

Thy Love to Me Was Wonderful

by C.H. Spurgeon

C.H. Spurgeon's sermon emphasizes the transformative and personal nature of Christ's love in the believer's life.

Scripture: Isaiah 42:16, Isaiah 49:6, Matthew 4:16, Matthew 9:27, Luke 1:79, Luke 4:18, John 1:4, John 5:3, Acts 13:11-26, Romans 1:16, Romans 2:19, Philippians 2:15, 2 Peter 1:9, Revelation 3:17

Topics: "Spiritual Blindness", "Gods Salvation"

Description

In this sermon on blindness, the preacher delves into the concept of 'tuphlos' which can refer to both literal and spiritual blindness. It is used to describe one's mind as ignorant, slow of understanding, and incapable of comprehending spiritual truth. Jesus criticized the religious leaders of His time as 'blind guides' for leading people away from the Light of the world. The Jews were meant to be a light to the Gentiles, but many failed in this role until figures like Paul stepped in to fulfill God's purpose of bringing salvation to all nations.

Transcript

Come, dear readers, let each one of us speak for himself of the wonderful love, not of Jonathan, but of Jesus. We will not relate what we have been told, but the things which we have tasted and handled-of the love of Christ. Thy love to me, O Jesus, was wonderful when I was a stranger wandering far from Thee, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind. Thy love restrained me from committing the sin which is unto death, and withheld me from self-destruction. Thy love held back the axe when Justice said, "Cut it down! why cumbereth it the ground?"

Thy love drew me into the wilderness, stripped me there, and made me feel the guilt of my sin, and the burden of mine iniquity. Thy love spake thus comfortably to me when, I was sore dismayed--"Come unto Me, and I will give thee rest." Oh, how matchless Thy love when, in a moment, Thou didst wash my sins away, and make my polluted soul, which was crimson with the blood of my nativity, and black with the grime of my transgressions, to be white as the driven snow, and pure as the finest wool.

How Thou didst commend Thy love when Thou didst whisper in my ears, "I am thine and thou art Mine." Kind were those accents when Thou saidst, "The Father Himself loveth you." And sweet the moments, passing sweet, when Thou declaredst to me "the love of the Spirit." Never shall my soul forget those chambers of fellowship where Thou has unveiled Thyself to me. Had Moses his cleft in the rock, where he saw the train, the back parts of his God? We, too, have had our clefts in the rock, where we have seen the full splendours of the Godhead in the person of Christ.

Did David remember the tracks of the wild goat, the land of Jordan and the Hermonites? We, too, can remember spots to memory dear, equal to these in blessedness. Precious Lord Jesus, give us a fresh draught of Thy wondrous love to begin the month with. Amen.

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