

# The Believer in Glory

by Octavius Winslow

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*The believer's final glory is certain, and it is a state of freedom from sin, impurity, and suffering, where they will be with Jesus and the holy angels.*

**Scripture:** Psalm 16:11, John 17:24, Romans 8:30, 2 Corinthians 4:17, Philippians 3:20-21, 1 Thessalonians 4:17, Hebrews 12:1-2, 1 Peter 1:4, Revelation 7:14, Revelation 21:4

**Topics:** "Hope in Christ", "Eternal Glory"

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## Description

Octavius Winslow emphasizes the believer's journey from death to glory, highlighting the certainty of eternal life promised by God. He reassures that the transition from earthly suffering to heavenly joy is swift and that believers are precious to Jesus throughout their pilgrimage. Winslow paints a vivid picture of the glory awaiting the faithful, where all pain and sorrow cease, and they are united with the saints in worship. He encourages believers to look forward with faith to the glory that awaits them, as affirmed by Scripture and the words of Jesus. Ultimately, he reminds us that the believer's hope culminates in the joy of being in God's presence forever.

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## Transcript

"You shall receive me to glory."--Ps. 73:24

We have followed the believer in Jesus from sickness to death; we now follow him from death to glory. In each stage of this his earthly pilgrimage, how precious is he to the heart of Jesus, how firmly and safely kept by the power of God unto full salvation! The journey is not long, the transition is often very quick. The instant that he has suffered the last pang, and wept the last tear, and heaved the last sigh, and looked his last look of love on earth, he is before the throne of God and the Lamb, drinking of the crystal river that flows from beneath it, and basking in the effulgence of glory that beams around it. My soul, let faith, with its far-seeing eye, look within the veil, and behold the glory into which you shall before long enter, and exclaim, in the sweet exercise of that faith, "You will receive me to glory."

And, first, think of its certainty. The inspired Scriptures, which cannot be broken, affirm this truth in the most clear and positive terms. Nothing is more certain than the final glory of all God's saints. "You will show me the path of life--in Your presence is fullness of joy; at Your right hand there are pleasures for evermore." "As for me, I will behold Your face in righteousness--I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Your likeness." "The hope which is laid up for you in heaven." And if these aspirations and declarations of faith are not sufficient, then, listen to the crowning evidence affirmed by the words of Jesus himself,

"Father, I will that they also, whom You have given Me, be with Me where I am; that they may behold My glory." Yes, my soul, glory is at the end of your weary, tearful, toilsome pilgrimage. It is the last link in the golden chain that binds you to the throne of heaven. The first link of that chain is God's foreknowledge of His saints; the last, His glorification of them. "Whom He foreknew, them He also glorified" (Rom. 8:30).

And now the sick and suffering and longing one is--in glory! The soul has passed the portal of death, has dropped its chain, and is free! All it believed, all it expected, and all it longed for is now realized, fully and forever realized, and its traveled feet walk the golden streets, and its weary wing is folded upon the bosom of its Savior. No more sin, no more impurity, no more suffering, no more weariness, no more tears--the former things are passed away, behold, all things are new! It has seen Jesus--it is now mingling with prophets, apostles, and martyrs, and all the holy angels--it is "without fault before the throne," hymning the high praises of the Lamb. Listen to its triumphant, rapturous song-

"I shine in the light of God,  
His likeness stamps my brow,  
Through the shadows of death my feet have trod,  
And I reign in glory now.

"No breaking heart is there,  
No keen and chilling pain,  
No washed cheek where the frequent tear  
Has rolled, and left its stain.

"I have found the joys of heaven,  
I am one of the sainted band;  
To my head a crown of glory is given,  
And a harp is in my hand.

"I have learned the song they sing,  
Whom Jesus has set free,  
And the glorious walls of heaven still ring  
With my new-born melody.

"No sin, no grief, no pain,  
Safe in my happy home;  
My fears all fled, my doubts all slain,  
The hour of triumph come.

"Friends of my mortal years,  
The trusted and the true,  
You are walking still in the valley of tears,  
But I wait to welcome you.

"Do I forget? Oh, no!  
For memory's golden chain  
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below,  
Until they meet to touch again."

"These are they who have come out of the great tribulation; they have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Rev. 7:14

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