

**THE ASCENSION AND THE SECOND ADVENT
PRACTICALLY CONSIDERED
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**A SERMON
DELIVERED ON LORD'S-DAY MORNING, DECEMBER 28, 1884,
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AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON.**

*“And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven as he went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel; which also said, “You men of Galilee, why stand you gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as you have seen him go into heaven.”
Acts 1:10-11.*

FOUR great events shine out brightly in our Savior's story. All Christian minds delight to dwell upon His birth, His death, His resurrection, and His ascension. These make four rounds in that ladder of light, the foot of which is upon the earth, but the top whereof reaches to heaven. We could not afford to dispense with any one of those four events, nor would it be profitable for us to forget, or to underestimate the value of any one of them.

That the Son of God was born of a woman creates in us the intense delight of a brotherhood springing out of a common humanity. That Jesus once suffered unto the death for our sins, and thereby made a full atonement for us, is the rest and life of our spirits. The manger and the cross together are divine seals of love. That the Lord Jesus rose again from the dead is the warrant of our justification, and also a transcendently delightful assurance of the resurrection of all His people, and of their eternal life in Him. Has He not said, “Because I live you shall live also”? The resurrection of Christ is the morning star of our future glory. Equally delightful is the remembrance of His ascension. No song is sweeter than this—“You have ascended on high; you have led captivity captive, you have received gifts for men, yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them.”

Each one of those four events points to another, and they all lead up to it—the fifth link in the golden chain is our Lord's second and most glorious advent. Nothing is mentioned between His ascent and His descent. True, a rich history comes between, but it lies in a valley between two stupendous mountains. We step from alp to alp as we journey in meditation from the ascension to the second advent.

I say that each of the previous four events points to it. Had He not come a first time in humiliation, born under the law, He could not come a second time in amazing glory “without a sin-offering unto salvation.” Because He died once we rejoice that He dies no more, death has no more dominion over Him, and therefore He comes to destroy that last enemy whom He has already conquered.

It is our joy, as we think of our Redeemer as risen, to feel that in consequence of His rising the trump of the archangel shall assuredly sound for the awaking of all His slumbering people, when the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout. As for His ascension, He could not a second time descend if He had not first ascended, but having perfumed heaven with His presence, and prepared a place for His people, we may fitly expect that He will come again and receive us unto Himself, that where He is there we may be also.

I want you, therefore, as in contemplation you pass with joyful steps over these four grand events, as your faith leaps from His birth to His death, and from His resurrection to His ascension, to be looking forward, and even hastening unto this crowning fact of our Lord's history, for before long He shall so come in like manner as He was seen going up into heaven.

This morning, in our meditation, we will start from the ascension, and if I had sufficient imagination I should like to picture our Lord and the eleven walking up the side of Olivet, communing as they went—a happy company, with a solemn awe upon them, but with an intense joy in having fellowship with each other. Each disciple was glad to think that his dear Lord and Master who had been crucified was now among them, not only alive but surrounded with a mysterious safety and glory which none could disturb. The enemy was as still as a stone, not a dog moved his tongue, His bitterest foes made no sign during the days of our Lord's after-life below.

The company moved onward peacefully towards Bethany—Bethany which they all knew and loved. The Savior seemed drawn there at the time of His ascension, even as men's minds return to old and well-loved scenes when they are about to depart out of this world. His happiest moments on earth had been spent beneath the roof where lived Mary and Martha and their brother Lazarus. Perhaps it was best for the disciples that He should leave them at that place where He had been most hospitably entertained, to show that He departed in peace and not in anger.

There they had seen Lazarus raised from the dead by Him who was now to be taken up from them, the memory of the triumphant past would help the tried faith of the present. There they had heard the voice saying, "Loose him, and let him go," and there they might fitly see their Lord loosed from all bonds of earthly gravitation that He might go to His Father and their Father. The memories of the place might help to calm their minds and arouse their spirits to that fullness of joy which ought to attend the glorifying of their Lord.

But they have come to a standstill, having reached the brow of the hill. The Savior stands conspicuously in the center of the group, and following upon most instructive discourse, He pronounces a blessing upon them. He lifts His pierced hands, and while He is lifting them and is pronouncing words of love, He begins to rise from the earth. He has risen above them all to their astonishment! In a moment He has passed beyond the olives, which seem with their silvery sheen to be lit up by His milder radiance.

While the disciples are looking, the Lord has ascended into mid-air and speedily He has risen to the regions of the clouds. They stand spell-bound with astonishment, and suddenly a bright cloud, like a chariot of God, bears Him away. That cloud conceals Him from mortal gaze. Though we have known Christ after the flesh, now after the flesh know we Him no more. They are riveted to the spot, very naturally so—they linger long in the place—they stand with streaming eyes, wonder-struck, still looking upward.

It is not the Lord's will that they should long remain inactive, their reverie is interrupted. They might have stood there till wonder saddened into fear. As it was, they remained long enough, for the angel's words may be accurately rendered, "Why have you stood, gazing up into heaven?"

Their lengthened gaze needed to be interrupted, and therefore, two shining ones, such as aforetime met the women at the sepulcher, are sent to them. These messengers of God appear in human form that they may not alarm them, and in white raiment as if to remind them that all was bright and joyous, and these white-robed ministers stood with them as if they would willingly join their company.

As no one of the eleven would break silence, the men in white raiment commenced the discourse. Addressing them in the usual celestial style, they asked a question which contained its own answer, and then went on to tell their message. As they had once said to the women, "Why seek you the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen," so did they now say, "You men of Galilee, why stand you gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as you have seen him go into heaven."

The angels showed their knowledge of them by calling them, "men of Galilee," and reminded them that they were yet upon earth by recalling their place of birth. Brought back to their senses, their reverie over, the apostles at once gird up their loins for active service. They do not need twice telling, but hasten to Jerusalem. The vision of angels has singularly enough brought them back into the world of actual life again, and they obey the command, "Tarry you at Jerusalem."

They seem to say—“The taking up of our Master is not a thing to weep about, He has gone to His throne and to His glory, and He said it was expedient for us that He should go away. He will now send us the promise of the Father. We scarcely know what it will be like, but let us, in obedience to His will, make the best of our way to the place where He bade us await the gift of power.” Do you not see them going down the side of Olivet, taking that Sabbath-day’s journey into the cruel and wicked city without a thought of fear—having no dread of the bloodthirsty crew who slew their Lord, but happy in the memory of their Lord’s exaltation and in the expectation of a wonderful display of His power?

They held fellowship of the most delightful kind with one another, and soon entered into the upper room, where in protracted prayer and communion they waited for the promise of the Father. You see I have no imagination, I have barely mentioned the incidents in the simplest language. Yet try and realize the scene, for it will be helpful to do so, since our Lord Jesus is to come like manner as the disciples saw Him go up into heaven.

My first business this morning will be to consider *the gentle chiding* administered by the shining ones—“You men of Galilee, why stand you gazing up into heaven?” Secondly, *the cheering description* of our Lord which the white-robed messengers used—“This same Jesus,” and then, thirdly, *the practical truth* which they taught—“This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as you have seen him go into heaven.”

I. First, then, here is A GENTLE CHIDING.

It is not sharply uttered by men dressed in black who use harsh speech, and upbraid the servants of God severely for what was rather a mistake than a fault. No, the language is strengthening, yet tender. The fashion of a question allows them rather to reprove themselves than to be reprovéd, and the tone is that of brotherly love, and affectionate concern.

Notice, that *what these saintly men were doing seems at first sight to be very right*. I think if Jesus were among us now we would fix our eyes upon Him, and never withdraw them. He is altogether lovely, and it would seem wicked to yield our eyesight to any inferior object so long as He was to be seen. When He ascended up into heaven it was the duty of His friends to look upon Him.

It can never be wrong to look up, we are often bidden to do so, and it is even a holy saying of the Psalmist, “I will direct my prayer unto you, and will look up,” and again, “I will lift up my eyes unto the hills, from whence comes my help.” If it be right to look up into heaven, it must be still more right to look up while Jesus rises to the place of His glory. Surely it had been wrong if they had looked anywhere else—it was due to the Lamb of God that they should behold Him as long as eyes could follow Him. He is the Sun, where should eyes be turned but to His light? He is the King, and where should courtiers within the palace gate turn their eyes but to their King as He ascends to His throne?

The truth is, there was nothing wrong in their looking up into heaven, but they went a little further than looking, they stood “gazing.” A little excess in right may be faulty. It may be wise to look, but foolish to gaze. There is a very thin partition sometimes between that which is commendable and that which is censurable. There is a golden mean which it is not easy to keep. The exact path of right is often as narrow as a razor’s edge, and he must be wise that does not err either on the right hand or on the left. “Look” is ever the right word. Why, it is “Look unto me and be saved.” Look, aye, look steadfastly and intently. Be your posture that of one “looking unto Jesus,” always throughout life.

But there is a gazing which is not commendable, when the look becomes not that of reverent worship, but of an overweening curiosity, when there mingles with the desire to know what should be known, a prying into that which it is for God’s glory to conceal. Brethren, it is of little use to look up into an empty heaven. If Christ Himself be not visible in heaven, then in vain do we gaze, since there is nothing for a saintly eye to see. When the person of Jesus was gone out of the azure vault above them, and the cloud had effectually concealed Him, why should they continue to gaze when God Himself had drawn the curtain? If infinite wisdom had withdrawn the object upon which they desired to gaze, what would their gazing be but a sort of reflection upon the wisdom which had removed their Lord?

Yet it did seem very right. Thus certain things that you and I may do may appear right, and yet we may need to be chidden out of them into something better. They may be right in themselves, but not appropriate for the occasion, not seasonable, nor expedient. They may be right up to a point, and then may touch the boundary of excess. A steadfast gaze into heaven may be to a devout soul a high order of worship, but if this filled up much of our working time it might become the idlest form of folly.

Yet I cannot help adding that *it was very natural*. I do not wonder that the whole eleven stood gazing up, for if I had been there I am sure I would have done the same. How struck they must have been with the ascent of the Master out of their midst! You would be amazed if someone from among our own number now began to ascend into heaven! Would you not? Our Lord did not gradually melt away from sight as a phantom, or dissolve into thin air as a mere apparition. The Savior did not disappear in that way at all, but He rose, and they saw that it was His very self that was so rising. His own body, the materialism in which He had veiled Himself, actually, distinctly, and literally, rose to heaven before their eyes.

I repeat, the Lord did not dissolve and disappear like a vision of the night, but He evidently rose till the cloud intervened so that they could see Him no more. I think I should have stood looking to the very place where His cloudy chariot had been. I know it would be idle to continue to do so, but our hearts often urge us on to acts which we could not justify logically. Hearts are not to be argued with.

Sometimes you stand by a grave where one is buried whom you dearly loved. You go there often to weep. You cannot help it, the place is precious to you, yet you could not prove that you do any good by your visits. Perhaps you even injure yourself thereby, and deserve to be gently chidden with the question, “why?” It may be the most natural thing in the world, and yet it may not be a wise thing. The Lord allows us to do that which is innocently natural, but He will not have us carry it too far, for then it might foster an evil nature.

Hence He sends an interrupting messenger, not an angel with a sword, or even a rod, but He sends some man in white raiment—I mean one who is both cheerful and holy, and he, by his conduct or his words, suggests to us the question, “Why stand you here gazing?” *Cui bono?* What will be the benefit? What will it avail? Thus our understanding being called into action, and we being men of thought, we answer to ourselves, “This will not do. We must not stand gazing here forever,” and therefore we arouse ourselves to get back to the Jerusalem of practical life, where in the power of God we hope to do service for our Master.

Notice, then, that the disciples were doing that which seemed to be right and what was evidently very natural, but that it is very easy to carry the apparently right and the absolutely natural too far. Let us take heed to ourselves, and often ask our hearts, “Why?”

For, thirdly, notice that what they *did was not after all justifiable upon strict reason*. While Christ was going up it was proper that they should adoringly look at Him. He might almost have said, “If you see me when I am taken up a double portion of my spirit shall rest upon you.” They did well to look where He led the way. But when He was gone, still to remain gazing was an act which they could not exactly explain to themselves, and could not justify to others.

Put the question thus—“What purpose will be fulfilled by your continuing to gaze into the sky? He is gone, it is absolutely certain that He is gone. He is taken up, and God Himself has manifestly concealed all trace of Him by bidding yonder cloud sail in between Him and you. Why gaze you still? He told you, “I go unto My Father.” Why stand and gaze? We may, under the influence of great love, act unwisely.

I remember well seeing the action of a woman whose only son was immigrating to a distant colony. I stood in the station, and I noticed her many tears and her frequent embraces of her boy, but the train came up and he entered the carriage. After the train had passed beyond the station, she was foolish enough to break away from friends who sought to detain her. She ran along the platform, leaped down upon the railroad, and pursued the flying train. It was natural, but it had been better left undone. What

was the use of it? We had better abstain from acts which serve no practical purpose, for in this life we have neither time nor strength to waste in fruitless action.

The disciples would be wise to cease gazing, for nobody would be benefited by it, and they would not themselves be blessed. What is the use of gazing when there is nothing to see? Well, then, did the angels ask, “Why stand you gazing up into heaven?”

Again, put another question—what precept were they obeying when they stood gazing up into heaven? If you have a command from God to do a certain thing, you need not inquire into the reason of the command, it is disobedient to begin to canvas God’s will. But when there is no precept whatever, why persevere in an act which evidently does not promise to bring any blessing? Who bade them stand gazing up into heaven? If Christ had done so, then in Christ’s name let them stand like statues and never turn their heads. But as He had not bidden them, why did they do what He had not commanded, and leave undone what He had commanded? For He had strictly charged them that they should tarry at Jerusalem till they were “endued with power from on high.” So what they did was not justifiable.

Here is the practical point for us—*what they did we are very apt to imitate*. “Oh,” you say, “I shall never stand gazing up into heaven.” I am not sure of that. Some Christians are very curious, but not obedient. Plain precepts are neglected, but difficult problems they seek to solve. I remember one who used to always be dwelling upon the vials and seals and trumpets. He was great at apocalyptic symbols, but he had seven children and he had no family prayer. If he had left the vials and trumpets and minded his boys and girls, it would have been a deal better.

I have known men marvelously great upon Daniel, and especially instructed in Ezekiel, but singularly forgetful of the twentieth of Exodus, and not very clear upon Romans the eighth. I do not speak with any blame of such folks for studying Daniel and Ezekiel, but quite the reverse, yet I wish they had been more zealous for the conversion of the sinners in their neighborhoods, and more careful to assist the poor saints. I admit the value of the study of the feet of the image in Nebuchadnezzar’s vision, and the importance of knowing the kingdoms which make up the ten toes, but I do not see the propriety of allowing such studies to overlay the common places of practical godliness.

If the time spent over obscure theological propositions were given to a mission in the dim alley near the good man’s house, more benefit would come to man and more glory to God. I would have you understand all mysteries, brethren, if you could, but do not forget that our chief business here below is to cry, “Behold the Lamb!” By all manner of means read and search till you know all that the Lord has revealed concerning things to come, but first of all see to it that your children are brought to the Savior’s feet, and that you are workers together with God in the building up of His church.

The dense mass of misery and ignorance and sin which is round about us on every side demands all our powers, and if you do not respond to the call, though I am not a man in white apparel, I shall venture to say to you, “You men of Christendom, why stand you gazing up into the mysteries when so much is to be done for Jesus, and you are leaving it undone?” O you who are curious but not obedient, I fear I speak to you in vain, but I have spoken. May the Holy Spirit also speak.

Others are contemplative but not active—much given to the study of Scripture and to meditation thereon, but not zealous for good works. Contemplation is so scarce in these days that I could wish there were a thousand times as much of it, but in the case to which I refer everything runs in the one channel of thought—all time is spent in reading, in enjoyment, in rapture, in pious leisure. Religion never ought to become the subject of selfishness, and yet I fear some treat it as if its chief end was spiritual gratification.

When a man’s religion all lies in his saving his own self, and in enjoying holy things for his own self, there is a disease upon him. When his judgment of a sermon is based upon the one question, “Did it feed *me*?” it is a swinish judgment. There is such a thing as getting a swinish religion in which you are first, yourself second, yourself third, yourself to the utmost end. Did Jesus ever think or speak in that fashion? Contemplation of Christ Himself may be so carried out as to lead you away from Christ—the recluse meditates on Jesus, but he is as unlike the busy self-denying Jesus as well can be. Meditation

unattended with active service in the spreading of the Gospel among men, well deserves the rebuke of the angel, “You men of Galilee, why stand you gazing up into heaven?”

Moreover, some are careful and anxious and deliriously impatient for some marvelous interposition. We get at times into a sad state of mind, because we do not see the kingdom of Christ advancing as we desire. I suppose it is with you as it is with me—I begin to fret, and I am deeply troubled, and I feel that there is good reason that I should be, for truth is fallen in the streets, and the days of blasphemy and rebuke are upon us. Then we pine, for the Master is away, and we cry, “When will He be back again? Oh, why are His chariots so long in coming? Why does He tarry through the ages?” Our desires sour into impatience, and we commence gazing up into heaven, looking for His coming with a restlessness which does not allow us to discharge our duty as we should. Whenever anybody gets into that state, this is the word, “You men of Galilee, why stand you gazing up into heaven?”

In certain cases this uneasiness has drawn to itself a wrong expectation of immediate wonders, and an intense desire for sign-seeing. Ah me, what fanaticisms come of this! In America years ago, one came forward who declared that on such a day the Lord would come, and he led a great company to believe his crazy predictions. Many took their horses and fodder for two or three days, and went out into the woods, expecting to be all the more likely to see all that was to be seen when once away from the crowded city. All over the States there were people who had made ascension-dresses in which to soar into the air in proper costume.

They waited, and they waited, and I am sure that no text could have been more appropriate for them than this, “You men of America, why stand you here gazing up into heaven?” Nothing came of it, and yet there are thousands in England and America who only need a fanatical leader, and they would run into the like folly. The desire to know the times and seasons is a craze with many poor bodies whose insanity runs in that particular groove.

Every occurrence is a “sign of the times,” a sign, I may add, which they do not understand. An earthquake is a special favorite with them. “Now,” they cry, “the Lord is coming,” as if there had not been earthquakes of the sort we have heard of lately hundreds of times since our Lord went up into heaven. When the prophetic earthquakes occur in divers places, we shall know of it without the warnings of these brethren.

What a number of persons have been infatuated by the number of the beast, and have been ready to leap for joy because they have found the number 666 in some great one’s name. Why, everybody’s name will yield that number if you treat it judiciously, and use the numerals of Greece, Rome, Egypt, China, or Timbuktu. I feel weary with the silly way in which some people make toys out of Scripture, and play with texts as with a pack of cards. Whenever you meet with a man who sets up to be a prophet, keep out of his way in the future, and when you hear of signs and wonders, turn to your Lord, and in patience possess your souls.

“The just shall live by His faith.” There is no other way of living among wild enthusiasts. Believe in God, and ask not for miracles and marvels, or the knowledge of times and seasons. To know when the Lord will restore the kingdom is not in your power. Remember that verse which I read just now in your hearing—“It is not for you to know the times or the seasons.”

If I were introduced into a room where a large number of parcels were stored up, and I was told that there was something good for me, I should begin to look for that which had my name upon it, and when I came upon a parcel and I saw in pretty big letters, “*It is not for you,*” I should leave it alone. Here, then, is a casket of knowledge marked, “*It is not for you* to know the times or the seasons, which the Father has put in his own power.” Cease to meddle with matters which are concealed, and be satisfied to know the things which are clearly revealed.

II. Secondly, I want you to notice THE CHEERING DESCRIPTION which these bright spirits give concerning our Lord. They describe Him thus—“This same Jesus.”

I appreciate the description all the more because *it came from those who knew Him*. “He was seen of angels,” they had watched Him all His life long, and they knew Him, and when they, having just seen

Him rise to His Father and His God, said of Him, “This same Jesus,” then I know by an infallible testimony that He was the same, and that He is the same.

Jesus is gone, but He still exists. He has left us, but He is not dead, He has not dissolved into nothing like the mist of the morning. “This same Jesus” is gone up unto His Father’s throne, and He is there today as certainly as He once stood at Pilate’s bar. As surely as He did hang upon the cross, so surely does He, the selfsame man, sit upon the throne of God and reign over creation.

I like to think of the positive identity of the Christ in the seventh heaven with the Christ in the lowest deeps of agony. The Christ they spat upon is now the Christ whose name the cherubim and seraphim are hymning day without night. The Christ they scourged is He before whom principalities and powers delight to cast their crowns. Think of it and be glad this morning, and do not stand gazing up into heaven after a myth or a dream. Jesus lives, mind that you live also. Do not loiter as if you had nothing at all to do, or as if the kingdom of God had come to an end because Jesus is gone from the earth, as to His bodily presence. It is not all over, He still lives, and He has given you a work to do till He comes. Therefore, go and do it.

“This same Jesus”—I love that word, for “Jesus” means *a Savior*. Oh, you anxious sinners here present, the name of Him who has gone up into His glory is full of invitation to you! Will you not come to “this same Jesus”? This is He who opened the eyes of the blind and brought forth the prisoners out of the prison-house. He is doing the same thing today. Oh that your eyes may see His light!

He that touched the lepers, and that raised the dead, is the same Jesus still, able to save to the uttermost. Oh that you may look and live! You have only to come to Him by faith, as she did who touched the hem of His garment, you have but to cry to Him as the blind man did whose sight He restored, for He is the same Jesus, bearing about with Him the same tender love for guilty men, and the same readiness to receive and cleanse all that come to Him by faith.

“This same Jesus.” Why, that must have meant that He who is in heaven is the same Christ who was on earth, but it must also mean that *He who is to come will be the same Jesus that went up into heaven*. There is no change in our blessed Master’s nature, nor will there ever be. There is a great change in His condition—

*“The Lord shall come, but not the same
As once in lowliness He came,
A humble man before His foes,
A weary man and full of woes.”*

He will be “the same Jesus” in nature though not in condition. He will possess the same tenderness when He comes to judge, the same gentleness of heart when all the glories of heaven and earth shall gird His brow. Our eyes shall see Him in that day, and we shall recognize Him not only by the nail-prints, but by the very look of His countenance, by the character that gleams from that marvelous face, and we shall say, “’Tis He! ’Tis He! The selfsame Christ that went up from the top of Olivet from the midst of His disciples.” Go to Him with your troubles, as you would have done when He was here. Look forward to His second coming without dread. Look for Him with that joyous expectancy with which you would welcome Jesus of Bethany, who loved Mary, and Martha, and Lazarus.

On the back of that sweet title came this question, “Why stand you here gazing into heaven?” They might have said, “We stay here because we do not know where to go. Our Master is gone.” But oh, it is the same Jesus, and He is coming again, so go down to Jerusalem and get to work directly. Do not worry yourselves, no grave accident has occurred, it is not a disaster that Christ has gone, but an advance in His work.

Despisers tell us nowadays, “Your cause is done for! Christianity is spun out! Your divine Christ is gone. We have not seen a trace of His miracle-working hand, nor of that voice which no man could rival.” Here is our answer, we are not standing gazing up into heaven. We are not paralyzed because Jesus is away. He lives, the great Redeemer lives, and though it is our delight to lift up our eyes because

we expect His coming, it is equally our delight to turn our heavenly gazing into an earthward watching, and to go down into the city, and there to tell that Jesus is risen, that men are to be saved by faith in Him, and that whosoever believes in Him shall have everlasting life. We are not defeated, far from it. His ascension is not a retreat, but an advance. His tarrying is not for want of power, but because of the abundance of His long-suffering. The victory is not questionable. All things work for it, all the hosts of God are mustering for the final charge. This same Jesus is mounting His white horse to lead forth the armies of heaven, conquering and to conquer.

III. Our third point is this, THE GREAT PRACTICAL TRUTH.

This truth is not one that is to keep us gazing into heaven, but one that is to make each of us go to his house to render earnest service. What is it?

Why, first, that *Jesus is gone into heaven*. Jesus is gone! Jesus is gone! It sounds like a knell. Jesus is taken up from you into heaven!—that sounds like a marriage peal. He is gone, but He is gone up to the hills whence He can survey the battle—up to the throne, from which He can send us succor. The reserve forces of the omnipotent stood waiting till their Captain came, and now that He is come into the center of the universe, He can send legions of angels, or He can raise up hosts of men for the help of His cause. I see every reason for going down into the world and getting to work, for He is gone up into heaven and “all power is given unto him in heaven and in earth.” Is not that a good argument—“Go you *therefore* and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost”?

Jesus will come again. That is another reason for girding our loins, because it is clear that He has not quit the fight, nor deserted the field of battle. Our great Captain is still heading the conflict, He has ridden into another part of the field, but He will be back again, perhaps in the twinkling of an eye. You do not say that a commander has given up the campaign because it is expedient that he should withdraw from your part of the field. Our Lord is doing the best thing for His kingdom in going away.

It was in the highest degree expedient that He should go, and that we should each one receive the Spirit. There is a blessed unity between Christ the King and the most common soldier in the ranks. He has not taken His heart from us, nor His care from us, nor His interest from us—He is bound up heart and soul with His people, and their holy warfare, and this is the evidence of it, “Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as His work shall be.”

Then, moreover, we are told in the text—and this is a reason why we should get to our work—that *He is coming in like manner as He departed*. Certain of the commentators do not seem to understand English at all. “He which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as you have seen him go into heaven”—this, they say, relates to His spiritual coming at Pentecost. Give anybody a grain of sense, and do they not see that a spiritual coming is not a coming in the same manner in which He went up into heaven? There is an analogy, but certainly not a likeness between the two things.

Our Lord was taken up, they could see Him rise—He will come again, and “every eye shall see him.” He went up not in spirit, but in person, He will come down in person. “This same Jesus shall so come in like manner.” He went up as a matter of fact, not in poetic figure and spiritual symbol, but as a matter of fact—“This same Jesus” literally went up. “This same Jesus” will literally come again.

He will descend in clouds even as he went up in clouds and “He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth” even as He stood before. He went up to heaven unopposed—no high priests, nor scribes, nor Pharisees, nor even one of the rabble opposed His ascension, it were ridiculous to suppose that they could, and when He comes a second time none will stand against Him. His adversaries shall perish, as the fat of rams shall they melt away in His presence. When He comes He shall break rebellious nations with a rod of iron, for His force shall be irresistible in that day.

Brethren, do not let anybody spiritualize away all this from you. Jesus is coming as a matter of fact—therefore go down to your sphere of service as a matter of fact. Get to work and teach the ignorant, win the wayward, instruct the children, and everywhere tell out the sweet name of Jesus. As a matter of fact, give of your substance and don’t talk about it. As a matter of fact, consecrate your daily life to the glory of God. As a matter of fact, live wholly for your Redeemer.

Jesus is not coming in a sort of mythical, misty, hazy way, He is literally and actually coming, and He will literally and actually call upon you to give an account of your stewardship. Therefore, now, today, literally not symbolically, personally and not by deputy, go out through that portion of the world which you can reach, and preach the Gospel to every creature according as you have opportunity.

For this is what the men in white apparel meant—*be ready to meet your coming Lord*. What is the way to be ready to meet Jesus? If it is the same Jesus that went away from us who is coming, then let us be doing what He was doing before He went away. If it is the same Jesus that is coming we cannot possibly put ourselves into a posture of which He will better approve than by going about doing good. If you would meet Him with joy, serve Him with earnestness.

If the Lord Jesus Christ were to come today I should like Him to find me at my studying, praying, or preaching. Would you not like Him to find you in your Sunday school, in your class, or out there at the corner of the street preaching, or doing whatever you have the privilege of doing in His name? Would you meet your Lord in idleness? Do not think of it.

I called one day on one of our members, and she was whitening the front steps. She got up all in confusion, she said, “Oh dear, sir, I did not know you were coming today, or I would have been ready.” I replied, “Dear friend, you could not be in better trim than you are, you are doing your duty like a good housewife, and may God bless you.” She had no money to spare for a servant, and she was doing her duty by keeping the home tidy, I thought she looked more beautiful with her pail beside her than if she had been dressed according to the latest fashion.

I said to her, “When the Lord Jesus Christ comes suddenly, I hope He will find me doing as you were doing, namely, fulfilling the duty of the hour.” I want you all to get to your pails without being ashamed of them. Serve the Lord in some way or other, serve Him always, serve Him intensely, serve Him more and more. Go tomorrow and serve the Lord at the counter, or in the workshop, or in the field. Go and serve the Lord by helping the poor and the needy, the widow and the fatherless, serve Him by teaching the children, especially by endeavoring to train your own children. Go and hold a temperance meeting, and show the drunkard that there is hope for Him in Christ, or go to the midnight meeting and let the fallen woman know that Jesus can restore her.

Do what Jesus has given you the power to do, and then, you men of Britain, you will not stand gazing up into heaven, but you will wait upon the Lord in prayer, and you will receive the Spirit of God, and you will publish to all around the doctrine of “Believe and live.” Then when He comes He will say to you, “Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of your Lord.” So may His grace enable us to do. Amen.

PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—LUKE 24:49-53, ACTS 1:1-12

HYMNS FROM “OUR OWN HYMN BOOK”—47, 319, 346

Taken from The C. H. Spurgeon Collection, Version 1.0, Ages Software. Only necessary changes have been made, such as correcting spelling errors, some punctuation usage, capitalization of deity pronouns, and minimal updating of a few archaic words. The content is unabridged. Additional Bible-based resources are available at www.spurgeongems.org.