

WHY ARE MEN SAVED?

NO. 115

A SERMON
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“Nevertheless he saved them for his name’s sake.”
Psalm 106:8

IN looking upon the works of God in creation, there are two questions which at once occur to the thoughtful mind and which must be answered before we can procure a clue to the philosophy and science of creation itself. The first one is the question of authorship—Who made all these things? And the next question is that of design—For what purpose were all these things created?

The first question, “Who made all these things?” is one which is easily answered by a man who has an honest conscience and a sane mind, for when he lifts his eyes up yonder to read the stars, he will see those stars spell out in golden letters this word—*God*. And when he looks below upon the waves, if his ears are honestly opened, he will hear each wave proclaiming, *God*. If he looks to the summits of the mountains, they will not speak, but with a dignified answer of silence they seem to say,

“The hand that made us is Divine.”

If we listen to the rippling of the freshet at the mountainside, to the tumbling of the avalanche, to the lowing of the cattle, to the singing of the birds, to every voice and sound of nature, we shall hear this answer to the question, “God is our maker; he hath made us, and not we ourselves.”

The next question, as to design—Why were these things made?—is not so easy to answer, apart from Scripture. But when we look at Scripture, we discover this fact—that as the answer to the first question is God, so the answer to the second question is the same. Why were these things made? The answer is, for God’s glory, for His honor, and for His pleasure.

No other answer can be consistent with reason. Whatever other replies men may propound, no other can be really sound. If they will for one moment consider that there was a time when God had no creatures—when He dwelt alone, the mighty Maker of ages, glorious in an uncreated solitude, divine in His eternal loneliness, “I am and there is none beside me”—can anyone answer this question—Why did God make creatures to exist?—in any other way than by answering it thus, “He made them for His own pleasure and for His own glory.”

You may say He made them for His creatures. But we answer, there were then no creatures to make them for. We admit that the answer may be a sound one *now*. God makes the harvest for His creatures. He hangs the sun in the firmament to bless His creatures with light and sunshine. He bids the moon walk in her course by night, to cheer the darkness of His creatures upon earth. But the first answer, going back to the origin of all things, can be nothing else than this, “For his pleasure they are and were created.” “He made all things for himself and by himself.”

Now, this which holds good in the works of creation, holds equally good in the works of salvation. Lift up your eyes on high—higher than those stars which glimmer on the floor of heaven. Look up, where spirits in white, clearer than light, shine like stars in their magnificence. Look there, where the redeemed with their choral symphonies “circle the throne of God rejoicing,” and put this question, “Who saved those glorified beings and for what purpose were they saved?” We tell you that the same answer must be given as we have previously given to the former question, “*he saved them—he saved them for*

his name's sake." The text is an answer to the two great questions concerning salvation—Who saved men and why are they saved? "He saved them for his name's sake."

Into this subject I shall endeavor to look this morning. May God make it profitable to each of us and may we be found among the number who shall be saved "for his name's sake." Treating the text verbally—and that is the way most will understand—here are four things. First, *a glorious Savior*, "he saved them." Secondly, *a favored people*, "he saved them." Thirdly, *a divine reason why he saved them*, "for his name's sake." And fourthly, *an obstruction conquered*, in the word "nevertheless," implying that there was some difficulty that was removed. "Nevertheless he saved them for his name's sake." A Savior. The saved. The reason. The obstruction removed.

I. First, then, here is A GLORIOUS SAVIOR, "*He saved them.*"

Who is to be understood by that pronoun "He"? Possibly many of my hearers may answer, "Why, the Lord Jesus Christ is the Savior of men." Right, my friends. But not all the truth. Jesus Christ is the Savior, but not more so than God the Father or God the Holy Ghost. Some persons who are ignorant of the system of divine truth think of God the Father as being a great Being full of wrath, and anger, and justice, but having no love. They think of God the Spirit perhaps as a mere influence proceeding from the Father and the Son. Now nothing can be more incorrect than such opinions.

It is true the Son redeems me, but then the Father gave the Son to die for me, and the Father chose me in the everlasting election of His grace. The Father blots out my sin, the Father accepts me and adopts me into His family through Christ. The Son could not save without the Father any more than the Father without the Son.

And as for the Holy Spirit, if the Son redeems, don't you know that the Holy Ghost regenerates? It is He that makes us new creatures in Christ, who begets us again unto a lively hope, who purifies our soul, who sanctifies our spirit, and who, at last, presents us spotless and faultless before the throne of the Most High, accepted in the Beloved.

When you say, "Savior," remember there is a Trinity in that word—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost—this Savior being three persons under one name. You cannot be saved by the Son without the Father, nor by the Father without the Son, nor by Father and Son without the Spirit. But as they are one in creation, so are they one in salvation, working together in one God for our salvation, and unto that God be glory everlasting, world without end. Amen.

But note here, how this divine Being claims salvation wholly to Himself. "Nevertheless HE saved them." But Moses, where are you? Did you not save them, Moses? You did stretch the rod over the sea and it clave in halves. You did lift up your prayer to heaven, and the frogs came, and the flies swarmed, and the water was turned into blood, and the hail smote the land of Egypt. Were not you their Savior, Moses?

And you Aaron, you did offer the bullocks which God accepted. You did lead them, with Moses, through the wilderness. Were not you their Savior? They answer, "Nay, we were the instruments, but *He* saved them. God made use of us, but unto His name be all the glory and none unto ourselves."

But Israel, you defeated a strong and mighty people—did not you save yourself? Perhaps it was by your own holiness that the Red Sea was dried up. Perhaps the parted floods were frightened at the piety of the saints that stood upon their margin. Perhaps it was Israel that delivered itself. Nay, nay, says God's Word. *He* saved them.

They did not save themselves, nor did their fellow men redeem them. And yet, mark you, there are some who dispute this point—who think that men save themselves, or at least, that priests and preachers can help to do it. We say that the preacher, under God, may be the instrument of arresting man's attention, of warning him, and arousing him. But the preacher is nothing. God is everything. The most mighty eloquence that ever distilled from the lips of seraphic preacher is nothing apart from God's Holy Spirit. Neither Paul, nor Apollos, nor Cephas, are anything—God gave the increase and God must have all the glory.

There are some we meet with here and there who say, “I am Mr. So and so’s convert. I am a convert of the Reverend Dr. This or that.” Well, if you are, sir, I cannot give you much hope of heaven. Only God’s converts go there. Not proselytes of man, but the redeemed of the Lord. Oh, it is very little to convert a man to our own opinions—it is really something to be the means of converting him to the Lord our God.

I had a letter some time ago from a good Baptist minister in Ireland, who very much wanted me to come over to Ireland, as he said, to represent the Baptist interest, because it was low there, and perhaps it might lead the people to think a little more of Baptists. I told him I would not go across the street merely to do that, much less would I cross the Irish Channel. I should not think of going to Ireland for that.

But if I might go there to make Christians, under God, and be the means of bringing men to Christ, I would leave it to them what they would be afterwards and trust to God’s Holy Spirit to direct and guide them as to what denomination they should consider nearest akin to God’s truth.

Brethren, I might make all of you Baptists, perhaps, and yet you would be none the better for it. I might convert you all in that way, but such a conversion would be that you would be washed to greater stains, converted into hypocrites and not into saints.

I have seen something of wholesale conversions. Great revivalists have risen up. They have preached thundering sermons that have made men’s knees knock together. “What a wonderful man!” people have said. “He has converted so many under one sermon.” But look for his converts in a month and where will they be?

You will see some of them in the alehouse, you will hear others of them swear, you will find many of them rogues, and cheats, because they were not God’s converts but only man’s. Brethren, if the work is done at all, it must be done of God, for if God do not convert there is nothing done that shall last and nothing that shall be of any avail for eternity.

But some reply, “Well, sir, but men convert themselves.” Yes, they do and a fine conversion it is. Very frequently they convert themselves. But then that which man did, man undoes. He who converts himself one day, unconverts himself the next. He ties a knot which his own fingers can loosen. Remember this—you may convert yourselves a dozen times over, but “that which is born of the flesh is flesh” and “cannot see the kingdom of God.” It is only “that which is born of the Spirit” that “is Spirit,” and is therefore able to be gathered at last into the spirit-realm, where only spiritual things can be found before the throne of the Most High.

We must reserve this prerogative wholly to God. If any man state that God is not Creator, we call him infidel. But if any man entrench upon this doctrine, that God is the absolute Maker of all things—we hiss him down in a moment. But he is an infidel of the worst kind, because more specious, who puts God out of the mercy throne, instead of putting Him out of the creation throne, and who tells men that they may convert themselves, whereas God does it all. “*He*” only, the great JEHOVAH—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—and “he saved them for his name’s sake.”

Thus have I endeavored to set out clearly the first truth of the divine and glorious Savior.

II. Now, secondly, THE FAVORED PERSONS, “He saved *them*.”

Who are they? You will reply, “They were the most respectable people that could be found in the world. They were a very prayerful, loving, holy, and deserving people. And therefore, because they were good He saved them.”

Very well, that is your opinion—I will tell you what Moses says, “Our fathers understood not thy wonders in Egypt; they remembered not the multitudes of thy mercies; but provoked him at the sea, even at the Red Sea. Nevertheless he saved them.” Look at the seventh verse and you will have their character.

In the first place, they were a stupid people, “Our fathers understood not thy wonders in Egypt.” In the next place, they were an ungrateful people, “They remembered not the multitude of thy mercies.” In the third place, they were a provoking people, “They provoked him at the sea, even at the Red Sea.” Ah,

these are the people whom free grace saves, these are the men and these the women whom the God of all grace condescends to take to His bosom and to make anew.

Note, first, *that they were a stupid people*. God sends His Gospel not always to the wise and prudent, but unto fools—

*“He takes the fool and makes him know
The wonders of His dying love.”*

Do not suppose, my hearer, because you are very unlettered and can scarcely read—do not imagine, because you have always been brought up in extreme ignorance and have scarcely learnt to spell your name, that therefore you cannot be saved. God’s grace can save you and then enlighten you.

A brother minister once told me a story of a man who was known in a certain village as a simpleton and was always considered to be soft in the head. No one thought he could ever understand anything. But one day he came to hear the Gospel preached. He had been a drunken fellow, having wit enough to be wicked, which is a very common kind of wit.

The Lord was pleased to bless the Word to his soul, so that he became a changed character. And what was the marvel of all was his religion gave him a something which began to develop his latent faculties. He found he had something to live for and he began to try what he could do.

In the first place, he wanted to read his Bible, that he might read his Savior’s name. And after much hammering and spelling away, at last he was able to read a chapter. Then he was asked to pray at a prayer meeting. Here was an exercise of his vocal powers. Five or six words made up his prayer and down he sat.

But by continually praying in his own family at home, he came to pray like the rest of the brethren, and he went on till he became a preacher, and singularly enough, he had a fluency—a depth of understanding and a power of thought, such as are seldom found among ministers who only occasionally occupy pulpits.

Strange it was, that grace should even tend to develop his natural powers, giving him an object, setting him devoutly and firmly upon it, and so bringing out all his resources that they were fully shown. Ah, ignorant ones, you need not despair. He saved them. Not for *their* sakes—there was nothing in them why they should be saved. He saved them, not for their wisdom’s sake, but ignorant though they were, understanding not the meaning of His miracles, “He saved them for his name’s sake.”

Note, again, *they were a very ungrateful people* and yet He saved them. He delivered them times without number and worked for them mighty miracles, but they still rebelled. Ah, that is like you, my hearer. You have had many deliverances from the borders of the grave. God has given you house and food day after day, and provided for you, and kept you to this hour. But how ungrateful you have been! As Isaiah said, “The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master’s crib; but my people do not know, Israel doth not consider.”

How many there are of this character, who have favors from God, the history of which they could not give in a year, but yet what have they ever done for Him? They would not keep a horse that did not work for them, nor as much as a dog that would not notice them. But here is God. He has kept them day by day, and they have done a great deal against Him, but they have done nothing for Him.

He has put the bread into their very mouths, nurtured them, and sustained their strength, and they have spent their strength in defying Him, in cursing his name and breaking His Sabbath. “Nevertheless he saved them.” Some of this sort have been saved—I hope I have some here now who will be saved by conquering grace, made new men by the mighty power of God’s Spirit. “Nevertheless he saved them.” When there was nothing to recommend them, but every reason why they should be cast away for their ingratitude, “Nevertheless he saved them.”

And note, once more, *they were a provoking people*, “They provoked him at the sea, even at the Red Sea.” Ah! how many people there are in this world who are a provoking people to God! If God were like

man, who among us would be here today? If we are provoked once or twice, up goes the hand. With some men their passion stirs at the very first offense. Others, who are somewhat more placid will bear offense after offense, till at last they say, “There is an end to everything and I can bear that no longer. You must stay it or else I must stay you!”

Ah! if God had that temper, where should we be? Well might He say, “My thoughts are not as your thoughts. I am God, I change not, or else you sons of Jacob had been consumed.” They were a provoking people, “Nevertheless he saved them.” Have you provoked Him? Take heart. If you repent, God has promised to save you. And what is more, He may this morning give you repentance and even give you remission of sins—for He saves provoking people for his name’s sake.

I hear one of my hearers say, “Well, sir, that is encouraging sin with a vengeance!” Is it, indeed, sir! Why? “Because you are talking to the very worst of men, and you are saying that they may yet be saved.” Pray, sirs, when I spoke to the worst of men, did I speak to *you* or not? You say, “No. I am one of the most respectable and best of men.”

Well then, sir, I have no need to preach to you, for you think you do not need any. “The whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick.” But these poor people, whom you say I am encouraging in sin, need to be spoken to. I will leave you. Good morning to you! You keep to your own gospel and I wonder whether you will find your way to heaven by it. Nay, I do not wonder—I know you will not, unless you are brought as a poor sinner to take Christ at His Word and be saved for His name’s sake. But I say farewell to you and I will keep on in my course.

But why did you say I encourage men in sin? I encourage them to turn from it. I did not say He saved the provoking people and then let them still provoke Him as they had done before. I did not say He saved the wicked people and then let them sin as they did before. But you know the meaning of the word “saved.” I explained it the other morning.

The word “saved” does not mean merely taking men to heaven—it means more—it means saving them from their sin. It means giving them a new heart, new spirits, new lives. It means making them into new men. Is there anything licentious in saying that Christ takes the worst of men to make them into saints? If there be, I cannot see it. I only wish He would take the worst of this congregation and make them into the saints of the living God and then there would be far less licentiousness.

Sinner, I comfort you. Not in your sin, but in your repentance. Sinner, the saints of heaven were once as bad as you have been. Are you a drunkard, a swearer, an unclean person? “Such were some of them. But they have been washed—but they have been sanctified.”

Is your robe black? Ask them whether their robes were ever black? They will tell you, “Yes, we have washed our robes.” If they had been black, they would not have wanted washing. “We have washed our robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.” Then, sinner, if they were black, and were saved, why not yourself?

*“Are not His mercies rich and free?
Then say, my soul, why not for thee?
Our Jesus died upon the tree,
Then why, my soul, why not for thee?”*

Take heart, penitents—God will have mercy on you. “Nevertheless he saved them for his name’s sake.”

III. Now we come to the third point—THE REASON OF SALVATION, “He saved them for his name’s sake.”

There is no other reason why God should save a man, but for his name’s sake. There is nothing in a sinner which can entitle him to salvation or recommend him to mercy. It must be God’s own heart which must dictate the motive why men are to be saved. One person says, “God will save me, because I am so upright.” Sir, He will do no such thing.

Says another, “God will save me, because I am so talented.” Sir, he will not. *Your talent!* Why you driveling, self-conceited idiot—your talent is nothing compared with that of the angel that once stood before the throne, and sinned, and who now is cast into the bottomless pit forever! If He would save men for their talent, He would have saved Satan, for he had talents enough.

As for your morality and goodness, it is but filthy rags and He will never save you for aught you do. None of us would ever be saved if God expected anything of us—we must be saved purely and solely for reasons connected with Himself and lying in His own bosom. Blessed be His name, He saves us for “his name’s sake.”

What does that mean? I think it means this—the name of God is His person, His attributes, and His nature. For His nature’s sake, for His very attributes’ sake, He saved men. And perhaps, we may include this also, “My name is in him”—that is, in Christ. He saves us for the sake of Christ, who is the name of God. And what does that mean? I think it means this—

He saved them, first, that He might manifest His nature. God was all love and He wanted to manifest it. He did show it when He made the sun, the moon, and the stars, and scattered flowers o’er the green and laughing earth. He did show His love when He made the air balmy to the body and the sunshine cheering to the eye. He gives us warmth even in winter, by the clothing and by the fuel which He has stored in the heart of the earth.

But He wanted to reveal Himself still more. “How can I show them that I love them with all My infinite heart? I will give My Son to die to save the very worst of them and so I will manifest My nature.” And God has done it—He has manifested His power, His justice, His love, His faithfulness, and His truth. He has manifested His whole self on the great platform of salvation. It was, so to speak, the balcony on which God stepped to show Himself to man—the balcony of salvation—here it is He manifests Himself by saving men’s souls.

He did it, again, to vindicate His name. Some say God is cruel. They wickedly call Him tyrant. “Ah!” says God, “but I will save the worst of sinners and vindicate My name. I will blot out the stigma. I will remove the slur. They shall not be able to say that, unless they are filthy liars, for I will be abundantly merciful. I will take away this stain and they shall see that My great name is a name of love.”

And said He, again, “I will do this for My name’s sake, that is, to make these people love My name. I know if I take the best of men and save them, they will love My name. But if I take the worst of men, oh, how they will love Me! If I go and take some of the offscouring of the earth and make them My children, oh, how they will love Me! Then they will cleave to My name—they will think it more sweet than music. It will be more precious to them than the spikenard of the Eastern merchants. They will value it as gold, yea, as much fine gold. The man who loves Me best is the man who has most sins forgiven—he owes much, therefore he will love much.”

This is the reason why God often selects the worst of men to make them His. Says an old writer, “All the carvings of heaven were made out of knots—the temple of God, the King of heaven, is a cedar one, but the cedars were all knotty trees before He cut them down.” He chose the worst, that He might display His workmanship and His skill, to make unto Himself a name. As it is written, “It shall be unto me for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.”

Now, dear hearers, of whatever class you are, here is something I have to offer well worthy of your consideration, namely—that if saved, we are saved for the sake of God, for His name’s sake, and not for our own.

Now this puts all men on a level with regard to salvation. Suppose that in coming into this garden, the rule had been that everyone must make mention of my name as the key of admittance? The law is that no man is to be admitted for his rank or title, but only by the use of a certain name.

Up comes a lord. He makes use of the name and comes in. Up comes a beggar, all in patches. He makes use of the name—the law says it is only the use of the name that will admit you—he makes use of it and he enters, for there is no distinction. So, my lady, if you come, with all your morality, you must make use of his name.

If you come, poor filthy inhabitant of a cellar or a garret, and make use of His name, the doors will fly wide open, for there is salvation for every one who makes mention of the name of Christ, and for none other. This pulls down the pride of the moralist, abases the self-exaltation of the self-righteous, and puts us all, as guilty sinners, on an equal footing before God to receive mercy at His hands. “For his name’s sake,” and for that reason alone.

IV. I have detained you too long. Let me close by noticing obstacles removed, in the word “nevertheless.” I shall do that in somewhat of an interesting form, by way of parable.

Once upon a time, Mercy sat upon her snow-white throne, surrounded by the troops of love. A sinner was brought before her, whom Mercy designed to save. The herald blew the trumpet, and after three blasts thereof, with a loud voice, he said, “O heaven, and earth, and hell, I summon you this day to come before the throne of Mercy, to tell why this sinner should not be saved.”

There stood the sinner trembling with fear. He knew that there were multitudes of opponents, who would press into the hall of Mercy, and with eyes full of wrath, would say, “He must not and he shall not escape. He must be lost!” The trumpet was blown and Mercy sat placidly on her throne until there stepped in one with a fiery countenance. His head was covered with light, he spoke with a voice like thunder and out of his eyes flashed lightning!

“Who are you?” said Mercy. He replied, “I am Law. The law of God.” “And what have you to say?” “I have this to say,” and he lifted up a stony tablet, written on both sides. “These ten commands, this wretch has broken. My demand is blood, for it is written, ‘The soul that sinneth it shall die.’ Die he, or justice must.”

The wretch trembles, his knees knock together, the marrow of his bones melts within him, as if they were ice dissolved by fire and he shakes with very fright. Already he thought he saw the thunderbolt launched at him, he saw the lightning penetrate into his soul, hell yawned before him in imagination, and he thought himself cast away forever.

But Mercy smiled and said, “Law, I will answer you. This wretch deserves to die. Justice demands that he should perish—I award you your claim.” And oh! how the sinner trembles. “But there is one yonder who has come with me today, my King, my Lord. His name is Jesus. He will tell you how the debt can be paid and the sinner can go free.”

Then Jesus spake and said, “O Mercy, I will do your bidding. Take Me Law. Put Me in a garden. Make Me sweat drops of blood. Then nail me to a tree, scourge my back before you put me to death. Hang me on the cross. Let blood run from my hands and feet. Let me descend into the grave. Let me pay all the sinner owes. I will die in his stead.”

And the law went out and scourged the Savior, nailed Him to the cross, and coming back with his face all bright with satisfaction, stood again at the throne of Mercy, and Mercy said, “Law, what have you now to say?” “Nothing,” he said, “fair angel, nothing.” “What! Not one of these commands against him?” “No, not one. Jesus, his substitute, has kept them all—has paid the penalty for his disobedience, and now, instead of his condemnation, I demand as a debt of justice that he be acquitted.”

“Stand you here,” said Mercy, “sit on my throne. I and you together will now send forth another summons.” The trumpet rang again. “Come hither, all you who have aught to say against this sinner, why he should not be acquitted.”

And up comes another—one who often troubled the sinner—one who had a voice not so loud as that of the law, but still piercing and thrilling—a voice whose whispers were like the cuttings of a dagger. “Who are you?” says Mercy. “I am Conscience. This sinner must be punished. He has done so much against the law of God that he must be punished. I demand it. And I will give him no rest till he is punished, nor even then, for I will follow him even to the grave and persecute him after death with unutterable pangs.”

“Nay,” said Mercy, “hear me,” and while he paused for a moment, she took a bunch of hyssop and sprinkled Conscience with the blood, saying, “Hear me, Conscience, ‘The blood of Jesus Christ, God’s Son, cleanses us from all sin.’ Now have you aught to say?” “No,” said Conscience, “nothing.”

***“Covered is his unrighteousness;
From condemnation he is free.’***

“Henceforth I will not grieve him. I will be a good conscience unto him, through the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

The trumpet rang a third time and growling from the innermost vaults, up there came a grim black fiend, with hate in his eyes and hellish majesty on his brows. He is asked, “Have you anything against that sinner?” “Yes,” he said, “I have. He has made a league with hell and a covenant with the grave, and here it is signed with his own hand. He asked God to destroy his soul in a drunken fit and vowed he would never turn to God. See, here is his covenant with hell!”

“Let us look at it,” said Mercy. And it was handed up, whilst the grim fiend looked at the sinner and pierced him through with his black looks. “Ah! but,” said Mercy, “this man had no right to sign the deed. A man must not sign away another’s property. This man was bought and paid for long beforehand. He is not his own. The covenant with death is disannulled and the league with hell is rent in pieces. Go your way Satan.”

“Nay,” said he, howling again, “I have something else to say—that man was always my friend. He listened ever to my insinuations. He scoffed at the Gospel, he scorned the Majesty of heaven. Is he to be pardoned whilst I repair to my hellish den, forever to bear the penalty of guilt?” Said Mercy, “Avaunt, you fiend. These things he did in the days of his unregeneracy. But this word ‘nevertheless’ blots them out. Go to your hell—take this for another lash upon yourself—the sinner shall be pardoned, but you—never, treacherous fiend!”

And then Mercy, smilingly turning to the sinner, said, “Sinner, the trumpet must be blown for the last time!” Again it was blown and no one answered. Then the sinner stood up and Mercy said, “Sinner ask yourself the question—ask you of heaven, of earth, of hell—whether any can condemn you?” And the sinner stood up and with a bold loud voice said, “Who shall lay anything to the charge of God’s elect?”

And he looked into hell, and Satan lay there, biting his iron bonds. And he looked on earth, and earth was silent. And in the majesty of faith the sinner did even climb to heaven itself, and he said, “Who shall lay anything to the charge of God’s elect? God?” And the answer came, “No. He justifies.” “Christ?” Sweetly it was whispered, “No. He died.”

Then turning round, the sinner joyfully exclaimed, “Who shall separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord?” And the once-condemned sinner came back to Mercy. Prostrate at her feet he lay and vowed henceforth to be hers forever, if she would keep him to the end, and make him what she would desire him to be. Then no longer did the trumpet ring, but angels rejoiced and heaven was glad, for the sinner was saved.

Thus, you see, I have what is called, dramatized the thing. But I don’t care what it is called. It is a way of arresting the ear, when nothing else will. “Nevertheless.” There is the obstruction taken away! Sinner, whatever is the “nevertheless,” it shall never the less abate the Savior’s love. Not the less shall it ever make it, but it shall remain the same.

***“Come, guilty soul, and flee away
To Christ and heal thy wounds;
This is the glorious Gospel-day,
Wherein free grace abounds.
Come to Jesus, sinner, come.”***

On your knee weep out a sorrowful confession. Look to His cross and see the Substitute. Believe and live. You almost demons, you that have gone farthest in sin, now, Jesus says, “If you know your need of Me, turn unto Me, and I will have mercy upon you, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon.”

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