

THE TOMB OF JESUS

NO. 18

A SERMON
DELIVERED ON SABBATH MORNING, APRIL 8, 1855
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AT EXETER HALL, STRAND

*“Come, see the place where the Lord lay.”
Matthew 28:6*

EVERY circumstance connected with the life of Christ is deeply interesting to the Christian mind. Wherever we behold our Savior, He is well worthy of our notice

*“His cross, His manger, and His crown,
Are big with glories yet unknown.”*

All His weary pilgrimage, from Bethlehem’s manger to Calvary’s cross, is in my eyes, paved with glory. Each spot upon which He trod is to our souls consecrated at once, simply because there the foot of earth’s Savior and our own Redeemer once was placed. When He comes to Calvary, the interest thickens, then our best thoughts are centered on Him in the agonies of crucifixion, nor does our deep affection permit us to leave Him even when, the struggle being over, He yields up the ghost.

His body, when it is taken down from the tree, still is lovely in our eyes—we fondly linger around the motionless clay. By faith we discern Joseph of Arimathea and the timid Nicodemus, assisted by those holy women, drawing out the nails and taking down the mangled body. We behold them wrapping Him in clean white linen, hastily girding Him round with belts of spices, then putting Him in His tomb and departing for the Sabbath rest.

We shall on this occasion go where Mary went on the morning of the first day of the week, when waking from her couch before the dawn, she aroused herself to be early at the sepulchre of Jesus. We will try, if it be possible, by the help of God’s Spirit, to go as she did—not in body, but in soul—we will stand at that tomb. We will examine it and we trust we shall hear some truth-speaking voice coming from its hollow bosom which will comfort and instruct us, so that we may say of the grave of Jesus when we go away, “It was none other than the gate of heaven”—a sacred place, deeply solemn, and sanctified by the slain body of our precious Savior.

I. AN INVITATION GIVEN.

I shall commence my remarks this morning by inviting all Christians to come with me to the tomb of Jesus. “Come, see the place where the Lord lay.” We will labor to render the place attractive, we will gently take your hand to guide you to it, and may it please our Master to make our hearts burn within us while we talk by the way.

Away, you profane—you souls whose life is laughter, folly, and mirth! Away, you sordid and carnal minds who have no taste for the spiritual, no delight in the celestial. We ask not your company. We speak to God’s beloved, to the heirs of heaven, to the sanctified, the redeemed, the pure in heart—and we say to them, “Come, see the place where the Lord lay.”

Surely you need no argument to move your feet in the direction of the holy sepulchre. But still we will use the utmost power to draw your spirit thither. Come then, for ’tis the *shrine of greatness*, ’tis the resting place of *the man*, the Restorer of our race, the Conqueror of death and hell. Men will travel hundreds of miles to behold the place where a poet first breathed the air of earth. They will journey to the ancient tombs of mighty heroes or the graves of men renowned by fame.

But where shall the Christian go to find the grave of one so famous as was Jesus? Ask me the greatest man who ever lived—I tell you the Man Christ Jesus, was “anointed with the oil of gladness above his fellows.” If you seek a chamber honored as the resting-place of genius, turn in hither. If you would worship at the grave of holiness, come you here. If you would see the hallowed spot where the choicest bones that e’er were fashioned lay for awhile, come with me, Christian, to that quiet garden, hard by the walls of Jerusalem.

Come with me, moreover, because *it is the tomb of your best friend*. The Jews said of Mary, “She goeth unto his grave to weep there.” You have lost your friends, some of you, you have planted flowers upon their tombs, you go and sit at eventide upon the green sward, bedewing the grass with your tears, for there your mother lies, and there your father, or your wife.

Oh! in pensive sorrow come with me to this dark garden of our Savior’s burial. Come to the grave of your best friend—your brother, yea, one who “sticketh closer than a brother.” Come you to the grave of your dearest relative, O Christian, for Jesus is your Husband, “Thy maker is thy husband, the LORD of hosts is his name.”

Does not affection draw you? Do not the sweet lips of love woo you? Is not the place sanctified where one so well-beloved slept, although but for a moment? Surely you need no eloquence. If it were needed I have none. I have but the power in simple, but earnest accents, to repeat the words, “Come, see the place where the Lord lay.” On this Easter morning, pay a visit to His grave, for it is the grave of your best friend.

Yea, more, I will further urge you to this pious pilgrimage. *Come, for angels bid you*. Angels said, “Come, see the place where the Lord lay.” The Syrian version reads, “Come, see the place where *our* Lord lay.” Yes, angels put themselves with those poor women and used one common pronoun—*our*. Jesus is the Lord of angels as well as of men.

You feeble women—you have called Him Lord, you have washed His feet, you have provided for His wants, you have hung upon His lips to catch His honeyed sentences, you have sat entranced beneath His mighty eloquence. You call Him Master and Lord, and you do well. “But” said the seraph, “He is my Lord too.” Bowing his head, he sweetly said, “Come, see the place where *our* Lord lay.”

Do not fear then, Christian, to step into that tomb. Do not dread to enter there, when the angel points with his finger and says, “Come, we will go together, angels and men, and see the royal bedchamber.” You know that angels did go into His tomb, for they sat one at His head and the other at His foot in holy meditation. I picture to myself those bright cherubs sitting there talking to one another.

One of them said, “It was there His feet lay,” and the other replied, “And there His hands and there His head.” And in celestial language did they talk concerning the deep things of God. Then they stooped and kissed the rocky floor, made sacred to the angels themselves, not because there they were redeemed, but because there their Master and their Monarch, whose high behests they were obeying, did for a while become the slave of death and the captive of destruction.

Come, Christian, then, for angels are the porters to unbar the door. Come, for a cherub is your messenger to usher you to the death-place of death himself. Nay, start not from the entrance. Let not the darkness affright you. The vault is not damp with the vapors of death, nor does the air contain aught of contagion.

Come, for *it is a pure and healthy place*. Fear not to enter that tomb. I will admit that catacombs are not the places where we, who are full of joy, would love to go. There is something gloomy and noisome about a vault. There are noxious smells of corruption. Oftentimes pestilence is born where a dead body has lain. But fear it not, Christian, for Christ was not left in hell—in Hades—neither did His body see corruption.

Come, there is no scent, yea, rather a perfume. Step in here and if you did ever breathe the gales of Ceylon, or winds from the groves of Araby, you shall find them far excelled by that sweet holy fragrance left by the blessed body of Jesus, that alabaster vase which once held divinity, and was rendered sweet and precious thereby.

Think not you shall find aught obnoxious to your senses. Corruption Jesus never saw. No worms ever devoured His flesh. No rottenness ever entered into His bones. He saw no corruption. Three days He slumbered, but not long enough to putrefy. He soon arose, perfect as when He entered, uninjured as when His limbs were composed for their slumber.

Come then, Christian, summon up your thoughts, gather all your powers, here is a sweet invitation, let me press it again. Let me lead you by the hand of meditation, my brother. Let me take you by the arm of your fancy and let me again say to you, “Come, see the place where the Lord lay.”

There is yet one reason more why I would have you visit this Royal sepulchre—*because it is a quiet spot*. Oh, I have longed for rest, for I have heard this world’s rumors in my ears so long, that I have begged for

*“A lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,”*

where I might hide myself forever. I am sick of this tiring and trying life. My frame is weary, my soul is mad to repose herself awhile. I would I could lie myself down a little by the edge of some pebbly brook, with no companion save the fair flowers or the nodding willows. I would I could recline in stillness, where the air brings balm to the tormented brain, where there is no murmur save the hum of the summer bee, no whisper except that of the zephyrs, and no song except the caroling of the lark.

I wish I could be at ease for a moment. I have become a man of the world, my brain is racked, my soul is tired. Oh! wouldst you be quiet, Christian? Merchant, would you rest from your toils? would you be calm for once! then come here. It is in a pleasant garden, far from the hum of Jerusalem. The noise and din of business will not reach you here. “Come, see the place where the Lord lay.” It is a sweet resting spot, a withdrawing room for your soul, where you may brush your garments from the dust of earth and muse awhile in peace.

II. ATTENTION REQUESTED.

Thus I have pressed the invitation. Now we will enter the tomb. Let us examine it with deep attention, noticing every circumstance connected with it.

And first, mark that it is a *costly tomb*. It is no common grave. It is not an excavation dug out by the spade for a pauper in which to hide the last remains of his miserable and over-wearied bones. It is a princely tomb. It was made of marble, cut in the side of a hill. Stand here, believer, and ask why Jesus had such a costly sepulchre.

He had no elegant garments. He wore a coat without seam, woven from the top throughout, without an atom of embroidery. He owned no sumptuous palace, for He had not where to lay His head. His sandals were not rich with gold, or studded with brilliants. He was poor. Why, then, does He lie in a noble grave?

We answer, for this reason—Christ was unhonored till He had finished His sufferings. Christ’s body suffered contumely, shame, spitting, buffeting, and reproach, until He had completed His great work. He was trampled under foot, He was “despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.”

But the moment He had finished His undertaking, God said, “No more shall that body be disgraced. If it is to sleep, let it slumber in an honorable grave. If it is to rest, let nobles bury it. Let Joseph, the councilor, and Nicodemus, the man of the Sanhedrin, be present at the funeral. Let the body be embalmed with precious spices, let it have honor. It has had enough of contumely, and shame, and reproach, and buffeting. Let it now be treated with respect.” Christian, do you discern the meaning? Jesus, after He had finished His work, slept in a costly grave, for now His Father loved and honored Him, since His work was done.

But though it is a costly grave, *it is a borrowed one*. I see over the top of it, “Sacred to the memory of the family of Joseph of Arimathea.” Yet Jesus slept there. Yes, He was buried in another’s sepulchre. He who had no house of His own and rested in the habitation of other men, who had no table, but lived

upon the hospitality of His disciples, who borrowed boats in which to preach, and had not anything in the wide world, was obliged to have a tomb from charity.

Oh! should not the poor take courage? They dread to be buried at the expense of their neighbors, but if their poverty is unavoidable, wherefore should they blush, since Jesus Christ Himself was interred in another's grave? Ah! I wish I might have had Joseph's grave, to let Jesus be buried in it. Good Joseph thought he had cut it out for himself, and that he should lay his bones there. He had it excavated as a family vault, and lo, the Son of David makes it one of the tombs of the kings.

But he did not lose it by lending it to the Lord, rather he had it back with precious interest. He only lent it three days, then Christ resigned it. He had not injured, but perfumed and sanctified it, and made it far more holy, so that it would be an honor in future to be buried there.

It was a borrowed tomb and why? I take it not to dishonor Christ, but in order to show that as His sins were borrowed sins so His burial was in a borrowed grave. Christ had no transgressions of His own. He took ours upon His head. He never committed a wrong, but He took all my sin and all yours, if you are believers. Concerning all His people, it is true, He bore their griefs and carried their sorrows in His own body on the tree. Therefore, as they were others' sins, so He rested in another's grave. As they were sins imputed, so that grave was only imputedly His. It was not His sepulchre, it was the tomb of Joseph.

Let us not weary in this pious investigation, but with fixed attention observe everything connected with this holy spot. The grave, we observe, *was cut in a rock*. Why was this? The Rock of Ages was buried in a rock—a Rock within a rock. But why? Most persons suggest that it was so ordained that it might be clear that there was no covert way by which the disciples or others could enter and steal the body away.

Very possibly it was the reason, but oh! my soul, can you not find a spiritual reason? Christ's sepulchre was cut in a rock. It was not cut in mold that might be worn away by water, or might crumble and fall into decay. The sepulchre stands, I believe, entire to this day. If it does not naturally, it does spiritually.

The same sepulchre which took the sins of Paul, shall take my iniquities into its bosom. For if I ever lose my guilt, it must roll off my shoulders into the sepulchre. It was cut in a rock, so that if a sinner were saved a thousand years ago, I too can be delivered, for it is a rocky sepulchre where sin was buried—it was a rocky sepulchre of marble where my crimes were laid forever—buried never to have a resurrection.

You will mark, moreover, that tomb was one *wherein no other man had ever lain*. Christopher Ness says, "When Christ was born, He lay in a virgin's womb, and when He died, He was placed in a virgin tomb. He slept where never man had slept before." The reason was that none might say that another person rose, for there never had been any other body there, thus a mistake of persons was impossible.

Nor could it be said that some old prophet was interred in the place and that Christ rose because He had touched his bones. You remember when Elisha was buried and as they were burying a man, behold he touched the prophet's bones and arose. Christ touched no prophet's bones, for none had ever slept there. It was a new chamber, where the Monarch of the earth did take His rest for three days and three nights.

We have learned a little, then, with attention, but let us stoop down once more before we leave the grave and notice something else. We see the grave, but do you *notice the grave clothes*, all wrapped and laid in their places, the napkin being folded up by itself? Why are the grave clothes wrapped up? The Jews said robbers had abstracted the body, but if so, surely they would have stolen the clothes. They would never have thought of folding them up and laying them down so carefully, they would be too much in haste to think of it.

Why was it then? To manifest to us that Christ did not come out in a hurried manner. He slept till the last moment, then He awoke. He came not in haste. They shall not come out in haste, neither by flight, but at the appointed moment shall His people come to Him. So at the precise hour, the decreed instant, Jesus Christ leisurely awoke, took off His cerements, left them all behind Him, and came forth in His

pure and naked innocence, perhaps to show us that as clothes are the offspring of sin—when sin was atoned for by Christ, He left all raiment behind Him—for garments are the badges of guilt. If we had not been guilty, we should never have needed them.

Then, the napkin, mark you, was laid by itself. The grave clothes were left behind for every departed Christian to wear. The bed of death is well-sheeted with the garments of Jesus, but the napkin was laid by itself, because the Christian, when He dies, does not need that. It is used by the mourners and the mourners only. We shall all wear grave-clothes, but we shall not need the napkin.

When our friends die, the napkin is laid aside for us to use, but do our ascended brethren and sisters use it? No, the Lord God has wiped away all tears from their eyes. We stand and view the corpses of the dear departed, we moisten their faces with our tears, letting whole showers of grief fall on their heads, but do *they* weep?

Oh, no. Could they speak to us from the upper spheres, they would say, “Weep not for me, for I am glorified. Sorrow not for me. I have left a bad world behind me and have entered into a far better.” They have no napkin—they weep not. Strange it is that those who endure death weep not, but those who see them die are weepers.

When the child is born, it weeps when others smile (say the Arabs), and when it dies, it smiles while others weep. It is so with the Christian. O blessed thing! The napkin is laid by itself, because Christians will never want to use it when they die.

III. EMOTION EXCITED.

We have thus surveyed the grave with deep attention, and I hope, with some profit to ourselves. But that is not all. I love a religion which consists, in a great measure, of emotion. Now, if I had power, like a master, I would touch the strings of your hearts and fetch a glorious tune of solemn music from them, for this is a deeply solemn place, into which I have conducted you.

First, I would bid you stand and see the place where the Lord lay with *emotions of deep sorrow*. O come, my beloved brother, your Jesus once lay there. He was a murdered man, my soul, and you the murderer.

*“Ah, you, my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were,
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.*

*“Alas! and did my Savior bleed?
And did my Sov’ reign die?”*

I slew Him—this right hand struck the dagger to His heart. My deeds slew Christ. Alas! I slew my best Beloved. I killed Him who loved me with an everlasting love. You eyes, why do you refuse to weep when you see Jesus’ body mangled and torn? Oh! give vent to your sorrow, Christians, for you have good reason to do so.

I believe in what Hart says, that there was a time in his experience when he could so sympathize with Christ that he felt more grief at the death of Christ than he did joy. It seemed so sad a thing that Christ should have to die, and to me it often appears too great a price for Jesus Christ to purchase worms with His own blood.

Methinks I love Him so much that if I had seen Him about to suffer, I should have been as bad as Peter and have said, “That be far from thee, Lord.” But then He would have said to me, “Get thee behind me, Satan.” For He does not approve of that love which would stop Him from dying. “The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?”

But I think, had I seen Him going up to His cross, I would fain have pressed Him back and said, “Oh! Jesus, You shall not die. I cannot have it. Will You purchase my life with a price so dear?” It seems too costly for Him who is the Prince of Life and Glory to let His fair limbs be tortured in agony. That the hands which carried mercies should be pierced with accursed nails. That the temples that were

always clothed with love should have cruel thorns driven through them. It appears too much. Oh! weep, Christian, and let your sorrow rise. Is not the price all but too great, that your Beloved should for you resign *Himself*?

Oh! I should think if a person were saved from death by another, he would always feel deep grief if his deliverer lost his life in the attempt. I had a friend, who, standing by the side of a piece of frozen water, saw a young lad in it and sprang upon the ice in order to save him. After clutching the boy he held him in his hands and cried out, "Here he is! Here he is! I have saved him." But just as they caught hold of the boy, he sank himself and his body was not found for some time afterwards, when it was quite dead.

Oh! it is so with Jesus. My soul was drowning. From heaven's high portals He saw me sinking in the depths of hell. He plunged in.

*"He sank beneath His heavy woes,
To raise me to a crown;
There's ne'er a gift His hand bestows,
But cost His heart a groan."*

Ah, we may indeed regret our sin, since it slew Jesus.

Now, Christian, change your note a moment. "Come, see the place where the Lord lay," *with joy and gladness*. He does not lie there now. Weep, when you see the tomb of Christ, but rejoice because it is empty. Your sin slew Him, but His divinity raised Him up. Your guilt has murdered Him, but His righteousness has restored Him. Oh! He has burst the bonds of death. He has ungirt the grave clothes of the tomb and has come out more than conqueror, crushing death beneath His feet. Rejoice, O Christian, for He is not there—He is risen. "Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

One more thought and then I will speak a little concerning the doctrines we may learn from this grave. "Come, see the place where the Lord lay" *with solemn awe*, for you and I will have to lay there too.

*"Hark! From the tomb a doleful sound,
My ears, attend the cry;
Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie."*

*"Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your powers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours."*

It is a fact we do not often think of, that we shall all be dead in a little while. I know that I am made of dust and not of iron. My bones are not brass, nor my sinews steel. In a little while my body must crumble back to its native elements. But do you ever try to picture yourself the moment of your dissolution?

My friends, there are some of you who seldom realize how old you are, how near you are to death. One way of remembering our age is to see how much remains. Think how old eighty is and then see how few years there are before you will get there. We should remember our frailty. Sometimes I have tried to think of the time of my departure. I do not know whether I shall die a violent death or not, but I would to God that I might die suddenly, for sudden death is sudden glory. I would I might have such a blessed exit as Doctor Beaumont, and die in my pulpit, laying down my body with my charge, and ceasing at once to work and live. But it is not mine to choose.

Suppose I lie lingering for weeks in the midst of pains, and griefs, and agonies? When that moment comes, that moment which is too solemn for my lips to speak of, when the spirit leaves the clay—let the

physician put it off for weeks or years, as we say he does, though he does not—when that moment comes, oh, you lips, be dumb and profane not its solemnity.

When death comes, how is the strong man bowed down. How does the mighty man fall. They may say they will not die, but there is no hope for them. They must yield, the arrow has gone home. I knew a man who was a wicked wretch and I remember seeing him pace the floor of his bedroom, saying, “O God, I will not die, I will not die.” When I begged him to lie on his bed, for he was dying, he said he could not die while he could walk and he would walk till he did die.

Ah! he expired in the utmost torments, always shrieking, “O God, I will not die.” Oh! that moment, that last moment. See how clammy is the sweat upon the brow, how dry the tongue, how parched the lips. The man shuts his eyes and slumbers, then opens them again. And if he be a Christian, I can fancy he will say,

*“Hark! They whisper: angels say
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite—
Steals my senses—shuts my sight—
Drowns my spirit—draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?”*

We know not when he is dying. One gentle sigh and the spirit breaks away. We can scarcely say, “He is gone,” before the ransomed spirit takes its mansion near the throne. Come to Christ’s tomb then, for the silent vault must soon be your habitation. Come to Christ’s grave, for you must slumber there.

And even you, you sinners, for one moment I will ask you to come also, because you must die as well as the rest of us. Your sins cannot keep you from the jaws of death. I say, sinner, I want you to look at Christ’s sepulchre too, for when you die it may have done you great good to think of it.

You have heard of Queen Elizabeth crying out that she would give an empire for a single hour. Or have you read the despairing cry of the gentleman on board the “Arctic,” when it was going down, who shouted to the boat, “Come back! I will give you £30,000 if you will come and take me in.” Ah! poor man. It were but little if he had thirty thousand worlds, if he could thereby prolong his life.

“Skin for skin. Yea, all that a man has will he give for his life.” Some of you who laugh this morning, who came to spend a merry hour in this hall, will be dying, and then you will pray and crave for life, and shriek for another Sabbath-day. Oh! how the Sabbaths you have wasted will walk like ghosts before you! Oh! how they will shake their snaky hair in your eyes! How will you be made to sorrow and weep, because you wasted precious hours, which, when they are gone, are gone too far ever to be recalled. May God save you from the pangs of remorse.

IV. INSTRUCTION IMPARTED.

And now, Christian brethren, “Come, see the place where the Lord lay,” to learn a doctrine or two. What did you see when you visited “the place where the Lord lay?” “He is not here: for he is risen!” The first thing you perceive, if you stand by His empty tomb, is *His divinity*. The dead in Christ shall rise first at the resurrection, but He who rose first—their Leader, rose in a different fashion. They rise by imparted power. He rose by His own.

He could not slumber in the grave, because He was God. Death had no dominion over Him. There is no better proof of Christ’s divinity than that startling resurrection of His, when He rose from the grave, by the glory of the Father. O Christian, your Jesus is God. His broad shoulders that hold you up are indeed divine. And here you have the best proof of it—because He rose from the grave.

A second doctrine here taught, well may charm you, if the Holy Spirit apply it with power. Behold this empty tomb, O true believer, it is a sign of *your acquittal* and your full discharge. If Jesus had not paid the debt, He ne’er had risen from the grave. He would have lain there till this moment if He had not cancelled the entire debt by satisfying eternal vengeance. Oh! beloved, is not that an overwhelming thought?

***“It is finished! It is finished!
Hear the rising Savior cry.”***

The heavenly turnkey came. A bright angel stepped from heaven and rolled away the stone, but he would not have done so if Christ had not done all. He would have kept Him there. He would have said, “Nay, nay, you are the sinner now. You have the sins of all Your elect upon Your shoulder and I will not let You go free till You have paid the uttermost farthing.”

In His going free, I see my own discharge.

“My Jesu’s blood’s my full discharge”

As a justified man, I have not a sin against me in God’s book. If I were to turn over God’s eternal book, I should see every debt of mine receipted and cancelled

***“Here’s pardon for transgressions past,
It matters not how black their cast,
And O, my soul, with wonder view
For sins to come, here’s pardon too.
While through Thy blood absolved I am
From sin’s tremendous curse and blame.”***

One more doctrine we learn and with that we will conclude—the doctrine of the resurrection. Jesus rose, and as the Lord our Savior rose, so all His followers must rise. Die I must—this body must be a carnival for worms, it must be eaten by those tiny cannibals, peradventure it shall be scattered from one portion of the earth to another.

The constituent particles of this my frame will enter into plants, from plants pass into animals, and thus be carried into far distant realms. But at the blast of the archangel’s trumpet, every separate atom of my body shall find its fellow, like the bones lying in the valley of vision, though separated from one another, the moment God shall speak, the bone will creep to its bone, then the flesh shall come upon it. The four winds of heaven shall blow and the breath shall return.

So, let me die, let beasts devour me, let fire turn this body into gas and vapor, all its particles shall yet again be restored. This very selfsame, actual body shall start up from its grave, glorified and made like Christ’s body, yet still the same body, for God has said it. Christ’s same body rose, so shall mine.

O my soul, do you now dread to die? You will lose your partner body a little while, but you will be married again in heaven, soul and body shall again be united before the throne of God. The grave—what is it? It is the bath in which the Christian puts the clothes of his body to have them washed and cleansed. Death—what is it? It is the waiting room where we robe ourselves for immortality. It is the place where the body, like Esther, bathes itself in spices, that it may be fit for the embrace of its Lord.

Death is the gate of life. I will not fear to die, then, but will say,

***“Shudder not to pass the stream
Venture all your care on Him—
Him, whose dying love and power
Still’d its tossing, hush’d its roar;
Safe is the expanded wave,
Gentle as a summer’s eve;
Not one object of His care
Ever suffer’d shipwreck there!”***

Come, view the place, then, with all-hallowed meditation, where the Lord lay. Spend this afternoon, my beloved brethren, in meditating upon it and very often go to Christ's grave both to weep and to rejoice.

You timid ones, do not be afraid to approach, for 'tis no vain thing to remember that timidity buried Christ. Faith would not have given Him a funeral at all. Faith would have kept Him above ground and would never have let Him been buried, for it would have said it would be useless to bury Christ if He were to rise.

Fear buried Him. Nicodemus, the night disciple, and Joseph of Arimathea, secretly, for fear of the Jews, went and buried Him. Therefore, you timid ones, you may go too. Ready-to-halt, poor Fearing, and you, Mrs. Despondency and Much-afraid, go often there, it is your favorite haunt, there build a tabernacle, there abide. And often say to your heart, when you are in distress and sorrow, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

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