much as possible the New Testament and the following is an extract from Junius’ account of his own life. “My father, who was frequently reading the New Testament and had long observed with grief the progress I had made in infidelity, put that book in my way in his library in order to attract my attention, if it might please God to bless his design, though without giving me the least intimation of it.

“Here, therefore, I unwittingly opened the New Testament thus providentially laid before me. At the very first view, although I was deeply engaged in other thoughts, that grand chapter of the Evangelist and Apostle presented itself to me—‘In the beginning was the Word and the Word was God.’ I read part of the chapter and was so greeted that I instantly became struck with the divinity of the argument. I was amazed by the majesty and authority of the composition as infinitely surpassing the highest flights of human eloquence. My body shuddered. My mind was in amazement and I was so agitated the whole day that I scarcely knew who I was. Nor did the agitation cease, but continued till it was at last soothed by a humble faith in Him who was made flesh and dwelt among us.”

One of the Platonic philosophers who considered all Christian writers to be but barbarians, nevertheless said of the first chapter of John, “This barbarian has comprised more stupendous stuff in three lines than we have done in all our voluminous discourses.” And we will to this day glory in the power of the Holy Spirit that an unlearned and ignorant man like John, the son of Zebedee the fisherman, should be enabled to write a chapter which excels not only the highest flight of eloquence, but the greatest depths of philosophy.

But now for the verse before us. I think, if you look attentively at it and if you are in some slender measure acquainted with the original, you will perceive that John here compares Christ to that which was the greatest glory of the Jewish Church. Let me read it, giving another translation—“The Word was made flesh and tabernacled among us and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and Truth.” Now you remember that in the Jewish Church its greatest glory was that God *tabernacled* in its midst—not the tent of Moses, not the various pavilions of the princes of the twelve tribes—but the humble tabernacle in which God dwelt was the boast of Israel.

They had the King Himself in the midst of them. A present God in their midst. The tabernacle was a tent to which men went when they would commune with God and it was the spot to which God came manifestly when He would commune with man. To use Matthew Henry’s words, it was the “trusting place” between the Creator and the worshipper. Here they met each other through the slaughter of the bullock and the lamb and there was reconciliation between them.

Now Christ’s human flesh was God’s tabernacle and it is in Christ that God meets with man and in Christ that man has dealings with God. The Jew of old went to God’s tent, in the center of the camp, if he would worship—we come to Christ if we would pay our homage. If the Jew would be released from ceremonial uncleanness—after he had performed the rites—he went up to the sanctuary of his God that he might feel again that there was peace between God and his soul.

And we, having been washed in the precious blood of Christ, have access with boldness unto God, even the Father through Christ who is *our* tabernacle and the tabernacle *of God* among men.

Now let us draw the parallel a little further. The greatest *glory* of the tabernacle itself was the Most Holy Place. In the Most Holy Place there stood the ark of the covenant, bearing its golden lid called the mercy seat. Over the mercy seat stood the cherubim, whose wings met each other and beneath the wings of the cherubim there was a bright light known to the Hebrew believer by the name of the Shekinah. That light represented the presence of God. Immediately above that light there might be seen at night a pillar of fire and by day a spiral column of cloud rose from it—which no doubt expanded itself into one vast cloud which covered all the camp—and shielded all the Israelites from the blaze of the broiling sun.

The glory of the tabernacles, I say, was the Shekinah. What does our text say? Jesus Christ was God's Tabernacle and, "we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father." Jesus is not the tabernacle without the glory—He is not as the temple when the voice was heard with the rushing of winds before the siege of Jerusalem, crying, "Arise, let us go." But it was a temple in which God Himself dwelt after a special manner—"for in Him dwells all the fullness of the Godhead bodily."

The Apostle however points to a *surpassing excellence* in Christ the Tabernacle, by which He wondrously excels that of the Jewish Church. "Full of grace and Truth." The Jewish tabernacle was rather full of Law than full of grace. It is true there were in its rites and ceremonies foreshadowings of grace. But still in repeated sacrifice there was renewed remembrance of sin and a man had first to be obedient to the Law of ceremonies before he could have access to the tabernacle at all—but Christ is full of *grace*—not a little of it but abundance of it is treasured up in Him. The tabernacle of old was not full of *Truth*, but full of image and shadow and symbol and picture.

But Christ is full of substance. He is not the picture—but the Reality. He is not the shadow—but the Substance. Herein, O Believer, do you rejoice with joy unspeakable—for you come unto Christ—the real Tabernacle of God. You come unto Him who is full of the glory of the Father. And you come unto One in whom you have not the representation of a grace which you need, but the *grace itself*—not the shadow of a Truth ultimately to be revealed, but that very Truth by which your soul is accepted in the sight of God. I put this forth as a matter for you to think over in your retirement.

It might have constituted the divisions of the sermon but as I want more especially to dwell upon the glory of Christ, we leave these observations as a preface and go more particularly to that part of the subject where the Apostle says, "We beheld His glory, the glory of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and Truth."

**I.** In the first place, we have here A FAVORED PEOPLE. "We beheld His glory."

And who are these—the "we" to whom the Apostle here refers? They were first of all an *elect company*, for Jesus said, "I know whom I have chosen." "You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you." He came unto His own and His own received Him not. But they who did receive Him are described as men who were "born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." The elect in Christ's day, though they were but a small remnant, nevertheless did exist. There were a few, else had that generation been as Sodom and been made like Gomorrah.

There were twelves and seventies and afterwards we read of three thousand and then of many others who were added to the Church of such as should be saved. In Christ's own day, however, the lines of manifest election seemed to be but very narrow, for there were but few that followed Him and of those who followed Him it is said, many from that day went back and walked no more with Him. For His Truth had sifted the mere professors and reduced them but to a slender company who followed the Lamb wherever He went. The "we," then, who "beheld Christ's glory," were a chosen company.

They were also a *called company*, for of many of them we read their special calls. Of John himself we read that Jesus walked by the sea and "saw other two brethren, James the son of Zebedee and John his brother, in a ship with Zebedee their father unending their nets. And He called them. And they immediately left the ship and their father and followed Him." Of most of the Apostles and immediate attendants upon Christ's Person we have a record of their divine and special call by Christ's own voice. And in the case of those respecting whom there was no record preserved, yet was it, nevertheless, the fact—for He had called them as the shepherd calls his own sheep by name and leads them out. Indeed, in all of us who shall at any time perceive Christ's glory, it must be because He has called us unto this special privilege as the result of His election of us.

These who beheld His glory were also an *illuminated people*. For Christ's glory was not manifest unto the rest of mankind. None of the princes of this world knew Him. The priests who had studied the Law could not discover Him. The members of the Sanhedrim, who were under some expectation of His advent, could not perceive Him. In vain was the star in the east. In vain the miraculous appearance of angels to the shepherds—the blind generation would not perceive Him. In vain the opening of blind eyes and the preaching of the Gospel to the poor. In vain the raising of the dead—in vain all those innumerable signs and wonders. They could not perceive His glory. But of those who did perceive it it may be said, as of Simon Barjona, “Blessed are you, for flesh and blood has not revealed this unto you.”

We may say, then, of those who beheld His glory, the favored people—that they were chosen of sovereign grace, that they were called effectually by the Holy Spirit—and that they were anointed by the same Divine Person. And to this day, Brethren, it is the same. None believe in Christ but those who are His sheep. No man comes unto Him except the Father who has sent Him draws them and none ever perceive Him but those whose eyes are opened by His own healing fingers. Let the question be passed round among us—Do I perceive His glory? Have I seen something of the splendor of God in the humble Man of Nazareth? Have I learned to magnify Him in my soul and have I desired to glorify Him in my life, as my God, my life, my love, my All in All, though once despised and rejected of men?

If so, Beloved—if we can say this from our heart, we are favored indeed and especially favored if we remember how many there are who have never obtained this grace. Not many great men after the flesh see any glory in Christ. They find their glory in the clash of arms and in garments rolled in blood, but not in Him who is meek and lowly of heart, who gives rest to weary souls. Not many wise men have seen any glory in Christ. They find glory in philosophy. They can see glory in nature, but not in Him who is nobler than God's creation, inasmuch as He is the only perfect one among the sons of men. They say they see something of glory in Providence and yet fail to perceive anything wonderful in *grace*.

Not many wise men are called. Oh, let us be astonished at the sovereignty of God! Let us be filled with gratitude at His compassion. Let us pray that if we know something of the glory we may know more of it day by day and may set it forth among the sons of men, that they, too, may by-and-by perceive His glory—“the glory as of the only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and Truth.”

**II.** But now, secondly we have spoken of the favored people—let us now spend a minute or two in dwelling upon THEIR EXALTED PRIVILEGE. “We beheld His glory.”

What is this word “Beheld”? It says not we *heard* of His glory, we *read* of it in prophecy, or we listened to it from the lips of others—but we *beheld* His glory. What a privilege was this, which was accorded to the first disciples! Have you not often envied them? To see the Man, the very Man, in whom God dwelt—to walk with Him as one's companion along His journeys of mercy—to listen to the words as they stream all living from those eloquent lips—to look into His eyes and mark the depth of love that glistened there—to see His face, even though it was more marred than that of any man. I have often sympathized in that child-like hymn—

*“I think when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,  
I should like to have been with them then.  
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,  
That His arm had been thrown around me,  
And that I might have seen His kind looks when He said,  
‘Let the little ones come unto Me.’”*

But better still to have *been* with him—to have leaned this head upon His bosom—to have told Him my griefs, as they did who took up the body of John and went and told Jesus. To have asked of Him the explanation of difficulties, as they said, “Show us the Father and it suffices.” To have had one's faith encouraged by touching His very flesh, as he did of whom it is written that he put his finger into the print of the nails and thrust his hand into His side. But what are we talking about? All this is carnal, all this is of *sight*—and the Christian is a nobler being than to live and walk by sight. He lives by *faith*. And to this day, Brethren, there is a sight of Christ which can be had by faith. And therefore we need not murmur because we are denied the privilege of sight.

The sight of Christ, it seems, did but little good to those who had it—not even to His disciples—for they were sorry dolts even though He was the Master. It was only when the Spirit came down at Pentecost that they began to *know* Christ

and to understand what He had said to them though He himself had said it. And truly 'tis better to see Christ by faith than it is to see Him by sight, for a sight of Him by *faith* saves the soul. But we might see Him with the eye and yet crucify Him and be found among the greatest rebels against His government and power.

Now we say to you, have you *beheld* His glory by faith? Oh, you have all of you *heard* of it. We, the ministers of Christ, have tried Sabbath after Sabbath to lift Him up and it is such sweet and blessed work that I would love to do every day. When we have to preach the Law we feel it a hard and toilsome servitude, but to preach *Christ*—O how sweet and blessed is the labor! Happy is the man whose lips are ever overflowing with the news of Jesus! Blessed is he whose ministry is full of Christ! He is blessed in his own soul, as well as blessed unto others.

You have heard of Him, then, but what of all this? You may hear of His glory and perish in your sins. You have *read* of His glory. This book is in your houses and you read it, I trust, each day. Thus you have read the story of the Man of sorrows and grief's acquaintance. And you know how He ascended on high, leading captivity captive and ever sits at the right hand of God. But you may read all this—and yet it shall be a curse and not a blessing, for you knew Him and yet rejected Him. You were among His own and He came unto you and you received Him not. Oh, to behold His glory! This is *soul* work, saving work, blessed work, everlasting work—have you any interest in it?

But you answer, “How can we behold His glory?” Why *faith* sees it. Faith looks back to the Man who lived and died for us and sees glory in His shame, honor in His disgraces, riches in His poverty, might in His weakness, triumph in His conflict and immortality in His death. No, Faith is sometimes assisted by Experience. And Experience sees His glory—it sees the glory of His grace in rolling away all our sins. The preciousness of His blood in giving us reconciliation with the Father. The power of the Spirit in subduing the will. The love of His heart in constantly remembering us upon the Throne. And the power of His plea in its perpetual prevalence with God.

Experience shows us the glory of Christ in the deep waters while He puts His arm beneath us and says, “Fear not, you shall not be drowned.” It shows us the glory of Christ in the blazing furnace while the Son of Man treads the glowing coals with His afflicted Israel. Experience shows us the glory of Christ in all the attacks of Satan. While He is our shield He wards off every poisoned arrow and shows us the glory of Christ in helping us to live and enabling us to die and by-and-by it shall show us the glory of Christ in enabling us to rise and take possession of the crown which He has purchased for His children.

And with Experience there is another that helps us to behold the glory of Christ, namely, communion. Beloved, I hope you know what that means—when shut in your chamber with God and the world shut out, our eyes behold Him and not another—this is communion. Communion is when we can kneel down in the very posture of the poor agonizing victim of Gethsemane and see by fellowship the sweat of blood as it streams from the pores of His frame—when we can mark Him hounded, hissed, scouted through all the streets of His own city and taken to Calvary to die. Communion knows something of the bitterness of the cup which He then drank, somewhat of the sharpness of the nails that pierced His hands and somewhat of the death which was endured when at last He said, “It is finished!” and gave up the ghost.

Yes, communion can show us the glory of Christ even in His shame. And then it can take to its wings and show us His glory beyond the skies. These eyes have never seen the Savior—but this heart has seen Him. These lips have never kissed His cheek, for that they might do and I might be a Judas—but the soul has kissed Him and He has kissed me with the kisses of His mouth, for His love is better than wine. Think me not enthusiastic or fanatical when I say that the children of God have as near access to Christ today in the spirit as ever John had after the flesh. There is to this day a rich enjoyment to be obtained by those who seek it—in having actual fellowship with the Father and His Son, Jesus Christ.

Oh, it is a joy worth worlds! Worldling, if you had ever known the sweetness of this bread you would never eat your own ashes again. O pleasures of the world! You would cease to tempt us if you knew how much more sweet are the pleasures of His face. O thunders of this world! You would cease your attempts to frighten us if you knew the sweet satisfaction and solace which we find in Him, when everything is bitter and disconsolate abroad. Yes, we have beheld His glory, just as surely as if we had seen it with our eyes—as certainly as if we had heard with our ears the acclamations of the glorified and taken our seat with them at the foot of His Throne, or with them had veiled our faces with wings and cried, “Holy holy, holy, Lord God omnipotent!”

Just as truly, though not so fully, we have beheld His glory—the glory of the Only-begotten of the Father—full of grace and Truth.

### III. Thirdly we have in the text A MOST BLESSED VISION.

We have had the favored persons, their exalted privilege and now we have their blessed vision. We have beheld His glory. Let us dwell upon the thought of His glory for awhile. My Brethren, what a glory have we beheld by faith! By faith, in the first place, we have beheld the glory of His *complex Person*. We have known and believed that He is the everlasting Word, the veritable Son of the Father. We have beheld Him by faith as dwelling with the Father before the world was. The Beloved of His Father's soul. We have seen Him and we have marked that His goings-forth are of old, even from everlasting. We have seen Him weighing the clouds, measuring the channels of the great deep, planning the heavens and meting out the sea.

We have seen Him with the line and with the plummet making all things according to His wisdom and the purpose of the counsel of His will, for "without Him was not anything made that was made." We have seen Him as God, seated upon the Throne of His Father and we have believed that the sea roars only as He bids it, that the earth with all the creatures that are therein obey His glorious will. Lo, in His hands today the keys of Heaven and death and Hell! We have had no doubts whatever as to His Divinity for we have seen and known that He is "very God of very God." "God over all, blessed forever Amen."

We have seen him, too, as *Man*. We have perceived that He is of the substance of His mother, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. He is man in all infirmities, but not man in any guiltiness of His own. We see Him as man weak, suffering, hungry, thirsty, dying but without spot or wrinkle—pure, the immaculate Lamb of God. We have beheld Him in the glory of this complex Person—not God deteriorated to man, not man deified to God, but God, very God and very Man. God in all that is God-like, Man in all that is man-like and we have adored Him as such. We have seen in Him the luster of a beauty which far outshines all that earth can present us, or all that Heaven can offer. Whom have we on earth but Jesus? Who is there in Heaven that we can desire beside Him?

Next we have beheld His glory, not merely in His Person, but in the *motive for which He undertook His great work*. That motive was love. Love which could have His self-interest to be an alloy, love to worthless creatures, love to those who could never repay His love. Love to rebels, love to men who crucified the Lord of Glory—and we have said as we have seen this love sparkling like a jewel in a black setting, lying in the heart of the pool, injured, poverty-stricken, houseless, comfortless Man of Nazareth—"There is a glory here in this love that is never to be found elsewhere."

Then, we have beheld the glory of His *self-sacrifice*. We have looked upon Him giving up everything for us, renouncing His crown and specter, laying aside His royal robes and splendor, leaving His Father's house and palaces and honor—becoming man, no, a poor man, a despised afflicted man—no, becoming obedient to death, even the death of the Cross. We have read history through but we never saw a self-sacrifice that could equal His. In Him selfishness never lived and therefore, never needed to be kept in cheek. He was not His own. His whole history could be written in this—"He saved others, Himself he cannot save." Glorious Christ, in this while You were rejected of men, we have beheld Your glory.

We have beheld, moreover, the glory of His *endurance*. He is tempted in every point yet fails in none. The world's glory lies at His feet. He chooses rather our salvation than the glories of earth. He counted the reproach that He should bear for us greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt. We see Him mocked, yet never reviling—spit upon, yet never spitting back again even so much as a word of venom. We see Him despised, yet never attempting to clear Himself—accused, yet silent before the judgment seat—so giving up Himself that He can bear all things, whatsoever they may be.

Many waters could not quench His love, neither could the floods drown it. Though all the substance of the world's house were offered Him that He might renounce His love, yet did He utterly despise the world. Who was ever such a martyr as the Savior? Who endured as He did? Who bore such contradiction of sinners against Himself? Great God, O Jesus—for such You are—Great God, there is none like You in the omnipotence of Your endurance. We have seen Your glory, even when You did tabernacle among men.

And we have seen His glory also in His great and blessed *perseverance* even to the end, having loved His own which were in the world He loved them to the end—having undertaken He went through with it. He never paused till He could say, "It is finished." Then He gave up the ghost, but not till then. Now today behold His perseverance. For Zion's sake He does not rest and for Jerusalem's sake He never holds His peace day nor night until God shall be pleased to make her glory come forth as the brightness and her righteousness as a lamp that burns. On, on, on—neither to the right nor to

the left turning for a moment, without pause, without making a moment's question—onwards to His destined work He speeds and never does He cease till He can say to His Father, "I have finished the work that You gave Me to do."

And then, not to keep you too long even upon such a subject as this, we have beheld His glory in His *final triumph*. Yes, Brethren, by faith we have seen in the very moment when the sun was darkened and when the earth was shaken and the rocks rent asunder—we have seen Christ darkening the world's glories. We have seen Him rending rocky hearts and bidding the dead arise. We have seen Him in the very instant when He gave up the ghost leaping from the Cross, pursuing with thunderbolts the prince of Hell and driving him to darker shades below. We have seen Him grasping at last the tyrant in His hands and chaining Him to His chariot wheel. Our faith has beheld Him riding up the everlasting hills, leading captivity captive.

We have seen the gates wide open flung while angels said, "Lift up your heads, O you gates and be you lift up, you everlasting doors. And the King of Glory shall come in." We have joined by faith the triumph and have swelled the train. We have heard the acclamation of the spirits of the just made perfect. We have heard above all the voice of God, "Well done. You have finished your Father's will." We have seen Him ascend in august majesty the Throne which is His resting place and we have seen Him sit down on the right hand of the Father, while from Heaven and earth and even Hell, there went up one prolonged note of praise, "Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah! The Lord God omnipotent reigns."

No, our faith has gone beyond the mere matters of the past. We have beheld His glory, we have seen Him as one by one His sheep are brought and His prayer is heard, "Father, I will that they also whom You have given Me be with Me where I am." We have seen Him going forth day after day in the chariot of Salvation scattering with both His hands His mercies among the poverty-stricken sons of men and we have cried unto Him, "Gird Your sword upon Your thigh, O You most mighty." Often has our prayer been, Come forth, O Jesus. Heaven obeys You, earth shakes at Your presence, Hell trembles at You, devils are dismayed. Come forth, put Your arrow to the string and lift up Your glittering spear. Who, who shall stay Your course, or in Your presence stand?

Like chaff before the wind so shall they be driven and as stubble before the flame so shall they be utterly consumed. We have been helped to fly even to the great end of all things and by faith have seen His second advent. We have beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father. We have seen Him come—

*"But not the same  
As once in lowliness He came —  
A silent Lamb before His foes,  
A weary Man and full of woes."*

We have seen Him come —

*"With dreadful form,  
With rainbow-wreath and robes of storm;  
On cherub wings and wings of wind,  
Appointed Judge of all mankind!"*

We have beheld His millennial reign. We have marked the dwellers in the wilderness blowing before Him, the kings of Sheba and Sheba offering their gifts. We have heard the universal song from the dwellers in the rocks and the islands of the sea. We have seen the halcyon age of love when no strife shall vex Messiah's reign. When they shall—

*"Hang the useless helmet high  
And study war no more."*

And then we have seen the judgment. We have beheld the reeling earth unable to bear the splendor of His triumph. We have heard the wailings of His enemies. We have seen them melt as wax before the flame, utterly consumed like the fat of rams upon His altar.

We have at last, by faith, seen the end—when He shall give up the kingdom to God, even our Father. We have heard, I say, the last word of the whole history in the shout of complete victory—

*"Lo, Jehovah's banners furled  
Sheathed His sword—He speaks—'tis done!  
And the kingdoms of this world  
Are the kingdoms of His Son.  
Then the end—beneath His rod,  
Man's last enemy shall fall;*

***Hallelujah! Christ in God,  
God in Christ is All in All.***

**IV.** Have patience with me while I now conclude. In the fourth place the text reminds us of THE TESTIMONY WHICH WE WHO HAVE SEEN HIS GLORY ARE SURE TO BEAR.

We bear our testimony that He is “*the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and Truth.*” Brothers and Sisters, instead of preaching, let me bear my testimony—my testimony of what I have seen, what my own ears have heard and my own heart has tasted—that Christ *is the only begotten of the Father.* He is Divine to me, if He is only human to all the world besides. He has done that for me which none but a God could do. He has turned my stubborn will, melted a heart of adamant, broken a chain of steel, opened the gates of brass and snapped the bars of iron. He has turned my mourning into laughter and my desolation into joy. He has led my captivity captive, made my heart rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Let others think as they will of Him, to me He must be the only begotten of the Father—blessed be His name!—

***“O that I could now adore Him,  
Like the heavenly host above,  
Who forever bow before Him,  
And unceasing sing His love. Happy songsters!  
When shall I your chorus join?”***

Your name is precious even as ointment poured forth. You are indeed my Lord and my God, as certainly as ever You were the God of Thomas. Like Paul, my soul shall say, “God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world.”

Again—I bear my testimony that He is *full of grace.* Ah, had He not been, I should never have beheld His glory. I was full of sin to overflowing. I was condemned already because I believed not upon Him. He drew me when I wanted not to come and though I struggled hard He continued still to draw. And when at last I came all trembling like a condemned culprit to His mercy seat, He said, “Your sins which are many are all forgiven you, be of good cheer.” “He took me up out of the horrible pit and out of the miry clay. He has set my feet upon a Rock—Himself—and put a new song into my mouth and established my goings.”

Let others despise Him. But I bear witness that He is full of grace. Oh, I would that some poor sinner here who is full of sin would remember that Christ is full of grace—I would that you, poor despairing one—you who have given yourself up as a lost soul, would remember that—

***“Plenteous grace with Him is found,  
Grace to pardon all your sin  
May the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep you pure within.”***

Finally I bear my witness, that as He is full of grace He is *full of Truth.* True have His promises been, not one has failed. I have often doubted Him—for that I blush. He has never failed me—in this I must rejoice. His promises have been yes and amen. I do but speak the testimony of every believer in Christ, though I put it thus personally to make it the more forcible. I bear witness that never servant had such a Master as I have. Never brother had such a kinsman as He has been to me. Never spouse had such a husband as Christ has been to my soul. Never sinner a better Savior—never soldier a better captain—never mourner a better comforter than Christ has been to my spirit.

I want none beside Him. In life He is my life and in death He shall be the death of death. In poverty Christ is our riches, in sickness He makes our bed. In darkness He is our star and in brightness He is our sun. He is the manna of the camp in the wilderness and He shall be the new corn of the host when they come to Canaan. He is the Rock that follows them today—He is the Rock on which they shall rest and within which they shall dwell forever—

***“All hail Immanuel, all Divine,  
In You Your Father’s glories shine;  
You brightest, sweetest, fairest One,  
That eyes have seen or angels known.  
O may I live to reach the place  
Where He unveils His lovely face.  
Where all His beauties saints behold,***

*And sing His name to harps of gold.*

—So be it, Lord, by Your grace. Amen.

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