

WAY TO SHILOH

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The Sword of Damocles

DIONYSIUS the tyrant king of Syracuse, was pronounced by Damocles the flatterer, the happiest man on earth. The king, in order to convince him of his mistake, invited Damocles to a banquet, and caused him to be robed and treated as a sovereign. During the entertainment, a sword hung suspended by a single horsehair from the ceiling, over the head of Damocles; and thus was typified the happiness of a tyrant.

Unconverted sinner, behold thyself in the above picture. Thou fanciest that thou art happy. Ah! thou art woefully deceiving thyself. Thy pleasures are short in duration! Thou art clothed in borrowed garments of vanity, and art seated at the banquet table of thy pleasures, with the sword of Divine judgment suspended over thine head by a slender thread. (See Ecclesiastes 9:9, and Luke 12:16, 21.) Any moment thou mayest be cut down by the hand of death, and be hurried all unprepared before the judgment seat of Christ. Oh! be no longer blinded; but turn thine eyes upward and see thy danger. Know that thou art a sinner: "for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." (Rom. 3:23.) As a sinner thou art already condemned. The curse of God hangs over thee, and in a moment thou mayest be in hell. Turn off thine eyes from sin and self, and look unto Jesus, who is now both able and willing to save even thee if thou believest on him.

When the sinner believes in the Lord Jesus Christ, he is made by sovereign grace a king and a priest unto God. He is arrayed in "the best robe," the imputed righteousness of Christ. He is enabled by faith to sit down at the King's "banqueting" table, whereon are spread the daintiest dishes, and a feast of wine. Instead of the flaming sword of justice, the "banner" of Jesus' "love" hangs "over" his head. (Isaiah. 25:6; Luke 15:22, 23; Rev. 1:6.) Such is the royal provision made by the Jehovah of hosts for every poor and needy sinner, who by simple clinging faith, trusts in his dear Son, whose "precious blood" cleanses the vilest from all sin. May infinite love glorify itself by admitting you to the marriage-feast of glory.

By *C. H. Spurgeon*