

QUOTES

by C.H. Spurgeon

A five-volume collection of quotations from Charles Haddon Spurgeon, the renowned 19th-century Baptist preacher, emphasizing the wisdom of the gospel, divine grace, and the dangers of false teaching, drawn from his prolific preaching ministry.

6 Chapters

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Chapter 1

QUOTES BY

CHARLES H. SPURGEON

Five Volumes

Volume 1

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Volume One The Wisdom of the Gospel The gospel is the sum of wisdom; a collection of knowledge; a treasure-house of truth; and a disclosure of mysterious secrets. In it we see how justice and mercy may be associated; here we see unalterable law entirely satisfied, and sovereign love carrying away the sinner in triumph. Our meditation on it broadens the mind; and as it opens to our soul in successive flashes of glory, we stand astonished at the profound wisdom manifest in it. Yes, dear friends! if you seek wisdom, you will see it displayed in all its greatness; not in the firmness of the earth's foundations—not in the measured march of the clouds of the sky, nor in the perpetual motions of the waves of the sea; not in the vegetation with all its intricate forms of beauty, nor in the animal with its marvelous tissue of nerve, and vein, and sinew; nor even in man, that last and loftiest work of the Creator. But turn aside and see this great sight!—an incarnate God upon the cross; a substitute atoning for mortal's guilt; a sacrifice satisfying the vengeance of Heaven, and delivering the rebellious sinner. Here is essential wisdom; enthroned, crowned, and glorified. Admire, you men of the earth, if you are not blind; and you who glory in your learning bow your

heads in reverence, and admit that all your skill could not have devised a gospel that is one so just to God, so safe to man. The Poison of False Teaching

There have been many, destroyed by poisons, given to lull them to sleep; many have been ruined by the cry of "peace, peace," when there is no peace; hearing gentle things, when they ought to be hearing things that convict their hearts. Cleopatra's asp was brought in a basket of flowers; and men's ruin often lurks in fair and sweet speeches. But the Holy Spirit's comfort is safe, and you may rest on it. Let him speak the word, and there is a reality about it; let him give the cup of consolation, and you may drink it to the bottom; for in its depths there are no residue, nothing to

intoxicate or ruin; it is all safe. The Compelling Power of the Cross

What is it that makes the young man devote himself, as a missionary, to the cause of God, to leave father and mother, and go into distant lands? It is a thing of power that does it; it is the

gospel. What is it that constrains the far away minister, in the midst of cholera, to climb up that creaking staircase, and stand by the bed of some dying creature who has that tragic disease? It

must be a thing of power which leads him to risk his life; it is love of the cross of Christ which urges him to do it. What is that which enables one man to stand up before a multitude of his fellows, all unprepared it may be, but determined that he will speak nothing but Christ, and Him crucified? What is it that enables him to cry, like the war horse of Job, in battle, Yes! and more glorious in might? It is a thing of power that does it—it is Christ crucified. What encourages that timid female to walk down that dark road some wet evening, that she may go and sit by the victim of a contagious fever? What strengthens her to go through that den of thieves, and pass by the depraved and perverted? What influences her to enter into that house of death, and there sit down and whisper words of comfort? Does gold make her do it? They are too poor to give her gold. Does fame make her do it? She will never be known nor written among the mighty women of this earth. What makes her do it? What impels her to it? It is the power, the thing of power; it is the cross of Christ—she loves it, and she therefore says, Were the whole realm of nature mine, As a present it would be far too small; Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Look to Calvary

O Young man, build your studio on Calvary! there raise your observatory, and scan by faith the lofty things of nature. Take a recluse's cell in the garden of Gethsemane, and wash your face with the waters of Siloam. Let the Bible be your standard classic your last appeal in matters of contention. Let its light be your illumination, and you will become more wise than Plato, more

truly learned than the seven sages of antiquity. An Old Fool

O man! of all fools, a fool with a grey head is the worst fool anywhere. With one foot in the grave, and another foot on a sandy foundation, how will I depict you, but by saying to you as God said to the rich man, "You fool! This very night your life will be demanded from you. Then who will get what you have prepared for yourself?" The Rejection of the Gospel When the gospel was first preached, instead of being accepted and admired, one universal hiss went up to heaven; men could not bear it; its first preacher they dragged to the edge of the cliff, and would have sent Him down headlong; yes, they did more—they nailed Him to a cross, and there they let Him spend His dying life in agony such as no man has borne since. All His chosen ministers have been hated and abhorred by the worldly; instead of being listened to, they have been scoffed at; treated as if they were rubbish, and the very scum of mankind.

Look at the holy men in the early days of the church, how they were driven from city to city, persecuted, afflicted, tormented, stoned to death, wherever the enemy had power to do so. Those

friends of men, those real philanthropists, who came with hearts big with love, and hands full of mercy, and lips pregnant with celestial fire, and souls burned with holy influence; those men were treated as if they were spies in the camp, as if they were deserters from the common cause of mankind; as if they were enemies, and not, as they truly were, the best of friends. Do not suppose that men like the gospel any better now than they did then. There is an idea that you are growing better; but the heart within is still the same. The human heart of today dissected, would be just like the human heart a thousand years ago; the gall of bitterness within that bosom of yours, is just as bitter as the gall of bitterness of Simon of old. We have in our hearts the same

inherent opposition to the truth of God; and hence we find men, just as in the past, who scorn the gospel.

Staying Alive in Christ

If you feel at any time "death working in you," as doubtless you will, withering the bloom of your religious devoutness, chilling the fervor of your devotions, and quenching the allegiance of your faith, remember, He who first aroused you to life in Christ must keep you alive. The Spirit of God is like the sap that flowed into your poor dry branch, because you were grafted into Christ, and by that sap alone you can ever bring forth fruit to God. The Trinity A gospel without a Trinity! it is a pyramid built upside down on its apex. A gospel without the Trinity! it is a rope of sand that cannot hold together. A gospel without a Trinity! then, indeed,

Satan can overturn it. But, give me a gospel with the Trinity, and the might of hell cannot prevail against it; no man could any more overthrow it than a bubble could split a rock, or a feather break a mountain in half. Get the thought of the three persons, and you have the essence of all divinity. Only know the Father, and know the Son, and know the Holy Spirit to be one, and all things will appear clear. This is the golden key to the secrets of nature, and he who understands this, will soon understand as much as mortals ever can know.

Read Your Bible

You know more about your ledgers than your Bible; you know more about your magazines and novels than what God has written; many of you will read a novel from the beginning to the end, and what have you got? A mouthful of foam when you are done. But you cannot read the Bible; that solid, lasting, substantial, and satisfying food goes uneaten, locked up in the cupboard of neglect; while anything that a man writes, a best seller of the day, is greedily devoured. The Science of Jesus Christ The science of Jesus Christ is the most excellent of sciences. Let no one turn away from the Bible because it is not a book of learning and wisdom. It is. Would you know astronomy? It is here—it tells you of the Son of Righteousness and the Star of Bethlehem. Would you know botany? It is here—it tells you of the plant of renown—the Lily of the Valley, and the Rose of Sharon. Would you know geology and mineralogy? You shall learn it here—for you may read of the Rock of Ages, and the White Stone with the name engraved thereon, which no man knows except he who receives it. Would you study history? Here is the most ancient of all the records of the history of the human race. Whatever your science is, come and bend over this book; your science is here. Come and drink out of this pure fountain of knowledge and wisdom, and you will find yourself made wise unto salvation.

God's Gift of Change Have you now a sweet temper, whereas you once were hotblooded? Do not boast of it; you will be angry yet again if He allows you. Are you now pure, whereas you were once unclean? Do not boast of your purity; it is a plant, the seed of which was brought from heaven; it never was within your heart by nature; it is God's gift, and God's alone. The Attraction of Christ Our world has two forces; it has one tendency to run off at a tangent from its orbit; but the sun draws it by a centripetal power, and attracts it to itself, and so between the two forces it is kept in a perpetual circle. Oh! Christian, you will never walk right, and keep in the orbit of truth, if it were not for the influence of Christ perpetually attracting you to the center. You feel, and if you do not always feel, it is still there—you feel an attraction between your heart and Christ, and Christ is perpetually drawing you to Himself, to His likeness, to His character, to His love, to His

bosom, and in that way you are kept from your natural tendency to fly off and be lost in the wild fields of sin. Bless God, that Christ lifted up draws all His people unto Him in that fashion.

Free Will

"Do you see the cat? She sits there, and will lick her paws and keep herself clean." "I see that," said the other. "Well," said the first speaker, "Did you ever hear of one of the hogs taken out of

the pigsty that ever acted like the cat?" "No," he said. "But he could if he wanted to," said the other. "Yes! truly he could if he wanted to; but it is not according to his nature, and you never saw such a thing done, and until you have changed the swine's nature, he cannot perform such a good action, and God's Word says the same thing of man."

Tell It to God

Cast your troubles where you have cast your sins; you have cast your sins into the depths of the sea, there cast your troubles also. Never keep a trouble half an hour on your own mind before you tell it to God. As soon as the trouble comes, quick, the first thing, tell it to your Father in heaven. Remember, that the longer you take telling your trouble to God, the more your peace will be impaired. The longer the frost lasts, the more likely the ponds will be frozen. The Wisdom of the Holy Spirit

How wise the Holy Spirit is! He takes the soul, lays it on the table, and dissects it in a moment; He finds out the root of the matter, He sees where the evil is, and then He applies the knife where

something is required to be taken away, or puts dressing and ointment where the sore is, and He never makes a mistake. O, how wise is the blessed Holy Spirit; from every other comforter I turn and leave them all, for You are He who alone gives the wisest consolation.

Commanded to Smile

Cultivate a cheerful disposition; endeavor as much as you can to always wear a smile; remember that this is as much a command of God as that one which says, "You shall love the Lord with all your heart." The Perfect Preacher

Christ Jesus was an exciting preacher; He sought all means to set a pearl in a frame of gold, that it might attract the attention of the people. He was not willing to place Himself in a local church, or to preach to a large congregation, like our good brethren in the city, but would preach in such a style that people felt they must go to hear Him. Some of them gnashed their teeth in rage and left His presence in anger, but the multitudes still thronged to Him to hear and to be healed. It was no commonplace experience to hear this King of preachers, He was too straightforward to be dull, and to humane to be incomprehensible. Our Watchman

It was once said by Solon, "No man ought to be called a happy man until he dies," because he does not know what his life is to be; but Christians may always call themselves happy men here,

because wherever their tent is carried, they cannot pitch it where the cloud does not move, and where they are not surrounded by a circle of fire. "I myself will be a wall of fire around them, and I will be their glory within." They cannot live where God is not the head of the house, watchman, and safeguard of salvation. "All my ways shall ever be Ordered by His wise decree." The Peace of

Christianity

Oh! you that are not Christians, it would worthwhile to be Christians, if it were only for the peace and happiness that religion gives. If we had to die like dogs with no future, still this religion would be 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 of the coffin were not so 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 it would be worthwhile to be a child of God, only to live here.

Dreams

We dream of everything in the world, and a few things more! If we were asked to tell our dreams, it would be impossible. You dream that you are at a feast; Behold! the foods change into a flying horse, and you are riding through the air; or again, suddenly transformed into a morsel for a monster's meal. Such is life. The changes occur as suddenly as they happen in a dream. Men have been rich one day, they have been beggars the next. We have witnessed the exile of monarchs, and the flight of a king—or, in another direction, we have seen a man, neither reputable or honorable in status, at a single stride exalted to a throne; and you who would have shunned him in the streets before, were foolish enough to throng your streets to stare at him. Ah! such is life. Leaves of the tree were not more easily moved by the winds, nor are dreams more variable—"Do not boast about tomorrow, for you do not know what a day may bring forth."

Bible Light

It is better to have two lights than only one. The light of creation is a bright light. God may be seen in the stars; His name is written in shiny letters on the darkness of night; you may discover His glory in the ocean waves. Yes, in the trees of the field; but it is better to read it in two books than in only one. You will find it here more clearly revealed; for He has written this book Himself, and He has given you the key to understand it, if you have the Holy Spirit. Yes, beloved, let us thank God for this Bible; let us love it; let us count it more precious than much fine gold.

Cloudy Future

How foolish are those men who wish to pry into the future; the telescope is ready, and they are looking through; but they are so anxious to see, that they breathe on the glass with their hot breath and they dim it, so that they can discern nothing but clouds and darkness.

Hypocrisy

Every now and then we turn over fair looking stone which lies upon the green grass of the professing church, surrounded with the growth of apparent goodness, and to our astonishment we find beneath all kinds of filthy insects and loathsome reptiles, and in our disgust at such hypocrisy, we are driven to exclaim, "All men are liars; there are none in whom we can put any trust at all." It is not fair to say so of all; but really, the discoveries which are made of the insincerity of our fellow creatures are enough to make us despise our kind, because they can go so far in appearances, and yet have so little soundness of heart. The Blood Stained Book Our Bible is a blood-stained book. The blood of martyrs is on the Bible, the blood of translators and believers. The pool of holy baptism in which you have been baptized is a bloodstained pool—

many have had to die for the vindication of that baptism which is the answer of a good conscience towards God. The doctrines which we preach to you are doctrines that have been baptized in blood-swords have been drawn to kill the confessors of them; and there is not a truth which has not been sealed by them at the stake, or the block, or far away on the lofty mountains, where they have, been slain by hundreds.

God's Eyes on Us

God might, if He pleased, wrap himself with night as with a garment; He might put the stars around His wrist for bracelets, and bind the suns around His brow for a crown; He might dwell

alone, far, far above this world, up in the seventh heaven, and look down with calm and silent indifference, upon all the doings of His creatures; He might do as the heathens supposed their false god did, sit in perpetual silence, sometimes nodding his awful head to make the fates move as he pleased, but never taking thought of the little things of earth, disposing of them as beneath

his notice, engrossed within his own being, swallowed up within himself, living alone and retired; and I, as one of his creatures, might stand at night upon a mountain-top, and look upon the silent stars and say, "You are the eyes of God, but you do not look down on me; your light is the gift of His omnipotence, but your rays are not smiles of love to me. God, the mighty, Creator, has forgotten me; I am a despicable drop in the ocean of creation, a leaf in the forest of beings, an atoll in the mountain of existence. He does not know me; I am alone, alone, alone." But it is not so, beloved. Our God is of another order. He notices every one of us; there is not a sparrow or a worm that continues to live apart from His decrees. There is not a person upon whom His eye is not fixed. Our most secret acts are known to Him. Whatever we do, or endure, or suffer, the eye of God still rests upon us, and we are under His smile-for we are His people; or under His frown-for we have sinned against Him. The Power of God

Any farmer can get a good crop out of good soil; but God is the farmer who can grow cedars on rocks, who can not only put the hyssop upon the wall, but put the oak there too, and make the

greatest faith spring up in the most unlikely place. All glory to His grace! The great sinner may become great in faith. Be of good cheer, then, sinner! If Christ should make you repent, you have no reason to think that you will be the least in the family. Oh! no! your name may yet be written among the mightiest of the mighty and you may stand as a memorable and triumph instance of the power of faith.

Seeing Jesus

If we look at something in the pitch blackness of the dark, we cannot see it; but we have done what we were told. So, if a sinner only looks to Jesus, He will save him, for Jesus in the dark is as

good as Jesus in the light; and Jesus, when you cannot see him, is as good as Jesus when you can. The Anchor of Calvary

There was an evil hour once when I released the anchor of my faith; I cut the cable of my belief; I no longer moored myself tight to the coasts of the Revelation of God; I allowed my vessel to drift with the wind; I said to reason, "You be my captain;" I said to my own brain, "You be my rudder;" and I started on my mad voyage. Thank God, it is all over now; but I will tell you its brief history. It

was one hurried sailing over the tempestuous ocean of free thought. I went on, and as I went, the skies began to darken; but to make up for that deficiency, the waters were brilliant with the glitter of brilliancy. I saw sparks flying upward that pleased me, and I thought, "If this is free thought, it is a good thing." My thoughts seemed like gems, and I scattered stars with both my hands; but before long, instead of these flashes of glory, I saw grim fiends, fierce and horrible, come up from the waters, and as I rushed on, they gnashed their teeth, and grinned at me; they seized the bow of my ship and dragged me on, while I, in part, was impressed at the swiftness of my motion, but yet shuddered at the terrific rate with which I passed the old landmarks of my faith. As I hurried forward with a dreadful speed, I began to doubt my very existence; I doubted if there were a world, I doubted if there were such a thing, as myself. I went to the very verge of the dreamy realms of unbelief. I went to the very bottom of the sea of Unbelief. I doubted everything. But here the devil foiled himself—for the very extravagance of the doubt, proved its absurdity. Just when I saw the bottom of that sea, there came a voice which said, "And can this doubt be true?" At this very thought I awoke. I started from that death-dream, which, God knows, might have damned my Soul, and ruined my body, if I had not awoke. When I arose, faith took the helm; from that moment I no longer doubted. Faith steered me back; faith cried, "Away, away!" I cast my anchor on Calvary; I lifted my eye to God; and here I am, "alive, and out of hell."

Traveling to Our Destiny This world is turning around on its axis once every twenty-four hours; and besides that, it is moving around the sun in the 365 days of the year. So that we are all moving; we are all flitting

along through space. And as we are traveling through space, so we are also moving through time at an incalculable rate. Oh! what an idea it is, if we could we grasp it! We are all being carried

along as if by a giant angel, with broad outstretched wings, which he flaps to the sound of thunder, and flying before the lightning, makes us ride on the winds. The whole multitude of us are hurrying along-to a place that will be decided by the test of our faith and the grace of God; but it is certain, we are all traveling. Do not think that you are stable things; do not fancy that you are standing still; you are not. Your pulses each moment beat the funeral marches to the tomb. You are chained to the chariot of rolling time; there is no slowing of the horses, or leaping from the chariot; you must be constantly in motion. A Trip to Heaven

Christ is the chariot in which souls are drawn to heaven. The people of the Lord are on their way to heaven, they are carried in everlasting arms; and those arms are the arms of Christ. Christ is

carrying them up to His own house, to His own throne; in time His prayer-"Father, I want those you have given Me to be with Me where I am" shall be completely fulfilled. And it is being fulfilled now, for He is like a strong charger drawing His children in the chariot of the covenant of grace unto Himself. Oh! blessed be God, the cross is the plank on which we swim to heaven; the cross is the great covenant transport which will weather out the storms, and reach its desired heaven. This is the chariot, the sides are made of gold, and the bottom of silver, it is lined with the purple of the atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ.

God's Book The Bible is the writing of the living God—each letter was penned with an Almighty finger; each word in it dropped from the everlasting lips; each sentence was dictated by the Holy Spirit. Even though Moses was employed to write his histories with his fiery pen, God guided that

pen. It may be that David touched his harp, and let sweet Psalms of melody drop from his fingers; but God moved his hands over the living strings of his golden harp. It may be that Solomon sang songs of love, or gave forth words of consummate wisdom, but God directed his lips, and made the preacher eloquent. If I follow the thundering Nahum, when his horses plowed the waters, or Habakkuk, when he sees the tents of Cushan in affliction; if I read Malachi, when the earth is burning like an oven; if I turn to the smooth page of John, who tells of love, or the rugged, fiery chapters of Peter, who speaks of fire devouring God's enemies; If I turn to Jude, who launches forth anathemas upon the foes of God, everywhere I find God speaking; it is God's voice, not man's; the words of God's words, the words of the Eternal, the Invisible, the Almighty, the Jehovah of this earth. This Bible is God's Bible, and when I see it, I seem to hear a voice springing up from it, saying "I am the book of God; man, read me. I am God's writing; open my pages, for I was penned by God; read it, for he is my author, and you will see him visible and manifest everywhere." "I have written to him the great things of my law."

Pilgrimage of a Pious Life A pilgrim sets out in the morning, and he has to journey many days before he gets to the shrine which he seeks. What varied scenes the traveler will behold on his way! Sometimes he is on the

mountains, and in time he will descend into the valleys; here he will be where the brooks shine like silver, where the birds sing out, where the air is balmy, and trees are green, and luscious fruits hang down to gratify his taste; and in time he will find himself in the arid desert, where no life is found, and no sound is heard, except the screech of the wild eagle in the air, where he

finds no rest for the sole of his foot – the burning sky above him, and the hot sand beneath him – no roof of trees, and no house to rest himself; at another time he finds himself in a sweet oasis,

resting by the wells of water, and plucking fruit from palm trees. One moment he walks between the rocks in some narrow gorge, where all is darkness; at another time he ascends the hill, Mizar;

now he descends into the valley of Baca; and in time he climbs the hill of Bashan, "a high hill is Bashan;" and yet again going into a den of leopards, he suffers trial and affliction. Such is life—ever changing. Who can tell what may come next? Today it is fair, the next day there may be the thundering storm; today I may need nothing, tomorrow I may be like Jacob, with nothing but a stone for my pillow and the heavens for my curtains. But what a happy thought it is, though we do not know where the road winds, we know where it ends. It is the straightest way to heaven to go round about. Israel's forty years wanderings were, after all, the nearest path to Canaan. We may have to go through trial and affliction; the pilgrimage may be a tiresome one, but it is safe; we cannot trace the river upon which we are sailing, but we know it ends in floods of bliss. We cannot track the roads, but we know that they all meet in the great metropolis of heaven, in the center of God's universe. God help us to pursue the true pilgrimage of a pious life!

Life's Goal

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 only upon God." The Simple Gospel

If it would take me seven years to describe the way of salvation, I am sure you would all long to hear it. If only one learned doctor could tell the way to heaven, how would he be sought after! And if it were in hard words, with a few scraps of Latin and Greek, it would be all the better. But it is a simple gospel that we have to preach. It is only "Look!" "Ah!" you say, "is that the gospel? I shall not pay any attention to that." But why has God ordered you to do such a simple thing? Just to take down your pride, and to show you that he is God, and that beside him there is none else. Oh, mark how simple the way of salvation is. It is, "Look! Look! Look! Four letters, and two of them alike! "Look unto me, and be saved, all the ends of the earth."

What is Faith?

Faith is to say, that "mountains, when hidden in darkness, are as real as in the day." Faith is to look through that cloud, not with the eye of sight, which sees nothing, but with the eye of faith,

which sees everything, and to say, "I trust him when I cannot see him; I tread as firmly as I would on the rock; I walk as securely in the tempest as in the sunshine, and lay myself to rest upon the surging billows of the ocean as contentedly as upon my bed."

Holy Spirit Power As a man does not make himself spiritually alive, so neither can he keep himself so. He can feed on spiritual food, and so preserve his spiritual strength; he can walk in the commandments of the

Lord, and so enjoy rest and peace, but still the inner life is dependent upon the Spirit as much for its future existence as for its birth. I do truly believe that if it should ever be my lot to put my foot upon the golden threshold of Paradise, and put this thumb upon the pearly latch, I would never cross the threshold unless I had grace given me to take that last step whereby I might enter heaven. No man himself, even when converted, has any power, except as that power is daily, constantly, and perpetually infused into him by the Holy Spirit.

Waiting Upon God

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 frown of concern; 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 nothing but a small amount of dust. See! The Almighty bends his shoulders, and he says, "Here, put your troubles here."

School of Trouble

Most of the great truths of God have to be learned by trouble; they must be burned into us with the hot iron of affliction, otherwise we shall not truly receive them. No man is competent to judge in matters of the kingdom, until first he has been tried; since there are many things to be learned in the depths which we can never know in the heights. We discover many secrets in the caverns of the ocean, which, though we had soared to heaven, we never could have known. He shall best meet the needs of God's people as a preacher who has had those needs himself; he shall best comfort God's Israel who has needed comfort; and he shall best preach salvation who has felt his own need of it.

Meeting with the Lord

If I desired to put myself into the most likely place for the Lord to meet with me, I would prefer the house of prayer, for it is in preaching, that the Word is most blessed; but still I think I should

equally desire the reading of the Scriptures; for I might pause over every verse, and say, "Such a verse was blessed to so many souls; then, why not to me? I am at least in the pool of Bethesda; I

am walking among its porches, and who can tell but that the angel will stir the pool of the Word, while I lie helplessly by the side of it, waiting for the blessing?"

Obedience that Will Not Save

Oh! It is not some heretic flush upon the cheek of consumptive irresolution that God counts to be the health of obedience. It is not some slight obedience for an hour that God will accept at the Day of Judgment. He said "continued;" and unless from my early childhood to the day when my gray hairs descend into the tomb, I shall have continued to be obedient to God, I must be condemned. Unless I have from the first dawn of reason, when I first began to be responsible, obediently served God, until, like a shock of corn, I am gathered into my Master's barn, salvation by works must be impossible to me, and I must (standing on my own footing), be condemned. It is not, I say, some slight obedience that will save the soul. You have not continued "in all things which are written in the book of the law," and therefore, you are condemned.

Volume 2

QUOTES BY

CHARLES H. SPURGEON

Volume Two

Eyes on Christ

Remember to turn your eyes heavenward, and your heart heavenward, too. Remember that you need to put a round yourself a golden chain, and to securely fasten one end of it in heaven. Look to Christ; do not fear. There is no stumbling when a man walks with his eyes looking up to Jesus. He who looked at the stars fell into the ditch; but he who looks at Christ walks safely.

Support of God

Behold the unpillared arch of heaven; see how it stretches its gigantic span; and yet it does not fall, though it is unpropped and unsupported, "He hangs the world on nothing." What chain is it

that holds up the stars, and keeps them from falling? Lo, they float in space, held up 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 space of confidence, needing nothing to uphold him but the right hand of the Majesty on high.

What is Your Life?

Children sometimes blow bubbles, and therefore amuse themselves. Life is like that bubble. You see it rising into the air; the child delights itself by seeing it fly about, but it is all gone in one moment. "It is a mist that appears for a little while and then vanishes." But if you ask the poet to explain this, he would tell you that in the morning, sometimes at early dawn, the rivers send up a

steamy offering to the sun. There is a vapor, a mist, an exhalation rising from the river and brooks, but in a very little while after the sun has risen, all that mist has gone. Hence we read of the morning cloud and the early dew that passes away. A more common observer, speaking of a vapor, would think of those thin clouds you sometimes see floating in the air, which are so light

that they are soon carried away. Indeed, a poet uses them as a picture of feebleness— "Their hosts are scattered, like thin clouds before a gale." The wind moves them, and they are gone. "What is your life?"

Faith to the Rescue So mighty is the ever-rushing torrent of sin, that no arm but that which is as strong as Deity can ever stop the sinner from being hurried down to the gulf of black despair, and,

when nearing that gulf, so impetuous is the torrent of divine wrath, that nothing can snatch the soul from eternal hell but an atonement which is as divine as God himself. Yet faith is the instrument of accomplishing the whole work. It delivers the sinner from the stream of sin, and so, laying hold upon the omnipotence of the Spirit, it rescues him from that great whirlpool of destruction into which his soul was being hurried.

Melted and Purified

Man is like a great icicle, which the sun of time is continually thawing, and which is soon to be water spilled on the ground that cannot be gathered up. Who can recall the departed spirit, or

inflate the lungs with a new breath of life? Who can put vitality into the heart, and restore the soul from hell? No one. It cannot be gathered up. The place will never see it again. But here is a sweet thought to cheer us. This water cannot be lost, but it will descend into the soil to filter through the Rock of Ages, at finally will spring up a pure fountain in heaven, cleansed, purified, and made clear as crystal. How terrible if, on the other hand, it should percolate the black earth of sin, and hang in horrid drops in the dark caverns of destruction!

Rushing to Destruction And all these—all this vast gathering of human souls, are joining in one cry—all moving in one direction. Oh, thought, at which the faithful well may weep; their cry is self, their course is sin. Here and there are the chosen few struggling against the mighty tide; but the masses, the multitude, still, as in the days of David, are hurrying their mad career in search of a imaginary good, and reaping the fruit of the futile search in disappointment, death and hell.

Missing the Joy

Perhaps the most miserable people in the world are the very careful ones. You that are so anxious about what shall happen to 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 itself, and more amazed by one dry leaf on the tree than by all the verdure of the woods—you that make more of your troubles than you could do of your jobs—I say, I think you belong to the most miserable of men.

Look to Christ! From the cross of Calvary, where the bleeding hands of Jesus drop mercy; from the garden of Gethsemane, where the bleeding pores of the Savior sweat pardons, the cry comes, 'Look to me,

and be saved, all you ends of the earth." From Calvary's summit, where Jesus cries, "It is finished," I hear a shout, "Look, and be saved." But there comes a vile cry from our soul, "No, look to yourself! Look to yourself!" Ah, look to yourself, and you will be damned. That certainly will come of it. As long as you look to yourself there is no hope for you. It is not a consideration of what you are, but a consideration of what God is, and what Christ is, that can save you. It is looking from yourself to Jesus. Oh! there are men that quite misunderstand the gospel; they think that righteousness qualifies them to come to Christ; whereas sin is the only qualification for man to come to Jesus. Good old Crisp says, "Righteousness keeps me from Christ—those who are healthy have no need of a physician, but only those who are sick. Sin makes me come to Jesus,

when sin is felt; and in coming to Christ, the more sin I have the more cause I have to hope for mercy." The Growth of Sin

You cannot, though you may think you can, preserve a moderation in sin. If you commit one sin, it is like the melting of the lower glacier upon the Alps; the others must follow in time. As certainly as you heap one stone on the memorial of stones today, the next day you will add another, until the heap, built stone by stone, shall become a very pyramid. Set the coral insect at work, you cannot decree where it shall do its work. It will not build its rock as you command, it will not stop until it shall be covered with weeds, until the weeds shall decay and there shall be soil on it, and an island shall be created by tiny creatures. Sin cannot be held in with bit and bridle.

Building towards Heaven

Soon, soon, the saints of the earth shall be saints in light; their hairs of snowy age shall be crowned with perpetual joy and everlasting youth; their eyes bathed with tears shall be made

bright as stars, never to be clouded again by sorrow; their hearts that tremble now are to be made joyous and strong, and set forever like pillars in the temple of God. Their follies, their burdens, their griefs, their woes, are soon to be over; sin is to be slain, corruption is to be removed, and a heaven of spotless purity and of unmingled peace is to be theirs forever. But it must still be by grace. As was the foundation so must the capstone be; that which was laid as the first stone on earth, will receive its capstone in heaven.

True Wisdom To know one's self to be foolish is to stand on the doorstep of the temple of wisdom; to understand the unfairness of any position is half way towards amending it; to be quite sure that our self confidence is a heinous sin and folly, and an offense towards Gods, and to have that thought burned into us by God's Holy Spirit is going a great length towards the absolute casting our selfconfidence away, and the bringing of our souls in practice, as well as in theory, to rely wholly on the power of God's Holy Spirit. The Death Struggle

Oh! How solemn will be that hour when we must struggle with that enemy, Death! The death-rattle is in our throat—we can scarce articulate—we try to speak; the death-glaze is on the eye—Death has put his fingers on those windows of the body, and shut out the light forever; the hands nearly refuse to lift themselves, and there we are, close on the borders of the grave! Ah! that moment, when the spirit sees its destiny; that moment of all moments the most solemn, when the soul looks through the bars of its cage, on the world to come! No, I cannot tell you how the

spirit feels, if it is an ungodly spirit, when it sees a fiery throne of judgment, and hears the thunders of Almighty wrath, while there is but a moment between it and hell. I cannot picture to you what must be the terror which men will feel, when they realize what they often heard of!

True Friendship

True friendship can only be made between true men. Hearts are the soul of honor. There can be no lasting friendship between bad men. Bad men may pretend to love each other, but their friendship is a rope of sand, which shall be broken at any convenient season; but if a man has a sincere heart within in him, and is true and noble, then we may confide in him.

Guaranteed Goodness Who can find a stain in the character of Jesus, or who can tarnish his honor? Has there ever been a spot on his shield? Has his flag ever been trampled in dust? Does he not stand as the true witness in heaven, the faithful and just? Is it not declared of him that he is God who cannot lie? Have we not found him so up to this moment; and may we not, knowing that he is "Holy, holy, holy Lord," confide in him, that he will stick closer to us than a brother? His goodness is the guarantee of his fidelity; he cannot fail us. The Bible Weapon This Bible is the stone that will break philosophy into powder; this is the mighty battering-ram that will dash all systems of philosophy into pieces; this is the stone that a woman may yet hurl

upon the head of every Abimelech, and he will be utterly destroyed. O Church of God! Do not fear; you will do wonders; wise men will be confounded, and you will know, and they too, that he is God, and that beside him there is no one else. Our Father, Our Friend

He who would be happy must have friends; and he who would be happy hereafter, must, above all things, find a friend in the world to come, in the person of God, the Father of his people.

False Profession A mere profession, is but painted pageantry to go to hell in—it is like the plumes on the hearse and the trappings on the black horses which drag men to their graves, the funeral array of dead

souls. Take heed above everything of a waxen profession that will not stand the sun; take care of a life that needs to have two faces to carry it out; be one thing, or else the other. If you make up

your mind to serve Satan, do not pretend to serve God; and if you serve God, serve him with all your heart.

Think of Christ

You may think of a doctrine forever, and get no good from it, if you are not already saved; but think of the person of Christ, and that will give you faith. Take him everywhere, wherever you go, and try to meditate on him in your leisure moments, and then he will reveal himself to you, and give you peace.

True Love

What! Is Christ your Brother, and does he live in your house, and yet you have not spoken to him for a month? I fear there is little love between you and your Brother, for you have no conversation with him for so long. What! Is Christ the Husband of his church, and has she had no fellowship with him for all this time?

Truth All Wrapped Up

You have seen mummies, wrapped around and around with folds of linen. Well, God's Bible is like that; it is a vast roll of white linen, woven in the loom of truth; so you will have to continue

unwinding it, roll after roll, before you get the real meaning of it from the very depth; and when you have found, as you think, a part of the meaning, you will still need to keep on unwinding,

unwinding, and all eternity you will be unwinding the words of this wondrous volume.

Revival

It is easy to find hundreds that have departed from the truth, but you must count by ones who know how to groan over their departure. The true believer, however, when he discovers that he needs revival, will not be happy; he will begin at once that incessant and continuous strain of cries and groans which will at last prevail with God, and bring the blessing of revival down.

Pure Desire When a man has fifty different desires, his heart resembles a pool of water, which is spread over a marsh, breeding mist and pestilence; but when all his desires are brought into one channel, his heart becomes like a river of pure water, running along and fertilizing the fields. The Everlasting Praise of Christ

Even if it were possible that the innumerable company of the redeemed could perish, and their immortality were swallowed up in death, yet even then, daily Christ would be praised! If all of mankind would suddenly disappear, then look at the heavens! See the starry host; see the mighty throng of cherubs and seraphs? Let men be gone and they shall praise him; let the troops of the glorified cease their notes, and let no sweet melodies ever come from the lips of sainted men and women; yet the cherubs and seraphs of God would number at least twenty thousand, even many thousands of angels, who always chant his praise. There is an orchestra on high, the music of which shall never cease, even if mortals were extinct and all the human race swept from existence.

Again, if all the angels were gone, still daily would he be praised; for, are there not worlds on worlds, and suns on suns, and systems on systems, that could forever sing his praise? Yes! The ocean that house of storms would howl out his glories; the winds would swell the notes of his praise with their ceaseless gales; the thunders would roll like drums in the march of the God of armies; the endless void of space would become vocal with song; and would burst forth into one universal chorus-Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Still the Lord God omnipotent reigns! And if these ceased to exist; if creatures ceased to exist, he who always lives and reigns, in whom all the fullness of the Godhead bodily dwells, would still be praised; praised; praised in himself, and glorious in himself; for the Father would praise the Son, and the Spirit would praise him, and mutually blessing one another and rendering each other beatified, still "daily would he be praised,"

Secure Near Christ This city of refuge had very large suburbs around it, extending out to one-half mile from the city walls, and was used for grazing the cattle of the priests, and approximately one-half of this area

was used for fields and vineyards. Now, no sooner did the man reach the outside of the city, the suburbs, than he was safe; it was not necessary for him to get within the walls, but the suburbs themselves were sufficient protection. Learn, therefore, that if you just touch the hem of Christ's garment, you shall be made whole; if you only lay hold of him with "faith as small as a mustard seed," with faith which is scarcely believing, but is truly believing, then you are safe. "A little genuine grace ensures the death of all our sins." Get within the borders; grab hold of the hem of Christ's garment, and you are secure.

Destroying Yourself

It is sad for you, that your pulse should beat a march to hell. Sad! That the clock, like the muffled drum, should be the music of the funeral march of your soul. Sad! Sad! That you should fold your arms in pleasure, when the knife is at your heart. Sad! Sad! For you, that you should sing, and make jokes, when the rope is around your neck, and trap door is loose beneath your feet! Sad! For you, that you should go your way, and live merrily and happily and yet be lost! You remind me of the silly moth that dances around the flame, singeing itself for a while, and then at last plunging to its death.

Such are you! Young woman, with your butterfly clothing, you are leaping around the flame that shall destroy you! Young man, light and trivial in your conversation, gay in your life, you are

dancing to hell; you are singing your way to damnation, and promenading the road to destruction. Sad! sad! that you should be making your own death clothes; that you should every day by your sins be building your own gallows; that by your transgressions you should be digging your own graves, and working hard to pile the wood for your own eternal burning. Oh!

That you were wise, that you understood this, that you would consider your coming end. Oh! That you would flee from the wrath to come!

Envy the Dead The saints in Jesus, when their bodies sleep in peace, have perpetual fellowship with him—yes, better fellowship than we can enjoy. We have but the transitory glimpse of his face; they gaze

upon it every moment. We see him "in a glass, darkly;" they behold him "face to face." We sip of the brook by the way; they plunge into the very ocean of unbounded love. We look up sometimes, and see our Father smile; look whenever they may, his face is always full of smiles for them. We get some drops of comfort; but they get the honeycomb itself. They have their cup filled with new wine, running over with perennial, unmixed delights. They are full of peace, full of joy forever. They "sleep in Jesus." Such a description of death makes us wish to sleep too. O Lord, let us go to sleep with the departed! O happy hour! When a clod of the valley shall be our pillow! Though it is hard, we shall not be affected by it. Happy hour, when earth shall be our bed! Cold shall be the clay, but we shall not know it; we shall slumber and we shall rest. The worm shall hold a carnival within our bones, and corruption shall run all over our bodies; but we shall not feel it. Corruption can only feed on the corruptible; mortality can only prey upon the mortal. "We know 'tis common—all that live must die, passing through nature to eternity."

Sing of Incarnation

Salvation is God's highest glory. He is glorified in every dewdrop that twinkles in the morning sun, He is magnified in every flower that blossoms in the forest, although it is unseen, and wastes its sweetness in the forest air. God is glorified in every bird that sings out; in every lamb that skips through the meadow. Don't all the fish in the sea praise him. From the tiny minnow to the huge Leviathan, don't all the creatures that swim in the water bless and praise his name? Don't all created things extol him? Is there anything beneath the sky, except man, that does not glorify God? Don't the stars exalt him, when they write his name on the midnight blue of the heavens in their golden letters? Don't the lightnings adore him when they flash his brightness in arrows of

light, piecing the midnight darkness? Don't thunders extol him when they roll like drums in the march of the God of armies? Don't all things exalt him, from the least even to the greatest? But sing, sing, O Universe, until you have exhausted yourself, you can't sing a song so sweet as the song of Incarnation. Though creation may be a majestic organ of praise, it cannot reach the compass of the golden song—Incarnation! There is more in that than in creation, more melody in Jesus in the manger, than there is in worlds on worlds rolling their grandeur a round the throne of the Most High.

Unlikely Choices

God builds for himself a palace in heaven made of living stones—Where did he get them? Did he go to the quarries of Paris? Has he brought forth the richest and the purest marble from the quarries of perfection? No, you saints, look to "the hole of the pit where you were dug out of, and to the rock where you were cut from!" You were full of sin; far from being stones that were white with purity, you were black with defilement, seemingly utterly unfit to be stones in the spiritual temple, which should be the dwellingplace of the Most High. And yet he chose you to be trophies of his grace, and of his power to save. When Solomon built himself a palace, he built it of cedar; but when God built for himself a dwelling forever, he did not cut down the grand cedars, but he dwelt in a bush, and has preserved it as his memorial forever, "The God that dwells in the bush." Goldsmiths make exquisite forms from precious material; they fashion the bracelet and the ring from gold—God makes his precious things out of base material; and from the black pebbles of the defiling brooks he has taken up stones, which he has set in the golden ring of his immutable love, to make them gems to sparkle on his finger forever. He has not selected the best, but apparently the worst of men, to be the monuments of his grace; and when he wanted to have a choir in heaven that would with tongues harmonious sing his praises—a chorus that would forever chant hallelujahs louder than the noise of many waters, and like great thunders, he did not send Mercy down to seek earth's songsters, and select us from

those who have the sweetest voices—He said, "Go, Mercy, and find the dumb, and touch their lips, and make them sing. The virgin tongues that never sang my praise before, that have been

silent until now, shall break forth in rhapsodies sublime, and they shall lead the song; even angels shall but attend from behind, and catch the notes from the lips of those who once were dumb." "The tongue of the dumb shall sing" God's praises hereafter in heaven. The Many

What a thousand thoughts rise around these two words! The million-peopled city, the populous town, the widespread country, this isle, kingdoms, empires, continents, the world, all seem to

issue forth like armies from the hundred-gated Thebes, at the mention of that word, "The many." Here we see the toiling peasant and his lordly squire, the artisan and the princely

merchant, the courtier and the king, the young, the old, the learned and the unlearned, all gathered within the compass of a word.

Hypocrite

O hypocrite, you think that you shall excel, because the minister has been duped, and gives you credit for a deep experience; because the deacons have been entrapped and think you to be eminently godly; because the church members receive you to their houses, and think you a dear child of God too! Poor soul! Perhaps you may go to your grave with the delusion in your brain that all is right with you; but remember, though like a sheep you are laid in your grave, Death will find you out. He will say to you, off with your mask, man! Away with all your robes! Up with that whitewashed sepulcher! Take off that green turf; let the worms be seen. Out with the body; let us see the reeking corruption! And what will you say when your abominably corrupt and filthy heart shall be opened before the sun, and men and angels hear your lies and hypocrisies laid bare before them? Will you play the hypocrite then? Soul, come and sing God's praises in the Day of Judgment with false lips! Tell him now, while a widow's house is in your throat, tell him that you love him! Come, now, you that devour the fatherless, you that rob, you that do uncleanness! Tell him now that you make your boast in the Lord! Tell him that you preach his word; tell him that you walk in his streets; tell him you make it known that you were one of the excellent of the earth!

What! Man, is your babbling tongue silent for once? What is the matter with you? You were never slow to talk of your godliness. Speak out, and say "I took the sacramental cup; I was a

professor." Oh how changed! The whitewashed sepulcher has become white in another sense; he is white with horror. See now; the talkative one has become dumb; the boaster is silent; the formalist's garb is torn to rags, the moth has devoured their beauty; their gold and their silver has become tarnished. Ah! it must be with every man who has thus lied to God and to his own

conscience.

Mighty Champions

There never shall come a day when the church shall be without mighty champions for the truth, who fail to declare the whole counsel of God; but continually, to the latest period of time, men

shall be raised up to preach free grace in all its sovereignty, in all its omnipotence, in all its perseverance, in all its immutability. Until the sun grows dim with age, and the comets cease their mighty revolutions—until all nature quakes and totters with old age, and, palsied with disease, dies away—the voice of the ministry must and shall be heard, "and daily shall He be

praised." Men cannot put out the light of Christianity—the pulpit is still the critical narrow pass of Christendom, and if there were but two godly ministers they would stand in the pass and repulse a thousand—yes, ten thousand. All the hosts of mankind shall never vanquish the feeble band of Christ's follower's, while He sends forth his ministers. On this we rely as a sure word of prophecy—"You teachers shall no more be removed into a corner;" and we believe that by this ministry daily shall Christ be praised. The Fight

Heaven is a place of complete victory and glorious triumph. This is the battlefield; there is the triumphal procession. This is the land of the sword and the spear; that is the land of the wreath and the crown. This is the land of the garment rolled in blood and the dust of the fight; that is the land of the trumpet's joyful sound—that is the place of the white robe and of the shout of conquest. Oh, what a thrill of joy shall shoot through the hearts of all the blessed when their conquests shall be complete in heaven, when death itself, the last of foes, shall be slain—when Satan shall be

dragged captive at the chariot wheels of Christ—when He shall have overthrown sin and trampled corruption as the mire of the streets—when the great shout of universal victory shall rise from the hearts of all the redeemed! The Pursuit The eagle is a bird noted for its swiftness—I remember reading an account of an eagle attacking a fish-hawk, which had obtained some booty from the deep, and was bearing it aloft. The hawk

dropped the fish, which fell towards the water; but before the fish had reached the ocean, the eagle had flown more swiftly than the fish could fall, and catching it in its beak, it flew away with it. The swiftness of the eagle is almost incalculable; you see it, and it is gone; you see a dark speck in the sky yonder; it is in an eagle soaring; let the fowler imagine that in time he shall overtake it on some mountain's craggy peak, it shall be gone long before he reaches it. Such is our life. It is like an eagle hurrying to its prey; not merely an eagle flying in its ordinary course, but an eagle

hurrying to its prey. Life appears to be hurrying to its prey—the prey is the body; life is ever fleeing from insatiate death; but death is too swift to be outrun, and as an eagle overtakes his prey, so shall death.

Snares

There is not a place beneath which a believer walks that is free from snares. Behind every tree there is the Indian with his barbed arrow; behind every bush there is the lion seeking to devour;

under every piece of grass there lies the adder. They are everywhere.

Presumption

You saw only yesterday a strong man in your neighborhood brought to the grave by sudden death; it is only a month ago that you heard the bell toll for one whom once you knew and loved,

who procrastinated and procrastinated until he perished in procrastination. You have had strange things happen in your very street, and the voice of God has been spoken loudly through the lip of Death to you. Yes, and you have had warnings too in your own body, you have been sick with fever, you have been brought to the jaws of the grave, and have looked down into the bottomless vault of destruction. It is not long ago since you were given up—all said they might prepare a coffin for you, for your breath could not long be in your body. Then you turned your face to the wall and prayed; you vowed that if God would spare you, you would live a godly life, that you would repent of your sins; but to your own confusion you are just what you were. Ah! let me tell you, your guilt is more grievous than that of any other man, for you have sinned presumptuously, in the very highest sense in which you could have done so. You have sinned against reproofs, but what is worse still, you have sinned against your own solemn oaths and covenants, and against the promises that you made to God. He who plays with fire must be condemned as careless; but he who has been burned out once, and afterwards plays with the

destroying element, is worse than careless; and he who has himself been scorched in the flame, and has had his locks all hot and crisp with the burning, if he again should rush headlong into

fire, I say he is worse than careless, he is worse than presumptuous, he is mad. But I have some such here. They have had warnings so terrible that they might have known better; they have gone into lusts which have brought their bodies into sickness, and perhaps this day they have crept up

to this house, and they dare not tell to their neighbor who stands by their side what is the loathsomeness that even now breeds upon their body. And yet they will go back to the same lusts; the fool will go again to the stocks, the sheep will lick the knife that is to slay him. You will go in your lust and in your sins, despite warnings, despite advice, until you perish in your guilt. How worse than children are grownup men! The child who goes for a merry slide upon a pond,

if he be told that the ice will not bear him, turns back in fear, or if he daringly creeps upon it, how soon he leaves it, if he hears but a crack upon the slender covering of the water! But you men have conscience, which tells you that your sins are vile, and that they will be your ruin, you hear the crack of sin, as its thin sheet of pleasure gives way beneath your feet; yes, and some of you have seen your comrades sink in the flood, and lost; and yet you go sliding on, worse than childish, worse than mad are you, thus presumptuously to play with your own everlasting state. O my God, how terrible is the presumption of some! How fearful is presumption of any! Oh ! that we might be enabled to cry, "Keep back your servant also from presumptuous sins."

Eternal Love

Oh! you kind and affectionate hearts, who are not rich in wealth, but who are rich in love—and that is the world's best wealth—put this golden coin among your silver ones, and it will sanctify them. Get Christ's love shed abroad in your hearts, and your mother's love, your daughter's love, your husband's love, your wife's love, will become more sweet than ever. The love of Christ does not cast out the love of relatives, but it sanctifies our loves, and makes them sweeter by far. Remember the love of men and women is very sweet; but all must pass away; and what will you do, if you have no wealth but the wealth that fades, and no love but the love which dies, when death shall come? Oh! To have the love of Christ! You can take that across the river of death with you; you can wear it as your bracelet in heaven, and set it up as a seal upon your hand; for his love is "strong as death and mightier than the grave."

Love God!

Behold, him whom you cannot behold! Lift up your eyes to the seventh heaven; see where, in dreadful majesty, the brightness of his gown makes the angels veil their faces, lest the light, too strong for even them, should strike them with eternal blindness. See him, who stretched the heavens like a tent to dwell in, and then weaves into their tapestry, with golden needle, stars that glitter in the darkness. Mark him who spread the earth, and created man upon it. And hear you what he is. He is all-sufficient, eternal, self-existent, unchangeable, omnipotent, omniscient! Will you not reverence him? He is good, he is loving, he is kind, he is gracious! See the bounties of his providence; behold the plenitude of his grace! Will you not love Jehovah, because he is Jehovah?

True Love

It seems too costly for him who is the Prince of Life and Glory to let his fair limbs be tortured in agony; that the hands which carried mercies should be pierced with accursed nails; that the

temples that were always clothed with love should have cruel thorns driven through them. It appears too much. Oh! Weep, Christian, and let our sorrow rise. Is not the price all but too great, that your beloved should for you resign himself?

Wisdom

It is marvelous that the men who most of all speak against faith are remarkable for gullibility. One of the greatest unbelievers in the world, who has called himself a free-thinker from his birth, is to be found now tottering into his tomb, believing the wildest absurdity that a child might make up. Not caring to have God in their hearts, forsaking the living fountain, they have hewn out to themselves cisterns which are broken, and hold no water. Oh! That we may each of us be more wise, that we may not forsake the good old path, nor leave the way that God has prepared for us. What wonder we should travel among thorns and briars, and tear our own flesh, or worse than that, fall among dark mountains, and be lost among the chasms, if we despise the guidance of an unerring Father. Our Cunning Enemy A cunning enemy we have to deal with; he knows our weak points; he has been dealing with men for these last six thousand years; he knows all about them. He is possessed of a gigantic intellect—though he be a fallen spirit; and he is easily able to discover where our sore places are, and there it is he immediately attacks us. If we are like Achilles, and cannot be wounded anywhere but in our heel, then at the heel he will send his dart, and nowhere else.

Volume 3

CHARLES H. SPURGEON

Volume Three The Song of Death

There are some that are like what is fabled of the swan. The ancients said the swan never sang in his life-time, but always sang just when he died. Now, there are many of God's desponding children, who seem to go all their life under a cloud; but they get a swan's song before they die. The river of their life comes running down, perhaps black and miry with troubles, and when it begins to touch the white foam of the sea there comes a little glistening in its waters. So, beloved, though we may have been very much discouraged because of the burden of the way, when we get to the end we shall have sweet songs. Are you afraid of dying? Oh! Never be afraid of that; be afraid of living. Living is the only thing which can do an mischief; dying never can hurt a Christian.

Afraid of the grave? It is like the has of Esther, in which she lay for a time, to purify herself with spices, that she might be fit for her Lord. The grave fits the body for heaven. There it lies—and

corruption, earth, and worms, only refine and purify our flesh. Do not be afraid of dying; it does not take any time at all. All that death is, is emancipation, deliverance, heaven's bliss to a child of

God. Never fear it; it will be a singing time. You are afraid of dying, you say, because of the pains of death. No, they are pains of life-of life struggling to continue. Death has no pain; death itself is

only one gentle sigh—the chain is broken, and the spirit is set free. The best moment of a Christian's life is his last one because it is the one that is nearest heaven; and then it is that he begins to strike the keynote of the song which he shall sing for all eternity. The Mysterious Spirit of the Living God

It may be, that during a sermon two men are listening to the same truth; one of them hears as attentively as the other and remembers as much of it; the other is melted to tears or moved with solemn thoughts; but the one though equally attentive, sees nothing in the sermon, except, maybe, certain important truths well set forth; as for the other, his heart is broken within him and his soul is melted. Ask me how is it that the same truth has an effect upon the one, and not upon his fellow—I reply, because the mysterious Spirit of the Living God goes with the truth to one heart and not to the other. The one only feels the force of truth, and that may be strong enough to make him tremble, like Felix; but the other feels the Spirit going with the truth, and that renews the man, regenerates him, and causes him to pass into that condition, that gracious condition which is called the state of salvation. This change takes place instantaneously. It is as

miraculous a change as any miracle of which we read in Scripture. It is supremely supernatural. It may be mimicked, but no imitation of it can be true and real. Men may pretend to be regenerated without the Spirit, but regenerated they cannot be. It is change so marvelous that the highest attempts of man can never reach it. We may reason as long as we please, but we cannot

reason ourselves into regeneration; we may meditate until our hairs are gray with study; but we cannot meditate ourselves into the new birth. That is worked in us by the sovereign will of God

alone. No man can serve two masters.

Mark Anthony yoked two lions to his chariot; but there are two lions no man has ever yoked together—the lion of the tribe of Judah, and the lion of the pit. These can never go together. Two

opinions you may hold in politics, perhaps, but then you will be despised by everyone, unless you are of one opinion or the other, and act as an independent man. But two opinions in the matter of

soul-religion you cannot hold. If God be God, serve him, and do it thoroughly; but if this world is God, serve it, and make no profession of religion. If you are a worldling, and think the things of the world are the best, serve them; devote yourself to them, do not be kept back by conscience; ignore your conscience, and run into sin. But remember, if the Lord is your God, you cannot have Baal too; you must have one thing or the other. "No man can serve two masters." If God is served, he will be a master; and if the devil be served, he will not be long before he will be a master; and "you cannot serve two masters." Oh! Be wise, and do not think that the two can be mingled together.

If God is God

If God is really worthy of our worship, and you really think so, I demand that you either follow him, or else deny that he is God at all. Now, professor of Christianity, if you say that Christ's gospel is the gospel, if you believe in the divinity of the gospel, and put your trust in Christ, I demand that you follow the gospel, not merely because it will be to your advantage, but because the gospel is divine. If you make a profession of being a child of God, if you are a believer, and think and believe religion is the best, the service of God the most desirable, then I do not come to plead with you because of any advantage you would get by being holy; it is on this ground that I put it, that the Lord is God; and if he is God, it is your business to serve him. If his gospel is true, and you believe it to be true, it is your duty to carry it out. If you say, Christ is not the Son of God, carry out your Jewish or your infidel convictions, and see whether it will end well. If you do not believe Christ to be the Son of God, if you are a Muslim, be consistent, carry out your Muslim convictions, and see whether it will end well. But, take heed, take heed! If however, you say God is God, and Christ is the Savior, and the gospel is true; I demand of you, only on this account, that you carry it out. Not Far from Home

O Children of God! Death has lost its sting, because the devil's power over it is destroyed. Then cease being afraid of dying. You know what death is—look him in the face, and tell him you are

not afraid of him. Ask grace from God, that by an intimate knowledge and a firm belief of the master's death, you may be strengthened for that dreaded hour. And mark me, if you so live

you may be able to think of death with pleasure, and to welcome it when it comes with intense delight. It is sweet to die—to lie upon the bosom of Christ, and have one's soul kissed out of one's body by the lips of divine affection. And you that have lost friends, or that may be bereaved, do not sorrow as those that are without hope; for remember the power of the devil is taken away. What a sweet thought the death of Christ brings us concerning those who are departed! They are gone, my brethren; but do you know how far they have gone? The distance between the glorified spirits in heaven and the militant saints on earth seems great; but it is not so. We are not far from home.

"One gentle sigh the spirit breaks,
We scarce can say 'tis gone,
Before the ransomed spirit takes
Its station near the throne."

We measure distance by time. We are apt to say that a certain place is so many hours from us. If it is a hundred miles away and there is no railroad we think it a long way; if there is a railway, we think we can be there in no time. But how near must we say heaven is? For it is just one sigh and we get there. Why, my brethren, our departed friends are only in the upper room, as it

were, of the same house; they have not gone far off; they are upstairs, and we are down below. Be careful of your pleasures

It is said that where the most beautiful cacti grow, there the venomous serpents are to be found at the root of every plant. And it is so with sin. Your fairest pleasures will harbor your grossest

sins. Take care; take care of your pleasures. Cleopatra's asp was introduced in a basket of flowers; so are our sins often brought to us in the flowers of our pleasures.

Love your Creator

God, the Almighty, though he might use instruments, was nevertheless the sole creator of man. Though he is pleased to bring us into the world by the agency of our pregenitors, yet is he as much our Creator as he was the Creator of Adam, when he formed him out of clay and made him. Look at this marvelous body of your—see how God put the bones together, so as to be of

the greatest service and use to you. See how he has arranged your nerves and blood-vessels—mark the marvelous machinery which he has employed to keep you in life! O thing of an hour! Will you not love him that made you? It is impossible that you can think of him who formed you in his hand, and molded you by his will, and yet you will not love him who has fashioned you?

Think again of the end

You may think you can live fine without Christ, but you cannot afford to die without him. You can stand very securely at present, but death will shake your confidence. Your tree may be fair now, but when the wind comes, if it has no roots in the Rock of Ages, down it must come. You may think your worldly pleasures good, but they will then turn bitter as wormwood in your taste; worse than gall shall be the sweetest of your drinks, when you shall come to the bottom of your poisoned bowl. The Blood-stained Page No inferior hand has sketched even so much as the most minute parts of providence. It was all, from its Alpha to its Omega, from its divine preface to its solemn conclusion, marked out, designed, sketched and planned by the mind of the all-wise, all-knowing God. Therefore, not even Christ's death was exempt from it. He who wings an angel and guides a sparrow, he that protects the hairs of our head from falling prematurely to the ground, was not likely, when he took notice of such little things, to omit in his solemn decrees the greatest wonder of earth's miracles, the death of Christ. No! the blood-stained page of that book, the page which makes both past and future glorious with golden words, that blood-stained page, I say, was as

much written by Jehovah as any other.

Like the Swift Ships

You may easily conceive how swiftly the mariner flies from a threatening storm, or seeks the port where he will find his home. You have sometimes seen how the ship cuts through the billows,

leaving a white furrow behind her, and causing the sea to boil around her. Such is life, says Job, "like the swift ships," when the sails are filled by the wind, and the vessel dashes on, dividing a

passage through the crowded water. Swift are the ships, but swifter far is life. The wind of time bears me along. I cannot stop its motion; I may direct it with the rudder of God's Holy Spirit; I

may, it is true, take in some small sails of sin, which might hurry my days on faster than otherwise they would go; but nevertheless, like a swift ship, my life must speed on its way until it reaches its haven. Where is that haven to be? Shall it be found in the land of bitterness and barrenness, that dreary region of the lost? Or shall it be that sweet haven of eternal peace, where not a troubling wave can ruffle the quiet glory of my spirit? Wherever the haven is to be, that truth is the same, we are "like the swift ships."

Focus on Christ

There is one great event, which every day attracts more admiration than do the sun, and moon, and stars, when they march in their courses. That event is, the death of our Lord Jesus Christ. To it the eyes of all the saints who lived before the Christian era were always directed; and backwards, through the thousand years of history, the eye of modern saints are looking. Upon Christ, the angels in heaven perpetually gaze. "Which things the angels desire to look into," said the apostle. Upon Christ, the myriad eyes of the redeemed are perpetually fixed; and thousands of pilgrims, through this world of tears, have no higher object for their faith, and no better desire for their vision, than to see Christ as he is in heaven, and in communion to behold his person. Beloved, we shall have many with us, while we turn our face to the Mount of Calvary. We shall not be solitary spectators of the fearful tragedy or our Savior's death—we shall but dart our eyes to that place which is the focus of heaven's joy and delight, the cross of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

Means of Grace

Happy is the nation which is blessed with the means of grace. No man was ever saved by the means of grace apart from the Holy Spirit. You may hear the sermons of the man whom God delights to honor; you may select from all your divines the writings of the man whom God did bless with a double portion of his Holy Spirit; you may attend every meeting for prayer; you may turn over the pages of his blessed book; but in all this, there is no life for the soul apart from the breath of the Divine Spirit. Use these means, we exhort you to use them, and use them diligently; but remember that in none of these means is there anything that can benefit you unless God the Holy Spirit shall own and crown them. These are like the conduit pipes of the market place; when the fountain-head flows with the water then they are full, and we do derive a blessing from them; but if the stream is held back, if the fountain head does cease to give forth its current, then these are wells without water, clouds without rain; and you may go to ordinances as an Arab turns to his skin bottle when it is dry, and with your parched lips you may suck the wind and drink the whirlwind, but

receive neither comfort, nor blessing, nor instruction, from the means of grace. The Little Things

If little things have done great things, let us try to do great things also. You do not know, you atoms, but that your destiny is sublime. Try and make it so by faith; and the least of you may be

mighty through the strength of God. Oh for grace to trust God, and there is no telling what you can do. Worms, you are nothing, but you have eaten princes; worms, you are nothing, but you have devoured the roots of cedars, and laid them level with the earth; worms, you are nothing, but you have piled rocks in the deep, deep sea, and wrecked mighty navies; worms, you have eaten through the keel of the proudest ship that ever sailed the ocean. If you have done this yourselves, what can't we do? Your strength lies in your mouths; our strength lies in ours too. We will use our mouths in prayer, and in constant adoration, and we shall conquer yet, for God is with us, and victory is sure.

Sin of Presumption

It would be presumption for any man to climb to the top of the spire of a church, and stand upon his head. "Well, but he might come down safe if he were skilled in it." Yes, but it is presumptuous. I would no more think of paying any money to watch a man ascend in a balloon, than I would to watch a poor wretch cut his own throat. I would no more think of standing and

gazing at any man who puts his life in a position of peril, than I would of paying a man to blow his brains out. I think such things, if not murders, are murderous. There is suicide in men's risking themselves in that way; and if there is suicide in the risk of the body, how much more in the case of a man who puts his own soul in jeopardy just because he thinks he has strength of mind enough to prevent its being ruined and destroyed. Sir, your sin is a sin of presumption; it is a great and grievous one; it is one of the master pieces of iniquity. A Penny's Worth of Righteousness

While you have a rag of your own you shall never have Christ; while you have a penny's worth of your own righteousness, you shall never have him; but when you are nothing, Christ is yours;

when you have nothing of yourself to trust in, Jesus Christ in the gospel is your complete Savior; he bids me tell you he came to seek and to save people just like you. The Grace of Election!

There is no difference, by nature, between the elect and others—those who are now glorified in heaven, and who walk the golden streets, dressed in robes of purity, were by nature as unholy and defiled, and as far from original righteousness, as those who, by their own rejection of Christ, and by their love of sin, have brought themselves into the pit of eternal torment, as a

punishment for their iniquities. The only reason why there is a difference between those who are in heaven and those who are in hell, rests with divine grace, and with divine grace alone. Those in heaven must inevitably have been cast away, had not everlasting mercy stretched out its hand and redeemed them. They were by nature not one bit superior to others. They would as certainly

have rejected Christ, and have trodden under foot the blood of Jesus, as did those who were cast away, if grace—free grace—had not prevented them from committing this sin. The reason why

they are Christians is not because they naturally willed to be one, nor because they did by nature desire to know Christ, or to be found of him; but they are now saints simply because God made

them so. He gave them the desire to be saved; he put into them the will to seek after him; he helped them in their seekings, and afterward brought them to feel that peace which is the fruit of justification. But by nature they were just the same as others; and if there is any difference, we are obliged to say that the difference does not lie in their favor. In very many cases, we who now

"rejoice in hope of the glory of God" were the very worst of men! There are multitudes that now bless God for their redemption who once cursed him; who implored, as frequently as they dare to do, with oaths and swearing, that the curse of God might rest upon their fellow men and upon themselves. Many of the Lord's anointed were once the very castaways of Satan, the sweepings of

society, the refuse of the earth, those whom no man cares for, who were called outcasts, but whom God has now called desired ones, seeing he has loved them.

Trust God

Doubt the Eternal, distrust the Omnipotent? O traitorous fear! Do you think that the arm which created the heavens, and sustains the earth, shall ever be weak? Shall the brow which eternal ages have rolled over without scathing it, will eventually be furrowed by old age? What! Shall the Eternal fail you? God is too wise to error, too good to be unkind; stop doubting him, and begin to trust him, for in so doing, you will put a crown on his head, but in doubting him you trample his crown beneath your feet.

Ring the Bell in Heaven!

Keep prayer going; don't neglect your prayer meetings. Christmas Evans gives us a good idea about prayer. He says, "Prayer is the rope in the belfry; we pull it, and it rings the bell up in heaven." And so it is. Be sure that you keep that bell going. Pull it well. Come up to prayer meetings. Keep on pulling it; and though the bell is up so high that you cannot hear it ring, depend upon it, it can be heard in the tower of heaven, and is ringing before the throne of God, who will give you answers of peace according to your faith. May your faith be large and plentiful, and so will your answers be!

Never say Never

There is enough tinder in the heart of the best men in the world to light a fire that shall burn to the lowest hell, unless God should quench the sparks as they fall. There is enough corruption,

depravity, and wickedness in the heart of the most holy man that is now alive to damn his soul to all eternity, if free and sovereign grace does not prevent it. O Christian! You have need to pray this prayer. But I think I hear you saying, "Is your servant a dog that I should do this thing? So said Hazeal, when the prophet told him that he would slay his master; but he went home, and took a wet cloth and spread it over his master's face and choked him, and did the next day the sin which he abhorred before. Do not think it is enough to abhor sin; you may yet fall into it. Do not say, "I never can be drunken, for I have such an abhorrence of drunkenness;" you may fall where you are most secure. Do not say, "I can never blaspheme God, for I have never done so in my life;" take care, you may yet swear most profanely. Job might have said, "I will never curse the day of my

birth;" but he lived to do it. He was a patient man; he might have said, "I will never murmur; though he slay me yet will I trust in him;" and yet he lived to wish that the day were darkness wherein he was brought forth. Do not boast then, O Christian! By faith you stands. "Let him that thinks he stands take heed lest he fall."

Tiresome Prayer

We never read that Joshua's hand was weary with wielding the sword, but Moses' hand was weary with holding the rod. The more spiritual the duty, the more apt we are to tire of it. We could stand and preach all day; but we could not pray all day. We could go forth to see the sick all day, but we could not be in our closets all day one-half so easily. To spend a night with God in prayer would be far more difficult than to spend a night with man in preaching. Oh! Take care, Church of Christ, that you do not cease your prayers! Our Works

You cannot get to heaven by your works. You might as well seek to reach the stars on a treadmill, as to go to heaven by works; for as you take one step, you will always be where you were before. If you cannot be perfect, God will not save you by works.

God's Sovereignty The worm is not to complain, because God did not make it an angel, and the fish that swims the sea must not complain because it has no wings to fly into the highest heavens. God had a right to

make his creatures just as He pleased, and though men and women may dispute His right, He will hold and keep it intact against all comers. He protects His right and makes proud men and women acknowledge it, in all His gifts He continually reminds us of His sovereignty. The God of the Present

Don't you know that God is an eternal self-existent Being; that to say He loves now, is, in fact, to say He always did love, since with God there is no past, and can be no future. What we call past, present, and future, He wraps up in one eternal now. And if you say He loves you now, you say He loved you yesterday; He loved you in eternity past; and He will love you forever; for now with

God is past, present, and future.

Man's Strength

Those who go off to fight, boasting that they can do it, will return with their banners trailed in the dust and with their armor stained with defeat; for God will not go with the man or woman who goes in their own strength.

Think of God

Let your mind think on the great doctrines of the Godhead—consider the existence of God from before the creation of the world; See Him who is, and was, and is to come, the Almighty; let your soul comprehend as much as it can of the Infinite and Eternal God, and I am sure, if you have minds at all, they will shrink with awe. The lofty archangel himself bows before his Master's throne; and we will cast ourselves into the dust when we feel what lowly nothings, what insignificant specks we are when compared with our completely magnificent Creator.

God's Gifts

Faith is the gift of God. Does my earthly, natural father love me because he fed me, and because he clothed me? No, he clothed and fed me because he loved me, for his love was prior to his gift. His gifts did not cause him to love me, because he loved me before he gave them. And if any man or woman says, "God loves me because I can do this or that for him," they talk nonsense.

Peace and Joy

Peace is the flowing of the brook, but joy is the rushing of the waterfall when the brook is filled and bursts its banks, and gushes down upon the rocks. The Lasting Works of Man

Many men and women have said of their works, "They will last forever;" but how disappointed they have been! In the age following the flood, they made the bricks and built the Tower of Babel, and they thought, "This will last forever." But God confused their language; they never finished it. By His sovereignty he scattered the men and women and left the tower as a monument to their folly. Pharaoh and the Egyptian monarchs built their pyramids, and they said, "They will stand forever," and yes it is true that they still stand today; but the time is approaching when age will devour even these great monuments. So it is with all the proudest works of man, whether they have been his temples or his kingdoms, he has written "everlasting" on them; but God has ordained their end, and they have passed away. The most stable things have vanished like shadows and bubbles of the moment, quickly destroyed at God's command.

Where is Babylon? Where are the cities of Persia? Where are the high places of Edom? Where are the temples of the heroes of Greece? Where are the vast armies of the Roman Emperors?

Have they not all passed away? And though in their pride they said, "This kingdom is an everlasting one; this queen of the seven hills (Rome) will be called the eternal city," its pride is dimmed; and she who sat alone, and said, "I will not be a widow, but instead a queen forever," she has fallen, has fallen, and in a little while she will sink like a millstone in the flood, her name being a curse and a byword, and her site the habitation of wild animals. Man calls his works eternal—God calls them transitory; man conceives that they are built of rock—God says, "They are built of sand, or worse than that—they are built of air." Man says he erects them for eternity—God blows on them for a second, and where are they? Like the fragments of a vision, they are passed and gone forever.

God's Spirit and Man's Spirit

God's Holy Spirit and man's sin cannot live together peacefully; they may both be in the same heart, but they cannot both reign there, nor can they both be quiet there; for "the sinful nature

desires what is contrary to the Spirit, and the Spirit what is contrary to the sinful nature;" they cannot rest, instead there will be a perpetual warring in the soul, so that the Christian will have

to cry out, "What a wretched man I am! Who will rescue me from this body of death?" But in due time—the Spirit will drive out all sin, and will present us blameless before the throne of his Majesty with great joy.

Heresy The boasted power of man's reason has not changed in the last one hundred and fifty years! It has piled up one thing, and then on another day it has laughed at its own handiwork, demolished

its own castle, and constructed another one, and the next day a third. It has a thousand dresses. Once it came out dressed like a fool with its bells, heralded by Voltaire; then it came out a

bragging bully, like Tom Paine; then it changed its course, and assumed another shape, until finally, we have it in the base, perverted secularism of the present day, which looks only at the earth, keeps its nose on the ground, and like the animal, thinks this world is enough; or looks for another world by seeking this one. Why, before one hair on his head will turn gray, the last secularist will have passed away; before many of us are fifty years of age, a new heresy will come. They will have altered their name, assumed a fresh shape, put on a new form of evil, but still their nature will be the same; opposing Christ, and endeavoring to blaspheme His truths. On all their systems of religion, or nonreligion—for that is a system too—it may be written "Transient;

fading as the flower, fleeting as the meteor, frail and unreal as a vapor." But of Christ's religion, it will be said, "His name will endure forever."

Worldly Flavors

You know, when we have been taking some kind of medicine, and our mouth has been impregnated with a strong flavor, whatever we eat acquires that taste. You have got your mouth out of taste by taking in some of the world's delicacies; you have some of the powder of the pastries of Sodom hanging on your lips that spoils the glorious flavor of your meditation on Jesus. In fact, it prevents you from meditating on Christ at all. It is only a hearing of the meditation with your ear; not a receiving of it with your hearts.

Warning of Judgment

Warn the boater before he enters the current, and then, if he is swept down the rapids, he destroys himself. Warn the man before he drinks the cup of poison, tell him it is deadly—and then, if he drinks it, his death lies at his own door. And so, let us warn you before you depart this life; let us preach to you while your bones are still full of marrow, and the sinews of your joints are still fastened. The Man Without the Spirit

Friend, you don't have the Holy Spirit. You are nothing better—whatever you are, or whatever you may be—than the fall of Adam left you. That is to say, you are a fallen creature, having only

capacities to live here in sin and to live forever in torment; but you don't have the capacity to live in heaven at all, for you do not have the Holy Spirit; and therefore you are unable to know or enjoy spiritual things. And mark this, a man may be in this state, and be a carnal man, and yet he may have all the virtues that could grace a Christian; but with all these, if he doesn't have the

Holy Spirit, he has not advanced an inch further than where Adam's fall left him—that is, condemned and under the curse. Yes, and he may practice religion with all his might—he may

share in the Lord's Supper and be baptized, and may be the most devout person in church; but if he does not have the Holy Spirit he has not moved a solitary inch from where he was, for he is still

"a slave to sin," a lost soul. Further, he may pick up religious phrases until he talks very fast about religion; he may read biographies until he seems to be a deeply taught child of God; he

may be able to write an article on the deep experience of a believer; but if this experience is not his own, if he has not received it by the Holy Spirit of the living God, he is still nothing more than a carnal man, and heaven is to him a place to which there is no entrance.

Further, he might go so far as to become a minister of the gospel, and a successful minister too, and God may bless the word that he preaches to the salvation of sinners, but unless he has received the Holy Spirit, even if he is as eloquent as Apollos, and as earnest as Paul, he is nothing more than a mere man, without a capacity for spiritual things.

No, to top it all, he might even have the power of working miracles, as Judas had—he might even be received into the Church as a believer, as was Simon Magus, and after all that, though he had cast out devils, though he had healed the sick, though he had worked miracles, he might have the gates of heaven shut in his face, if he had not received the Holy Spirit. For this is the most important thing, without which all others are in vain—the receiving of the Holy Spirit of the living God.

Alone with Christ

Some persons say they cannot bear to spend one hour in quiet solitude; they have nothing to do, nothing to think about. Surely no Christian will ever talk like that, for if I can but give him one

word to think of—Christ—let him dwell on that forever; let me give him the word Jesus, and only let him try to think it over, and he will find that an hour is not enough, and that eternity is not half enough time to utter our glorious Savior's praise.

Showers of Blessings When God sends rain upon the church, He "sends showers of blessings." There are some ministers who think, that if there is a shower on their church, God will send a shower of work. Yes, but if He does, He will send a shower of comfort. Others think that God will send a shower of gospel truth. Yes, but if He sends that, He will send a shower of gospel holiness. For all God's blessings go together. They are like the sweet sister graces that danced hand in hand. God sends showers of blessings. If He gives comforting grace, He will also give converting grace; if He makes the trumpet of judgment blow for the bankrupt sinner, He will also make it sound a shout of joy for the sinner that is pardoned and forgiven. He will send "showers of blessings" The Outpouring of the Spirit

The hour is coming, and has now come, when the Holy Spirit will be poured out again in such a wonderful manner, that many will go here and there to increase knowledge—the knowledge of the Lord will cover the earth as the waters cover the surface of the great deep; when His kingdom will come, and His will, will be done on earth, even as it is in heaven. We are not going to be dragging on forever like Pharaoh, without wheels on his chariot. My heart exults, and my eyes flash with the thought that very likely I will live to see the outpouring of the Spirit; when "the sons and the daughters of God again will prophesy, and the young men will see visions, and the old men will dream dreams." Perhaps there will be no miraculous gifts for they will not be required; but yet there will be such a miraculous amount of holiness, such an extraordinary fervor of prayer, such a real communion with God, and so much vital religion, and such a spread of the doctrines of the

cross, that every one will see that truly the Holy Spirit is poured out like water, and the rains are descending from above. For that let us pray; let us continually work for it, and seek it of God.

Volume 4

QUOTES BY

CHARLES H. SPURGEON

Volume Four Controlling Evil Thoughts My thoughts will sometimes fly up to God with such a power that eagles' wings cannot match it. It sometimes has such might that it can almost see the King in His beauty, and the land which is very far off. With regard to myself, my thoughts will sometimes; take me over the gates of iron, across that infinite unknown, to the very gates of pearl, and discovers the glorified Blessed One. But, if it is powerful one way, it is also powerful in another way—for my thoughts have taken me down to the vilest gutters and sewers of the earth. It has given me imaginations so dreadful, that, while I could not avoid them, yet I was thoroughly horrified at them. These thoughts will come; and when I feel in the holiest condition, the most devoted to God, and the most earnest in prayer, it often happens that that is the very time when the plague breaks out the worst. But I rejoice and think of one thing, that I can cry out when these thoughts come upon me. I know it is said in the Book of Leviticus, when someone committed an immoral act of evil against a virgin, if the maiden cried out for someone to help her, then her life was to be spared. So it is with the Christian. If he cries out when evil thoughts come, there is hope. Can you chain your thoughts? No! but the power of the Holy Spirit can. Yes, He will do it! and He does it even on the earth. The Call of Salvation

Once I was tied to the wild horse of my lust, tied hand and foot, incapable of resistance, and was galloping on with hell's wolves behind me, howling for my body and my soul, as their just and

lawful prey. Then there came a mighty hand which stopped that wild horse, cut my ropes, set me down, and gave me freedom. Is there power? Yes, there is power; and he who has felt it, must

acknowledge it. There was a time when I lived in the strong old castle of my sins, and rested on my works. Then there came a trumpeter to the door, and begged me to open it. I, in anger, chased him from the porch, and said he would never enter. Then there came a glorious and loving person; His hands were marked with scars, where nails were driven, and His feet had nail prints too; He lifted up His cross, using it as a hammer; at the first blow the gate of my prejudice shook; at the second it trembled more, at the third down it fell, and in He came; and He said, "Get up, and stand on your feet, for I have loved you with an everlasting love."

Holy Like God My sanctification will be finished just before I die; but not until that moment will I ever claim perfection in myself. But at that moment when I depart, my spirit will have its last baptism in the

Holy Spirit's fire. It will be put in the crucible for its last testing in the furnace; and then, free from all imperfections, and fine, like a wedge of pure gold, it will be presented at the feet of God without the least degree of impurity. O glorious hour! O blessed moment! I think I would still long to die if there were no heaven, if I could only have that last purification, and come up from Jordan's stream pure

white from the washing. Oh, to be washed white, clean, pure, perfect! There will not be one angel more pure than I will be—yes, not God himself more holy! And I will be able to say, in a double sense, "Great and Holy God, I am clean, through Jesus' blood I am clean, through the Spirit's work I am clean too!"

God's Army Comes Alive

If this earth could have its coat torn away for a little while, if the green sod could be cut from it, and we could look about six feet deep into the earth, what a world it would seem! What would we

see? Bones, carcasses, rottenness, worms, corruption. And you would say, "Can these dry bones live? Can they stand up?" Yes! "in a moment! in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet sound, the dead will be raised." He speaks; they are alive! See them scattered! Bones came together, bone to bone! See them naked; flesh comes upon them! See them lifeless; "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain!" When the wind of the Holy Spirit comes, they live; and they stand upon their feet as a very great army. The Same Yesterday and Today

Theology has nothing new in it except that which is false. The preaching of Paul must be the preaching of the minister today. There is no improvement here. We may advance in our knowledge of it; but it stands the same because it is perfect, and perfection cannot be any better. The Resurrection of Christ The resurrection of Christ was effected by the power of the Holy Spirit! and here we have a vivid illustration of His omnipotence. If you could you have stepped, as the angels did, into the grave of

Jesus, and seen His sleeping body, you would have found it cold as any other corpse. Lift up the hand; it falls by the side. Look at the eye; it is glazed. And there is the gaping wound in His side which must have annihilated His life. See His hands—the blood no longer drips from them. They are cold and motionless. Can that body live? Can it rise up? Yes; and it is an illustration of the power of the Holy Spirit. For when the power of the Holy Spirit came on Him, as it was when it fell upon the dry bones of the valley, "He arose in the majesty of His divinity, and, bright and shining, astonished the Roman soldiers guarding the tomb so that they ran away; yes, He arose never to die again, but to live forever, King of kings and Prince of the kings of the earth." The God of the Christians

God is love in its highest degree. He is love rendered more than love. Love is not God, but God is love; He is full of grace, He is the abundant source of mercy—He delights in mercy. As high as the heavens are above the earth, so high are His thoughts of love above our thoughts of despair; and His ways of grace above our ways of fear. This God, in whom these three great attributes

harmonize—unlimited sovereignty, inflexible justice, and incomprehensible grace—these three make up the main attributes of the one God of heaven and earth whom the Christians worship.

Meditate on Christ

I urge you to meditate on Christ, as a piece of scented substance that was perfumed in heaven. It does not matter what you have in your house; this will make it like the fragrance of Paradise—will make it smell like those breezes that once blew through the garden of Eden, carrying the odor of flowers. Oh! there is nothing that can so comfort your spirits, and relieve all your distresses and troubles, as the feeling that now you can meditate on the person of Jesus Christ.

Communicating with Jesus

I think that if you had a free pass to heaven's palace, you would use it often; if you could go there and hold communion with some person whom you dearly loved, you would often be found there.

But here is your Jesus, the king of heaven, and He gives you that which can open the gates of heaven and let you in to personally meet with Him, and yet you live without meditating on His work, meditating on His person, meditating on His offices, and meditating on His glory.

What We Do With Our Lives

Just as the tiny pieces of dirt and rock make up the mountains and the mountains together make up the mountain range, so the trivial actions of our lives make up the whole life and each of these

must be pulled apart separately. You had an hour to spare the other day—what did you do with it? You had an opportunity to speak—how did you use it? You had a pen—you could use that—what did you write? Each opportunity and moment of our lives will be revealed, and there will be demanded an account for each one.

Wandering Sheep

It is good to be the sheep of God's pasture, even if we have been wandering sheep. The straying sheep has an owner, and however far it may stray from the fold, it never ceases to belong to that

owner. I believe that God will yet bring back into the fold every one of His own sheep, and they all will be saved. It is good to be aware of our wanderings, for if we feel ourselves to be lost, we will certainly be saved; if we feel ourselves to have wandered, we will certainly be brought back.

Worthless Virtue

Virtues in unsaved men and women are nothing but whitewashed sins. The best accomplishment of an unchanged character is worthless in God's sight. It lacks the stamp of grace on it; and that

which does not have the stamp of grace on it is a counterfeit coin.

Jesus Our Sweet Counselor

Good old Simeon called Jesus the consolation of Israel; and so He was. Before His actual appearance, His name was the morning star; celebrating the passage of darkness, and predicting the rising of the sun. To Him they looked with the same hope which cheers the night watchman, when from the lonely castle-top he sees the fairest of the stars, and welcome it as the usher of the morning. When Jesus was on the earth, He must have been the consolation of all those who were privileged to be His companions. We can imagine how quickly the disciples would run to Christ to tell Him

of their griefs, and how sweetly, with that matchless inflection of His voice, Jesus would speak to them, and command their fears to be gone. Like children, they would have considered Him as their Father; and to Him every need, every groan, every sorrow, every agony, would at once be carried to Him; and He, like a wise physician, had a ointment for every wound; He had mixed a cup of hope for their every care; and He willingly dispensed some mighty remedy to alleviate all the fever

of their troubles. Oh! it must have been sweet to have lived with Christ. Surely, sorrows were then nothing but joys in masks, because they gave an opportunity to go to Jesus to have them removed. Oh! if God had been willing, some of us may wish, that we could have lain our weary heads on the chest of Jesus, and that our birth had been in that happy era, when we might have heard His kind voice, and seen His kind look, when He said, "Let the weary ones come to Me."

It was right for Jesus to slumber in the dust awhile, that He might perfume the cavity of the grave to make it—"No longer a repository for the bones and bodies of the dead—the relics of lost

innocence." It was good for Jesus to have a resurrection, that we, who will one day be the dead in Christ, might rise first, and in glorious bodies stand upon earth. And it was good for Jesus that He ascended up to heaven, that He might lead captivity captive; that He might chain the demons of hell; that He might tie them to His chariot-wheels, and drag them up high heaven's hill, to make them feel a second overthrow from His right arm, when He will throw them from the pinnacles of heaven down to the deeper depths beneath. "It is for your good that I am going away," said Jesus, "Unless I go away, the Counselor will not come to you." Jesus must go. Weep, you disciples—Jesus must go. Mourn, you poor ones, who are to be left without a Counselor. But hear how kindly Jesus speaks—"I will not leave you as orphans; I will ask the Father, and He will give you another Counselor to be with you forever."

Jesus would not leave those few poor sheep alone in the wilderness; He would not desert His children, and leave them fatherless. Although He had a mighty mission which filled His heart and hand; even though He had so much to perform, that we might have thought that even His gigantic intellect would be overburdened; although He had so much to suffer, that we might suppose His whole soul would be concentrated on the thought of the sufferings to be endured. Yet it was not so; before Jesus left, He gave soothing words of comfort; like the good Samaritan, He poured in oil and wine, and we see what He promised—"I will send you another Counselor—one who will be just what I have been, yes, even more; who will console you in your sorrows, remove your doubts, comfort you in your afflictions, and stand as My vicar on earth, to do that which I would have done had I stayed with you.

Sitting Next to Jesus

Let your face always wear a smile; let your eyes sparkle with gladness; live near your Master; live in the suburbs of the celestial city, and when your time comes, you will be given better wings

than angels ever wore, and out-soar the cherubim, and climb up where your Jesus sits—and sit at His right hand, even as He has overcome and has sat down at His Father's right hand. A Heart Pounding for Christ

Many good old gospel blades has been made blunt against the hard heart. Many pieces of the true steel that God has put into the hands of His servants has had their edges dulled by being used against the sinner's heart. We cannot reach the soul, but the Holy Spirit can. We read in the Song of Solomon, "My lover thrust His hand through the latch-opening; my heart began to pound for Him" (Son_5:4). Jesus can give a sense of bloodbought forgiveness that will dissolve a heart of stone.

Peace in the Midst of Trouble The very fact that you have troubles is a proof of His faithfulness; for you have received one half of His gift, and you will receive the other half. You know that Christ's last will and testament has two portions in it. "In this world you will have trouble:" and you have received that. The next clause is, "So that in Me you may have peace." You have that too. "But take heart! I have overcome the world." That is yours also.

Christ is Everything

There will be little else we will want in heaven besides Jesus Christ. He will be our bread, our food, our beauty, and our glorious garment. The atmosphere of heaven will be Christ;

everything in heaven will be Christ-like—yes, Christ is the heaven of His people.

Warning to the Scorners Be assured, O Scorners, that your laughs cannot alter truth, your ridicule cannot avert your inevitable doom. Though in your foolishness you would make an alliance with death, and sign a

covenant with hell—yet swift justice will overtake you, and strong vengeance will strike you down. In vain do you jeer and mock, for eternal truths are greater than your twisted lies, nor can your sly sayings alter a single word of divine truth in the Word of God. Oh! why do you quarrel with your best friend, and mistreat your only refuge? However, hope still remains, even for the scorner. Hope in a Savior's veins. Hope in the Father's mercy. Hope in the Holy Spirit's supreme power. The Provision of God

It is true that you do not have a fiery chariot to take you to heaven; but the angels will carry you to Jesus' waiting arms, and that is just as good. It is true, no ravens bring you food; it is also

true that you get your food somehow or other. It is quite certain that no rock gushes out with water; but you always have water to drink. It is true your child has not been raised from the dead; but you must remember that David had a child that was not raised any more than yours. You have the same consolation as he had—"I will go to him; he will not return to me."

Looking the Wrong Direction

Men in the days of Whitfield looked back to the days of Bunyan; men in the days of Bunyan wept for the days of Wycliffe, and Calvin, and Luther; and men in their day then wept for the days of Augustine and Chrysostom. Men in those days wept for the Apostles; and doubtless men in the days of the Apostles wept for the days of Jesus Christ; and no doubt some in the days of Jesus Christ were so blind as to wish to return to the days of the prophets, and thought more of the days of Elijah than they did of the most glorious day of Christ. Some men look more to the past than the present. Rest assured that Jesus Christ is the same today as He was yesterday, and He will be the same forever.

Sound Preaching The old truth that Calvin preached, that Chrysostom preached, that Paul preached, is the truth I must preach today, or else I would be a liar to my conscience and my God. I cannot shape the

truth. I know of no such thing as shaving off the rough edges of a doctrine. John Knox's gospel is my gospel. That which thundered through Scotland must thunder through England again. The

great majority of our ministers are sound enough in the faith, but not sound enough in the way they preach it. Our Precious Holy Spirit The Holy Spirit champions our cause with Jesus Christ, with groans that words cannot express. O my soul! You are ready to burst within me. O my heart! You are swollen with grief. The hot

tide of my emotion would quickly overflow the channels of my veins. I long to speak, but the very desire chains my tongue. I wish to pray, but the fervency of my feeling curbs my language. There

is a groaning within that cannot be uttered. Do you know who can utter that groaning? Who can understand it, and who can put it into heavenly language, and utter it in a celestial language, and

utter it in a celestial tongue, so that Christ can hear it? O yes; it is God the Holy Spirit; He defends our cause with Christ, and then Christ defends it with His Father. He is the advocate who makes intercession for us, with groans that words cannot express. The Life Giver

You may take a corpse, you may dress it in all the garments of eternal decency; you may wash it with the water of morality; yes, you may adorn it with the crown of profession, you may put on its forehead a tiara of beauty, you may paint its cheeks, until you make it almost lifelike. But remember, unless the Spirit is there, the worm will feed on the painted cheek, and corruption will soon seize the body. It is the Holy Spirit that is the one who gives life. The Holy Spirit's Love for Us

Oh! there is a voice in love; it speaks a language which is its own; it has a dialect and an accent which no one can mimic; wisdom cannot imitate it; oratory cannot attain to it; it is love alone which can reach the mourning heart; love is the only handkerchief which can wipe away the mourner's tears. And isn't the Holy Spirit a loving comforter? Do you know, O saint, how much the Holy Spirit loves you? Can you measure the love of the Holy Spirit? Do you know how great the affection of His soul is towards you? Go measure heaven with your ruler; go weigh the mountains with your scales; go take the ocean's water, and count each drop; go count the sand on the sea's wide shore; and when you have accomplished all this, you still can't tell how much He loves you. He has loved you extensively, He has loved you abundantly, He has loved you forever, and He still will love you always; surely He is the person to comfort you, because He loves. The Power of the Holy Spirit

Spiritual farmer! Sharpen your plow with the Holy Spirit. Spiritual sower! Dip your seed in the Holy Spirit, so it will germinate; and ask the Holy Spirit to give you grace to scatter it, that it may fall into the right furrows. Spiritual Warrior! Sharpen your sword with the Holy Spirit, and ask the Holy Spirit, whose word is indeed a sword, to strengthen your arm to wield it. The Wicked in Old Age The young may die; the old must! To sleep in youth is to sleep in a siege; to sleep in old age is to slumber during the attack. What! Will you that are so near the Maker's court still put Him off with the question "Go your way?" What! Procrastinate now, when the knife is at your throat—when the worm is at the heart of the tree, and the branches have begun to wither—when the molars in your mouth fail even now, because they are few, and your eyes that look out of the windows are darkened? The dried up and yellow leaf has come on you, and you are still not ready for your doom! The Closed Canon of Scripture The canon of revelation is closed; there is no more to be added; God does not give a fresh revelation, but He rivets the old one. When it has been forgotten, and laid in the dusty closet of our memory, He grabs it out and cleans the picture, but does not paint a new one. There are no new doctrines, but the old ones are often revived. It is not, I say, by

any new revelation that the Holy Spirit comforts. He does so by telling us old things over and over again; He brings a bright light to manifest the treasures hidden in Scripture; He unlocks the vaults in which the truth has long lain, and He points to secret rooms filled with untold riches; but He coins no more, for enough is done.

Believer! There is enough in the Bible for you to live on forever. If you should outnumber the years of Methuselah, there would be no need for a fresh revelation; if you should live until Christ returns, there would be no necessity for the addition of one single word; if you should go down as deep as Jonah, or even descend as David said he did, into the depths of hell, still there would be enough in the Bible to comfort you without one extra sentence. The Foolish Gospel Conquers Worldly Wisdom

Worldly wisdom has had its time, and enough time; it has done its all, and that was not enough; it has made the world worse than it was before it stepped on to it, and "now," God says, "foolishness will overcome worldly wisdom; now ignorance, as you call it, will sweep away science; now (God says), humble, childlike faith will smash into dust all the colossal systems your hands have piled up."

He calls His warriors. Christ puts His trumpet to His mouth and up come the warriors, dressed in fisherman's garb, with the dialect of the lake of Galilee—poor humble fishermen. Here are

the warriors, O worldly wisdom, that are to confound you; these are the heroes who will overcome your proud philosophers; these men are to plant their standard on your ruined walls, and call them to fall forever; these men and their successors are to exalt a gospel in the world which you may laugh at as absurd, which you may sneer at as folly, but which will be exalted above the hills, and will be glorious even to the highest heavens.

Security

There are moments when the eyes glisten with joy—and we can say, "we are persuaded, confident, and certain." I don't wish to distress any one who is under doubt. Often gloomy doubts will prevail; there are seasons when you fear that you have not been called, when you doubt your interest in Christ. Oh! What a mercy it is that it is not your hold on Christ that saves you, but His hold on you! What a sweet fact that it is not how you grasp His hand, but His grasp of yours, that saves you.

Thoughts of God The book of nature is an expression of the thoughts of God. We have God's terrible thoughts in the thunder and lightning; God's loving thoughts in the sunshine and the balmy breeze; God's

plentiful, prudent, careful thoughts in the waving harvest and in the ripening meadow. We have God's brilliant thoughts in the wondrous scenes which are beheld from mountaintop and valley;

and we have God's most sweet and pleasant thoughts of beauty in the little flowers that blossom at our feet.

Indifference

I remember standing on a seashore once, on a narrow neck of land, thoughtless that the tide might come up. The tide kept continually washing up on either side, and, wrapped in thoughts, I

still stood there, until finally I had the greatest difficulty in getting to shore. You and I stand each day on a narrow neck, and there is one wave coming up there; see, how near it is to your foot; and look! another follows at every tick of the clock; "our hearts, like muffled drums, are beating funeral marches to the tomb."

Dying Grace A martyr is going to the stake; the men with their axes are around him; the crowds are mocking, but he is marching steadily on. See, they tie him, with a chain around his waist, to the stake; they heap sticks and twigs all around him; the flame is lighted; listen to his words—"Bless the Lord O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name." The flames are burning around his legs; the fire is burning him even to the bone; see him lift up his hands and say, "I know that my redeemer lives, and though the fire devour this body, yet in

my flesh I will see the Lord." Look at him clutch the stake and kiss it, as if he loved it, and hear him say, "For every chain of iron that man tied me with, God will give to me a chain of gold; for all these sticks and twigs, and this disgrace and shame, He will increase the weight of my eternal glory."

See all the lower parts of his body are consumed; still he lives in the torture; finally he bows himself, and the upper part of his body falls over; and as he falls you hear him say, "Into Your

hands I commend my spirit." Sir, what wondrous magic was on him? What made that man strong? What helped him to bear that cruelty? What made him stand unmoved in the flames? It was the thing of power; it was the cross of Jesus crucified. For "unto us who are saved it is the power of God." The Poison of False Teaching

There have been many destroyed by poisons, given to lull them to sleep; many have been ruined by the cry of "peace, peace," when there is no peace; hearing gentle things, when they ought to be hearing things that convict their hearts. Cleopatra's asp was brought in a basket of flowers; and men's ruin often lurks in fair and sweet speeches. But the Holy Spirit's comfort is safe, and you may rest on it. Let him speak the word, and there is a reality about it; let him give the cup of consolation, and you may drink it to the bottom; for in its depths there is no residue, nothing to

intoxicate or ruin; it is completely safe. The Wisdom of the Gospel The gospel is the sum of wisdom; a collection of knowledge; a treasure-house of truth; and a disclosure of mysterious secrets. In it we see how justice and mercy may be associated; here we see unalterable law entirely satisfied, and sovereign love carrying away the sinner in triumph. Our meditation on it broadens the mind; and as it opens to our soul in successive flashes of glory, we stand astonished at the profound wisdom manifest in it. Yes, dear friends! if you seek wisdom, you will see it displayed in all its greatness; not in the firmness of the earth's foundations—not in the measured march of the clouds of the sky, nor in the perpetual motions of the waves of the sea; not in the vegetation with all its intricate forms of beauty, nor in the animal with its marvelous tissue of nerve, and vein, and sinew; nor even in man, that last and loftiest work of the Creator. But turn aside and see this great sight!—an incarnate God on the cross; a substitute atoning for mortal's guilt; a sacrifice satisfying the vengeance of Heaven, and delivering the rebellious sinner. Here is essential wisdom; enthroned, crowned, and glorified. Admire, you men and women of the earth, if you are not blind; and you who glory in your learning, bow your heads in reverence, and admit that

all your skill could not have devised a gospel that is one so just to God, and so safe to man.

Communion with God

"All my fountains are in you," said David. If you have all your fountains in God, your heart will be completely full. If you went to the foot of Calvary, there your heart will be bathed in love and

gratitude. If you go often to your place of seclusion, and there talk with your God, it is there that your heart will be filled with calm determination. If you go out with the Master to the Mount of

Olives, and looked down with Him on a wicked Jerusalem, and weep over it with Him, then your heart will be full of love for eternal souls. If you continually draw your stimulus, your life, your entire being from the Holy Spirit, without whom you can do nothing, and if you live in close communion with Christ, then there will be no fear of your having a cold heart.

One who lives without prayer—one who lives with little prayer—one who seldom reads the Word—one who seldom looks up to heaven for a fresh influence from on high—will be the person whose heart will become cold and barren; but the person who calls in secret to their God—who spends much time in holy seclusion—who delights to meditate on the words of the Most High—whose soul is given up to Christ—who delights in his fullness, rejoices in his complete sufficiency, prays for his second coming, and delights in the thought of his glorious return—such a person, I say, must have an overflowing heart; and as their heart is, so will be their life. It will be a full life; it will be a life that will speak from the grave, and reverberate into the future. "Above all else, guard your heart, for it is the wellspring of life," and plead with the Holy Spirit to keep it full; otherwise, the outcome of your life will be feeble, shallow, and superficial; and you might as well not have lived at all.

Loving Your Neighbor

I am certain you need no exhortation to love yourself, you will take care of your body, your comfort will be your primary concern. You would line your own nest with downy feathers if you

could. You will do these things for yourself. Well, then, as much as you love yourself, love your neighbor.

Power in the Heart A person's power in the world, other things being equal, is simply the ratio of the power and strength of their heart. A heart full of power and strength always makes a powerful person—if they are wrong, then they are powerful for deception; if error is in their heart, then they are sure to make it notorious, even though it may be a downright lie. May a person never be so ignorant as to be powerful for error. However, if their heart is full of love for a good cause, they become a powerful person for that issue, because they have heart-power, heart force. A person may be lacking a good education and training in the proper manners of our society; but give them a good strong heart, that beats hard, and there is no mistake about their power. Let

them have a heart that is filled to the brim with a purpose, and that person will accomplish their goal, or else they will die gloriously defeated, and will glory in their defeat. Heart is power!

Shadows of Mercy When the sunlight of God's mercy rises upon our needs, it casts the shadow of prayer far down upon the plain; or, to use another illustration, when God piles up a hill of mercies,

He Himself

shines behind them, and He casts on our spirits the shadow of prayer, so that we may have confidence, if we are in prayer, that our prayers are the shadows of mercy.

Omnipotence

Omnipotence may build a thousand planets, and fill them with treasures; Omnipotence may crush mountains into dust, and cause all the seas to evaporate, and destroy the stars, but Omnipotence cannot do one unloving thing toward a believer. Oh! rest assured, Christian, a harsh act, an unloving action from God toward one of His own people is quite impossible. He is just as kind to you when he throws you into prison as when he takes you into a palace; He is as good to you when He sends famine into your house as when He fills your cupboards with plenty. The only question is, "Are you His child?" If so, He has rebuked you in affection, and there is love in His discipline.

Wings of Prayer

Prayer is the rustling of the wings of the angels that are on their way bringing us the blessings of heaven. Have you heard prayer in your heart? You will see the angel in your house. When the chariots that bring us blessings rumble, their wheels sound with prayer. We hear the prayer in our own spirits, and that prayer becomes the sign of the coming blessings. Even as the clouds appear before the rain, so prayer precedes the blessing; even as the first green blade of a plant is the beginning of the harvest, so is prayer the prediction of the blessing that is about to come.

Reservoir of the Heart

You have seen the great reservoirs provided by our water companies, in which the water is kept which supplies thousands of homes. Now, the heart is the reservoir of a person, and our life is allowed to flow in its proper season. That life may flow through different pipes—the mouth, the hand, the eye; but still all the actions of the hands, the eyes, and the lips, derive their source from the great fountain and central reservoir, the heart; and therefore, there is no problem showing the great need that exists for keeping this reservoir, the heart, in a proper state and condition, since otherwise that which flows through the pipes would be polluted and corrupt.

God's Purpose for Us

There is not a spider hanging on the wall that doesn't have a purpose; there is not a weed growing in the corner of the church lot that doesn't have a reason for being there; there is not a single insect fluttering in the breeze that does not accomplish some divine decree; and I will never believe that God created any man or woman, especially any Christian man or woman, to be a blank, and to be a nothing. He made you for a purpose. Find out what that purpose is; find out your niche, and fill it. Even if it is something small, if it is only to be someone who picks up trash at the side of the road, or one who mows the church lawn, do something in this great battle for God and truth.

Undivided Purpose of Heart

Suppose you see a lake, and there are twenty or thirty streams running from it—why, there won't be one strong river in the whole area; there will be a number of little brooks which will be

dried up in the summer, and will be temporary torrents in the rainstorm. Every one of them will be useless for any great purpose, because there is not enough water in the lake to feed more than one great stream. Now a person's heart has only enough life in it to fully pursue one object. You must not give half of your love to Christ, and the other half to the world. No person can serve God and money, because there is not enough in the heart to serve the two.

Pride

How easy it is for you and I to boast in ourselves! How hard it is to be humble! That demon of pride was born with us, and it will not die one hour before us. It is so woven into our very natures, that we will never hear the last of it until we are dressed in our grave clothes and lying in our coffin.

Trusting Works

Any person who trusts in their works, even in the smallest amount, is a lost soul. They who trust in the smallest fragment of their works, though it is so small that they themselves cannot discern it, will be lost.

Full Surrender

Don't keep back any part of your life. Make a full surrender of every inclination of your heart; work to have but one purpose, and one aim. And for this purpose give God complete control of

your heart. Cry out for more of the divine control of the Holy Spirit, so that as your soul is preserved and protected by Him, that it may be directed into one river, and one only, that your life may run deep and pure, and clear and peaceful; its only banks being God's will, its only river the love of Christ and a desire to please Him.

Pride in the Believer

There was never a saint yet, that grew proud of their fine feathers, that the Lord didn't plucked them out one by one. There never was an angel yet, that had pride in his heart, that didn't lose his wings, and fall into Hell, as Satan and those fallen angels did; and there will never be a saint who indulges in self-conceit, pride, and self-confidence, that won't have the Lord spoil their glories, and trample their honors in the mud, and make them cry out, "Lord have mercy on me."

Brains versus Pride

People who have no brains are always great persons; but those who think, must think their pride away, if God is with them in their thinking.

Volume 5

QUOTES BY

CHARLES H. SPURGEON

Volume Five

Word of God

Never, never neglect the Word of God. The Word will make your heart rich with truth, rich with understanding, and then your conversation, when it flows from your mouth, will be like your

heart—rich, soothing, and sweet. Make your heart full of rich, generous love, and then the stream that flows from your hand will be just as rich and generous as your heart. Above all, get Jesus to live in your heart, and then out of your heart will flow rivers of living water, more rich, more satisfying than the water of the well of Sychar of which Jacob drank. Oh! Go, Christian, to the great mine of riches, and cry to the Holy Spirit to make your heart rich unto salvation. Then your life and conversations will be a benefit to your fellow man; and when they see you, your face will be like an angel of God. Wise men will stand up when they see you, and men will give you respect and honor.

Man's Weakness

God has said it; men and women must serve Him—they must serve Him in His own way, and they must serve Him in His own strength too, or He will never accept their service. That which

men and women do, unaided by divine strength, can never be accepted by God. There must be a consciousness of weakness before there can be any victory.

Death

Life is nothing but death's hallway; and our pilgrimage on earth is but a journey to the grave. The pulse that preserves our life beats our death march, and the blood which circulates our life is

floating it forward to the depths of death. Today we see our friends in health, tomorrow we hear of their death. Only yesterday, we shook hands with a strong man, and today we close his eyes. We rode in a coach of comfort only an hour ago, and in a few more hours the black hearse must carry us to the home of the living. Oh, how closely allied is death to life! The little lamb that plays in the field must soon feel the knife. The cow that lows in the pasture is fattening itself for the slaughter. Trees only grow to be cut down. Yes, and greater things than these feel death. Empires

rise and flourish; they flourish only to fall into decay, they rise to fall. How often do we take up a history book, and read of the rise and fall of empires? We hear of the coronation and the death of kings. Death is the somber servant who rides behind the chariot of life. See life! and death is close behind it. Death reaches far throughout this world, and has stamped all earthly creatures with an

arrow pointing to the grave. Stars die; it is said that large and destructive fires have been seen in outer space, and astronomers have marked the funerals of planets—the decay of those mighty spheres, that we had imagined set forever in sockets of silver, to glisten as the lamps of eternity. But blessed be God, there is one place where death is not life's brother—where life reigns alone; "to live" is not the first syllable which is to be followed by the next, "to die." There is a land

where the death bells are never tolled, where grave clothes are never put on, where graves are never dug. Blessed land beyond the skies! To reach it, we must die.

Nothingness of Man My God! when I survey the infinite region of space, and see those magnificent spheres rolling through it all—when I consider how vast is your universe—so wide that an angel's wing might flap throughout all eternity and never reach a boundary—I marvel that you should look on insects so obscure as man. I have looked into my microscope and seen the short lived tiny insect on a leaf, and I have called him minute. I will not call him "tiny" again—compared with me, he is great, if I put myself in comparison with God. I am so little, that I shrink into nothingness when I behold the almightiness of Jehovah—so little that the difference between the microscopic animal and man dwindles into nothing, when compared with the infinite chasm between God and man.

Death of the Righteous

What a great sorrow that the good should die! That the righteous should fall! Death, why don't you cut down the poisonous tree? Why don't you mow down the poisonous plant? Why do you

touch the tree that has provided shade for the weary people? Why do you touch the flower whose perfume has made the earth joyous? Death, why do you snatch away the excellent of the earth,

in whom is all of our delight? If you would use your axe, use it on the trees that draw nourishment, but produce no fruit; then we would thank you. But why will you cut down the cedars, why will you fell the godly trees of Lebanon? O Death, why don't you spare the church? Why must the pulpit be hung in black; why must the missionary outpost be filled with weeping? Why must the godly family lose its spiritual leader, and the house its head? O Death, where are you? Don't touch the earth's holy things; your hands are not fit to pollute the Israel of God. Why do you put your hand on the hearts of the elect? Oh, stop, stop; spare the righteous, Death, and take the bad! But no, it must not be; death comes and smiles at the godliest of us all; the most generous, the most prayerful, the most holy, the most devoted must die. Weep, weep, weep, O church, for you have lost your martyrs; weep, O church, for you have lost your preachers, your holy men are fallen. Weep fir tree, for the cedar has fallen, the godly fail, and the righteous are cut off. But stay awhile; I hear another voice. Say to the daughter of Judah, spare your weeping. Say to the Lord's flock, Cease, cease your sorrow; your martyrs are dead, but they are glorified; your ministers are gone, but they have ascended up to your Father and to their Father; your brethren are buried in the grave, but the archangel's trumpet will awaken them, and their spirits are even now with God.

Satan the Defeated Enemy

Death was the devil's chief defense; Christ boldly opposed the lion in his den, and fought him in his own territory; and when He took death from him, and dismantled that once impregnable fortress, He took away from him, not only that, but every other advantage that he had over the saint. And now Satan is a conquered foe, not only in the hour of death, but in every other hour and in every

other place. He is an enemy, both cruel and mighty; but he is a foe who shudders and shrinks back when a Christian gets into battle with him; for he knows that though the fight may waver for a little while in his favor, the victory must fall on the side of the saint, because Christ by his death destroyed the devil's power.

One Must Fear to Believe

See that man drowning over here—I also see another in the water too. The one in the distance thinks he can swim—a life preserver is thrown to him; he believes that he is in no danger of drowning. Well, he clutches the life preserver very leisurely, and does not seem to grab it firmly. But this poor creature over here, he knows he cannot swim, he feels that he will soon drown. Now, put the means of escape near him and note how desperately he clutches it; how he seems as if he would drive his fingers through the life preserver! He clutches it for life or death; that is his all, for he must perish if he is not saved by that. Now, in this case, he who fears the most believes the most; and I do think it is sometimes the same with poor hopeless and lost spirits. To Die is to Gain

Here we see through a glass that is dark and cloudy, but there we will see face to face. There, what "eye has not seen nor ear heard" will be fully revealed to us. There, paradoxes will be unraveled, mysteries made clear, obscure texts enlightened, confusing and questionable verses will be revealed as being amazingly simple and true. The least of all souls in heaven knows more of God than the greatest saint on the earth. The greatest saint on the earth may have it said of him, "Nevertheless he who is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he." Not even our greatest preachers understand as much of theology as the lambs in the flock of glory. Not even the greatest masterminds of the earth understand one-millionth part of the mighty meanings which have been discovered by souls liberated from these bodies made from clay.

Yes, "To die is gain." Take away, take away that hearse, remove the covering of black, adorn it in white with bright shiny decorations. There, take away the music of the death march, rather lend me the trumpet and the drum. O hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah; why do we cry as the saints go to heaven? They are not dead, they have simply gone to heaven before us. Stop, stop that crying, hold back your tears, clap your hands, clap your hands.

"They are supremely blessed,

Are done with care and sin and woe,

And with their Savior they rest."

What! weep! weep! for heads that are crowned with crowns of heaven? Weep, weep for hands that hold the harps of gold? What, weep for eyes that see the Redeemer? What, weep for hearts that are washed from sin, and are throbbing with eternal bliss? What, weep for men and women that are in the Savior's arms? No! weep for yourselves, that you are here. Weep that the mandate has not come which commands you to die. Weep that you must remain. But not for them.

I see them turning back on you with loving wonder, and they exclaim, "Why do you weep? What, weep for poverty that is clothed in riches? What, weep for sickness, that has inherited eternal health? What, weep for shame, that is glorified; and weep for sinful mortality, that has become immaculate? Oh, do not weep, but rejoice. If you knew what it was that I have said to you, and where I have gone, you would rejoice with a joy that no one could take from you."

Satan's Attempts to Kill the Christ When the Lord Jesus came down to earth, Satan knew his mission. He knew that the Lord Jesus was the Son of God, and when he saw Him as an infant in the manger, he thought if he could kill Him and get Him in the bonds of death, what a fine thing it would be! So he stirred up the spirit of Herod to kill Him; but Herod missed his mark. And many times Satan attempted to put the personal existence of Christ in danger, so that he might get Christ to die. Poor fool as he was, he did not know that when Christ died he would bruise the devil's head. Once, you remember, when Christ was in the synagogue, the devil stirred up the people, and made them angry; and he thought, "Oh! what a glorious thing it would be if I could kill this man; then there would be an end of Him, and I would reign supreme forever." So he got the people to take Him to the edge of the cliff, and he gloated over the thought that surely now He would be thrown down headfirst. But Christ escaped. He tried to starve Him, he tried to drown Him; He was in the desert without food, and He was on the sea in a storm; but there was no starving or drowning Him, and Satan no doubt panted for His blood, and longed that He would die. At last the day arrived; it was transmitted to the court of hell that at last Christ would die. They rung their bells with hellish elation and joy. "He will die now," he said; "Judas has taken the thirty pieces of silver. Let those Scribes and Pharisees get Him, they will no more let Him go than the spider will let go of a poor unfortunate fly. He is as good as dead." And the devil laughed with excitement, when he saw the Savior stand before Pilate's judgment seat. And when it was said, "Let Him be crucified," then Satan's joy knew no limits, except the

limit set by his own misery. As far as he could, he rejoiced in what was to him a delightful thought, that the Lord of glory was about to die. In death, as Christ was being observed by angels, He also was seen by the demons too; and that dreary march from Pilate's palace to the cross, was one which the demons watched with extraordinary interest. And when they saw Him on the cross, there stood the exulting fiend, Satan, smiling to himself. "Ah! I have the King of Glory now in my control; I have the power of death, and I have the power over the Lord Jesus."

He exerted that power, until the Lord Jesus had to cry out in bitter anguish, "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?" But ah! how short lived was hellish victory. How brief was the

Satanic triumph! He died; and "It is finished!" shook the gates of hell. Down from the cross the conqueror leaped, pursued the fiend with thunderbolts of wrath; swift to the darkness of hell the fiend flew, and swift descending went the conqueror after him; and we may conceive him exclaiming—"Traitor! this thunderbolt will find and pierce you through, Though under hell's deepest, darkest wave you seek to go, to find a sheltering grave." And He seize him—chained him to his chariot wheel; dragged him up the steep of glory; angels shouting all the while, "He ascended on high, He led captives in his train and gave gifts to men." Now, devil, you said that you would overcome me, when I came to die. Satan, I defy you, and laugh you to scorn! My master overcame you, and I will overcome you yet.

You say you will overcome the saint, do you? You could not overcome the saint's Master, and you will not overcome him. You once thought you had conquered Jesus—you were bitterly

deceived. Ah! Satan, you may think you will overcome the little faith and the faint heart; but you are wondrously mistaken—for we will assuredly tread Satan under our feet shortly; and even in

our last moment on earth, with fearful odds against us, we will be "more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

River of God The river of God is full of water; but there is not one drop of it that comes from earthly springs. God will have no strength used in His own battles but the strength which He himself imparts; and I would not have you that are now distressed to be the least discouraged by it. Your emptiness is but the preparation for your being filled; and your casting down is but the making ready for your lifting up.

Kindness

Deal gently, deal kindly, deal lovingly and there is not a wolf in human shape that won't be melted by kindness; and there is not a tiger in woman's form that won't break down and beg for

forgiveness, if God should bless the love that is brought to bear on her by her friend. **The Devil in Sheep's Clothing**

If the devil comes to my door with his horns visible, I will never let him in; but if he comes with his hat on as a respectable gentleman, I would admit him at once. The metaphor may be very strange, but it is quite true. Many men and women has taken in an evil thing, because it has been varnished and glossed over, and did not appear evil; and they had thought in their hearts, there is not much harm in it; so they have let in the little thing, and it has been like the bursting forth of water—the first drop has brought after it a torrent. The beginning has been but the beginning of a fearful end.

Few are Blessed

If we could see things as they are—if we were not deceived by the masquerade of this feeble life—if we were not so easily taken in by the masks and dresses of those who act in this great drama, be it comedy or tragedy—if we could but see what men and women are behind the scenes, penetrate their hearts, watch their inner motions, and discern their secret feelings, we would find only a few who could bear the name of "blessed."

Destroy Sin Do not harm the bodies of men and women; but destroy their sin with a stout heart and with a strong arm. Kill both the little sins and the great ones; let nothing be spared that is against God and His truth; but we have no war with the bodies of poor mistaken men and women.

Prayer Before Blessings

If we received the blessings without asking for them, we would think them mere common things; but prayer makes the common pebbles of God's worldly provisions more precious than diamonds; and our spiritual prayer cuts the diamond, and makes it glisten more. After a long chase, the hunter prizes the animal, because he has set his heart on it, and is determined to have it; and even more true, after a long hunger, he who then eats finds his food much more tasty. So prayer does sweeten the mercy. Prayer teaches us its preciousness. It is the reading over of the bill of sale, the account, the property lists, before the estate and the properties are actually transferred. We know the value of the purchase by reading over the will of it in prayer, and when we have groaned out our own expression of its matchless price, then it is that God bestows the blessing on us. Prayer goes before the blessing, because it shows us the value of it.

Little Faith

We hear, sometimes, a great deal said about possessing a full assurance of being a child of God; and then, every now and then, we hear of a doubt, a hope. As good Joseph Irons used to say,

"They keep hope, hope, hoping—hop, hop, hopping—all their lives, because they can't walk." Little faith is always lame. The Great Worker of Salvation The great King, immortal, invisible, the Divine person, called the Holy Spirit—it is He who stimulates the soul, or else it would lie dead forever; it is He who makes it tender, or else it would never feel; it is He who imparts power to the Word preached, or else it could never reach further than the ear; it is He who breaks the heart, it is He who makes it whole; He, from first to last, is the great worker of Salvation in us, just as Jesus Christ was the author of Salvation for us.

God's Salvation for Sinners As sure as God is God, if today you are seeking Him correctly, through Christ, the day will come when the kiss of full assurance will be on your lip, when the arms of sovereign love will embrace

you, and you will know it to be true. You may have despised Him, but you will know Him yet to be your Father and your friend. You may have mocked His name; yet you will one day come to rejoice in it as better than pure gold. You may have refused to worship Him and despised His Word; but the day is coming when worship to Him will be your delight, and His Word your treasure. Yes, do not wonder; you may have plunged into the wretched house of sin and made your clothes black with sin; but you will one day stand before His throne white as the angels are; and that tongue that once cursed Him will yet sing His praise. If you are a real seeker, the hands that have been stained with lust will one day grab the harp of gold, and the head that has plotted against the Most High will yet be crowned with gold. Doesn't it seem a strange thing that God should do so much for sinners? But strange though it seem, it will be strangely true. The God Who Hears Our God is not a god who sits in one perpetual dream; nor does He clothe Himself in such thick darkness that He cannot see; He is not like Baal who does not hear. True, He may not be concerned about battles; He does not care for the pomp and pageantry of kings; He does not listen to the sound of military music; He does not regard the triumph and the pride of man; but whenever there is a heart full of sorrow, wherever there is an eye filled with tears, wherever there is a lip quivering with agony, wherever there is a deep groan, or a sorrowful sigh, the ear of Jehovah is wide open; He marks it down in the registry of his memory; He puts our prayers, like rose leaves, between the pages of His book of remembrance, and when the volume is finally opened, there will be a precious fragrance springing up from there. A New World Coming

God's good pleasure is, that this world will one day be totally redeemed from sin; God's good pleasure is, that this poor planet, so long covered in darkness, will soon shine out in brightness, like a new-born sun. Christ's death has done it. The stream that flowed from His side on Calvary will cleanse the world from all its wickedness. That hour of mid-day darkness was the rising of a

new sun of righteousness, which will never cease to shine upon the earth. Yes, the hour is coming, when guns and cannons will be forgotten things, when the harness of war and the pageantry of

pomp will all be laid aside as food for the worm or the contemplation of the curious. The hour approaches when old Rome will shake on Her seven hills, when Mohammed's crescent will no longer increase on the earth, when all the gods of the heathens will lose their thrones and be cast

out to the moles and to the bats; and then, from the equator to the poles Christ will be honored, the Lord paramount on earth, when from land to land, from the river even to the ends of the earth, one King, will reign, one shout will be heard, "Hallelujah, hallelujah, the Lord God Omnipotent reigns."

Christ Our Food

Without bread, I become thin like a skeleton; and, in time, I will die. Without thought, my mind becomes dwarfed, yes, and it deteriorates until I become an idiot, with a soul that just has life,

but little more. And without Christ, my spirit must become a vague, shadowy emptiness. It cannot live unless it feeds on that heavenly manna which came down from heaven. Now the Christian can say, "The life that I live is Christ;" because Christ is the food on which he feeds, and the sustenance of his newborn spirit. The Joy of a Newborn

Sinner, let this be your comfort, that God sees you when you begin to repent. He does not see you with His usual gaze, with which He looks on all men and women, but he sees you with an eye of

intense interest. He has been looking at you in all your sin, and in all your sorrow, waiting for you to repent; and now He sees the first gleam of grace, and He beholds it with joy. Never a soldier on the lonely castle top saw the first gray light of morning with more joy than that with which God beholds the first desire in your heart. Never a physician rejoiced more when he saw the first heaving of the lungs in one that was supposed to be dead, than God rejoices over you, now that He sees the first symptom of good.

Christian, Do Not Worry

I have seen the Christian man in the depths of poverty, when he lived from hand to mouth, and scarcely knew where he would find the next meal, still with his mind unruffled, calm, and quiet. If he had been as rich as a prince, he could not have had less care; if he had been told that his bread would always be delivered to his door, and the stream which ran fast by should never run dry—if he had been quite sure that ravens would bring him bread and meat in the morning, and again in the evening, he would not have been one, bit more calm. Our Friends in Heaven

Oh, I believe that on the day we die that we will see the bright spirits that are now before the throne; to grip the hand of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, to look into the face of Paul the apostle, and shake the hand of Peter; to sit in flowery fields with Moses and David, to bask in the sunlight of bliss with John and Magdalene. Oh, how blessed! The company of poor imperfect

saints on earth is good; but how much better the society of the redeemed. Death is no loss to us by way of friends. We leave a few, a little group below, and say to them, "Do not fear, little flock," and we ascend and meet the armies of the living God—the multitudes of His redeemed. "To die is gain."

Prayer

If anyone would ask me for a summation of the Christian religion, I would say, it is in that one word—"prayer." If I would be asked, "What will take in the whole of the Christian experience?" I would answer, "Prayer." A man must have been convinced of sin before he could pray; he must have had some hope that there was mercy for him before he could pray. In fact, all the Christian

virtues are locked up in that word, prayer. If you tell me, that you are a person of prayer, then I will reply at once, "Sir, I have no doubt of the reality, as well as the sincerity, of your religion." The Chosen Ones In the very beginning, when this great universe was in the mind of God, like unborn forests in a cup of acorns; long before the echoes walked in the quiet solitudes; before the mountains were brought forth; and long before the light flashed through the sky, God loved His chosen men and women. Before there were men and women—when the heavens were not yet fanned by an angel's

wing; when space itself did not exist; when there was nothing but God alone; even then, in that loneliness of Deity, and in that deep quiet and depth, His heart moved for His chosen ones, His elect ones. Their names were written on His heart, and they became dear to His soul. The Elect of the Elect

There are elect out of the elect, I will acknowledge, as to gifts and standing, and as to the works they may accomplish in this world; but there is no election out of the elect on the basis of a deeper extent of the love of God. They are all loved the same; they are all written in the same book of eternal love and life. The Rich Church When I hear of a church where everyone is wealthy and members of the upper class of our society, then I always say farewell to them, for where there are no poor people, the ship will soon sink. If there are no poor, then, Christ will soon give them some, if they are a real Gospel church. Our Tears

Oh! It is a glorious fact, that prayers are noticed in heaven. The poor broken hearted sinner, going into their bedroom, bends their knee, but can only utter their mournful cry in the language of sighs and tears. Look! that groan has made all the harps of heaven thrill with music; that tear has, been caught by God, and put into a vase made especially for tears, to be perpetually

preserved. The tearful praying Christian, whose distress prevents his words, will be clearly understood by the Most High.

Slow Moving Christians

You crippled ones! I don't fear; you will not be thrown out. Two snails entered the ark; how they got there, I don't know. It must have taken them a long time. They must have started rather early, unless Noah took them part of the way. So, some of you are snails; you are on the right road, but it will take a long while, unless some blessed Noah helps you into the ark.

God Knows His Children

Jesus recognizes His family when their sins make them as black as the tents of Kedar, and He knows they will be as bright as the curtains of Solomon. He knows His children when they do not know themselves; when they believe they are lost beyond recovery, or when they foolishly conceive that they can save themselves.

Living in the Light of God

Give me the support of God, and I can easily bear the insults of men. Let me lay my head on the chest of Jesus, and I will not fear the interruptions of anxieties and trouble. If my God will forever give me the light of His smile, and a glimpse of His blessing—it will be enough. Come on enemies,

persecutors, demons, yes, the Devil himself, for "the Lord God is my sun and shield." Gather, you clouds, and surround me, I carry a Sun within me; blow, wind of the frozen north, I have a fire of living coal within me; yes, death, kill me, but I have another life—a life in the light of God's countenance.

Backsliders

Backsliders! fallen ones! God will have mercy on you if you are repentant. Glorious fact! the sorrowing backslider will not be left behind. Backsliders will sing above, as God's restored children, He has forever loved. Blind and crippled ones! believe in the Lord, and you will be found among the children of the Lamb at last.

God's Throne

You may erect little thrones for those whom you love; but God's throne must be the glorious high throne; you may set your loved ones on the steps leading up to His throne, but God must sit on the very seat itself. He is to be enthroned, the royal One within your heart, the king of your affections. Do not Love the World

Hate the world, value its treasure at a cheap price, estimate its gems as nothing but fakes, and its strength as nothing but dreams. Do not think that you will lose any pleasure, but rather remember the saying of that early Church leader Chrysostom, "Despise riches, and you will be rich; despise glory, and you will be glorious; despise injuries, and you will be a conqueror; despise rest, and you will gain rest; despise the earth, and you will gain heaven!"

True Beauty

I gaze on beauty, and may myself be deformed. I admire the light, and may yet dwell in darkness, but if the light of the face of God rests on me, I will become like Him. The characteristics of His appearance will be on me, and the great outline of His attributes will be mine. Oh, wondrous mirror, which renders the beholder lovely! Oh, admirable mirror, which does not reflect self with its imperfections, but gives a perfect image to those that are unattractive.

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