

**TYPES AND EMBLEMS: BEING A
COLLECTION OF SERMONS
PREACHED ON SUNDAY AND
THURSDAY EVENINGS AT THE
METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE**

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Types and emblems: being a collection of sermons preached on Sunday and Thursday evenings at the Metropolitan Tabernacle by C. H. Spurgeon

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C. H. SPURGEON

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AT THE

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE,

v. 11

BY

C. H. SPURGEON.

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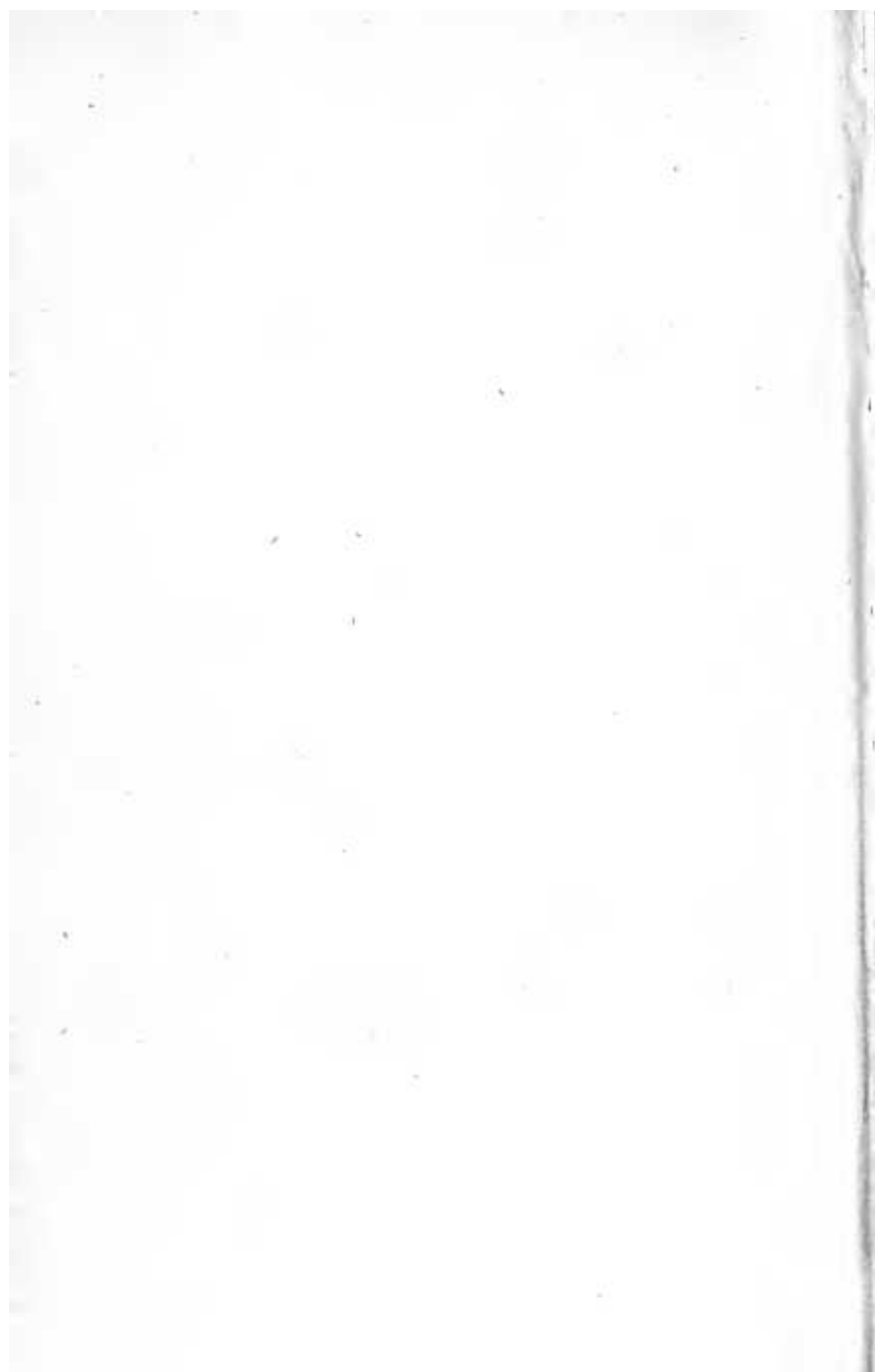
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The Star of Jacob.

"There shall come a Star out of Jacob."—NUMBERS xxiv. 17.

THIS prophecy may have some reference to David; but we feel persuaded that the true design of the Holy Spirit is to set forth an emblem of our Lord Jesus Christ. All nature, above as well as around us, is laid under contribution to set forth our Lord. All the flowers of the field and many of the beasts of the plain, and now the very orbs of heaven, are turned into metaphors and symbols by which the glory of Jesus may be manifested to us. Where God takes such pains to teach, we ought to be at pains to learn. Where he makes heaven and earth to be the pages of the book, we ought to be most ardent in our study. Oh, you who have neglected to learn of Christ, may that neglect come to an end, and may some word be spoken which shall be as the beaming of a star unto the darkness of your soul, that henceforth you may be led to know Christ, and to be found in him.

Our Lord, then, is compared to a star, and we shall have seven reasons to assign for this.

I. He is called a star **AS THE SYMBOL OF GOVERNMENT.**

You will observe how evidently it is connected with a

sceptre and with a conqueror. Jacob was to be blessed with a valiant leader who should become a triumphant sovereign. Very frequently in oriental literature their great men, and especially their great deliverers, are called stars. The star has been constantly associated with monarchy, and even in our own country we still look upon the star as one of the emblems of lofty rank. Behold, then, our Lord Jesus Christ as the Star of Jacob. He is the Captain of his people, the Leader of the Lord's hosts, the King in Jeshurun, God over all, glorious and blessed for ever!

We may say of Jesus in this respect *that he has an authority which he has inherited by right*. He made all things, and by him all things consist. It is but just that he should rule over all things. As there is not a tongue that can move in heaven or earth except by his permission, it is meet that every tongue should confess that he is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. Oh, that men were just towards the Son of God! Would that their rebellious souls would give way to the force of rectitude—that they would no longer say, "Let us break his bonds asunder, and cast his cords from us!" Unconverted men, I would that you would yield to Jesus. He has a right to you. It is through his intercession that your forfeited life is still spared. It is by his divine goodness that you are where you are to-night. Through his mediatorial sovereignty it is that you are suffered to be on praying ground and pleading terms with God. Give him his due then. Rob him not of the allegiance which he so justly claims. Give not your spirit over to that exacting tyrant who seeks to compass your destruc-

tion. Bow the knee and kiss the Son, even now, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way. Acknowledge Him to be your Lord.

Our Lord as a star *has an authority which he has valiantly won*. Wherever Christ is king he has had a great and a stern fight for it. Remember the dread conflict in Gethsemane in which he says, "I have trodden the wine press alone." When he came red with his own gore from Calvary, he had in fact there and then put to flight the hosts of Bozrah and of Edom, and stained his garments with the victor's crimson. He who, then, travelled in the greatness of his strength is mighty still to save. In every human heart where Jesus reigns he reigns through having dislodged, by the force of grace, the old tyrant who had fixed his sovereignty there. The maintenance of that sovereignty within the heart is the result of the same powerful sceptre of his love and grace. Oh, that King Jesus would put forth his power and get a throne in more hearts! Believers, do you not long to see him glorious! I know you do if you love him. You would live for this, you would die for this;—that Christ might have his own, and drive the milk-white steeds of triumph through the streets of Jerusalem, all his people bowing before him and strewing his pathway with their honors. O sinners! would to God that you would yield to him. I pray that now he may gird his sword upon his thigh, and by the power of grace constrain you to bow your willing necks to his silver sceptre. Brethren and sisters, it is a mournful fact that Christ has so small a part of the world as yet in his royal power. See, the gods of the heathen stand fast upon their pedestals. The old harlot of Rome still

flaunts in her scarlet. The crescent of Mahomed wanes, but still its baleful light is cast athwart the nations. Why tarries he? Perhaps his finger is on the latch; it may be that he will come ere long.—Come quickly Lord! our yearning hearts beseech thee to come! Meanwhile, it is for you and for me to be fighting, each soldier in his rank, each man standing in his place, as his master has bidden him, contending with heart and soul and strength for the right and for the true, for faith, for holiness, for the cross, and all that that cross indicates among the sons of men. Blessed Star of Jacob! Thou shinest with no borrowed rays; thou shinest with a mysterious power which none gave to thee, for it is inherently thine own.

Before we leave this point, I will only say this kingdom of Christ, *wherever it is, is most beneficent*. Wherever this star of government shines, its rays scatter blessing. Jesus is no tyrant. He rules not by oppression. The force he uses is the force of love. There was never a subject of Christ's kingdom that complained of him. Those who have served him most have longed to serve him more. Why, even his poor martyrs in the catacombs of Rome, dying of starvation, or dragged up to the Colosseum to be devoured by wild beasts, never said an ill word of him. Certainly if it was hard to any it seemed to be hard to them; but the more they were troubled the more they rejoiced, and there never were sweeter songs than those which came from dying lips when men were crackling on the faggot, or being dragged limb from limb at the heels of wild horses, or being sawn asunder. Just in proportion as the bodily pains became acute, the spiritual joy