

Arrows
shot at a
Venture.

NARRATIVE
TRACTS.

“MIGHTY
TO
SAVE.”

BY GEORGE BREALEY.

THE FLOODS COMPASSED ME ABOUT :
ALL THY BILLOWS AND THY WAVES PASSED OVER ME.

Jonah ii. 3.

LONDON: MORGAN AND SCOTT.

And may be ordered of any Bookseller.

ARROWS SHOT AT A
VENTURE.

1. THE BRIDGE OF LOVE.
2. A LIFE-BELT FOR SINKING SOULS.
3. NANNY AND HER BURDEN.
4. "MIGHTY TO SAVE."
5. THE SHIPWRECK.
6. LAW AND MERCY.
7. TAKEN AT HIS WORD.
8. THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

37131 039 920 962



“Mighty to Save.”



HERE are many pleasant places on the north coast of Devon, which in the summer time are the favourite resorts of those who seek health and recreation amid the picturesque and attractive scenery with which this part of England abounds. Here the billows sweep in almost uninterruptedly from the broad Atlantic ; the black, rugged rocks,

worn into a thousand fantastic shapes by the ceaseless warfare of the waves, stand up as silent sentinels to mark the dominion of the sea. And whether the storms of winter rage in all their fury, or the waves wander listlessly along the pebbly beach in the calm of a summer day, the scene is one that must awaken, even in the hearts of the thoughtless, some new ideas of the power, the majesty, and the glory of the great Creator.

At one of these sea-side villages, some years ago, two young men were spending their holiday. Among other amusements, they were very fond of bathing, and one of them was an excellent swimmer. While

they were thus engaged on a sunny morning, the one who was not able to swim so well as his companion, when far out in the deep water, was seized with cramp, and cried out for help. As quickly as possible his friend went to his assistance; but incautiously approaching too near, the drowning man grasped him so firmly, that, after a short struggle, they both went down together, and were drowned. When the bodies were brought up from their watery grave, they were fast locked together in death.

That friend's was not a mighty arm; he was not mighty to save. There was love, but not the power. He ventured his life

to save his friend from death, but death vanquished both.

Now we are just in the position of that drowning man, so long as we remain in sin. We are hourly in danger of sinking into perdition, where the billows of the wrath of God will roll over our heads. Sin has seized us like a cramp. It has paralyzed our life and our heart. We cannot save ourselves, and our friends cannot help us. We look around in vain for succour. We cry aloud for help; but every cry is more despairing; we are sinking deeper.

We are becoming unconscious that we are drowning. Those pleasant visions

which are said to steal over the minds of men when they are drowning, are lulling our consciences to rest; but it is a false peace, and unless we can be instantly rescued we shall awaken by-and-by and find that we are lost!

But stay a moment; I wish to call your attention to another scene.

On a dark tempestuous night a company of men were crossing a lake in a small fishing-boat. They laboured hard at the oars, but made little headway; and the boat was tossed about on the waves, for the wind was contrary. They had started on their voyage in the evening; they had

been rowing all night ; already the dawn was beginning to rise in the east, and they had not yet reached the shore. But first one and then another observed a white misty cloud, that seemed to be approaching them ; they watched it a few moments in silence, until, as it drew nearer, and the outline of a human form became visible, they cried out for fear, and said, It is a spirit !

But hark ! a welcome, a well-known voice speaks to them across the water : " It is I ; be not afraid ! " A deliverer is at hand, and those who were once desponding are now full of joy. One of them, bolder and more self-confident than the rest, cries out

immediately, “Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water. And He said, Come. And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water, to go to Jesus. But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me. AND IMMEDIATELY JESUS STRETCHED FORTH HIS HAND, AND CAUGHT HIM.”

This is the hand that is “mighty to save.” And just as Jesus Christ stretched forth His hand then to save Peter from a temporal death, so now is He able and willing to stretch out His hand to save your soul from an eternal death.

There is no time to hesitate; in a little

while you may be beyond the reach of mercy. Oh, while yet there is time, cry mightily to the Saviour, “Lord, save me!”

No human arm can save you. A man cannot atone for his own sins. How then shall he atone for the sins of another?

But thanks be to God, what we cannot do for ourselves, or our friends do for us, God Himself has done. He alone knew how great was our danger, how terrible our ruin, how hopelessly lost we were; and He alone could provide a sufficient remedy for our sins, a sufficient Saviour who could save us with such a salvation as is worthy of God.

And what was our condition? Ruin, sold under sin. (Rom. vii. 9.) What was our position? Slaves under the iron hand of Satan. (Isa. xlix. 24, 25.) What was our expectation? “No hope,” “but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries.” (Eph. ii. 12; Heb. x. 27.) Surely we need a Mighty Arm to save us from all this, and a thousand times more than this!

Now what God does He does perfectly, does righteously, so that nobody shall complain that justice has not been satisfied. Even the devil himself will not be able to say his claim on the sinner has

not been satisfied; nor will any lost sinner be able to say, "There was not a sufficient atonement made for me." No; the precious blood of Christ is a sufficient atonement for all sinners, because it is sufficient for *God*. He declares Himself well pleased, and is well pleased, with the sinner who heartily trusts in Him. (Isa. xlii. 21; Heb. xi. 6.)

But there are some persons who will not accept the Mighty Arm of God's salvation. They are like an old shopmate of mine, many years since. He made a wager to swim some dozen times across a certain river. I went with him. He swam across ten times, and then his strength

failed, and he began to sink. The water was deep. I saw his danger, and went to his rescue. But he said, “No; I will do it, or be drowned!” and he pushed away my arm when I was about to lay hold of him. He made another desperate effort, but sank, and was drowned, drowned in spite of offers to help him.

So is it with many persons who hear the Gospel. They think they can save themselves; they will have their own way; and are lost, lost for ever!

Sinner, will you believe yourself to be *lost*? Will you trust in Him who has died to save the lost? Will you accept this mighty Saviour, and be saved? or

will you reject the offer, and be lost? Which shall it be? Why have there been rivers of tears these eighteen hundred years past for the poor Jews? Because they rejected the love and tears of Jesus as He wept over them. And why will there be an eternity of weeping and gnashing of teeth in hell? Because sinners will not heed the tears of love shed over them now.

None but Jesus can tell us what the sorrows of the lost are. He tasted them, and He knows their terrible bitterness. He has tasted death; He has drunk the cup of wrath, and would not have any sinner taste one drop of it.

So He comes near to you, dear sinner. He calls, “*Come to Me ;*” He says, “*Look to Me, and be saved.*” He is able to save for ever those who come to Him.

But do not refuse to be rescued, like this shopmate of mine who was drowned ; do not delay coming till too late, as many do, and cry out in the bitterness of death, like one a short time since when dying, “*I might have been saved a year ago ; but I put it off ! I might have had peace ; but I would not ! and now I am lost ! lost !*” His last words were, “*Lost ! lost !*” as he passed away into the presence of Him whose love he had rejected.

Sinner, when death comes to you, as it

must come to every man, what do you intend to do? You may put off the thought now, but your last morning *will* come; for the last time you will awaken from natural sleep, and when your eyes close again, they will close in death.

Oh, before it is too late,

PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD!



LONDON:

MORGAN AND SCOTT, 12, PATERNOSTER
BUILDINGS, E.C.