

**FROM THE PULPIT TO THE  
PALM-BRANCH: A  
MEMORIAL OF C. H.  
SPURGEON**

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From the Pulpit to the Palm-Branch: A Memorial of C. H. Spurgeon by Arthur T. Pierson

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**ARTHUR T. PIERSON**

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The above Portrait of Mr. Spurgeon has been produced from *the last Photograph* taken at Menton, January 8, 1892. (See page 32.)

FROM THE PULPIT  
TO THE  
PALM-BRANCH.

A Memorial of  
C. H. SPURGEON.

SEQUEL TO THE SKETCH OF HIS LIFE, ENTITLED  
"From the Asher's Desk to the Tabernacle Pulpit."

INCLUDING  
THE OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE SERVICES  
IN CONNECTION WITH HIS FUNERAL.

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## PREFACE.

THIS volume, which was at first intended merely to be a report of the Memorial Services held in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, while the mortal body of its late beloved Pastor lay asleep in the Olive Wood, under the Palm Branches, has, during its preparation, been enlarged to make a place for a brief history of the last chapter in Mr. Spurgeon's faithful and fruitful earthly life. Beginning with his last appearances in his pulpit, the course of the final months, so fraught with interest, is traced through their varying events. A short account is given of the terrible illness which caused such widespread anxiety, and evoked such world-wide sympathy; of the gracious recovery granted in answer to the continued prayers of God's people; of the journey to the sunny South, and the happy months at Menton; of the entrance of the Pastor into the presence of the King; and of the memorable days thereafter.

Since this good gift, which the Giver of all good bestowed upon the Church, and upon the world, was to be taken from us, we are constrained to say that he could have gone from our midst in no better way. This is not only a matter of faith, but, having tried to imagine other methods of departure, we are compelled to fall back on God's way as the wisest and the best.

Had Mr. Spurgeon been called suddenly, we should have been so stunned by the blow as to have been scarcely able to stand upright beneath it: a waiting time was, therefore, in



mercy, granted to us, during which the forces at command were organized in such a way that, with the exactness of a machine, all worked smoothly when the terrible tidings at last came.

Had Mr. Spurgeon been taken before such marvellous solicitude was shown around his sick bed, the enemies of the truth would have blasphemed; now they are fain to be silent, seeing that, even in this life, fidelity to the truth, and faithfulness to conviction have been so greatly honoured.

Had Mr. Spurgeon passed away amid the fogs of London, we should have imagined that, had he only been permitted to live beneath bluer skies, his life would have been prolonged; now we thank God that those three bright months were added to it, and that he was able, with his beloved wife, to have such uninterrupted joy on earth, ere he passed to his reward in heaven.

Had Mr. Spurgeon ended his course in England, for a few days only would people have paused to have asked the secret of his marvellous influence; whereas, under the actual circumstances, *for twelve days* the attention of the civilized world was centred in the testimony borne, not only to the servant of God, but to the Gospel he preached, in column after column of almost every newspaper. Truly, the Lord hath done all things well!

Many years ago, in one of his sermons, published at the time, he attempted to picture the scene at his own funeral, and expressed his own desire concerning it.

"In a little while," he said, "there will be a concourse of persons in the streets. Methinks I hear some one enquiring:—"

"What are all these people waiting for?"

*Preface.*

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"Do you not know? He is to be buried to-day."

"And who is that?"

"It is Spurgeon."

"What! the man that preached at the Tabernacle?"

"Yes; he is to be buried to-day."

"That will happen very soon. And when you see my coffin carried to the silent grave, I should like every one of you, whether converted or not, to be constrained to say, 'He did earnestly urge us, in plain and simple language, not to put off the consideration of eternal things; he did entreat us to look to Christ. Now he is gone, our blood is not at his door if we perish.'"

Far more abundantly than he dared to hope have his wishes been fulfilled, and only in the day when all things shall be revealed, shall it be known how many have been turned to the Lord by the death of the man who was so greatly honoured to lead people to the feet of Jesus during his life.

Now he has left the Tabernacle pulpit for ever, and he stands amongst the great multitude who are before the throne and before the Lamb, "clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands." He is not in strange company there, for the song of those who wave the palm-branch was ever his theme as he stood in the pulpit: "Salvation to our God who sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb." *From the Pulpit to the Palm-Branch* has been for him a very natural transition. He preached Christ here; he praises Him yonder. Long ago, when the lowly Saviour was going up to Jerusalem, they "took branches of palm-trees, and went forth to meet Him, and cried 'Hosanna.'" When Charles Haddon Spurgeon, the humble servant of his

glorious Lord, was going up to the New Jerusalem, did not some of the white-robed worshippers meet him also with palm-branches? If they did, he would be the first to lay them at his Master's feet, bowing low in grateful adoration, and giving Him all the praise.

None on earth can estimate his worth. He was *the Evangelical Prophet* of his age; our modern Isaiah. Like Isaiah, he early saw "the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up;" he had his lips purged with the live coal; and when he heard the call, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for Us?" he gladly answered, "Here I am, send me." Beholding the Lord in His temple, he laid himself upon the altar, and like Isaiah, he was "very bold" to declare the Word of God. Filled with the thought of the glory of God, he lived for the good of the people; he delighted to speak of Him who "was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities;" and to invite thirsty souls to come and buy the grace of God, "without money and without price." Like Isaiah, too, he has been sawn asunder by some critics who would sever his philanthropy from his faith, not recognizing that the one was the outcome of the other, and that the same clear head and the same warm heart belonged to both.

Of this man of God, who passed away after almost fifty-eight years on earth, the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah is a full-length portrait. In the midst of the surface religion of his day, he obeyed the word, "Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and shew My people their transgression, and the house of Jacob their sins." Who more than he dealt his bread to the hungry, and brought the poor that are cast out to his house? Let the Orphanage and Alms-