

Christ Before the Gates of Hell

By

Rev. H. P. Robinson

Text: “. . . *not my will, but thine be done . . .*” (Luke 22:42).

[Editor's Note: I thought it would be interesting to put up some of Rev. Robinson's sermons in original form. Most of them are not in good enough shape to scan like this, but this one works well as a scan. You will see typos and misspelled words and notes penciled in, some of which are illegible. Although he typed many of his sermons, the typewriter he used was quite primitive and makes the copy hard to read, especially with the aging of the paper, but it does give you a glimpse into his sermon preparation and delivery. Enjoy.]

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The new in the old contained, the old is in the new explained.

The new is in the old concealed, the old is in the new revealed.

Among the most striking types of Christ in the entire Levitical order is the Two Goats that were brought before the priest on the great day of Atonement.

Lots were cast. One goat was to die and the other was to be the scape goat. On the scape goat was confessed all of the sins, transgressions and iniquities of the people. This goat was carried into an unhabited land, bearing the sins of the people. Thus an innocent victim had to take into his body all the sins of another and be isolated because of it. Out among the rocky waste, living alone, cursed by the sins of another, the scape goat was a type of Christ.

Each of the types of Christ in the old Testament is revealed in some aspect of His suffering and death, or in some aspect of His character.

As Jesus neared the last terrible days of His life on earth, the approaching cross threw its ominous shadow across His path.

Jesus had not been a sad and forlorn person all of His life. His, had been the joy of always being conscious that he was doing the perfect will of God.

But as he neared the final stage of His journey a different atmosphere seemed to drape around him.

In the room of the last supper he had sung an hymn with His disciples. As he left the room and started for the garden His whole attitude changed. He began suddenly to feel the weight of approaching sorrow as never before. (across the Brook.)

Soon the disciples were asleep. But on the battlefield of the soul of Jesus, the battle of the ages

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of ages had begun in earnest. The Gates of Hell loomed up before him. He had to enter into a relationship to hell, God and sin that threatened to crush out his life.

All the pent up wrath and contempt of God for sin for thousands of years was rolling at His feet. The black billows of all the sins transgressions and iniquities of all time was rolling over His soul like a mighty tempest.

Out of that blackness and night he could see a hand reaching out a cup to him. He seemed to start back from it and let out an unearthly scream that rent the night.

Up from His knees he rose and ran to His sleeping disciples. Backward and forward he ran.

He threw himself down again and prayed as before. His prayer was not that he might deviate from His Father's will, but He is asking God if it is possible that there might be some other way. Without the cup.

The cup cannot be the cross. It cannot be the physical torture waiting him. That will soon be over. But here is something involved here that causes him to sweat great drops of blood.

A few cases of faintness of body and intense pain have produced a reddish sweat, but never great drops. This was coming from faintness of soul. It was the soul letting out the expression of horrible pain in great drops of blood.

But none of the ransomed ever knew. Lord whence are these blood drops along the way. Yet although . Thunder riven.

This strange suffering was without the narrow of the sinless Christ for a few terrible hours becoming sin for every man. He must bear in His own body on the tree. He must be cut off from the land of the living. He must bear the curse for all men.

Out across the Black brook h e went, to the place of constance prayer. He had gone there again and again. He knew that Judas would seek him there and he wanted to make it convenient for his enemies to carry out their diabolical scheme.

This garden of prayer was a familiar place to all his disciples. There was not hardly a turf of grass that had not felt the pressure of His knees in prayer. Those gnarled and twisted olive trees knew him well.

As they left the light of the room and entered the shadows of Gethsemane. The night seemed to be filled with ten thousand demons. All of the powers of darkest hell seemed to be arrayed against the son of God now. The pale April moon cast its silvery rays down through the broken olive bows to fall upon the moving forms of Jesus and His disciples.

In muffled voices he tells eight to stop at the gate. Three he takes a little farther. Then he stops and with a few swift remarks he leaves them and rushes himself a little farther.

All of His past experiences he had met with the calm and serenity that belongs to a God. There is a new and strange experience encrouched upon him. For the first time he seems to be a little frustrated.

It is truly an hour into which he is entering that is black with sorrow and groaning with suffering.

Can it be that the physical suffering of the cross is causing him this dismay?

Martyrs have died with a smile on their lips, and a shout of victory in their dying words. Polycarp died rejoicing. Eleven ministers in Belgium. No this mu st be something different.

He fell on His face. Seems to suggest a prostration of body. He began to pray.

The sermon ends here. We can only imagine the direction this sermon took at this point.
Rev. Robinson often wrote out a manuscript like this which appears to have helped him set the stage for an extemporaneous and inspired conclusion.