

## DEATH AND LIFE IN CHRIST

NO. 503

A SERMON DELIVERED ON SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 5, 1863,  
 BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON,  
 AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON.

*“Now if we are dead with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with Him, knowing that Christ, being raised from the dead, dies no more. Death has no more dominion over Him. For in that He died, He died unto sin once: but in that He lives, He lives unto God. Likewise reckon you also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.”*  
*Romans 6:8-11.*

THE Apostles never traveled far from the simple facts of Christ’s life, death, resurrection, ascension, exaltation and second advent. These things, of which they were the witnesses, constituted the staple of all their discourses. Newton has very properly said that the two pillars of our religion are the work of Christ *for* us, and His work in us by the Holy Spirit. If you want to find the Apostles, you will surely discover them standing between these two pillars. They are either discoursing upon the effect of the passion in our justification, or its equally delightful consequence in our death to the world and our newness of life.

What a rebuke this should be to those in modern times who are ever straining after novelties. There may be much of the Athenian spirit among congregations, but that should be no excuse for its being tolerated among ministers. We, of all men, should be the last to spend our time in seeking something new. Our business, my Brothers and Sisters, is the old labor of Apostolic tongues—to declare Jesus—who is the same yesterday, today, and forever. We are mirrors reflecting the transactions of Calvary, telescopes manifesting the distant glories of an exalted Redeemer. The nearer we keep to the Cross, the nearer, I think, we keep to our true vocation.

When the Lord shall be pleased to restore to His Church once more a fervent love to Christ, and, when once again we shall have a ministry that is not only flavored with Christ, but of which Jesus constitutes the sum and substance, then shall the Churches revive—then shall the set time to favor Zion come. The goodly cedar which was planted by the rivers of old and stretched out her branches far and wide has become, in these modern days, like a tree dwarfed by Chinese art. It is planted by the rivers as before, but it does not flourish.

Only let God the Holy Spirit give to us, once again, the bold and clear preaching of Christ crucified in all simplicity and earnestness, and the dwarf shall swell into a forest giant! Each expanding bud shall burst into foliage, and the cedar shall tower aloft again, until the birds of the air shall lodge in its branches. I need offer you no apology, then, for preaching on those matters which engrossed all the time of the Apostles, and which shall shower unnumbered blessings on generations yet to come.

**I. THE FACTS REFERRED TO IN THESE FOUR VERSES CONSTITUTE THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL WHICH WE PREACH.**

**1.** The first fact here very clearly indicated is *that Jesus died*. He who was Divine, and therefore, Immortal, bowed His head to death! He whose human Nature was allied to the omnipotence of His Divine Nature, was pleased voluntarily to submit himself to the sword of death. He who was pure and perfect, and therefore deserved not death, which is the wages of sin, nevertheless condescended for our sake to yield Himself up to die. This is the second note in the Gospel scale.

The first note is incarnation—Jesus Christ became a Man—angels thought this worthy of their songs, and made the heavens ring with midnight melodies. The second note is this, I say, that, being found in fashion as a Man, He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross. He died as *a sacrifice*. Methinks, after many lambs from the flocks of men had poured out their blood at the foot of the altar, it was a strange spectacle—to see God’s Lamb brought to that same altar to be sacrificed. He is without spot or blemish, or any such thing. He is the firstling of the flock. He is the only one of the Great Master—a right royal, heavenly Lamb.

Such a Lamb had never been seen before. He is the Lamb who is worshipped in Heaven, and who is to be adored world without end. Will that sacred head condescend to feel the axe? Will that glorious Victim really be slain? Is it possible that God's Lamb will actually submit to die? He does so without a struggle. He is dumb in the shambles before the slaughterers. He gives up the warm blood of His heart to the hand of the executioner, that He might expiate the wrath of God.

Tell it! Let Heaven ring with music and let Hell be filled with confusion! Jesus, the Eternal Son of God, the Lamb of Jehovah's Passover, died! His hands were pierced. His heart was broken. To prove how surely the spear had struck the mark, the vital fluid flowed in a double flood, even to the ground—Jesus died. If there is any doubt about this, there is doubt about your salvation and mine. If there were any reason to question this fact, then we might question the possibility of salvation. But Jesus died, and sin is put away. The sacrifice smokes to Heaven—Jehovah smells a sweet savor, and is pleased—through Christ, the Victim—to accept the prayers, the offerings, and the persons of His people.

Nor did He die as the Victim only. He died as *the Substitute*. We were drawn as soldiers for the great warfare, but we could not go. We were feeble, and should have fallen in the battle and have left our bones to be devoured by the dogs of Hell. But He, the mighty Son of God, became the Substitute for us. HE entered the battlefield. HE sustained the first charge of the adversary in the wilderness—three times He repulsed the grim Fiend and all his host. He smote His assailants with the sword of the Spirit until the enemy fled and angels waited upon the weary Victor. The conflict was not over, the enemy had but retired to forge fresh artillery and recruit his scattered forces for a yet more terrible affray.

For three years the great Substitute kept the field against continual onslaughts from the advance guard of the enemy, remaining conqueror in every skirmish. No adversary dared to show his face, or if he shot an arrow at Him from a distance, our Substitute caught the arrow on His shield and laughed His foes to scorn. Devils were cast out of many that were possessed. Whole legions of them were compelled to find refuge in a herd of swine. And Lucifer himself fell like lightning from the Heaven of His power. At last the time came when Hell had gathered up all its forces—and now was also come the hour when Christ, as our Substitute—must carry His obedience to the utmost length. He must be obedient unto death.

He has been a Substitute up till then. Will he now throw down His vicarious Character? Will He now renounce our responsibilities, and declare that we may stand for ourselves? Not He. He undertook, and must go through. Sweating great drops of blood, He flinches not from the dread assault. Wounded in hands, and in feet, He still maintained His ground. And though, for the sake of *obedience*, He bowed His head to die, yet in that dying He slew Death. He put His foot upon the dragons' neck, crushed the head of the old serpent, and beat our adversaries as small as the dust of the threshing floor.

Yes, the blessed Substitute has died. I say if there were a question about this, then *we* might have to die—but inasmuch as He died for us—the Believer shall not die. The debt is discharged to the utmost farthing. The account is cleared. The balance is struck. The scales of justice turn in our favor—God's sword is sheathed forever—and the blood of Christ has sealed it in its scabbard. We are free, for Christ was bound. We live, for Jesus died. Dying, thus, as a Sacrifice, and as a Substitute, it is a comfort to us to know that He also died as *Mediator between God and man*.

There was a great gulf fixed, so that if we would pass to God, we could not, neither could He pass to us if He would condescend to do so. There was no way of filling up this gulf, unless there should be found one who, like the old Roman, Curtius, would leap into it. Jesus comes, arrayed in His pontifical garments. Wearing the breastplate, bearing the ephod—a Priest forever after the order of Melchisedek. His kingly character is not forgotten, for His head is adorned with a glittering crown, and over His shoulders He bears the Prophet's mantle.

How shall I describe the matchless glories of the Prophet-King, the royal Priest? Will He throw Himself into the chasm? He will. Into the grave He plunges, the abyss is closed! The gulf is bridged, and God can have communion with man! I see before me the heavy veil which shields from mortal eyes the place where God's Glory shines. No man may touch that veil or he must die. Is there any man found who can rend it?—that man may approach the Mercy Seat. O, that the veil which parts our souls from Him that dwells between the Cherubim could be torn throughout its utmost length! Strong archangel, would you dare to rend it?

Should you attempt the work, your immortality would be forfeited, and you must expire. But Jesus comes, the King Immortal, Invisible. With His strong hands He rends the veil from top to bottom—and now men draw near with confi-

dence—for when Jesus died, a living way was opened. Sing, O heavens, and rejoice O earth! There is now no wall of partition, for Christ has dashed it down! Christ has taken away the gates of death, posts and bars, and all—and like another Samson—carried them upon His shoulders far away.

This, then, is one of the great notes of the Gospel—the fact that Jesus died. Oh, you who would be saved, believe that Jesus died! Believe that the Son of God expired! Trust that death to save you, and you are saved! It is no great mystery. It needs no learned words, no polished phrases—Jesus died—the Sacrifice smokes. The Substitute bleeds. The Mediator fills up the gap—Jesus dies—believe and live!

2. But *Jesus rises*—this is no mean part of the Gospel. He dies. They lay Him in a new sepulcher. They embalm His body in spices—His adversaries are careful that His body shall not be stolen away. The stone, the seal, the watch, all prove their vigilance. Aha! Aha! What do you do, men? Can you imprison Immortality in the tomb! The fiends of Hell, too, I doubt not, watched the sepulcher, wondering what it all could mean. But the third day comes, and with it the messenger from Heaven!

He touches the stone—it rolls away. He sits upon it, as if he would defy the whole universe to roll that stone back again. Jesus awakes, as a mighty man from his slumber—unwraps the napkin from His head and lays it by itself—unwinds the cerements in which love had wrapped Him. He puts them by themselves—for He had abundant leisure. He was in no haste. He was not about to escape like a felon who bursts out of prison, but like one whose time of deliverance from jail has come. He lawfully and leisurely leaves His cell.

He steps to the upper air, bright, shining, glorious and fair. He lives! He died once, *but He rose again from the dead*. There is no need for us to enlarge here. We only pause to remark that this is one of the most jubilant notes in the whole Gospel scale. For you see, Brothers and Sisters, the rich mysteries, which, like the many seeds of the pomegranate, are all enclosed in the golden apple of resurrection! Death is overcome! Here is found a Man, who by His own power, was able to struggle with Death and hurl him down. The grave is opened. There is found a Man able to dash back its bolts, and to rifle its treasures.

And thus, Brothers and Sisters, having delivered Himself, He is able, also, to deliver others. Sin, too, was manifestly forgiven. Christ was in prison as a hostage, kept there as a Surety. Now that He is allowed to go free, it is a declaration on God's behalf that He has nothing against us. Our Substitute is discharged. *We* are discharged. He who undertook to pay our debt is allowed to go free. We go free in Him. "He rose again for our justification." No—more—inasmuch as He rises from the dead, He gives us a pledge that Hell is conquered. This was the great aim of Hell—to keep Christ beneath its heel. "You shall bruise His heel." They had gotten the heel of Christ, His mortal flesh, beneath their power, but that bruised heel came forth un wounded!

Christ sustained no injury by His dying. He was as glorious, even in His human Nature, as He was before He expired. "You will not leave My soul in Hell, neither will You suffer Your holy One to see corruption." Beloved, in this will we triumph—that Hell is worsted—Satan is put to confusion, and all his hosts are fallen before Immanuel. Sinner, believe this! It is the Gospel of your salvation. Believe that Jesus of Nazareth rose again from the dead. Trust Him, trust Him to save your soul. Because He burst the gates of the grave, trust Him to bear your sins, to justify your person, to quicken your spirit, and to raise your dead body—and verily, verily, I say unto you—you shall be saved!

3. We now strike a third note, without which the Gospel were not complete. Inasmuch as Jesus died, *He is now living*. He does not, after forty days, return to the grave. He departs from earth, but it is by another way. From the top of Olivet He ascends until a cloud receives Him out of their sight. And now, at this very day, He lives. There at His Father's right hand He sits—bright like a sun—clothed in majesty. The joy of all the glorified spirits, He is His Father's intense delight. There He sits, Lord of Providence—at His girdle swing the keys of Heaven and earth and Hell. There He sits, expecting the hour when His enemies shall be made His footstool.

Methinks I see Him, too, as He lives to intercede. He stretches His wounded hands, points to His breastplate bearing the names of His people, and for Zion's sake He does not hold His peace. And for Jerusalem's sake He does not rest day nor night, but ever pleads—"Oh God! Bless Your heritage. Gather together Your scattered ones. I will that they whom You have given Me be with Me where I am." Believer, this is a cluster of camphire to you, a bundle of myrrh—be comforted exceedingly—

***"He lives! The great Redeemer lives!"***

***What joy the blessed assurance gives!***

Trembling Penitent, let a living Savior cheer you. Exercise faith in Him, only, who has immortality. He lives to hear your prayer—cry to Him—He lives to present that prayer before His Father’s face. Put yourself in His hands. He lives to gather together those whom He bought with His blood, to make those the people of His flock who were once the people of His purchase. Sinner, do you believe this as a matter of fact? If so, rest your soul on it, and make it shine as a matter of confidence—and then you are saved!

4. One more note and our Gospel song need not rise higher. Jesus died. He rose. He lives. And *He lives forever*. He lives forever. He shall not die again. “Death has no more dominion over Him.” Ages shall follow ages, but His raven locks shall never be blanched with years. “You have the dew of Your youth.” Disease may visit the world, and fill graves, but no disease or plague can touch the immortal Savior. The shock of the last catastrophe shall shake both Heaven and earth, until the stars shall fall like withered fig leaves from the tree. But nothing shall move the unchanging Savior. He lives forever. There is no possibility that He should be overcome by a new death—

***“No more the bloody spear,  
The Cross and nails no more.  
For Hell itself shakes at His name,  
And all the heavens adore.”***

Would it not be a strange doctrine, indeed, if any man should dream that the Son of God would again offer His life a sacrifice? He dies no more. This, too, reveals another part of our precious Gospel—for now it is certain, since He lives forever—that no foes can overcome Him. He has so routed His Enemies, and driven His foes off the battlefield, that they will never venture to attack Him again. This proves, too, that His people’s eternal life is sure. Let Jesus die, and His people die. Let Christ leave Heaven, and, O you glorified ones! You must all vacate your thrones and leave your crowns without heads to wear them—and your harps untouched by fingers that shall wake them to harmony. He lives forever.

Oh, seed of Abraham, you are saved with an everlasting salvation by the sure mercies of David! Your standing in earth and Heaven has been confirmed eternally. God is honored, saints are comforted, and sinners are cheered, for, “He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever lives to make intercession for them.”

Now, I would to God, that on one of these four anchors your faith might be able to get rest. *Jesus died*, poor Trembler. If He died and took your griefs, will not His atonement save you? Rest here. Millions of souls have rested on nothing but Jesus’ death—and this is a granite foundation. No storms of Hell can shake it. Get a good handhold on His Cross—hold it and it will hold you. You cannot depend on His death and be deceived. Try it—taste and see, and you shall find that the Lord is good—and that none can trust a dying Savior without being with Him in Paradise.

But if this suffices you not, *He rose again*. Fasten upon this. He is proved to be Victor over your sins, and over your adversary. Can you not, therefore, depend upon Him? Doubtless there have been thousands of saints who have found the richest consolation from the fact that Jesus rose again from the dead. He rose again for our justification. Sinner, hang on that. Having risen *He lives*. He is not a dead Savior, a dead Sacrifice. He must be able to hear our plea, and to present His own. Depend on a living Savior—depend on Him NOW.

He *lives forever*, and therefore it is not too late for Him to save you. If you cry to Him, He will hear your prayer, even though it is in life’s last moment, for He lives forever. Though the ends of the earth were come, and you were the last man, yet He ever lives to intercede before His Father’s face. Oh, gad not about to find any other hope! Here are four great stones for you—build your hope on these. You cannot want surer foundations—He dies, He rises, He lives, He lives forever. I tell you, Soul, this is my only hope, and though I lean there with all my weight, it bends not.

This is the hope of all God’s people, and they abide contented in it. Do, I pray, come now and rest on it. May the Spirit of God bring many of you to Christ. We have no other Gospel. You thought it a hard thing, a scholarly thing, a matter that a college must teach you, that the university must give you. It is no such matter for learning and scholarship. Your little child knows it, and your child may be saved by it. You without education—you that can scarcely read the Bible, you can comprehend this—He dies. There is the Cross. He rises. There is the open tomb. He lives. There is the pleading Savior. He lives forever. There is the perpetual merit. Depend on Him! Put your soul in His hands, and you are saved!

If I have brought you under the first head of my discourse to a sufficient height, you can now take another step and mount to something higher. I do not mean higher as to real *value*, but higher as a matter of knowledge, because it follows upon the fact as a matter of experience.

**II. The great facts mentioned in our text represent THE GLORIOUS WORK WHICH EVERY BELIEVER FEELS WITHIN HIMSELF.**

In the text we see death, resurrection, life, and life eternal. You observe that the Apostle only mentions these to show our share in them. I will read the text again—“Now if we are dead with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with Him: knowing that Christ, being raised from the dead, dies no more. Death has no more dominion over Him. For in that He died, He died unto sin once: but in that He lives, He lives unto God. Likewise reckon you, yourselves, also to be dead, indeed, unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.”

Well, then, it seems that as Christ was, so we also are *dead*. We are dead to sin because sin can *no more condemn* us. All the sins which God’s people have ever committed dare not accuse—much less can they condemn those for whom Jesus died. Sin can curse an unbeliever, but it has no power so much as to mutter half a curse against a man in Christ. I cannot claim a debt of a dead debtor, and although I am a debtor to the Law, yet since I am dead, the Law cannot claim anything of me. Nor can sin inflict any punishment upon me. He that is dead, as says the preceding verse, is freed from sin. Being dead to sin, we are free from all its jurisdiction. We fear not its curse. We defy *its power*.

The true Believer, in the day when He first came to Christ, died to sin as to its power. Sin had been sitting on a high throne in his heart, but faith pulled the tyrant down, and rolled him in the dust. And though it still survives to vex us, yet its *reigning power* is destroyed. From the day of our new birth, if we are, indeed, true Christians, we have been dead to all sin’s pleasures. Madame Bubble can no longer bewitch us. The varnish and gilt have been worn off from the palaces of sin. We defy sin’s most skillful enchantments. It might warble sweet music, but the dead ear is not to be moved by melodies.

Keep your bitter sweets, O earth, for those who know no better delicacies. Our mouths find no flavor in your dainties. We are dead to sin’s bribes. We curse the gold that would have bought us to be untruthful, and abhor the comforts which might have been the reward of iniquity. We are dead to its threats, too. When sin curses us, we are as little moved by its curses as by its promises. A Believer is mortified and dead to the world. He can sing with Cowper—

*“I thirst, but not as once I did  
The vain delights of earth to share.  
Your wounds, Emmanuel, all forbid  
That I should seek my pleasures there.  
It was the sight of Your dear Cross  
First weaned my soul from earthly things,  
And taught me to esteem as dross  
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.”*

I am compelled, however, to say that this mortification is *not* complete. We are not so dead to the world as we should be. Instead of saying, here, what the Christian *is*, I think I may rather say what he *should be*, for where am I to look for men that are dead to the world nowadays? I see professing Christians quite as fond of riches. I see them almost as fond of gaiety and vanity. Do I not see those who wear the name of Jesus, whose dress is as full of vanity as that of the worldling? Whose conversation has no more savor of Christ in it than that of the open sinner? I find many who are conformed to this world, and who show but little renewing of their minds.

Oh, how slight is the difference nowadays between the Church and the world! We ought to be, in a spiritual sense, evermore Dissenters—dissenting from the world—standing out and protesting against it. We must be to the world’s final day Nonconformists, not conforming to its ways and vanities, but walking without the camp, bearing Christ’s reproach. Do some of you recollect the day when you died to the world? Your friends thought you were mad! They said you knew nothing of life, so your ungodly friends put you in the sepulcher, and others of them rolled a great stone against you. They, from that day, put a ban upon you.

You are not asked out now where you once were. The seal is put upon you—they call you by some opprobrious epithet, and so far as the world is concerned, you are like the dead Christ. You are put into your grave, and shut out from the world’s life. They do not want you any more at their merry-makings—you would spoil the party. You have now be-

come such a Methodist—such a mean hypocrite, as they put it—that they have buried you out of sight. They have rolled the stone, and sealed it, and set watchers at the door to keep you there. Well—and what a blessed thing that is—for if you are dead with Christ—you shall also live with Him!

If we are thus dead with Christ, let us see that we *live with Him*. It is a poor thing to be dead to the world unless we are alive unto God. Death is a negative, and a negative in the world is of no great use by itself. A Protestant is less than a nobody if he only protests against a wrong. We want a *proclaimer*, one who proclaims the Truth of God as well as protests against error. And so, if we are dead to sin, we must have, also, the life of Christ. And I trust, Beloved, we know, and it is not a matter of theory to us—I trust we know that in us there is a new life to which we were strangers once.

To our body and our soul there has been superadded a spirit, a spark of spiritual life. Just as Jesus had a new life after death, so have we a new life after death, by which, I trust, we rise from the grave. But we must prove it. Jesus proved His resurrection by infallible signs. You and I, too, must prove to all men that we have risen out of the grave of sin. Perhaps our friends did not know us when we first rose from the dead. Like Mary, they mistook us for somebody else. They said, “What? Is this William who used to be such a hectoring, proud, ill-humored, domineering fellow? Can he put up with our jokes and jeers so patiently?”

They supposed us to be somebody else, and they were not far from the mark, for we were new creatures in Christ Jesus. We talked with some of our friends, and they found our conversation so different from what it used to be, that it made their hearts burn within them—just as Jesus Christ’s disciples when they went to Emmaus. But they did not know our secret. They were strangers to our new life. Do you remember, Christians, how you first revealed yourselves unto your Brothers and Sisters, the Church? In the breaking of bread they first knew you. That night when the right hand of fellowship was given to you, the new life was openly recognized and they said—“Come in, you blessed of the Lord, why stand you without?”

I trust, in resurrection-life you desire to prove to all men that this is not the common life you lived before—a life which made you serve the flesh and the lusts thereof—but that you are living now with higher aims and purer intentions, by a more heavenly rule and with the prospect of a more Divine result. As we have been dead with Christ, dear Brothers and Sisters, I hope we have also, in our measure, learned to live with Him.

But now, remember, *Christ lives forever and so do we*. Christ, being raised from the dead, dies no more. Death has no more dominion over Him. The fourteenth verse is wonderfully similar—“Sin shall not have dominion over you, for you are not under the Law, but under Grace.” Sin made us die once in Adam, but we are not to be slain by it again. If Christ could die now, we could die. But since Christ can never die again, so the Believer can never again go back to his old sin. He dies to sin no more—he lives and sin has no more dominion over him. Oh, this is a delightful theme! I know not how to express the joy my own heart feels at the sense of security arising from the fact that Christ dies no more. Death has no more dominion over Him.

And sin has no more dominion over me, if I am in Christ. Suppose, my Brothers and Sisters, suppose for a moment, that Christ could die again. Bring out your funeral music! Let the muffled drums beat the march of the dead! Let the heavens be clothed in sackcloth, and let the verdant earth be robed in blackness, for the Atonement, earth’s great hope, is incomplete! Christ must die again. The adversaries we thought were routed have gathered their strength again. Death is not dead. The grave is not open. There will be no resurrection! The saints tremble. Even in Heaven they fear and quake. The crowns upon glorified heads are trembling. The hearts that have been overflowing with eternal bliss are filled with anxiety, for the throne of Christ is empty!

Angels suspend their songs. The howling of Hell has silenced the shouts of Heaven—the Fiends are holding high holiday and they scream for very joy—“Jesus dies again! Jesus dies again! Prepare your arrows! Empty your quivers! Come up, you legions of Hell! The famous Conqueror must fight, and bleed, and DIE again! We shall overcome Him yet!” God is dishonored, the foundations of Heaven are removed, and the Eternal Throne quivers with the shock of Christ subjected to a second death! Is it blasphemy to suppose this? Of course it is!

Yet, my Brothers and Sisters, it were equal blasphemy to suppose a true Believer going back again to his old lusts, and dying again by sin. For that were to suppose that the Atonement were incomplete. I can prove that it involves the very same things. It supposes an unfinished sacrifice, for if the sacrifice is finished, then those for whom it was offered must be saved. It supposes Hell triumphant—Christ had bought the soul, and the Spirit had renewed it—but the devil

wipes away the blood of Christ, expels the Spirit of the living God and gets to himself the victory. A *saint* perish? Then God's promise is not true, and Christ's word is false—"I give unto My sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish."

If *one* saint perishes the foundations are removed, eternal justice is just a name, the Divine honesty is suspect, the purposes of God are frustrated, and the crown of Sovereignty rolls in the mire. Weep, angels! Be astonished, O heavens! Rock, O you hills with earthquake! And Hell, come up and hold riot—for God Himself has ceased to be God—since His people perish! "Because I live, you shall live also," is a Divine necessity. And if dominion can ever be had by sin over a Believer again, then, mark you, death can again have dominion over Christ. But that is impossible. Therefore rejoice and be glad, you servants of God!

You will notice, that as they live, so, like Jesus Christ, *they live unto God*. This completes the parallel. "In that He lives He lives unto God." So do we. The forty days which Christ spent on earth, He lived unto God, comforting His saints, manifesting His Person, giving forth Gospel precepts. For the few days we have to live here on earth, we must live to comfort the saints, to set forth Christ, and to preach the Gospel to every creature. And now that Christ has ascended, He lives unto God. What does that mean? He lives, my Brothers and Sisters, to manifest the Divine Character. Christ is the permanent revelation of an invisible God.

We look at Christ and we see justice, truth, power, love. We see the whole of the Divine attributes in Him. Christian, you are to live unto God—God is to be seen in you. You are to show forth the Divine heart of compassion, long-suffering, tenderness, kindness, patience. You are to manifest God—living unto God. Christ lives unto God, for He completes the Divine purpose by pleading for His people, by carrying on His people's work above. You are to live for the same, by preaching that sinners may hear, and that the elect may live—by teaching that the chosen may be saved. Teaching by your life, by your actions, that God's Glory may be known, and that His decrees may be fulfilled.

Jesus lives unto God, delighting Himself in God. The immeasurable joy of Christ in His Father no tongue can tell. Live in the same way, Christian. Delight yourself in the Lord! Be blessed. Be happy! Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, rejoice! Our Redeemer lives unto God, that is, He lives in constant fellowship with God. Cannot you do so, too, by the Holy Spirit? You are dead to sin—see to it that you live forever in fellowship with the Father, and with His Son, Jesus Christ.

Now I have been talking riddles to some of you. How many of you understand these things? If any are troubled because they understood the first part, and they do trust in Christ's death, but they do not understand the second part—ah, Beloved, you shall understand one of these days. If you are resting on Christ's death, that death shall yet be made mighty in you. But you that have known something of this, I pray you struggle after more. Ask the Lord to mortify you altogether, to fill you with the Divine life, and to help you to persevere unto the end. Pray that you may live unto God and unto God alone.

**III.** Having brought you this far, there is only one other step to take, and then we have done. Let us notice that the facts of which we have spoken are PLEDGES OF THE GLORY WHICH IS TO BE REVEALED IN US.

Christ died. Possibly we shall die. Perhaps we shall not. We may be alive, and remain at the coming of the Son of Man. But it may be, we shall die. I do not think we should be so certain of death as some Christians are, because the Lord's coming is much more certain than our dying. Our dying is not certain, for He may come before we die. However, suppose we shall die—Christ rose and so shall we—

*“What though our inbred sins require  
Our flesh to see the dust,  
Yet as the Lord our Savior rose,  
So all His followers must.”*

Do not, my Brothers and Sisters, think of the cemetery with tears, nor meditate upon the coffin and the shroud with gloomy thoughts. You only sojourn there for a little season, and to you it will not appear a moment. Your body will sleep, and if men sleep all through a long night it only seems an hour to them, a very short moment. The sleeping time is forgotten and to your sleeping body it will seem no time at all—while to your glorified soul it will not seem long because you will be so full of joy that a whole eternity of that joy would not be too long.

But you shall rise again. I do not think we get enough joy out of our resurrection. It will probably be our happiest moment, or rather the beginning of the happiest life that we shall ever know. Heaven is not the happiest place. Heaven at present is happy, but it is not the *perfection* of happiness, because there is only the *soul* there, though the soul is full of

pleasure. But the Heaven *that is to be*—when *body and soul* will both be there—surpasses all thought. Resurrection will be our marriage day. Body and soul have been separated and they shall meet again to be remarried with a golden ring, no more to be divorced, but as one indissolubly united body to go up to the great altar of immortality and there to be espoused unto Christ forever and ever.

I shall come again to this flesh, no longer flesh that can decay, no longer bones that ache—I shall come back to these eyes and these ears, all made channels of new delight. Say not this is a materialistic view of the matter. We are at least one-half material, and so long as there is material about us we must always expect joy that shall not only give spiritual, but even material delight to us. This body shall rise again. “Can these dry bones live?” is the question of the unbeliever. “They must live,” is the answer of faith. Oh, let us expect our end with joy, and our resurrection with transport.

Jesus was not detained a prisoner, and therefore no worm can keep us back. No grave, no tomb can destroy our hope. Risen He lives, and we shall rise to live forever. Anticipate, my Brothers and Sisters, that happy day. No sin, no sorrow, no care, no decay, no approaching dissolution! He lives forever in God—so shall you and I—close to the Eternal. Swallowed up in His brightness, glorified in His Glory, overflowing with His love! I think at the very prospect we may well say—

*“Oh, long-expected day begin,  
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin.”*

We may well cry to Him to bid His chariots hasten and bring the joyous season! He comes,! He comes, Believer! Rejoice with joy unspeakable! You have but a little time to wait, and when you have fallen asleep you shall leap—

*“From beds of dust and silent clay,  
To realms of everlasting day.”*

And you—

*“Far from a world of grief and sin  
With God eternally shut in,  
Shall be forever blessed!”*

May the Lord add His blessing, for Jesus’ sake. Amen.

Adapted from *The C.H. Spurgeon Collection*, Version 1.0, Ages Software, 1.800.297.4307