

## “THOUGH HE WERE DEAD”

NO. 1799

A SERMON DELIVERED ON LORD’S-DAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 14, 1884,  
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 AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON.

*“Martha said unto Him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day.  
 Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believes in Me,  
 though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whoever lives and  
 believes in Me shall never die. Do you believe this?”  
 John 11:24-26*

MARTHA is a very accurate type of a class of anxious Believers. They do truly believe, but not with such confidence as to lay aside their care. They do not *distrust* the Lord, or question the Truth of what He says, yet they puzzle their brain about, “How shall this thing be?” And so they miss the major part of the present comfort which the Word of the Lord would minister to their hearts if they received it more simply. How?—and why?—belong unto the Lord! It is His business to arrange matters so as to fulfill His own promises! If we would sit at our Lord’s feet with Mary and consider what He has promised, we would choose a better part than if we ran about with Martha, crying, “How can these things be?”

Martha, you see, in this case, when the Lord Jesus Christ told her that her brother would rise again, replied, “I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day.” She was a type, I say, of certain anxious Believers, for she *set a practical boundary to the Savior’s words*. “Of course there will be a resurrection—and then my brother will rise with the rest.” She concluded that the Savior could not mean anything beyond that. The first meaning and the most common meaning that suggests itself to her must be what Jesus means! Is not that the way with many of us? We had a statesman, once, and a good man, too, who loved reform. But whenever he had accomplished a little progress, he considered that *all* was done. We called him, at last. “Finality John,” for he was always coming to an ultimatum and taking for his motto, “Rest and be thankful.”

Into that style, Christian people too frequently drop with regard to the promises of God! We limit the Holy One of Israel as to the meaning of His words. Of course they mean so much, but we cannot allow that they intend more! It were well if the spirit of progress would enter into our faith, so that we felt within our souls that we had never beheld the innermost glory of the Lord’s Words of Grace. We often are amazed that the disciples put such poor meanings upon our Lord’s words, but I fear we are almost as far off as they were from fully comprehending all His gracious teachings! Are we not, still, as little children making little out of great words? Have we grasped, as yet, a tenth of our Lord’s full meaning in many of His sayings of love? When He is talking of bright and sparkling gems of benediction, we are thinking of common pebbles in the brook of mercy! When He speaks of stars and heavenly crowns, we think of sparks and childish coronals of fading flowers! Oh that we could but have our intellect cleared. Better still, that we could have our understanding expanded, or, best of all, our faith increased so as to reach to the height of our Lord’s great arguments of love!

Martha also had another fault in which she was very like ourselves—she *laid the Words of Jesus on the shelf*, as things so trite and sure that they were of small practical importance. “Your brother shall rise again.” Now, if she had possessed enough faith, she might truthfully have said, “Lord, I thank You for that word! I expect within a short space to see him sitting at the table with You. I put the best meaning possible upon Your words, for I know that You are always better than I can think You to be and, therefore, I expect to see my beloved Lazarus walk home from the sepulcher before the sun sets.”

But no, she lays the Truth aside as a matter past all dispute and says, “I know that my brother shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day.” A great many precious Truths of God are laid up by us like the old hulks in the Medway, never to see service again, or like aged pensioners at Chelsea, as relics of the past. We say, “Yes, quite true. We fully be-

lieve that doctrine.” Somehow it is almost as bad to lay up a doctrine in lavender as it is to throw it out of window. When you so believe a Truth of God as to put it to bed and smother it with the bolster of neglect, it is much the same as if you did not believe it at all! An official belief is very much akin to infidelity. Some persons never question a doctrine—that is not their line of temptation—they accept the Gospel as true, but then they never expect to see its promises practically carried out! It is a proper thing to believe, but by no means a prominent, practical factor in actual life. It is true but it is mysterious, misty, mythical, far removed from the realm of practical common sense.

We often do with the promises as a poor old couple did with a precious document which might have cheered their old age had they used it according to its real value. A gentleman, stepping into a poor woman’s house, saw framed and glazed upon the wall a French note for a thousand francs. He said to the old folks, “Where did you get this?” They informed him that a poor French soldier had been taken in by them and nursed until he died, and he had given them that little picture when he was dying as a memorial of him. They thought it such a pretty souvenir that they had framed it, and there it was, adorning the cottage wall. They were greatly surprised when they were told that it was worth a sum which would be quite a little fortune for them if they would but turn it into money!

Are we not equally unpractical with far more precious things? Have you not certain of the words of your great Lord framed and glazed in your hearts—and do you not say to yourselves, “They are so sweet and precious”? and yet you have never turned them into actual *blessing*—never used them in the hour of need? You have done as Martha did when she took the words, “Your brother shall rise again,” and put round about them this handsome frame, “in the resurrection at the last day.” Oh that we had Grace to turn God’s bullion of Gospel into *current* coin and use them as our present spending money!

Moreover, Martha made another blunder, and that was *setting the promise in the remote distance*. This is a common folly, this distancing of the promises of the Most High. “In the resurrection at the last day”—no doubt she thought it a very long way off and, therefore, she did not get much comfort out of it. Telescopes are meant to bring objects near to the eye, but I have known people use the mental telescope in the wrong way—they always put the big end of it to their eye, and then the glass sends the object further away! Her brother was to be raised *that very day*—she might so have understood the Savior—but instead of it she looked at His words through the wrong end of the glass and said, “I know that he will rise again in the resurrection at the last day.”

Brothers and Sisters, do not refuse the present blessing! Death and Heaven, or the Advent and the Glory, are at your doors! A little while and He that will come shall come and will not tarry. Think not that the Lord is slack concerning His promise! Do not say in your heart, “My Lord delays His coming,” or dream that His words of love are only for the dim future. In the ages to come, marvels shall be revealed, but even the present hour is bejeweled with loving kindness! *Today* the Lord has rest, peace and joy to give to you! Lose not these treasures by unbelief!

Martha also appears to me to have *made the promise unreal and impersonal*. “Your brother shall rise again”—to have realized that would have been a great comfort to her—but she mixes Lazarus up with all the rest of the dead. “Yes, he will rise in the resurrection at the last day, when thousands of millions shall be rising from their graves—no doubt Lazarus will rise with the rest.” That is the way with us. We take the promise and say, “This is true to all the children of God.” If so, it is true to us, but we miss *that* point! What a blessing God has bestowed upon the covenanted people! Yes, and you are one of them—but you shake your head as if the word were not for you! It is a fine feast and yet you are hungry! It is a full and flowing stream, but you remain thirsty!

Why is this? Somehow the generality of your apprehension misses the sweetness which comes of personal appropriation. There is such a thing as speaking of the promises in a magnificent style and yet being in deep spiritual poverty—as if a man should boast of the wealth of old England and the vast amount of treasure in the Bank—while he does not possess a penny with which to bless himself! In your case you know it is your own fault that you are poor and miserable, for if you would but exercise an appropriating faith, you might possess a boundless heritage. If you are a child of God, all things are yours and you may help yourself! If you are hungry at this banquet, it is for lack of faith. If you are thirsty by the brink of this river, it is because you do not stoop down and drink! Behold, God is your portion! The Father is your Shepherd, the Son of God is your Food, and the Spirit of God is your Comforter. Rejoice and be glad, and grasp with the firm hand of a personal faith that royal gift which Jesus sets before you in His promises.

I beg you to observe how the Lord Jesus Christ, in great wisdom, dealt with Martha. In the first place, He did not grow angry with her. There is not a trace of petulance in His speech. He did not say to her, “Martha, I am ashamed of you that you should have such low thoughts of Me.” She thought that she was honoring Jesus when she said—“I know, that even now, whatever You will ask of God, God will give You.” Her idea of Jesus was that He was a great Prophet who would ask of God and obtain answers to His prayers. She has not grasped the truth of Jesus’ own personal power to give and sustain life. But the Savior did not say, “Martha, these are low and groveling ideas of your Lord and Savior.” He did not chide her, though she lacked wisdom—wisdom which she ought to have possessed. I do not think God’s people learn much by being scolded—it is not the habit of the great Lord to scold His disciples and, therefore, they do not take it well when His servants take upon themselves to rate them.

If ever you meet with one of the Lord’s own who falls far short of the true ideal of the Gospel, do not bluster and upbraid. Who taught you what you know? He that has taught you did it of His infinite love and Grace and pity—and He was very tender with you, for you were stupid enough—therefore be tender with others and give them line upon line, even as your Lord was gentle towards you! It ill becomes a servant to lose patience where his Master shows so much. The Lord Jesus, with gentle spirit, proceeded to teach her more of the things concerning Himself. More of Jesus! More of Jesus! That is the sovereign cure for our faults! He revealed Himself to her, that in Him she might behold reasons for a clearer hope and a more substantial faith.

How sweetly fell those words upon her ears—“I am the resurrection and the life”! Not, “I can get resurrection by My prayers,” but, “I *am*, Myself, the resurrection.” God’s people need to know more of what Jesus is, more of the fullness which it has pleased the Father to place in Him. Some of them know quite enough of what they are, themselves, and they will break their hearts if they go on reading much longer in that black-letter book! They need, I say, to rest their eyes upon the Person of their Lord and to spy out all the riches of Grace which lie hidden in Him. Then they will pluck up courage and look forward with surer expectancy! When our Lord said, “I am the resurrection and the life,” He indicated to Martha that resurrection and life were not gifts which He must seek, nor even gifts which He must create—but that He, Himself, was the resurrection and the life—these things were wherever He was.

He was the Author, Giver and Maintainer of life, and that life was Himself! He would have her to know that He was, Himself, precisely what she wanted for her brother. She did know a little of the Lord’s power, for she said, “If You had been here, my brother had not died,” which, being very kindly interpreted, might mean, “Lord, You are the life.” “Ah, but,” says Jesus, “you must also learn that I am the resurrection! You already admit that if I had been here Lazarus would not have died. I would have you further learn that I, being here, your brother shall live though He has died; and that when I am with My people none of them shall die forever, for I am to them the resurrection and the life.” Poor Martha was looking up into the sky for life, or gazing down into the deeps for resurrection—when the Resurrection and the Life stood before her, smiling upon her and cheering her heavy heart! She had thought of what Jesus might have done if He had been there earlier—now let her know what He is at the present moment!

Thus I have introduced the text to you and I pray God the Holy Spirit to bless these prefatory observations, for if we learn only these first lessons we shall not have been here in vain. Let us construe promises in their largest sense. Let us regard them as real and set them down as facts. Let us look to the Promiser, even to Jesus the Lord, and not so much to the difficulties which surround the accomplishment of the promise! In beginning the Divine Life, let us look to Jesus, and later, running the heavenly race, let us still be looking unto Jesus till we see in Him our All in All! When both eyes look on Jesus, we are in the Light of God! But when we have one eye on Him and one eye on self, all is darkness. Oh, to see Him with all our soul’s eyes!

Now, I am going to speak as I am helped of the Spirit, and I shall proceed thus—first, by asking you to *view the text as a stream of comfort to Martha and other bereaved persons*. And, secondly, *to view it as a great deep of comfort to all Believers*.

**I.** First, I long for you to VIEW THE TEXT AS A STREAM OF COMFORT TO MARTHA AND OTHER BE-REAVED PERSONS. Observe, in the beginning, that *the Presence of Jesus Christ means life and resurrection*. It meant that to Lazarus. If Jesus comes to Lazarus, Lazarus must live! Had Martha taken the Savior’s words literally—as she should have done—as I have already told you, she would have had immediate comfort from them and the Savior in-

tended her to understand them in that sense. He virtually says, “I am to Lazarus the Power that can make him live again. And I am the Power that can keep him in life. Yes, I am the resurrection and the life.”

A statement so understood would have been very comfortable to her. Nothing could have been more so. It would, then and there, have abolished death so far as her brother was concerned. Somebody says, “But I do not see that this is any comfort *to us*, for if Jesus is *here*, yet it is only a *spiritual* presence, and we cannot expect to see our dear mother, or child, or husband raised from the dead thereby.” I answer that our Lord Jesus is able, at this moment, to give us back our departed ones, for He is still the resurrection and the life! But let me ask you whether you really wish that Jesus would raise your departed ones from the dead. You say at first, “Of course I do!” But I would ask you to reconsider that decision, for I believe that upon further thought you will say, “No, I could not wish it.” Do you really desire to see your glorified husband sent back to this world of care and pain? Would you have your father or mother deprived of the glories which they are now enjoying in order that they might help *you* in the struggles of this mortal life? Would you discrown the saints?

You are not so cruel! That dear child—would you have it back from among the angels, and from the inner Glory, to come here and suffer again? You would not have it so. And to my mind it is a comfort to you, or should be, that it is not within your power to have it so, because you might be tempted, in some selfish moment, to accept the doubtful gift. Lazarus could return and fit into his place again, but scarcely one in 10,000 could do so. There would be serious drawbacks in the return of those whom we have loved best. Do you cry, “Give me back my father! Give me back my friend”? You know not what you ask! It might be a cause of regret to you as long as they lingered here, for you would, each morning, think to yourself, “Beloved one, I have brought you out of Heaven by my wish. I have robbed you of infinite happiness to gratify myself.”

For my own part, I had rather that the Lord Jesus should keep the keys of death than that He should lend them to *me*. It would be too dreadful a privilege to be empowered to rob Heaven of the perfected merely to give pleasure to imperfect ones below. Jesus would raise them, now, if He knew it to be right—I do not wish to take the government from His shoulder. It is more comfortable to me to think that Jesus Christ could give them back to me and would, if it were for His glory and my good! My dear ones that lie asleep could be awakened in an instant if the Master thought it best. But it would not be best and, therefore, even I would hold His sleeve, and say, “Tread softly, Master! Do not awaken them! I shall go to them, but they shall not return to me. It is not my wish they should return—it is better that they should be with You where You are, to behold Your Glory.” It does not seem to me, then, dear Friend, that you are one whit behind Martha—and you ought to be comforted while Jesus says to you, “I am even now the resurrection and the life.”

Furthermore, here is comfort which we may, each one, safely take, namely, that *when Jesus comes, the dead shall live*. The Revised Version has it, “He that believes on Me, though he dies, yet shall he live.” We do not know when our Lord will descend from Heaven, but we do know the message of the angel, “This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into Heaven, shall so come in like manner as we have seen Him go into Heaven.” The Lord will come! We may not question the certainty of His appearing. When He comes, all His redeemed shall live with Him. The trumpet of the archangel shall startle the happy sleepers and they shall wake to put on their beauteous array—the body transformed and made like Christ’s glorious body shall be once more wrapped about them as the vesture of their perfected and emancipated spirits! Then our brother shall rise again and all our dear ones who have fallen asleep in Jesus, the Lord will bring with Him. This is the glorious hope of the Church wherein we see the death of death and the destruction of the grave. Comfort one another with these words!

Then we are also told that *when Jesus comes, living Believers shall not die*. After the coming of Christ there shall be no more death for His people. What does Paul say? “Behold, I show you a mystery. We shall not all die, but we shall all be changed.” Did I see a little schoolgirl put up her finger? Did I hear her say, “Please, Sir, you made a mistake.” So I did! I made it on purpose. Paul did not say, “We shall not all *die*,” for the Lord had already said, “Whoever lives and believes in Me shall never *die*.” So Paul would not say that any of us should die, but he used his Master’s own term and said, “We shall not all *sleep*, but we shall all be changed.” When the Lord comes there will be no more death! We who are alive and remain (as some of us may be—we cannot tell) will undergo a sudden transformation, for flesh and blood, as they are, cannot inherit the Kingdom of God—and by that transformation our bodies shall be made meet to be “partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.”



There shall be no more death, then. Here, then, we have two sacred handkerchiefs with which to wipe the eyes of mourners—when Christ comes, the dead shall live and when Christ comes those that live shall never die! Like Enoch, or Elijah, we shall pass into the Glory state without wading through the black stream—while those who have already forded it shall prove to have been no losers thereby! All this is in connection with *Jesus*. Resurrection with Jesus is resurrection, indeed. Life in Jesus is life, indeed. It endears to us resurrection, glory, eternal life and ultimate perfection when we see them all coming to us in Jesus. He is the golden pot which has this manna, the rod which bears these almonds, the life whereby we live!

But further, I have not yet made you drink deep enough of this stream—I think our Savior meant that *even now His dead are alive*. “He that believes on Me, though He dies, yet shall He live.” Those that believe in Jesus Christ appear to die, but yet they live! They are not in the grave, they are forever with the Lord! They are not unconscious—they are with their Lord in Paradise. Death cannot kill a Believer—it can only usher him into a freer form of life! Because Jesus lives, His people live. God is not the God of the dead, but of the living—those who have departed have not perished! We laid the precious body in the cemetery and we set up stones at the head and foot—but we might engrave on them the Lord’s words—“She is not dead, but sleeps.” True, an unbelieving generation may laugh us to scorn, but we scorn their laughing!

Again, *even now His living do not die*. There is an essential difference between the decease of the godly and the death of the ungodly. Death comes to the ungodly man as a penal infliction, but to the righteous as a summons to His Father’s palace! Death comes to the sinner as an execution, to the saint an undressing! Death to the wicked is the King of terrors—death to the saint is the *end* of terrors, the commencement of Glory. To die in the Lord is a Covenant blessing! Death is ours—it is set down in the list of our possessions among the “all things”—and it follows life in the list as if it were an equal favor! No longer is it death to die! The *name* remains, but the thing, itself, is changed. Why, then, are we in bondage through fear of death? Why do we dread the process which gives us *liberty*? I am told that persons who, in the cruel ages, had lain in prison for years, suffered much more in the moment of the knocking off of their fetters than they had endured for months in wearing the hard iron. And yet I suppose that no man languishing in a dungeon would have been unwilling to stretch out his arm or leg, that the heavy chains might be beaten off by the blacksmith! We should all be content to endure that little inconvenience to obtain lasting liberty!

Now, such is death—the knocking off of the fetters—yet the iron may never seem to be so truly iron as when that last liberating blow of Grace is about to fall! Let us not mind the harsh grating of the key as it turns in the lock. If we understand it aright, it will be as music to our ears! Imagine that your last hour is come! The key turns with pain for a moment, but, lo, the bolt is shot! The iron gate is open! The spirit is free! Glory be unto the Lord forever and ever!

**II.** I leave the text, now, as a stream of comfort for the bereaved, for I wish you to VIEW IT AS A GREAT DEEP OF COMFORT FOR ALL BELIEVERS. I cannot fathom it any more than I could measure the abyss, but I can invite you to survey it by the help of the Holy Spirit.

I think, first, this text plainly teaches that *the Lord Jesus Christ is the life of His people*. We are dead by nature and you can never produce life out of death—the essential elements are lacking. Should a spark be lingering among the ashes, you may yet fan it to a flame, but from human nature the last spark of heavenly life is gone—and it is vain to seek for life among the dead! The life of every Christian is Christ. He is the beginning of life, being the Resurrection. When He comes to us we live. Regeneration is the result of contact with Christ—we are begotten, again, unto living hope by His resurrection from the dead. The life of the Christian, in its commencement, is in Christ alone—not a fragment of it is from himself—and the *continuance* of that life is equally the same. Jesus is not only the resurrection to begin with, but the life to go on with!

“I have life in myself,” says one. I answer—not otherwise than as you are one with Christ—your spiritual life, in every breath it draws, is in Christ. If you are regarded for a moment as separated from Christ, you are cast forth as a branch and are withered. A member severed from the head is dead flesh and no more. In union to Christ is your life. Oh that our hearers would understand this! I see a poor sinner look into himself and look again, and you cry, “I cannot see any life within!” Of course you cannot! You have no life of your own. “Alas,” cries a Christian, “I cannot find anything within to feed my soul!” Do you expect to feed upon yourself? Must not Israel look up for the manna? Did one of all the

tribes find it in his own bosom? To look to self is to turn to a broken cistern which can hold no water! I tell you, you must learn that Jesus is the resurrection and the life!

Listen to that great, “I”—that infinite EGO! This must cover over and swallow up *your* little *ego*. “I live; yet not I, but Christ lives in me.” What are you? Less than nothing and vanity! But over all springs up that Divine all-sufficient Personality, “I am the resurrection and the life.” Take the first two words together and they seem to me to have a wondrous majesty about them—“I AM!” Here is Self-Existence. Life in Himself! Even as the Mediator, the Lord Jesus tells us that it is given Him to have life in Himself, even as the Father has life in Himself (John 5:26). *I am* fills the yawning mouth of the sepulcher! He that lives and was dead and is alive forevermore, the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end, declares, “*I am* the resurrection and the life.” If, then, I want to live unto God, I must have Christ—and if I desire to continue to live unto God, I must continue to have Christ! And if I aspire to have that life developed to the utmost fullness of which it is capable, I must find it all in Christ! He has come not only that we may have life, but that we may have it more abundantly.

Anything that is beyond the circle of Christ is death. If I conjure up an experience over which I foolishly dote, which puffs me up as so perfect that I need not come to Christ as a poor empty-handed sinner, I have entered into the realm of death! I have introduced into my soul a damning leaven! Away with it! Away with it! Everything of life is put into this golden casket of Christ Jesus—all else is death. We have not a breath of life anywhere but in Jesus, who always lives to give life. He says, “Because I live, you shall live, also,” and this is true. We live not for any other reason—not because of anything *in* us or *connected* with us, but only because of *Jesus*. “For you are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.”

Now, further, in this great deep to which we would conduct you, *faith is the only channel by which we can draw our life from Jesus*. “I am the resurrection and the life: *He that believes in Me*”—that is it. He does not say, “He that *loves Me*,” though love is a bright Grace and very sweet to God. He does not say, “He that *serves Me*,” though everyone that believes in Christ *will* endeavor to serve Him. But it is not put so. He does not even say, “He that *imitates Me*,” though everyone that believes in Christ *must* and will *imitate* Him. No, it is put, “He that *believes in Me*.” Why is that? Why does the Lord so continually make *faith* to be the only link between Himself and the soul? I take it because faith is a gift which arrogates nothing to itself and has no operation apart from Jesus, to whom it unites us.

You want to conduct the electric fluid and, in order to this, you find a metal which will not create any action of its own. If it did so, it would disturb the current which you wish to send along it. If it set up an action of its *own*, how would you know the difference between what came of the metal and what came of the battery? Now, faith is an empty-handed receiver and communicator—it is nothing apart from that upon which it relies and, therefore, it is suitable to be a conductor for Divine Grace. When an auditorium has to be erected for a speaker in which he may be plainly heard, the essential thing is to get rid of all echoes. When you have no echoes, then you have a perfect building—faith makes no noise of its own—it allows the Word of God to speak. Faith cries, “*Non nobis Domine!* Not unto us! Not unto us!” Christ puts His crown on Faith’s head, exclaiming, “Your faith has saved you!” But faith hastens to ascribe all the glory of salvation to only Jesus! So you see why the Lord selects faith rather than any other Grace—because it is a self-forgetting thing. It is best adapted to be the tubing through which the Water of Life runs because it will not communicate a flavor of its own, but will just convey the stream purely and simply from Christ to the soul. “He that believes in Me.”

Now notice, *to the reception of Christ by faith there is no limit*. “He that believes in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whoever”—I am deeply in love with that word, “whoever.” It is a splendid word! A person who kept many animals had some great dogs and some little ones and, in his eagerness to let them enter his house freely, he had two holes cut in the door—one for the big dogs and another for the little dogs. You may well laugh, for the little dogs could surely have come in wherever there was room for the larger ones. This, “whoever,” is the great opening, suitable for sinners of every size! “Whoever lives and believes in Me shall never die.” Has any man a right to believe in Christ? The Gospel gives every creature the right to believe in Christ, for we are bid to preach it to every creature, with this *command*, “Hear, and your soul shall live.”

Every man has a right to believe in Christ, because he will be damned if he does not—and he *must* have a right to do that which will bring him into condemnation if he does it not! It is written, “He that believes and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believes not shall be damned.” That makes it clear that I, whoever I may be, as I have a right to en-

deavor to escape from damnation, have a right to avail myself of the blessed command, “Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and live.” Oh that, “whoever,” that hole in the door for the big dog! Do not forget it! Come along with you and put your trust in Christ! If you can only get linked with Christ, you are a living man! If but a finger touches His garment’s hem, you are made whole! Only the *touch* of faith—and the virtue flows from Him to you—and He is to you the Resurrection and the Life!

I desire you to notice that *there is no limit to this power*. Before I was ill this last time, and even since, I have had to deal with such a swarm of despairing sinners that if I have not pulled them up they have pulled me down! I have been trying to speak very large words for Christ when I have met with those disconsolate ones. I hear one say, “How far can Christ be life to a sinner? I feel myself to be utterly wrong, I am altogether wrong; there is nothing right about me—though I have eyes I cannot see, though I have ears I do not hear! If I have a hand I cannot use it; if I have a foot I cannot run with it—I seem altogether wrong.” Yes, but if you believe in Christ, though you were still *more* wrong—that is to say, though you were *dead*, which is the most wrong state in which a man’s body can be—though you were dead, yet shall you live! You look at the spiritual thermometer and you say, “How low will the Grace of God go? Will it descend to summer heat? Will it touch the freezing point? Will it go to zero?” Yes, it will go below the lowest conceivable point—lower than any instrument can indicate—it will go below the zero of *death*. If you believe in Jesus, though you are not only wrong, but *dead*, yet shall you live!

“But,” says another, “I feel so weak. I cannot understand. I cannot lay hold of things, I cannot pray. I cannot do anything. All I can do is feebly trust in Jesus.” All right! Though you had gone further than that and were so weak as to be dead, yet should you live! Though the weakness had turned to a dire paralysis that left you altogether without strength, yet it is written, “He that believes in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.” “Oh, Sir,” says one, “I am so unfeeling.” Mark you, these generally are the most feeling people in the world. “I am sorry every day because I cannot be sorry for my sin”—that is the way they talk—it is very absurd, but still very real to them. “Oh,” cries one, “the earth shook, the sun was darkened, the rocks rent, the very dead came out of their graves at the death of Christ.”—

*“Of feeling all things show some sign  
But this unfeeling heart of mine.”*

Yet if you believe, unfeeling as you are, you live, for if you were gone further than numbness to *deadness*, yet if you believe in Him you shall live!

But the poor creature fetches a sigh, and cries, “Sir, it is not only that I have no feeling, but I am become objectionable and obnoxious to everybody! I am a weariness to myself and to others. I am sure when I come to tell you my troubles you must wish me to be at Jericho, or somewhere else far away.” Now, I admit that such a thought *has* occurred to us, sometimes, when we have been very busy and some poor soul has grown prosy with rehearsing his seven-times-repeated miseries! But if you were to get still more wearisome. If you were to become so bad that people would as soon see a corpse as see you, yet remember Jesus says, “He that believes in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.” Yes, if you went so far as to go in and out among men like an unquiet ghost, so that everybody got out of your way, it would not put you beyond the promise, “He that believes in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.”

“Oh, Sir, I have no hope; my case is quite hopeless!” Very well. But if you had got beyond *that*, so that you were dead and could not even *know* you had no hope, yet if you believed in Him you should live! “Oh, but I have tried everything and there is nothing more for me to attempt! I have read books. I have spoken to Christians and I am not bettered.” No doubt it is quite so—but if you had even passed beyond *that* stage, so that you could not *try* anything more, yet if you believed in Jesus you should live! Oh, the blessed power of faith! No, rather say the *matchless* Power of Him who is the Resurrection and the Life, for though the poor Believer were *dead*, yet shall he live! Glory be to the Lord who works so wonderfully!

To conclude, if you once believe in Christ and come to live, there is this sweet reflection for you, “*Whoever lives and believes in Me shall never die.*” Our Arminian friends say that you may be a child of God today and a child of the devil tomorrow. Write out that statement and place, at the bottom of it, the name, “*Arminius*,” and then put the scrap of paper into the fire—it is the best thing you can do with it, for there is no Truth of God in it! Jesus says, “Whoever lives and believes in Me shall never die.” Here is a very literal translation—“And everyone who lives and believes on Me, by no means shall die forever.” This is from, “The Englishman’s Greek New Testament,” and nothing can be better. The Be-

liever may pass through the natural change called death, as far as his body is concerned, but as for his *soul*, it cannot die, for it is written, “I give unto My sheep, eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand.” “He that believes in Me has everlasting life.” “The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.” “He that believes and is baptized shall be saved.”

These are not, “ifs,” and, “buts,” and faint hopes—they are dead certainties! No, they are *living certainties*, out of the mouth of the living Lord Himself! You get the life of God in your soul and you shall never die! “Do you mean that I may do as I like and live in *sin*?” No! I mean nothing of the sort! What right have you to impute such teaching as that to me? I mean that you shall *not* love sin and live in it, for that is death—but you shall live unto God. Your likes shall be so radically changed that you shall abhor evil all your days and you shall long to be holy as God is holy! And you shall be kept from transgression and shall not go back to wallow in sin. If, in some evil hour, you backslide, yet shall you be restored—and the main current of your life shall be, from the hour of your regeneration—towards God, holiness and Heaven! The angels that rejoiced over you, “when you repented,” made no mistake—they shall go on to rejoice till they welcome you amidst the everlasting songs and Hallelujahs of the blessed at the right hand of God!

Do you believe this? Come, poor Soul, do you believe this? Who are you? That does not matter—you can get into the “whoever.” That ark will hold all God’s Noahs! What have you done? One said to me the other day, “I should like to tell you some of my sins!” I answered quickly, “I would like you would *not*—I have enough of my own without being infected with yours.” What is any man that he should have the filth of another man’s drains poured into his ears? No, no! Confess to *God*, but not to man unless you have wronged him and confession of the wrong is due to him. “Ah,” says one, “you don’t know what I am.” No, and I don’t *want* to know what you are—but if you are so far gone that there seems to be not even a *ghost* of a shade of a *shadow* of a hope anywhere about you—yet if you believe in Jesus you shall live!

Trust the Lord Jesus Christ, for He is worthy to be trusted! Throw yourself upon Him and He will carry you in His bosom! Cast your whole weight upon His Atonement! It will bear the strain! Hang on Him as a vessel hangs on the nail and seeks no other support! Depend upon Christ with all your might just as you now are and, as the Lord lives, *you* shall live! And as Christ reigns, you shall reign over sin! And as Christ comes to Glory, you shall partake of that Glory forever and ever! Amen.

***PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—John 11:1-27.***

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