

The Things Which Are Not Seen

by C.H. Spurgeon

The sermon encourages believers to focus on the future and the joys of heaven, which will compensate for the sorrows of earth.

Topics: "Martyrdom", "Resurrection"

Description

Greek Word Studies delves into the vivid imagery of the verb 'tympanizo,' which means to beat to death or to stretch upon a wheel for torture, resembling a drum. John MacArthur emphasizes that God's faithful are willing to endure torture and death rather than compromise their faith, trusting in the promise of resurrection. The root word 'tympanum' is used in the Septuagint for musical instruments but also as a symbol of torture, where victims were stretched on a rack and beaten to death, as seen in various biblical references.

Transcript

In our Christian pilgrimage it is well, for the most part, to be looking forward. Forward lies the crown, and onward is the goal. Whether it be for hope, for joy, for consolation, or for the inspiring of our love, the future must, after all, be the grand object of the eye of faith. Looking into the future we see sin cast out, the body of sin and death destroyed, the soul made perfect, and fit to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light.

Looking further yet, the believer's enlightened eye can see death's river passed, the gloomy stream forded, and the hills of light attained on which standeth the celestial city; he seeth himself enter within the pearly gates, hailed as more than conqueror, crowned by the hand of Christ, embraced in the arms of Jesus, glorified with Him, and made to sit together with Him on His throne, even as He has overcome and has sat down with the Father on His throne. The thought of this future may well relieve the darkness of the past and the gloom of the present. The joys of heaven will surely compensate for the sorrows of earth. Hush, hush, my doubts! death is but a narrow stream, and thou shalt soon have forded it. Time, how short--eternity, how long! Death, how brief--immortality, how endless!

Methinks I even now eat of Eshcol's clusters, and sip of the well which is within the gate. The road is so, so short! I shall soon be there.

"When the world my heart is rending
With its heaviest storm of care,
My glad thoughts to heaven
ascending,
Find a refuge from despair.
Faith's bright vision shall sustain me
Till life's pilgrimage is past;

Fears may vex and troubles pain me, I shall reach my home at last."

Source: <https://sermonindex.net/speakers/ch-spurgeon/the-things-which-are-not-seen/>

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