

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

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A LOST CHRIST FOUND.

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## A Sermon

INTENDED FOR READING ON LORD'S-DAY, FEBRUARY 26TH, 1899,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL, SOUTHWARK,

*On a Thursday Evening, early in the year 1857.*

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“But they, supposing him to have been in the company, went a day’s journey: and they sought him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance. And when they found him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking him. And it came to pass, that after three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions.”—Luke ii. 44—46.

WHAT a precious treasure must the child Jesus have been to his parents! You who have children whom you love, not merely because they are yours, but because you discover in them traits of character which are signs of divine grace, can tell in some measure how precious the child Jesus must have been. Born to his mother in a miraculous manner, her heart was set upon him; and after all the wonderful things that had been said about him by the angel, by Simeon, and by Anna, you cannot wonder that she expected much; although she really expected less than she received. When you think of the perils and troubles to which his parents were exposed for his sake, by the sword of Herod, the flight into Egypt, and the cruelty of Archelaus, you cannot wonder that he was a very choice treasure to them, carefully tended, and well guarded and protected. They had felt how terrible it would be to lose him; they knew his worth; at least they guessed something of that inestimable value which must ever be attached to the perfect manhood of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Do you not marvel, therefore, that they should have lost him? It seems not a little wonderful that they should have suffered him to go away from them even for a minute. Trustworthy as he was, yet he must have been a child so dear to their hearts, his company must have been so precious to them, that one would have thought his mother could scarcely have spared him from her side for a single moment. You would hardly have imagined that, in the midst of such a crowd as was assembled at Jerusalem, she would have left him alone for an instant. Surely, you would say, she would tend that precious treasure perpetually. If she took her child to places where she might lose him, she would with the utmost care watch over him until she brought him back again. And yet, Mary lost her son,—lost him in Jerusalem,—and even went a day’s

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journey before she discovered her loss. Do not be astonished, O believer, do not be amazed at Mary losing her son; you have a treasure quite as precious, for it is the same blessed Person! Jesus Christ is yours; not your son, but your Brother; not your child, but your Friend; nay more, your Saviour; yours spiritually, yours by precious experience, yours by gracious donation of himself to you, and yours by happy communings which he has held with you in many seasons of sweet refreshment. Yet some of you have lost him,—lost his company; but he has not lost you; his loving heart is still immutably the same towards you. You who have lost him, as you think of your former joys, can join with deep emphasis in Cowper's lines,—

“ Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and his Word?”

“ What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!  
How sweet their memory still!  
But now I find an aching void  
The world can never fill.”

How is it you have lost Christ? One would have thought you would never have parted from him. In such a wicked world as this, with Satan ever ready to rob you of him, with ten thousand enemies trying to take him away from you; with such a precious Saviour, whose presence is so sweet, whose words are so melodious, and whose company is so dear to you, one might have thought you would have watched him every moment, and never suffered him to stray from you. But, alas! you have let him go; your Jesus has left you, and you are seeking him, and crying, “Oh, that I knew where I might find him!” And, possibly, you went many a day's journey before you discovered that you had lost him. You thought he was still in your soul, when really he had gone from you, and left you for a season, to let you find out your great need of him, that you might seek him again with full purpose of heart.

To you, therefore, I address myself, for I think there is something in this narrative specially suitable for you. There is, first, *the loss of Christ*; secondly, *the seeking after Christ*; and, thirdly, *the finding of Christ*.

I. First, I have something to say concerning THE LOSS OF CHRIST.

And I begin by saying that *souls, very dear and precious to the Redeemer, may yet lose the sensible enjoyment of his presence*. His mother lost him, his father lost him; they were very dear to him, and he was very dear to them; yet they lost him. Many of the Lord's beloved people have lost their Saviour; not lost him wholly,—that can never be;—their substance is in them, even when they have lost their leaves; the holy seed within them is the substance of their piety; but they have lost his visible presence, and yet they are dear to him, as when, by faith, with Simeon, they took him in their arms, and kissed him with the lips of ardent affection. The best of saints sometimes have to endure the hidings of God's countenance, and are made to walk through dark paths where they see not the shining of the sun. Shall

I pause to give you instances? I might find you many such in God's Word; instead thereof, let me find them in your own hearts. Who among us, that has known the Lord long, has not had sometimes to mourn the absence of our Saviour? Like the dove that has lost its mate, inconsolable until it has returned, we have been sitting alone, and pouring out our moans and groans. We have sung, in plaintive tones,—

“ Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest!  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.”

We have cried to him to come back; but he has hidden his face from us, and covered himself in the thick darkness, nor would he manifest himself to us.

The first time that this great trouble surprises a true Christian, he usually draws this conclusion from it,—“I am not the Lord's child, or else I should always have the smile of his love.” It is a wrong conclusion; it is the logic of unbelief, it is a false logic, its conclusion is therefore untrue. A child does not always have its father's smile, though it be a fondly loved one, and is greatly delighted in; it is the offspring of its father's heart, very dear to him, sprung from his inmost soul as well as from his loins, yet it doth not always have a smile, nor always a sweet word from him. There must be, sometimes, even in Christian families, sharp words from a wise parent's loving lips. It is not, therefore, a fair inference that Christ has left the soul on which he is not smiling. Oh! conclude not, thou distressed one, thou who hast lost the evidence of grace, and the comforting presence of thy Master, conclude not that he has shut up his bowels of compassion when he has seemed to close his eyes of love. “I sleep, but my heart waketh,” saith he, “I shut mine eyes upon thee, but my heart is loving thee still. I lift the rod, and scourge thee; but my heart, in its inmost recesses, hath still thy name inscribed upon it. I will not leave thee, I will not forsake thee; I have not cast thee away. I have chastened thee sorely, but I have not given thee over unto death. The clouds have not quenched the sun, thou shalt yet see the light; I will yet shine upon thee, and once more will I manifest myself to thee.” The losing of the conscious realization of Christ's presence, the suspension of communion with him, is a very disagreeable and a very sad part of Christian experience; but let this be noted, it is often the experience of a true Christian, and some of the very best and most highly favoured of God's children have had to suffer it.

Now please to notice *where the parents of Jesus lost him*. They lost him at the feast at Jerusalem; and if ever thou dost lose the company of thy Master, O Christian, thou wilt most likely lose it at a feast. I never lost my Master's company at a funeral; such a thing is more than possible at a wedding. I have never lost my Saviour's presence in the house of mourning, by the bedside of the sick and dying; but I have sometimes felt suspension of fellowship with my Lord when the lute and the viol have been sounding in my ear, and when joy and gladness ruled the hour. Our most happy moments are our most perilous ones. It is said that, where the most beautiful cacti grow,—the most

glorious of flowers,—there are to be found the most venomous of snakes; and, truly, amongst our delights are to be found our dangers. As Cleopatra had an asp introduced to her in a basket of flowers, so have we many an asp brought to us in our joys. Take heed in the time of your joys, believer; you are safer in your season of sorrow.

Storms afford the safest sailing for a Christian, calms are for him more terrible than whirlwinds; deep waters know no rocks, shallow waters that gaily ripple are the perils of the sea of our life. Far out upon the ocean, where the horizon hath its round ring, and nothing is within sight, the ship is seldom much in danger; but near the shore, when the white cliff gladdens the eye of the mariner, there the pilot must look well to his helm. In your troubles, God is often specially with you; but he is not always with you in your joys. Job's sons learned that there were dangers in feasts; God's sons may not learn the same lesson in so terrible a manner, but they may learn it in a very grievous way. It would have been better for David to have been on his bed sick, than to have been walking on his house-top enjoying the evening breeze; and it would be better for thee to be cast into the fiery furnace of affliction, where thou canst be refined, than to be left to lie down in the meads of happiness, where thou mayest have poison poured into thine ear by a wily adversary. Beware of thy joys! There is more fear of losing Christ at a feast than anywhere else. You are a young Christian, and you are going out to a party this week; mind what you are at! I will not say to you,—Do not go. If you can ask God's blessing in going, go; but I do say to you,—Take care, take care; mind, look sharp! Reef your sails when you do get there; go as fast as you like when you are alone; but mind what you are at when you are in the society of others. Take care, take care, take care, especially in mixed company!

And, ah! I am sorry to have also to say,—Take care, too, when you are in professedly Christian company; for what fine "Christian company" there is to be seen sometimes, Christians that cannot find amusement enough for themselves, cannot talk about the Lord Jesus, cannot mention his name, cannot find pleasure enough in the things of Scripture, but must turn to other and meaner things to supply them with joy. Take heed of all doubtful company, there is little good to be gained in some of your gatherings. If you cannot spend your time in prayer and in talking of what Jesus said and did, you had better be at home. Christ is often lost at a feast; his presence is often withdrawn from us when we get into company. Our Jesus loves seclusion; he will not strive, nor lift up his voice, nor cause it to be heard in the streets; he loveth to dwell with his people in the privacy of the house. His message is, "Come, my people, enter into thy chambers, and shut thy door about thee;" you will not lose your Master there. Have him with you in your own household, you will not lose him there; walk with him alone, and you will not lose him then. I do not say,—Have no feasting.

"Why should the children of a King  
Go mourning all their days?"

I will not say,—Have no hours of gladness; you have a right to

them. I will not say,—Do not meet together; do so, your meeting may be profitable to each of you; but I do say,—Take care what you are at. Christ Jesus was lost at a feast by his mother, and he may be lost by you unless you are very careful.

To young persons who are seriously inclined, yet not decided for God, let me solemnly say that evil company is a snare of the devil. Oh, how many have been ruined by it! If Satan can but get you back to your old companions, he thinks it will be all right for him, and that he will be sure to have you at last. Nothing will do for a man who has kept evil company but to leave it altogether. You cannot bear much of it; you had better give it up altogether, then you will be entirely safe; or else there will be first one, and then another, enticing you a little way back, and then a little further back, until—who can tell?—all those fair beginnings, as you thought them to be, may end by being blighted and destroyed by the blast of carnal, frothy conversation. The Lord deliver us from losing Jesus at a feast!

Observe, also, that Mary and Joseph lost Jesus for three days, from which I learn that *it is possible for a believer to lose the company of his Master for a long time, and yet find him again after all.* They did find him after the three days, and you, too, poor mourning believer, will find your Saviour again. There is a poor doubter yonder; he is sick at heart, for he has lost his Lord, and he cannot find him. Oh, how he has groaned and poured out his heart before God, but still no answer has come to his cry; he concludes, therefore, that he must perish! Nay, poor desponding one, the parents of Jesus found him the third day; so, do you seek him once more. His absence is but temporary; it may be long, but the longest hiding of his face shall have an end. O poor, timid child, cry not at the eclipse; though it may last an hour, the sun's light is not quenched! O thou poor Little-faith, thou mayest well sigh, but do not despair! If Jesus hath left thee for a while, he will yet return to thee; thou shalt again behold his face, again bask in the sunshine of his love, and know that he is thine, and that thou art his. If thou hast lost him for months, ay, even for years, I had almost said, yet shalt thou find him again. With thine whole heart seek him, and he will be found of thee; only give thyself up thoroughly to the search for him, and verily he will not leave thee entirely, but thou shalt yet discover him to thy joy and gladness, and shalt again be feasted with marrow and fatness. Three days was the child Jesus lost, but yet he was found again by Joseph and Mary! So Christ may be for a long time absent, and yet may the poor saint find comfort in him once more.

II. Now I come to notice THE SEEKING AFTER CHRIST. The father and mother of Jesus sought him, and those who have lost Christ's presence will do well to imitate their example.

Note, first, that *they sought him very judiciously*; by which I mean, that they sought him in the right places. They went back to Jerusalem, and sought for him. It was at Jerusalem they lost him; so it was at Jerusalem that they might naturally expect to find him. Tell me where you lost the company of Christ, and I will tell you the most likely place for you to find him again. Did you lose the

company of Christ by forgetting prayer, and becoming slack in your devotion? Have you lost Christ in the closet? Then you will find him there. Did you lose Christ through some sin? Then you will find him in no other way but by the giving up of the sin, and seeking by the Holy Spirit to mortify the member in which the lust doth dwell. Did you lose Christ by neglecting the Scriptures? Then you must find Christ in the Scriptures; where you lost him, you will find him. It is a true saying, "Look for a thing where you dropped it, it is there." So look for Christ where you lost him, for he has not gone away. It is hard work to go back for Christ; John Bunyan tells us that the pilgrim found the piece of the road back to the harbour of ease—that journey back that he had to travel to find his roll under the settle,—the hardest piece he had to go. Twenty miles on the road is easier to go than one mile back for the lost evidence. Take care, then, when you find your Master, to cling more closely to him; but if you have lost him, go back, and seek him where you lost him.

And note, too, that *they sought him among his kinsfolk and acquaintances*; and that is the right place for us also to find him. If I am in distress of soul, where can I get relief? I saw a great placard, as I came along just now, recommending persons who have the heartache to go to Charles Matthews to get it cured,—I suppose, by seeing a play. Ah! they will go a long while, if it is real heartache, before they will get it taken away there. The theatre is the place where they get the heartache, not where they lose it. People don't lose diseases, generally, where they catch them. If you catch a fever anywhere, I should not advise you to go to the same house to get rid of it. If you have the heartache through indulging in some sin, it is not by deeper draughts of sin that you can cure it; drinking may stupefy and intoxicate you for a while, and make you forget it, but it is a bad thing to use intoxicating liquor instead of the real remedy. O ye that have the heartache, ye that have broken hearts, ye that have troubles rolling over your heads, where can ye expect to find Christ? Why, amongst his kinsfolk and acquaintance! Do not go to the giddy haunts of vice and sin; go not where there is revelry and mirth; but go where the disciples of Jesus are wont to meet; talk with his people, converse with those who have the most knowledge of his love and of his power to save. It is most likely that you will find your Saviour amongst his kinsfolk and acquaintance; but go not to the world to look for him. Seek pearls where they lie deep down in the sea, but seek them not where such treasures never were discovered; otherwise, you will go on a fool's errand in verity and truth.

Mark, again, that while they sought Jesus judiciously, *they sought him continuously*. They did not look for him just one day, and then give up the search; but they kept on looking until they found him. So, Christian, if thou hast lost the precious boon of communion with thy Lord, keep on seeking it, and do not stay thy prayers until thou hast recovered it. Be not content with one dive into the depths after this pearl, but dive again and again, with untiring perseverance, until thou dost discover it.

And yet again, we are told that *they sought him sorrowfully*. Mary said to Jesus, "Thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing." I

know this, no true believer will ever lose the company of his Lord without sorrowing over his loss; it would be impossible. I have heard some of you say that you have not had fellowship with Christ lately; but if you make that confession with a smile on your face, I have grave doubts about your piety. True Christians think it their greatest grief to lose their Master's presence, and they do not talk of it lightly; it is their misery that they have not the Prince of mercy with them. They want his company perpetually; and if it be withdrawn even for an instant, they feel that the light of the sun is taken away from their eyes.

" 'Tis heaven to dwell in his embrace,  
And nowhere else but there."

The parents of Jesus sought him sorrowfully, and we must do the same if we have lost him. The best messengers to find out Christ are the penitent tears of his saints. Tears act on divine mercy like the magnet on the needle; the tears of the Christian find out the heart of God. Go after thy Master with wet eyes, and he will soon come to thee. There is a sacred connection between Christ and weeping eyes, for it is Christ's office to wipe the mourner's eyes; and whenever he sees you weeping, his fingers are eager to be wiping them. He must wipe them, he cannot bear to see the tears there, and, if he wipes them, he must come to you. So, the surest way to find him is to seek him sorrowing. There is nothing like a sorrowing prayer, if we have lost our Lord. Prayers from a heart that is wrung with the rough hand of sorrow are the most acceptable in the ears of the God of Sabaoth. If thou art sorrowing, O Christian, then seek on, and believe that thou art all the nearer to finding thy Lord when thy sorrows increase! Tears are the bilge-water of the soul, the eyes are the pumps; and thus God keeps you floating till he brings you again into the haven of rest and peace. It is a blessed thing to be able to seek Christ, though it be sorrowfully.

III. Now I close by speaking concerning THE FINDING OF CHRIST.

Mark, first, *where the lost Christ was found*. Do you know where his parents went to seek him? When they went to Jerusalem, they asked all their kinsfolk and acquaintance, "Have you seen that dear lovely child?" All knew him, but they answered, "No, we have not seen him." I suppose they then went to the house of entertainment, the inn where they had stayed, and asked, "Is our son here? Is our child here,—that fair-haired boy, the most beautiful you ever saw?" "Ah!" the people would reply, "that is an old tale with women. Go away; we have not seen him; he is not here." Christ was not in the inn; there was not room for him there when he was born, and there was not likely to be room for him to remain there afterwards. They did not go to the palace to seek for him; not inside of it, at any rate. They were afraid of Herod, for if Herod had laid hold of him, there would have been an end of him. I daresay they thought that the dear child had been attracted by the splendid buildings that decked Jerusalem with glory, and that he would be sure to be in the crowd, gazing at some of the great and grand structures; so they went through the principal streets, thinking,

surely, he would be there. And when they asked the curious people from foreign countries, who were investigating all the wonders of the city, if they had seen the child, they most likely stared them in the face, for Christ Jesus is not always to be found with the curious in their researches. There was a mountebank in the street, and a number of children had gathered around him, and the performance might be likely to attract Jesus; so his parents went there, but folly knew nothing about the holy child Jesus.

At last, his mother bethought herself that, possibly, he might be in the temple. Ay, that was the place for him! He was the King of the temple, and a king should be in his palace; and there they found him, humbling the pride of the doctors. So learn from this, O Christian, that thou wilt never find thy Master where folly exhibits herself to gazing multitudes; thou wilt never find him where curious learning studies with deep research to discover everything that is wonderful and profound; thou wilt never find him where giddy mirth is gathered in the assemblies of the ungodly; but if thou wouldst find Christ, thou must find him in his temple, in the house of prayer! It is here that he makes his glories known, it is here that he speaks to his children. Here are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

“The King himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day;  
Here we may sit and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.

“One day amidst the place  
Where my dear God hath been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.”

Sinner, if thou seekest Christ, seek him where he is to be found. If thou seekest happiness, and peace, and mercy, go after him where he goes, lie down at the pool of Bethesda; and if God has not yet quickened thee, oh, that thou mightest be brought to the pool of Siloam, to the gate of divine mercy, for it is here that Jesus Christ loves to resort, and work the great wonders of his grace!

To the saints, I wish to say just this,—Do not rest if you have lost the society of your Lord; do not give sleep to your eyes, nor slumber to your eyelids, until you have had restored to you the communion that has been suspended. Do not live, oh! I beseech you, do not live—live, did I say?—it is not living;—do not continue merely to exist in such a condition for another hour. If your fellowship with Christ is broken, run to your house, fall upon your knees, and cry to him to give you fresh manifestations of his love. It is dangerous to delay. O child of God, it is perilous to be without thy Lord! This would be to make thee like unto the sheep without its shepherd, a tree without water at its roots, a sere leaf in the tempest, not bound to the tree of life. Oh, may Christ influence thy heart, that thou mayest first see thy danger, and then, with full purpose of heart, seek after him who is waiting to be found of thee! I beseech you, by your desire for usefulness and happiness; I beseech you, by the loveliness of Christ, by the fearful condition of being found out of fellowship with him;

I beseech you, by your own sorrow, which you have already suffered, and by the misery which will certainly increase unless you find him; I beseech you, rest not until you have found Christ again, to the joy and gladness of your spirit.

And as for those of you who know not the Saviour, what I have been saying is as nothing to you; you are careless about these all-important matters; but I beseech you, by him that liveth and was dead, by the solemnities of hell, by the dread mysteries of eternity, by the bliss of heaven, and by the terrors of the day of judgment; I beseech you, as a dying man speaking to dying men, if you have never found Christ, let these words ring in your ears,—you are without God, without Christ, without hope, and strangers from the commonwealth of Israel! Let me say those words again, though they are like the tolling of a knell,—*Without God, without Christ, without hope, and strangers from the commonwealth of Israel!* Ponder over those two words, “Without Christ! Without Christ!” And if they do not stagger you, God help you! But if, my hearer, they do cause thee to start; if God shall make them break thee up; then, sinner, when he has broken thee in pieces, remember that Christ Jesus is willing to save all those whom he has made willing to be saved. As certainly as you want him, he wants you; seek him, and you will find him; do but knock, and the door of mercy shall be opened; do but ask, and you shall receive. O awakened sinner, here is Christ’s message to thee: “He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.” Oh, that you would believe in Christ, and be baptized! Oh, that God would help all of you, who have nothing of your own, to give yourselves up to Christ, and take him to be your All-in-all! But, hardened sinner, I send you away with those dreadful words which I repeated just now, and I hope they will ring in your ears all the week, when you walk the streets, when you are on your bed, when you are at your meals,—*without God, without Christ, without hope, and strangers to the commonwealth of Israel: and, therefore, without heaven!* Those who have the earnest of heaven even now have a blessed “hope which maketh not ashamed.” May that hope be given to you, my hearers, for Christ’s sake! Amen.

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### Exposition by C. H. Spurgeon.

ISAIAH LVII. 10—21; AND LVIII. 1—11.

Chapter lvii. The prophet has been giving a very terrible description of the sin of the nation. We need not read it all, but at last he says this:—

Verse 10. *Thou art wearied in the greatness of thy way;*

“Thou art wearied out with thine own sin. Thou hast been so zealous in thy rebellion against God that thou hast actually fatigued thyself in the pursuit of evil.” That is a true description of those who have worn themselves out in the ways of sin.

10. *Yet saidst thou not, There is no hope: thou hast found the life of thine hand; therefore thou wast not grieved.*

Though they had hunted for pleasure, and had not found it, and had brought themselves into great distress, yet they would not give up the hope of, after all, succeeding in their rebellion. Oh, how obstinately are men set upon seeking satisfaction where it never can be found,—namely, in the

pursuit of sin! These people were still alive, and they were content to be so; but they were not grieved although God had sorely chastened them.

11. *And of whom hast thou been afraid or feared, that thou hast lied, and hast not remembered me,—*

“Me, thy Maker, thy Friend, to whom thou must own thy very soul, unless that soul shall go down into the pit, ‘Thou hast not remembered me,’”—

11. *Nor laid it to thy heart; have not I held my peace even of old, and thou fearest me not?*

When God is very longsuffering, and lets men alone in their sin, then, often, they quite forget him, and have no fear of him.

12. *I will declare thy righteousness, and thy works; for they shall not profit thee.*

If God once takes the self-righteous man's righteousness, and explains what it really is, he will soon reveal to its owner that it is a mere delusion and sham, that will not profit him at all.

13. *When thou criest, let thy companies deliver thee;*

“When sickness, and depression of spirit, and death itself, shall come to you, and you begin to dread what is to follow, and cry to those who comforted you in your time of health, what will they be able to do for you?”

13. *But the wind shall carry them all away; vanity shall take them: but he that putteth his trust in me shall possess the land, and shall inherit my holy mountain;*

All confidence in men shall be blown away as chaff is driven by the wind; but faith in God wins the day.

14, 15. *And shall say, Cast ye up, cast ye up, prepare the way, take up the stumblingblock out of the way of my people. For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.*

That is a wonderful verse. You notice that the prelude to it explains the greatness and the holiness of God; and then, like an eagle swooping out of the sky even down to the earth, we find God coming from his high and lofty place to dwell with humble and contrite hearts. Not with the proud,—not with you who think yourselves good and excellent,—does God dwell; but with men who feel their sin, and own it; with men who feel their unworthiness, and confess it. I will read this verse again to impress it upon your memory: “Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.”

16. *For I will not contend for ever, neither will I be always wroth: for the spirit should fail before me, and the souls which I have made.*

See the tender meaning of God's message in this verse. He has been scourging the guilty one, and making him feel the enormity of his offences; and then he says, “I will not do that any more, lest I should crush him. He is too weak to bear any more punishment or reproof; therefore I will not any longer afflict him, but I will turn to him in mercy, ‘for the spirit should fail before me, and the souls which I have made.’”

17. *For the iniquity of his covetousness was I wroth, and smote him: I hid me, and was wroth, and he went on frowardly in the way of his heart.*

Here God shows that his chastening does not always produce a good

result ; for, sometimes, when men are tried on account of sin, they grow worse and worse : “ I hid me, and was wroth, and he went on frowardly in the way of his heart.” What does God say of such a great sinner as that ?

18. *I have seen his ways,—*

“ I have seen that he goes from bad to worse when I afflict him. Now I will try another plan. ‘ I have seen his ways,’ ”—

18, 19. *And will heal him: I will lead him also, and restore comforts unto him and to his mourners. I create the fruit of the lips; Peace, peace to him that is far off, and to him that is near, saith the LORD; and I will heal him.*

It is heart-melting to see the tenderness of God. “ I will not further smite him, lest his spirit should fail before me. I will not continue to afflict him, because I can see that he only goes farther away from me the more I chastise him. I will deal with him in abounding love: ‘ I will heal him.’ ” I believe that there is many a sinner who runs away from God thinking that the Lord is his enemy ; and as God pursues him, he does not dare look back. He thinks that it is the step of the Avenger that he hears, so he flies faster and farther away from God ; but when he does venture to look back, and finds that it is a loving Father’s face that is gazing upon him, oh ! how he regrets his folly in running from him ! Then he throws himself into the arms of the God of love, and wonders however he could have been the enemy of this his greatest Friend. May such a happy turn as that happen to some whom I am now addressing !

20, 21. *But the wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.*

They may have the semblance of peace, or a false peace, but nothing which is worthy of being called peace.

Chapter lviii. Verses 1, 2. *Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and shew my people their transgression, and the house of Jacob their sins. Yet they seek me daily,—*

There are many nominally religious people who are full of sin. They have an external religion which allows them to live in rebellion against God. And such people are not easily convinced of sin. Hence the prophet is bidden to lift up his voice like a trumpet ; yet, even if he does so, they will not hear him. There are none so deaf as those that will not hear ; and these men are not wishful to hear what God has to say to them : “ Yet they seek me daily,”—

2. *And delight to know my ways, as a nation that did righteousness, and forsook not the ordinance of their God: they ask of me the ordinances of justice; they take delight in approaching to God.*

They are always in a place of worship if possible ; they cannot have too many services and sermons ; yet they have no heart towards God. O my dear friends, let us always be afraid of merely external religiousness ! Genuine conversion, real devotion to God, true communion with God,— these are sure things ; but mere outward religiousness is nothing but so much varnish and tinsel, it is indeed but the ghastly coffin of a soul that never was quickened unto spiritual life.

This is the way these sham religionists talked about their religion,—

3. *Wherefore have we fasted, say they, and thou seest not? wherefore have we afflicted our soul, and thou takest no knowledge?*

When God rejects a man’s religion, what must be the reason of it ? Here is the explanation.

3. *Behold, in the day of your fast ye find pleasure, and exact all your labours.*

“You fast, but you make your workmen toil on still; you determine that they shall not have one atom of their labour abated; and you make an amusement of what you call a fast: ‘In the day of your fast ye find pleasure.’”

4. *Behold, ye fast for strife and debate, and to smite with the fist of wickedness: ye shall not fast as ye do this day, to make your voice to be heard on high.*

The best sort of mere external religion will soon turn sour. If you do not worship the Lord in a right spirit, God will loathe the very form of your service. Why, you might, by hypocrisy, make even prayer-meetings to be hateful in the sight of God; and the ordinances may be made as abominable to God as the mass itself. You can soon degrade sermon-hearing into mere listening to oratory, and the Sabbath-day may easily become an object only of superstitious and formal observance. The heart—the heart is everything; if that be wrong, it sours the sweetest things under heaven.

5. *Is it such a fast that I have chosen? a day for a man to afflict his soul? is it to bow down his head as a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him? wilt thou call this a fast, and an acceptable day to the LORD?*

Does God care for the externals of worship only? Is he satisfied with sackcloth and ashes, and the hanging down of the head like a bulrush?

6. *Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?*

Yes, this is true fasting before God;—not to demand your pound of flesh, and declare that you will have it; not to grind down the poor man to the last farthing; but “to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free.”

7. *Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?*

That is the kind of fast that the Lord approves,—to deny yourself that you may give to those who are in need.

8, 9. *Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily: and thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of the LORD shall be thy rereward. Then shalt thou call, and the LORD shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am. If thou take away from the midst of thee the yoke, the putting forth of the finger, and speaking vanity;*

That is, if thou shalt take away all oppression, all wrong-doing to men, all talking of falsehood and speaking vanity: “Then shall thy light break forth as the morning.”

10, 11. *And if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noon day: and the LORD shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones: and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not.*

What promises God gives to those who consider the poor and needy round about them! But if you shut your ears to the cry of the distressed, God will shut his ears to your cry.