

WAITING ONLY UPON GOD

NO. 144

A SERMON
DELIVERED ON SABBATH MORNING, AUGUST 2, 1857
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AT THE MUSIC HALL, ROYAL SURREY GARDENS

*“My soul, wait thou only upon God.”
Psalm 62:5*

CALVIN translates this verse, “My soul, be thou silent before God.” Rest calm and undisturbed. Your enemies are round about you and have sorely beset you. Your troubles do surround you like strong bulls of Bashan. But rest, my soul, in God. Your enemies are mighty, but HE is Almighty. Your troubles are grievous, but He is greater than your troubles and He shall deliver you from them.

Let not your soul be agitated. The *wicked* are like the troubled sea that cannot rest—be not thou like unto them. Be thou calm—let not a wave ruffle your untroubled spirit. “Cast thy burden on the Lord,” and then sleep on His bosom. Commit your way unto JEHOVAH, and then rest in sure and certain confidence, for—

*“He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve His might;
His every act is pure blessing,
His path unsullied light.”*

Oh! that we had grace to carry out the text in that sense of it! It is a hard matter to be calm in the day of trouble. But it is a high exercise of divine grace when we can stand unmoved in the day of adversity and feel that—

*“Should the earth’s old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steadfast souls would fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.”*

That is to be a Christian indeed. Nothing is so sweet as to—

*“Lie passive in God’s hand,
And know no will but His.”*

I shall, however, this morning keep to the authorized version. “My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from him.” Here is, first, an *exhortation* and secondly, an *expectation*.

I. We begin with the EXHORTATION.

The psalmist was a *preacher* and it was quite right that he should sometimes make himself his congregation. The preacher who neglects to preach to himself has forgotten a very important part of his audience. He who never in his privacy speaks a word to his own soul does not know where to begin his preaching. We must first address our own soul. If we can move *that* by the words we may utter, we may hope to have some power with the souls of others.

And note where David begins his exhortation, “My soul, wait thou upon God.” He addresses the very center of his being. “My soul, I preach to you, for if you go wrong, all is amiss. If you are amiss, my eyes follow after vanity, my lips utter leasing, my feet become swift to shed blood, and my hands meddle with mischief. My soul, I will preach to you. My face, I will not preach to you. Some men

preach to their faces and try to put on their countenances emotions which they never feel. No, countenance, I will leave you alone—you will be right enough if the soul is so. I will preach to you, O my soul and address my sermon to you. You are my only auditor—hear what I say.” “*My soul, wait thou only upon God.*” Let us, then, explain the exhortation.

1. First, the psalmist means by this—*My soul, make God your only object in life.* “My soul, wait thou only upon God.” Make Him the summit of your desires and the object of your exertions. Oh! how many men have made a fearful shipwreck of their entire existence by choosing an object inferior to this high and noble object of existence—the serving of God.

I could put my finger upon a thousand biographies of men, who after having lived in this world and done great things, have nevertheless died unhappily, because they did not first seek God and His righteousness.

Perhaps there never was a mind more gigantic than the mind of Sir Walter Scott—a man whose soul was as fertile as the newly broken soil of the land of gold. That man was a good man I believe, a Christian. But he made a mistake in the object of his life. His object was to be a laird, to found a family, to plant the root of an ancestral tree, the fruit of which should be heard of in ages to come.

Magnificent in his hospitality, generous in his nature, laborious in his continual strife to win the object of his life, yet after all he died a disappointed and unsuccessful man. He reared his palace, he accumulated his wealth, and one sad day saw it scattered to the wind, and he had lost that for which he had lived.

Had he fixed his eye upon some better object than the pleasing of the public, or the accumulation of wealth, or the founding of a family, he might have got the others and he would not have lost the first. Oh! had he said, “Now I will serve my God. This potent pen of mine, dedicated to the Most High, shall weave into my marvelous stories things that shall enlighten, convince, and lead to Jesus,” he might have died penniless, but he would have died having achieved the object of his wishes—not a disappointed man. Oh if we could make God our only object we should rest quite secure and whatever happened, it never could be said of us, “He died without having had what he wished for.”

How many of you that are here today are making the same mistake on a smaller scale! You are living for business. You will be disappointed, then. You are living for fame. As certain as you are alive, you will die disappointed, grieved, and sad at heart. You are living to maintain respectability—perhaps that is the utmost of your desire. Poor aim that! You shall be disappointed. Or even if you gain it, it shall be a bubble not worth the chase.

Make God your one object in life and all these things shall be added to you. “Godliness with contentment is great gain.” There is no loss in being a Christian and making God the first object. But make anything else your goal, and with all your running, should you run ever so well, you shall fall short of the mark. Or if you gain it, you shall fall uncrowned, unhonored to the earth.

“My soul, wait thou only upon God.” Say, “I love to serve Him. I love to spread His kingdom, to advance His interests, to tell the story of His Gospel, to increase the number of His converted ones—that shall be my only object. And when that is sufficiently attained, ‘Lord, let Your servant depart in peace.’”

2. But the psalmist meant other things beside this, when he said, “My soul, wait thou only upon God.” He meant, *My soul, have no care but to please God.* Perhaps the most miserable people in the world are the very careful ones. You who are so anxious about what shall happen on the morrow that you cannot enjoy the pleasures of today—you who have such a peculiar cast of mind that you suspect every star to be a comet and imagine that there must be a volcano in every grassy mead—you that are more attracted by the spots in the sun than by the sun himself, and more amazed by one sere leaf upon the tree than by all the verdure of the woods—you that make more of your troubles than you could do of your joys—I say, I think you belong to the most miserable of men.

David says to his soul, “My soul, be you careful for nothing except God. Cast all your care on Him. He cares for you, so make this your great concern, to love and serve Him. And then you need care for nothing else at all.”

Oh! there are many of you people who go picking your way all through this world—you are afraid to put one foot down before another, because you fear you will be in danger. If you had grace just to turn your eye to God, you might walk straight on in confidence and say, “Though I should tread on hell itself at the next step, yet if God bade me tread there it would be heaven to me.”

There is nothing like the faith that can leave care with God and have no thought but how to please Him. “Behold the fowls of the air; they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them.” “Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.”

Say not, “What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that you have need of all these things.”

Oh, happy is the man who says, “I am a gentleman commoner upon the bounties of providence. Let God send me little, it will be enough. Let Him send me much, it will not be too much, for I will divide my wealth with those who have less. I will trust to Him. He has said, ‘Thy bread shall be given thee, and thy water shall be sure.’ Then let famine come, I shall not starve. Let the brook dry up, He will open the bottles of heaven and give me drink. Whatever shall happen to this world, yet shall I be secure against all ills.”

Some people talk about being independent gentlemen. I know an independent gentleman that lives on three shillings and sixpence a week. He has nothing but parish allowance and the charity of friends. But he says in sickness and in weariness, JEHOVAH will provide. If my Father knows I want more, He will send me more.

And if you hint to him that his parish allowance will be taken away, he will just smile and say, “If it does not come one way it will come another, for God is the chancellor of my treasury and He will never let my funds run too low. I shall have it for God has said it. ‘They that wait on the Lord shall not want any good thing.’”

That is the right kind of independency—the independency of the man who knows no dependence except upon God. My soul, let this be your care—to serve God and wait only upon Him.

3. Again, David meant this—*My soul, make God your only dependence and never trust in anything else.* It is marvelous how God’s creation illustrates my text—David bids his soul take God for its only pillar. Have you ever noticed how the world displays the power of God in its want of any apparent support? Behold the unpillared arch of heaven—see how it stretches its gigantic span. And yet it falls not, though it is unpropped and unbuttressed. “He hangeth the world upon nothing.”

What chain is it that binds up the stars and keeps them from falling? Lo, they float in ether, upheld by His omnipotent arm, who has laid the foundations of the universe. A Christian should be a second exhibition of God’s universe—his faith should be an unpillared confidence—resting on the past and on the eternity to come as the sure groundwork of its arch.

His faith should be like the world—it should hang on nothing but the promise of God and have no other support but that. And he himself, like the stars, should float in the ether of confidence—needing nothing to uphold him but the right hand of the Majesty on high.

But fools that we are, we will always be getting other confidences. The merchant has a man who so understands his business that he thinks the whole establishment depends upon that one man, and if he should die or give up his situation, what would become of the business? Ah! merchant, if you are a godly man, you have forgotten where your confidence ought to be—not in your man, but in your God.

The wife often says, “I love the Lord, but if my husband died, where would be my dependence?” What! Have you buttressed the Almighty even with a husband’s love? Trust in Him and make Him your only consolation. He will supply your needs out of the riches of His fullness. Oh, we would not have half the trouble we have if we learned to live wholly upon God.

But we are so dependent upon creatures. We get to leaning one on another. And our dear friend, into whose ear we have told our tale of misery, seems to be quite necessary to our existence. Take heed,

then—take heed!—you are trying to prop that which requires no prop, when you lean upon your friend. You are just dishonoring Christ when you make him your joy and confidence.

And when in some grievous day, your friend shall be smitten from the earth—then you will begin to feel it would have been better for you if you had leaned upon your heavenly Friend and made no one your strength and your support but God.

This should be a good lesson for some who occupy the pulpit. There is so much time-serving everywhere. The Dissenting minister must make his prop out of his deacons. And the clergyman will too much make his prop out of some high officials in church or state, who are likely to promote him. We shall never get an outspoken Gospel until we get a set of men who say, “I don’t care for the whole earth. If there is no one else right, and I conceive myself to be so, I will battle the whole earth—and I ask no man’s wish, or will, or assent. ‘Let God be true and every man a liar.’”

Oh, we want a few of those gigantic spirits who need no approvers—who can of themselves sweep their acre of men and slay them with their strong broad sword of confidence. And when we get these care-for-nothings, who care only for God, then shall the earth shake again beneath the tramp of angels and God shall visit our land, even as He did of old.

4. Again, beloved, “My soul wait thou only upon God,” that is to say, *make God your only guide and confidence*. When we get into trouble the first thing we do is to knock at our neighbor’s door. “Have you heard about my trouble? Come and give me your advice.” If your neighbor were prudent, he would say, “My brother, have you gone to God first? I will give you no advice till God has given you His counsel.”

It is laughed at as an enthusiastic idea that men should ever take counsel of God. “Oh,” say some, “it is superstitious to imagine that God will ever give to His people guidance in their temporal affairs.” It would be superstitious to you perhaps, but it is not to a David and it is not to any other child of God.

He says, “My soul wait thou only upon God.” Christian, if you would know the path of duty, take God for your compass. If you would know the way to steer your ship through the dark billows, put the tiller into the hand of the Almighty. Many a rock might be escaped if we would let God take the helm. Many a shoal or quicksand we might well avoid if we would leave to His sovereign will to choose and to command.

The old Puritans said, “As sure as ever a Christian carves for himself, he’ll cut his own fingers.” And that is a great truth. Said another old divine, “He that goes before the cloud of God’s providence goes on a fool’s errand.” And so he does. We must mark God’s providence leading us. And then let us go. But he that goes before providence will be very glad to run back again. Take your trouble, whatever it is, to the throne of the Most High and on your knees put up the prayer, “Lord, direct me.” You will not go wrong.

But do not do as some do. Many a person comes to me and says, “I need your advice, sir. As my minister, perhaps you could tell me what I ought to do.” Sometimes it is about their getting married. Why, they have made up their minds before they ask me, they know that. And then they come to ask my advice.

“Do you think that such and such a thing would be prudent, sir? Do you think I should change my position in life?” and so on. Now, first of all, I like to know, “Have you made your mind up?” In most cases they have—and I fear we serve God the same way. We make up our mind what we are going to do and then we go down on our knees and say, “Lord, show me what I ought to do.” And then we follow out our intention and say, “I asked God’s direction.”

My dear friend, you did ask it, but you did not follow it—you followed your own. You like God’s direction as long as it points you the way you wish to go. But if God’s direction leads contrary to what you considered your own interest, it might have been a very long while before you had carried it out. But if we in truth and verity do confide in God to guide us, we shall not go far wrong—I know.

5. Once again—My soul, wait thou only upon God, *for protection in times of danger*. A naval officer tells the following singular story concerning the siege of Copenhagen under Lord Nelson. An officer in the fleet says, “I was particularly impressed with an object which I saw three or four days after the terrific bombardment of that place. For several nights before the surrender, the darkness was ushered in

with a tremendous roar of guns and mortars, accompanied by the whizzing of those destructive and burning engines of warfare, Congreve's rockets.

"The dreadful effects were soon visible in the brilliant lights through the city. The blazing houses of the rich and the burning cottages of the poor illuminated the heavens. And the wide-spreading flames, reflecting on the water, showed a forest of ships assembled round the city for its destruction. This work of conflagration went on for several nights, but the Danes at length surrendered.

"And on walking some days after among the ruins, consisting of the cottages of the poor, houses of the rich, manufactories, lofty steeples, and humble meeting houses, I descried amid this barren field of desolation, a solitary house, unharmed. All around it a burnt mass, this alone untouched by the fire—a monument of mercy.

"'Whose house is that?' I asked. 'That,' said the interpreter, 'belongs to a Quaker. He would neither fight nor leave his house, but remained in prayer with his family during the whole bombardment.' Surely, thought I, it is well with the righteous. God *has* been a shield to you in battle, a wall of fire round about you, a very present help in time of need."

It might seem to be an invention of mine, only that it happens to be as authentic a piece of history as any that can be found. There is another story told, somewhat similar of that Danish war. "Soon after the surrender of Copenhagen to the English, in the year 1807, detachments of soldiers were, for a time, stationed in the surrounding villages.

"It happened one day that three soldiers, belonging to a Highland regiment, were set to forage among the neighboring farm houses. They went to several, but found them stripped and deserted. At length they came to a large garden, or orchard, full of apple trees, bending under the weight of fruit. They entered by a gate and followed a path which brought them to a neat farm house. Everything outside bespoke quietness and security.

"But as they entered by the front door, the mistress of the house and her children ran screaming out by the back. The interior of the house presented an appearance of order and comfort superior to what might be expected from people in that station and from the habits of the country. A watch hung by the side of the fireplace, and a neat bookcase, well-filled, attracted the attention of the elder soldier.

"He took down a book—it was written in a language unknown to him, but the name of Jesus Christ was legible on every page. At this moment, the master of the house entered by the door through which his wife and children had just fled. One of the soldiers, by threatening signs demanded provisions. The man stood firm and undaunted, but shook his head.

"The soldier who held the book approached him and pointing to the name of Jesus Christ, laid his hand upon his heart and looked up to heaven. Instantly the farmer grasped his hand, shook it vehemently, and then ran out of the room. He soon returned with his wife and children laden with milk, eggs, bacon, etc., which were freely tendered. When money was offered in return, it was at first refused, but as two of the soldiers were pious men, they, much to the chagrin of their companion, insisted upon paying for all they received.

"When taking leave, the pious soldiers intimated to the farmer that it would be well for him to secrete his watch. By the most significant signs, he gave them to understand that he feared no evil, for his trust was in God. And that though his neighbors, on the right hand and on the left, had fled from their habitations, and by foraging parties had lost what they could not remove, not a hair of his head had been injured, nor had he even lost an apple from his trees."

The man knew that, "He that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword," so he just tried the non-resistant principle. And God, in whom he put implicit confidence, would not let him be injured.

It was a remarkable thing that in the massacre of the Protestants in Ireland, a long time ago, there were thousands of Quakers in the country and only two of them were killed. And those two had not faith in their own principles—one of them ran away and hid himself in a forest and the other kept arms in his house.

But the others, unarmed, walked amidst infuriated soldiers, both Roman Catholics and Protestants, and were never touched, because they were strong in the strength of Israel's God and put up their sword into its scabbard, knowing that to war against another cannot be right, since Christ has said, "Resist not evil; if any man smite thee on one cheek, turn to him the other also."

"Be kind, not only to the thankful, but to the unthankful and to the evil." "Forgive your enemies." "Bless them that hate you, and pray for them that spitefully use you." But we are ashamed to do that. We do not like it. We are afraid to trust God. And until we do it, we shall not know the majesty of faith, nor prove the power of God for our protection. "My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him."

And now, my dear brethren and sisters, I cannot single out all your cases, but doubtless I have many cases here to which the text will apply. There is a poor Christian there. He does not know much more than where his next meal will come from. My brother, He that feeds the ravens will not let you starve. Instead of looking to find friends to console you, tell your story into the ears of God. As sure as the Bible is true, He will not leave you.

Shall a father leave his children to die? No, the granaries of earth have no key but the Almighty's will. "The cattle on a thousand hills are his." If He were hungry, He would not tell us. Shall He not supply your needs out of the riches of His goodness?

***"All things living He doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need."***

Shall He forget you, when He clothes the grass of the field and when He makes the valleys rejoice with food? But is your anxiety about your character? Has some one been slandering you? And are you troubled and grieved, lest you should lose your good name? If a man has called you every name in the world, do not go to law with him. "Wait only upon God."

If you have been reviled in every newspaper and falsely charged in every sheet, never answer—leave it alone. "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the LORD." Practice non-resistance in words as well as in deeds. Just bow yourself and let the missiles fly over your head. Stand not up to resist—to resist slander is to make it worse. The only way to blunt the edge of calumny is to be silent—it can do no hurt when we are still. Where no wood is, the fire goes out. And if you will not refute nor answer, the fire will die out of itself. Let it alone. "Wait thou only upon God."

And now, what else is your danger? What else is your trouble? Are you afraid of losing your dearest child? Is your husband sick? Does your wife lie upon the bed of languishing? These are hard troubles. They cut us to the very quick—to see our dear ones sick and we incapable of helping them, is a trouble indeed. Then the strong man's eye does weep and his heart beats heavily, because those he loves are sick.

But "wait thou only upon God." Go to your chamber. Tell the Lord your dear one is ill. Pour out your heart before Him and say to Him, "My Lord, spare me this trouble, if it be Your will. Take not my friends away. But this know, O God, though Thou slay me yet will I trust in Thee. Yea—

***"Shouldest Thou take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possessed by me
They were entirely Thine.***

***There! Let it go—one look from Thee
Shall more than make amends."***

Oh, it is a happy way of smoothing sorrow, when we can say, "We will wait only upon God." Oh, you agitated Christians, do not dishonor your religion by always wearing a brow of care. Come, cast

your burden upon the Lord. I see you staggering beneath a weight which He would not feel. What seems to you a crushing burden, would be to Him but as the small dust of the balance.

See! the Almighty bends His shoulders and He says, “Here, put your troubles here. What! will you bear yourself what the everlasting shoulders are ready to carry?” No—

*“Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
He shall lift up thy head.”*

No finer exhibition of the power of religion than the confidence of a Christian in the time of distress. May God vouchsafe such a carriage and bearing unto us through Jesus Christ!

II. And now I close with the EXPECTATION.

And upon that I shall be very brief. The psalmist charges his soul to wait only upon God, because he had no expectation anywhere else but there.

I know very well what some of you are after. You have got an old grandfather, or an old grandmother, or an old great aunt, and you are most fiercely kind to them—you are most provokingly loving! You almost run to the extreme of teasing them by the frequency of your affectionate embraces. If your aunt does not know what you do it for, if she wants to know, let her write to me—I can tell her.

She has a few thousand pounds. I do not say that you have any affection for them, but I should not wonder if you have some expectation of them and that is the reason why you are always waiting upon her. You will take care of her, because you well know which way the wind blows. And you trust that one day, if you put your sails in the right position, there may be a valuable cargo brought to your haven—of course not at all through your design.

You will go into deep mourning and lament the old lady’s death, but at the same time you will feel it to be a magnificent consolation to you—almost greater than the suffering and affliction incurred—that you have become the possessor of her wealth. Now, worldly-wise people always wait where their expectations are.

David says, “My soul, imitate the worldly in this—wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from him.” That is where I expect to get all I shall have and therefore I will wait at that door which I expect will be opened with the hand of munificent grace. What is there in the world that you are expecting, except from God? You will not get it, or if you get it, it will be a curse to you.

That is only a proper expectation which looks to God and to God only. “My expectation is from him.” Well, you expect to have bread to eat and raiment to put on till you die, don’t you? Where do you expect to get it? The interest of that £600 or £1200 of yours in the funds? Well, if that is your expectation and not God, He will put some bitters in that little income of yours and you shall find it, if sufficient for your sustenance, not sufficient for your comfort.

But you will be provided for because you have a large business! Well, the mill may be burned down. The trade may break. The stream of prosperity may run into another’s lap and you may find yourself yet a beggar in the street, notwithstanding all you have, if that is your trust. No, if you are expecting to get aught from the world, it is a poor expectation.

I expect to be provided for till I die. But I expect that I shall have to draw from the bank of faith till I die and get all I need out of the riches of God’s lovingkindness. And this I know—I had rather have God for my banker than any man that has ever lived. Surely, He never fails to honor His promises. And when we bring them to His throne, He never sends them back unanswered.

You must hope in God even for temporal supplies. And after all, what a little thing the temporal supplies are! We have heard of a king who once went into a stable and heard a stable boy singing. Said he to him, “And now, John, what do you get for your work?” “If you please sir,” he said, “I get my clothes and my food.” “That is all I get” said the King, “for my work.”

And that is all everybody gets. All else that you have got besides is not yours, except to look at. And other people can do the same. When a man gets a large park, I can ride through it as much as he—and I have not the trouble of keeping it in order. He may take care of it and I am much obliged to him for doing so.

I can do as the poor Chinaman did, when he bowed before the mandarin. The mandarin was covered with jewels and the Chinaman said, “I thank you for your jewels.” The mandarin was surprised. The next day he was again saluted by the man, who said as before, “I thank you for your jewels.” “Why,” said the mandarin, “what do you thank me for?” Said the Chinaman, “I always look at them every day and that is as much as you do—only that you are the pack horse that has to carry them and you have the trouble at night of taking care of them, whilst I can enjoy them just as much as you.”

And so, dear friends, if we are not rich, contentment can make us so. Contentment gives the poor man broad acres. Contentment gives him great riches upon earth and adds great enjoyment to the comparatively little that he has. “My expectation is from him.”

But we have better expectations than that. We shall die soon. And then “My expectation is from him.” Do we not expect that when we lie upon the bed of sickness, He will send troops of angels to carry us to His bosom? We are believing that when the pulse is faint and few, and the heart heaves heavily, that then some spirit, brighter than the noonday sun, shall draw the curtains of our bed and look with loving eyes upon us and whisper, “Sister, spirit, come away!”

And do we not expect that then a chariot shall be brought, a triumphal chariot such as earth’s conquerors have not seen, and in it we shall be placed and drawn by coursers of light up the eternal hills, in majesty and triumph, we shall ride to yon bright gates of pearl. Then shall the gates wide open swing and He shall say, “Come in, ye blessed of the Lord; inherit the kingdom prepared for you from before the foundations of the world.”

We are expecting wreaths of aramant, and harps of gold, and crowns of glory. We are thinking when we have done with this poor clay, the poor terrestrial stuff this body’s made of, we shall be made white, like spirits who now shine as stars before the throne of the majesty on high, and that we shall share those splendors and enjoy their happiness, forever blest with them,

*“Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.”*

Now, “My soul, wait thou only upon God,” if these are your expectations. And if your expectation is based upon God, my soul, live for God—live with only this care—to bless Him. Live, hoping for a better world, but believing this world to be good enough, if we had God in it.

You know what Luther said the little bird said to him? He sat upon the spray of the tree and he sang—

*“Mortal, cease from toil and sorrow;
God provideth for the morrow.”*

And it chirped and picked up its little grain and sang again. And yet it had no granary. It had not a handful of wheat stored up anywhere. But it still kept on with its chirping—

*“Mortal, cease from toil and sorrow;
God provideth for the morrow.”*

Oh! you that are not Christians, it were worthwhile to be Christians if it were only for the peace and happiness that religion gives. If we had to die like dogs, yet this religion were worth having to make us live here like angels. Oh if the grave were what it seems to be—the goal of all existence—if the black nails in the coffin were not bright with stars, if death were the end and our lamps were quenched in

darkness—when it was said, “Dust to dust and earth to earth”—yet ’twere worthwhile to be a child of God, only to live here.

*“’Tis religion that can give sweetest pleasures while we live;
’Tis religion must supply solid comforts when we die.”*

Remember, he that believes on the Lord Jesus Christ and is baptized shall be saved. And you, as well as any other, if these two things are given you, shall be saved. He who trusts in Christ alone for salvation and then (to translate the word baptized the right way, and it can only be rightly translated one way) “is *immersed*, shall be saved.”

So stands the promise—believing first, baptism afterwards. Believing, the great thing, baptism the sign of it. Believing the great means of divine grace, immersion the outward and visible sign of the washing of the flesh and of the dedication unto God. “He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.”

May God give you grace to obey both commands and so enter into eternal life! But remember, “He that believeth not shall be damned.” He that neglects the great essential shall perish. May God grant that none of you may know the terrible meaning of that awful word!

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.