

THE BIBLE VIEW

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"I Have a Mighty Castle"

From a story by Charles H. Spurgeon

Charles Spurgeon likened a man in his unsaved, natural estate to a man who lived in what he thought was a strong, impenetrable castle. Within it, the man hid behind its protective outer and inner moats. Beyond those deep, water-filled waterways were tall, thick walls, and further within, if an enemy could ever get beyond them were protective, fort-like dungeons.

Now the first moat that goes around the sinner's trusting place is his good works. "Ah," he says, "I am as good as my neighbor. I pay my bills on time. I tithe to the church on even the smallest thing I earn. I am a good, respectable gentleman, indeed."

When the Lord comes to save this man, He easily storms the first obstacle the man has created. The approaching thundering voice of God shouts, "Salvation is of the Lord!" If salvation be of God, how can it be of good works, and instantly the moat is dried up.

“There is still the moat of ceremonies,” the man thinks. “Well, I may not be able to trust in my good works, but I have been baptized. I have been confirmed. Do I not take of the sacrament? That shall be my trust!”

The convicting army of God again attacks and approaches this second barrier. Again, the master shouts, “Salvation is of the Lord!” This watery obstacle is also dried up.

Confused, the man retreats further into his fort of protection. He never expected this protection to fail him. Behind the tall, thick, strong walls, he stows himself away. The sinner looking over the fort’s walls convinces himself of his safety and says, “I can repent. I can believe, whenever I like. I will save myself by repenting and believing.”

Up the walls God’s conviction approaches. The walls are easily battered down. His voice shouts, “Salvation is of the Lord. Your faith and your repentance must all be given you, or else you will neither believe nor repent of sin.”

The castle of self is overcome. Any hopes the sinner had are all cut off. He knows now salvation is not of anything he could have done as he reads the banner that replaces his own. It proudly waves, “Salvation is of the Lord!”

Is the battle over? Oh, no. The sinner has retired to the dungeons in the center of the castle. He now uses another tactic, “I cannot save myself. There is no

salvation for me.” The sinner sits down and cries, “I cannot be saved. I will perish.”

This battlement is also attacked by the Lord. The Lord’s commanding voice shouts, “Salvation is of the Lord. It is not of man; it is of God. I can save, even the worst sinners. This sword, you see, cuts two ways; it cuts pride down, and then it cleaves the skull of despair. If any man say he can save himself, it halveth his pride at once. If another man say he cannot be saved, it dasheth his despair to the earth, for it affirms that he can be saved when he truly sees salvation is of the Lord. I came to save all that would believe and trust that Jesus’ payment for sin is the only way to victory!”

“For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.” Romans 10:13

“The most important question concerning any man living is this: Is he a saved soul or not? Is he a child of God or an heir of wrath?” – Spurgeon

The Captured Bird

D. L. Moody

A little, Irish boy had caught a sparrow. The poor little bird was trembling in his hand, and seemed very anxious to escape.

A gentleman begged the boy to let it go, as the bird could not do him any good; but the boy said he would not, for he

had chased it three hours before he could catch it. The man tried to reason with the boy, but in vain. At last, he offered to buy the bird. The boy agreed to the price, and it was paid.

Then the gentleman took the poor little thing and held it out on his hand. The boy had been holding it very fast, for the boy was stronger than the bird, just as Satan is stronger than we are. There the creature sat for a time, scarcely able to realize the fact that it had liberty. In a little while it flew away, chirping, as if to say to the kind man, "Thank you! Thank you! You have redeemed me."

That is what redemption is — buying back and setting free. So Christ came to break the fetters of sin, to open the prison doors, and set the sinner free. This is the Good News, the Gospel of Christ.

“Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers; But with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot:” 1 Peter 1:18-19

“Salvation is free for you, because someone else paid for it.”

“Take Me to the Other Side!”

Charles Spurgeon

A slave was once sent by his master on an errand that did not suit him. He did not want to go, but he went as his

master commanded him. When he came to a river, he turned back, and said, "Master, I came to a river, and I could not swim across it."

"Well, was there not a ferry boat to take you across?"

"Yes, there was a ferry-boat, but the man that manned the boat was on the other side."

"Well," said the master, "did you call to the ferry-man to come and take you across?"

No, he did not think of doing that, for, as he did not wish to go over, he was glad to find an excuse. Now, it is true, sinner, that you cannot save yourself, but there is One who can. There is a "ferryboat", and there is a Ferryman. Cry to Him! Cry to Him, "Master, across this river be pleased to take me; I cannot swim it, but thou canst bear me over it. Oh! Do for me what I cannot do for myself! Make me to be accepted!"

If you seek the Lord, he will be found of you.
"Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." John 14:6

The Sacrifice for Others

Talmage

During a plague many years ago in Marseilles, thousands died. One day the College of Physicians met together, and they resolved that it was necessary that a victim of the

plague should be dissected that the physicians might know how to treat the disease.

There was silence among the physicians, for it was known that whoever undertook that dissection would lose his own life. After a while, Dr. Guyon stepped forth and said, "I will do the work."

Next morning he made his will. He prepared for death. He entered the dissecting room, but he did what he promised to do. He wrote down the result of his observation, and in twelve hours he died.

"Oh," you say, "what a wonderful self sacrifice that was!" The Lord Jesus Christ looked out on this plague-stricken world. He saw that its sins must be "dissected". He came down, and He entered the hospital of the world's suffering. He made His will, giving all things to His dear people. Of our plague He died; the well for the sick, the pure for the impure, the good for the bad, the God for the man.

The Last Two Words

Author Unknown

A young woman spent much of her life seeking every pleasure she could find. One day a friend told her what the Bible said one must do to have God's promise of heaven. She turned aside a friend's appeal for her soul by saying, "I only want time enough, when I die, to say two words to the Lord, 'Save me!'"

All through the rest of her life she had other opportunities to be saved, but those too she put off. Her heart hardened to any spiritual interests and only sought pleasures this world could offer her.

Suddenly, without any warning, she was struck with an incurable disease. Her death was only minutes away. From her hospital bed, she was only able to wail in despair another two words, “Too late! Too Late.”

“Faith is the pencil of the soul that pictures heavenly things.” – Thomas Burbridge

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