

The Saviour's Many Crowns

by C.H. Spurgeon

Christ's sovereignty and reign over all creation, including heaven, hell, the earth, and the hearts of men, is a glorious and comforting truth.

Duration: 41:15

Scripture: Joshua 1:9, Psalm 55:22, Matthew 27:29, Acts 9:1-9, 1 Timothy 1:15, Revelation 4:10, Revelation 19:12

Topics: "Christ's Sovereignty", "Spiritual Warfare"

Description

In this sermon, the preacher emphasizes the power and sovereignty of Christ over all creation. He describes how Christ controls the seasons, the tides, and even the stars. The preacher also highlights Christ's role as the dispenser of grace and mercy, as well as the keyholder to heaven. He emphasizes the importance of imitating Christ in our battle with the world and encourages believers to have hope and courage in overcoming its temptations. The sermon draws from biblical references to support these teachings.

Transcript

The Prince of Preachers Charles Haddon Spurgeon has been called England's greatest contribution to the spread of the gospel in the 19th century. One of his contemporaries said that the chief secret of Spurgeon's attractiveness was the fact that in every sermon, no matter what the text or the occasion, he explained the way of salvation in simple terms. Spurgeon's messages remain one of the great treasure houses of Christian literature, still bringing the light of the gospel and the comfort of the scriptures to hungry souls long after the preacher has passed into glory.

This is Charles Kelch inviting you to listen to a message from the Prince of Preachers. C. H. Spurgeon preached this message on October 30th, 1859, in the music hall of the Royal Surrey Gardens. It is entitled, The Saviour's Many Crowns.

The text is found in the Revelation chapter 19 and verse 12. On his head were many crowns. Ah, well ye know what head this was, and ye have not forgotten its marvellous history.

A head which once in infancy reclined upon the bosom of a woman. A head which was meekly bowed in obedience to a carpenter. A head which became in after years a fountain of water and a reservoir of tears.

A head which swept, as it were, great drops of blood falling to the ground. A head which was spit upon, whose hair was plucked. A head which at the last, in the grim agony of death, crowned with thorns, gave utterance to the terrible death shriek, *Lama Sabachthani*.

A head which afterwards slept in the grave. And glory be unto him that liveth and was dead, but is alive forevermore. A head which afterwards arose again from the tomb and looked with radiant eyes of love upon the holy women waiting at the sepulchre.

This is the head whereof John speaks in the words of the text. Who would have thought that a head, the visage of which was marred more than that of any other man, a head which suffered more from the tempest of heaven and of earth than ever mortal brow before, should now be surrounded with these many diadems, these star-bestudded crowns? My brethren, it needs John himself to expound this glorious vision to you. Alas, my eye has not yet seen the heavenly glory, nor has my ear heard the celestial song.

I am therefore but as a little child among topless mountains, overawed with grandeur and speechless with awe. Pray for me that I may utter a few words which the Holy Spirit may comfortably apply to your souls, for if He help me not, I am helpless indeed. With His divine aid I dare to look upon the glorious diadems of our Lord and King, the crowns upon the head of Christ are of three sorts.

First there are the crowns of dominions, many of which are on His head. Next there are the crowns of victory, which He has won in many a terrible battle. Then there are the crowns of thanksgiving, with which His church and all His people have delighted to crown His wondrous head.

First, then, let every believing eye look through the thick darkness, and behold Jesus as He sits this day upon the throne of His Father, and let every heart rejoice while it sees the many crowns of dominion upon His head. First and foremost there sparkles about His brow the everlasting diadem of the King of heaven. His are the angels, the cherubim and seraphim continually sound forth His praise.

At His behest the mightiest spirit delights to fly and carry His commands to the most distant worlds. He has but to speak, and it is done. Cheerfully is He obeyed, and majestically doth He reign.

His high courts are thronged with Holy Spirits who live upon His smile, who drink light from His eyes, who borrow glory from His majesty. There is no spirit in heaven so pure that it does not bow before Him, no angel so bright that it does not veil its face with its wings when it draweth near to Him. Yea, moreover, the many spirits redeemed delight to bow before Him day without night.

They circle His throne, singing, Worthy is He that was slain, and hath redeemed us from our sins by His blood. Honor and glory, majesty and power, and dominion and might be unto Him that sits upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. To be King of heaven were surely enough.

The ancients were accustomed to divide heaven and earth and hell into diverse monarchies, and allot each of them to distinct kings. And surely heaven were an empire large enough even for an infinite spirit. Christ is Lord of all its boundless plains.

He laid the precious stones upon which was builded that city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. He is the light of that city, He is the joy of its inhabitants, and it is their loving life evermore to pay Him honor. Side by side with this bright crown behold another.

It is the iron crown of hell, for Christ reigneth there supreme. Not only in the dazzling brightness of heaven, but in the black impenetrable darkness of hell is His omnipotence felt, and His sovereignty acknowledged. The chains which bind damned spirits are the chains of His strength.

The fires which burn are the fires of His vengeance. The burning rays that scorch through their eyeballs and melt their very heart are flashed from His vindictive eye. There is no power in hell besides His.

The very devils know His might. He chaineth the great dragon, if He give him a temporary liberty. Yet is the chain in His hand, and He can draw him back lest he go beyond His limit.

Hell trembles at Him. The very howlings of lost spirits are but deep bass notes of His praise. While in heaven the glorious notes shout forth His goodness, in hell the deep growlings resound His justice and His certain victory over all His foes.

Thus His empire is higher than the highest heaven and deeper than the lowest hell. This earth also is a province in His wide domain. Though small the empire compared with others, yet from this world hath He perhaps derived more glory than from any other part of His dominion.

He reigns on earth. On His head is the crown of creation. All things were made by Him, and without Him there was not anything made that was made.

His voice said, Let there be light, and there was light. It was His strength that piled the mountains, and His wisdom balances the clouds. He is creator.

If you lift your eye to the upper spheres, behold yon starry worlds. He made them. They are not self-created.

He struck them off like sparks from the anvil of His omnipotence. There they glitter, upheld and supported by His might. He made the earth and all men that be upon it, the cattle on a thousand hills, and the birds that make glad the air.

The sea is His, and He made it also. Leviathan He hath formed, and though that monster maketh the deep to be hoary, yet is He but a creature of His power. Together with this crown of creation there is yet another, the crown of providence.

For He sustaineth all things by the word of His power. Everything must cease to be if it were not for the continual outgoing of His strength. The earth must die, the sun must grow dim with age, and nature sink in years if Christ supplied it not with perpetual strength.

He sends the howling blasts of winter. He anon restrains them and breathes the breath of spring. He ripens the fruits of summer, and He makes glad the autumn with His harvest.

All things know His will. The heart of the great universe beats by His power. The very seed derives its tide from Him.

Let Him once withdraw His hands, and the pillars of earth must tremble. The stars must fall like fig leaves from the tree, and all things must be quenched in the blackness of annihilation. On His head is the crown of providence, and next to this there glitters also the thrice glorious crown of grace.

He is the King of grace. He gives, or we He withholds. The river of God's mercy flows from underneath His throne.

He sits as sovereign in the dispensation of mercy. He hath the key of heaven. He openeth, and no man shutteth.

He shutteth, and no man openeth. He calleth, and the stubborn heart obeys. He willeth, and the rebellious spirit bends its knee.

For He is master of men, and when He wills to bless, none can refuse the benediction. He reigneth in His church amidst willing spirits. He reigns for His church over all the nations of the world, that He may gather unto Himself a people that no man can number, who shall bow before the scepter of His love.

I pause here, overcome by the majesty of the subject, and instead of attempting to describe that brow and those glittering crowns, I shall act the part of a seraph, and bow before that well-crowned head, and cry, Holy, holy, holy art Thou, Lord God of hosts! The keys of heaven and death and hell hang at Thy girdle. Thou, Thou art supreme, and unto Thee be glory for ever and ever. And now, my brothers, what say you to this? Do not sundry thoughts at once stir in your hearts? Methinks I hear one say, If this be so, if Christ hath these many crowns of dominion, how vain it is for me to rebel against Him.

My hearers, it may be some of you are striving against Christ. Like Saul of Tarsus, you have become exceedingly mad against Him. Your wife frequents the house of God, and you forbid her.

You persecute your child because she follows Jesus. You hate the very name of Christ. You curse His servants.

You despise His word. You would, if you could, spit upon His ministers, and perhaps burn His people. This know, that you have undertaken a battle in which you are certain of defeat.

Whoever strove against Him and prospered, go, O man, and do battle against the lightning, and hold the thunderbolt in thine hand. Go, and restrain the sea, and hush the billows, and hold the winds in the hollow of thine hand. And when thou hast done this, then lift thy puny hand against the King of kings.

For he that was crucified is thy master, and though thou oppose him, thou shalt not succeed. In thy utmost malice thou shalt be defeated, and the vehemence of thy wrath shall but return upon thine own head. Methinks I see this day the multitudes of Christ's enemies.

They stand up. They take counsel together. Let us break His bands in thunder.

Let us cast away His cords from us. Hear ye, O rebels, yonder deep-sounding laugh? Out of the thick darkness of His tabernacle, Jehovah laughs at you. He hath you in derision.

He saith, I have set my King upon my holy hill of Zion. Come on, ye enemies of Christ, and be dashed in pieces. Come on in your most vehement force, and fall like the waves that are broken against the immovable rock.

He ruleth, and He will rule, and you one day shall be made to feel His power. For at the name of Jesus, every knee must bow of things in heaven and things on earth and things under the earth. Another thought, rightful of comfort, springs up to my mind.

Believer, look to Christ's thrice-crowned head this day and be comforted. Is Providence against thee? Correct thy speech. Thou hast erred.

God hath not become thine enemy. Providence is not against thee, for Jesus is its King. He weighs its trials and counts its storms.

Thine enemies may strive, but they shall not prevail against thee. He shall smite them upon the cheekbone. Art thou passing through the fire? The fire is Christ's dominion.

Art thou going through the floods? They shall not drown thee, for even the floods obey the voice of the omnipotent Messiah. Wherever thou art called, thou canst not go where Jesus' love reigns not. Commit thyself into His hands.

However dark thy circumstance, He can make thy pathway clear. Though night surround thee, He shall surely bring the day. Only trust thou in Him.

Leave thy concerns, both little and great, in His almighty hands, and thou shalt yet see how kind His heart, how strong His hand do bring thee out and glorify thee. Repose your confidence in Him who is the King of kings. Come, bring your burdens, each one of you, to His feet, and take a song away.

If your hearts be heavy, bring them here. The golden scepter can lighten them. If your griefs be many, tell them into His ear.

His loving eyes can scatter them. And through the thick darkness shall there be a bright light shining, and you shall see His face and know that all is well. I am sure there is no more delightful doctrine to a Christian than that of Christ's absolute sovereignty.

I am glad there is no such thing as chance, that nothing is left to itself, but that Christ everywhere hath sway. If I thought that there was a devil in hell that Christ did not govern, I should be afraid that devil would destroy me. If I thought there was a circumstance on earth which Christ did not overrule, I should fear that that circumstance would ruin me.

Nay, if there were an angel in heaven that was not one of Jehovah's subjects, I should tremble even at him. But since Christ is King of kings, and I am His poor brother, one whom He loves, I give all my cares to Him, for He careth for me. And leaning on my breast, my soul hath full repose, confidence, and security.

And now, in the second place, Christ hath many crowns of victory. The first diadems which I have mentioned are His by right. He is God's only begotten and well-beloved Son, and hence He inherits unlimited dominions.

But viewed as the Son of man, conquest has made Him great, and His own right hand and His holy arm have won for Him the triumph. In the first place, Christ has a crown, which I pray that every one of you may wear. He has a crown of victory over the world, for thus saith He Himself, Be of good cheer.

I have overcome the world. Did you ever think of what a stern battle that was, which Christ had to fight with the world? The world first said, I will extinguish Him, He shall not be known. And it threw on Christ heaps of poverty, that there He might be smothered.

But He shone in His poverty, and the seamless coat shone with greater light than the robe of the rabbi. Then the world attacked Him with its threatenings. Sometimes they dragged Him to the brow of a hill to

cast Him down headlong.

At another time they took up stones to stone Him. But He who was not to be hidden by poverty was not to be quenched by threatening. And then the world tried its blandishments.

It came with a fair face and presented to Him a crown. They would have taken Christ and would have made Him a king. But He who cared not for their frowns was regardless of their smiles.

He put away the crown from Him. He came not to be a king, but to suffer and to die. My kingdom is not of this world, said He, else would my servants fight.

Have you never thought how through thirty years the world tempted Christ? That temptation of the devil in the wilderness was not the only one which He had to endure. Trials of every shape and size surrounded Him. The world emptied its quiver and shot all its arrows against the breast of the spotless Redeemer.

But all holy, all unharmed was He, still separate from sinners. He walked among them without defilement, feasted among them and yet did not sanction their gluttony, drank with them and yet was not a drunkard, acted as they acted in all innocent things and was the world's man and yet not a man of the world. He was in the world, but He was not of it.

Separate and yet one of themselves, united to our race by closest ties and yet evermore separate and distinguished from all mankind. I would, my brethren, that we could imitate Christ in our battle with the world. But alas, the world oftentimes gets the upper hand of us.

Sometimes we yield to its smiles and often do we tremble before its frowns. Have hope and courage, believer. Be like your Master.

Be the world's foe and overcome it. Yield not. Suffer it never to entrap your watchful feet.

Stand upright amid all its pressure and be not moved by all its enchantments. Christ did this. Therefore around His head is that right royal crown of victory, trophy of triumph over the entire forces of the world.

Furthermore, the next crown He wears is the crown by which He has overcome sin. Sin has been more than a match for creatures of every kind. Sin fought the angels and a third part of the stars of heaven fell.

Sin defied the perfect Adam and soon overcame him, for even at the first blow he fell. Sin had a stern contest with Jesus our Lord, but in Him it found its Master. Sin came with all its temptations, but Christ resisted and overcame.

It came with its horror and its curse. Christ suffered, Christ endured, and so destroyed its power. He took the poison darts of the curse into His own heart, and there quenched its poison fires by shedding His own blood.

By suffering, Christ has become Master over sin. The dragon's neck is now beneath His feet. There is not a temptation which He has not known, and therefore not a sin which He has not overcome.

He has cast out every shape and form of evil, and now forever stands He more than a conqueror through His glorious suffering. O my brethren, how bright that crown which He deserves, who hath forever put away our sin by the sacrifice of Himself! My soul enraptured restrains my voice. Once again I bow before His throne and worship in spirit my bleeding ransom, my suffering Savior.

And then again Christ wears about His head the crown of death. He died, and in that dreadful hour He overcame death, rifled the sepulcher, split the stone which guarded the mouth of the grave, hewed death in pieces, and destroyed the arch-destroyer. Christ seized the iron limbs of death and ground them to powder in His hand.

Death swayed His scepter over all the bodies of men, but Christ has opened the gate of resurrection for His redeemed. And in that day when He shall put the trumpet to His lips and blow the resurrection blast, then shall it be seen how Christ is universal monarch over all the dominions of death. For as the Lord our Savior rose, so all His followers must.

And then again Christ is not only Lord of the world, King of sin and King of death, but He is King of Satan, too. He met that archfiend foot to foot. Fearful was the struggle, for our champion sweat as it were, great drops of blood falling to the ground.

But He hewed His way to victory through His own body, through the agonies of His own soul. Desperate was the encounter. Head and hands and feet and heart were wounded, but the Savior flinched not from the fight.

He rent the lion of the pit as though He were a kid and broke the dragon's head in pieces. Satan was nibbling at Christ's heel. Christ trod on him and smashed his head.

Now hath Jesus led captivity captive and is master over all the hosts of hell. Glorious is that victory! Angels repeat the triumphant strain. His redeemed take up the song.

And you, ye blood-bought sons of Adam, praise Him, too, for He hath overcome all the evil of hell itself. And yet, once again, another crown hath Christ, and that is the crown of victory over man. Would to God, my hearers, that He wore a crown for each of you! What a hard work it is to fight with the evil heart of man! If you wish him to do evil, you can soon overcome him.

But if you would overcome him with good, how hard the struggle! Christ would have man's heart, but man would not give it to him. Christ tried him in many a way. He wooed him, but man's heart was hard and would not melt.

Moses came and said, My master, let me try and open man's heart. And he used the fire and the whirlwind and the hammer of God. But the heart would not break, and the spirit would not open to Christ.

Then Christ came and He said, Hard heart, I will win thee. O icy soul, I will melt thee. And the soul said, No, Jesus, I defy thee.

But Christ said, I will do it. And He came once upon a time to the poor hard heart and brought His cross with Him. See, hard heart, said He, I love thee, though thou lovest not Me.

Yet I love thee. And in proof of this, see here, I will hang upon this cross. And this hard heart looked on.

Suddenly fierce men nailed the Savior to the tree. His hands were pierced. His soul was rent in agony.

And looking down on the hard heart, And Jesus said, Hard heart, wilt thou not love Me? I love thee. I have redeemed thee from death. Though thou hatest Me, yet do I die for thee.

Though thou kickest against Me, yet will I surely carry thee to My throne. And the hard heart said, Jesus, I can bear it no longer. I yield to thee.

Thy love has overcome Me. Oh, I would be thy subject forever. Only remember Me when thou comest into thy kingdom.

And let Me be numbered with thy subjects, both now and forever. My hearers, has Christ ever overcome you? Say, has His love been too much for you? Have you been compelled to give up your sins, wooed by His love divine? Have your eyes been made to run with tears at the thought of His affection for you and of your own ingratitude? Have you ever thought this over? I, the blackest of sinners, have despised Him. His Bible I have left unread.

His blood I have trampled underfoot. And yet He died for me and loved me with an everlasting love. Surely this has made you bow your knee.

This has made your spirit cry, O sovereign grace, my heart subdued. I will be led in triumph to, a willing captive to my Lord, to sing the triumphs of His word. If this be the case with you, then you may yourself recognize one of the many crowns that are on His head.

Now this brings me to the third point. And may I very earnestly ask your prayers that, feeble as I am this morning, I may be helped while I endeavor to dwell upon this sweet subject. I am preaching in my own spirit against wind and tide.

There are times when one preaches with pleasure and delight, enjoying the word. But now I can get nothing for myself, even if I am giving you anything. Pray for me that nevertheless the word may be blessed, that in my weakness God's strength may appear.

The third head deals with the crowns of thanksgiving. Surely concerning these we may well say, on His head are many crowns. In the first place, all the mighty doers in Christ's church ascribe their crown to Him.

What a glorious crown is that which Elijah will wear. The man who went to Ahab, and when Ahab said, Hast thou found me, O mine enemy? reproved him to his very face. The man who took the prophets of Baal and let not one of them escape, but hewed them in pieces and made them a sacrifice to God.

What a crown will he wear who ascended into heaven in a chariot of fire. What a crown again belongs to Daniel, saved from the lion's den. Daniel, the earnest prophet of God.

What a crown will that be which shall glitter on the head of the weeping Jeremiah and the eloquent Isaiah. What crowns are those which shall beget the heads of the apostles. What a weighty diadem is that which Paul shall receive for his many years of service.

And then, my friends, how shall the crown of Luther glitter and the crown of Calvin. And what a noble diadem shall that be which Whitefield shall wear and all those men who have so valiantly served God and who by his might have put to flight the armies of the aliens and have maintained the gospel banner erect in troublous times. Nay, but let me point you to a scene.

Elijah enters heaven and where goes he with that crown which is instantly put upon his head? See, he flies to the throne and stooping there, he uncrowns himself. Not unto me, not unto me, but unto thy name be all the glory. See the prophets as they stream in one by one.

Without exception they put their crowns upon the head of Christ. And mark the apostles and all the mighty teachers of the church. They all bow there and cast their crowns at his feet who by his grace enable them to win them.

I ask them whence their victory came. They with united breath ascribe their triumph to the Lamb, their conquest to his death. Not only the mighty doers, but the mighty sufferers do this.

How brilliant are the ruby crowns of the martyred saints! From the stake, from the gibbet, from the fire they ascended up to God. And amongst the bright ones they are doubly bright, fairest of the mighty host that surrounds the throne of the Blessed One. What crowns they wear! I must confess that I have often envied them.

It is a happy thing to live in peaceful days, but while happy it is not honorable. How much more honorable to have died the death of Lawrence, grilled to death upon that fiery gridiron, or to die pierced with spears with every bone dislocated on the rack. A noble way of serving Christ to have stood calmly in the midst of the fires and have clapped one's hands and cried, I can do all things, even give my body to be burned for his dear name's sake.

What crowns are those which martyrs wear! An angel might blush to think that his dignity was so small compared with that of those riders in chariots of fire. Where are all those crowns? They are on the head of Christ. Not a martyr wears his crown.

They all take their blood-red crowns and then they place them on his brow. The fire crown, the rack crown, there I see them all glitter. For it was his love that helped them to endure.

It was by his blood that they overcame. And then, brethren, think of another list of crowns. They who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

There are a few men whom God has enabled to do much for the church and much for the world. They spend and are spent. Their bodies know no rest, their souls no ease.

Like chariots instinct with life or dragged by unseen but resistless coursers, they fly from duty to duty, from labor to labor. What crown shall be theirs when they come before God, when the souls they have led to Christ shall enter paradise with them, and when they shall say, Here am I and the children which Thou hast given me? What shouts of acclamation, what honors, what rewards shall then be given to the winners of souls? What will they do with their crowns? Why, they will take them from their heads and lay them there where sits the Lamb in the midst of the throne. There will they bow and cry, Jesus, we were not saviors.

Thou didst it all. We were but Thy servants. The victory belongs not to us, but to our Master.

We did reap, but Thou didst sow. We did cast in the net, but Thou didst fill it full. All our success is accomplished through Thy strength and by the power of Thy grace.

Well may it be said of Christ, On His head are many crowns. But see, another host approaches. I see a company of cherubic spirits flying upwards toward Christ.

And who are these? I know them not. They are not numbered among the martyrs. I read not their names among the apostles.

I do not even distinguish them as having been written amongst the saints of the living God. Who are these? I ask one of them. Who are you, ye bright and sparkling spirits? The leader replies, We are the glorious myriad of infants who compose the family above.

We, from our mother's breast, fled straight to heaven, redeemed by the blood of Christ. We were washed from original depravity, and we have entered heaven. From every nation of earth we have come.

From the days of the first infant, even to the winding up of earth's history, we and flocks have sped hither like doves to their windows. How came ye here, little ones? They reply, Through the blood of Christ, and we come to crown Him Lord of all. I see the countless multitudes surround the Savior, and flying to Him, each one puts its crown upon His head, and then begins to sing again louder than before.

But yonder I see another company following them. And who are ye? The reply is, Our history on earth is the very opposite of the story of those bright spirits that have gone before. We lived on earth for sixty or seventy or eighty years, until we tottered into our graves from very weakness.

When we died, there was no marrow in our bones, our hair had grown gray, and we were crisp and dry with age. How came ye here? They reply, After many years of strife with the world, of trials and of troubles, we entered heaven at last. And ye have crowns, I see? Yes, say they, but we intend not to wear them.

Whither are ye going, then? We are going to yonder throne, for our crowns have been surely given us by grace, for nothing but grace could have helped us to weather the storm so many, many years. I see the grave and reverend sires pass one by one before the throne, and there they lay their crowns at his blessed feet, and then, shouting with the infant throng, they cry, Salvation unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. And then I see behind them another class.

And who are ye? Their answer is, We are the chief of sinners, saved by grace. And here they come, Saul of Tarsus, and Vanessa, and Rahab, and many of the same class. And how came ye here? They reply, We have had much forgiven.

We were grievous sinners. But the love of Christ reclaimed us, the blood of Christ washed us, and whiter than snow are we, though once we were black as hell. And whither are ye going? They reply, We are going to cast our crowns at his feet and crown him Lord of all.

Among that throng, my dear hearers, I hope it may be my lot to stand. Washed from many sins, redeemed by precious blood, happy shall that moment be when I shall take my crown from off my head and put it on the head of him whom having not seen I love. But in whom believing, I rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

And it is a happy thought for me this morning that many of you will go with me there. Come, brothers and sisters, in a few more years many of us who have met Sunday after Sunday in this music hall will walk up in one band. And without exception, ye saints of God, I am persuaded we shall be prepared there to lay all our honors down and to ascribe unto him the glory for ever and ever.

Ah, but, says little Faith, I fear I shall never get into heaven and therefore I shall never crown him. Yes, but, little Faith, do you know that one of the richest crowns Christ ever wears and one of the brightest which adorns his brow is the crown which little Faith puts on his head? For little Faith, when it gets to heaven, will say, Oh, what grace has been shown to me that though the meanest of the family I have still been kept, though least of all the saints. Yet hell has not prevailed against me, though weaker than the

weakest.

Yet as my days, so has my strength been. Will not your gratitude be great? Will not your song be loud when approaching his dear feet? You lay your honors there and cry, Blessed be Jesus, who has kept my poor soul in all its dangers and brought me safely at last to himself. On his head were many crowns.

I cannot preach any longer, but I must ask you this question, my dear hearers. Have you a crown to put on the head of Jesus Christ today? Yes, says one, I have. I must crown him for having delivered me out of my last great trouble.

I must crown him, says another, for he has kept up my spirits when I was well nigh despairing. I must crown him, says another, for he has crowned me with loving kindness and tender mercy. Methinks I see one standing yonder who says, Would that I could crown him.

If he would but save me, I would crown him. Ah, if he would but give himself to me, I would gladly give myself to him. I am too worthless and too vile.

Nay, my brother, but does your heart say, Lord, have mercy upon me? Does your soul now crave pardon and forgiveness through the blood of Christ? Then go boldly near him this day and say to him, Jesus, I the chief of sinners am, but I rely upon thee. And in so saying, thou wilt put a crown upon his head which shall make glad his heart, even as in the day when his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals. Make this the day of your espousals to him.

Take him to be thine all in all. And then mayest thou look at this text with pleasure and say, Yes, on his head are many crowns, and I have put one there, and I shall put another there ere long. God add his blessing for Jesus' sake.

Amen. This message, The Savior's Many Crowns, was preached by Charles Haddon Spurgeon on October 30th, 1859. This is Charles Kelsch inviting you to join me again for another message from the Prince of Preachers.

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