

# God's Priceless Gift to a Bankrupt World

by Ian Paisley

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*Ian Paisley's sermon emphasizes the profound gift of salvation through Christ for a world in need of hope and redemption.*

**Duration:** 24:27

**Scripture:** Luke 15:4

**Topics:** "Free Gift"

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## Description

In this sermon, the preacher discusses the priceless gift that God has given to a bankrupt world, which is the Gospel of Christ. The preacher emphasizes that despite the state of the world, the good news of Christ's salvation brings hope and joy. The sermon explores the eternal perspective of Christ, who looked down upon all of time and saw the depths and heights of human existence. The preacher also highlights the journey and sufferings that Christ endured to find and save humanity, comparing it to the parable of the shepherd who rejoices when finding a lost sheep.

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## Transcript

I take the promised Holy Ghost, the blessed power of Pentecost, to fill me to the uttermost. I take, thank God, He undertakes for me. And the people of God said, Amen.

Be seated, please. I want to speak tonight upon God's priceless gift to a bankrupt world. We are all aware of the state of the world we live in.

But we should also be aware that the gospel of Christ is the good news. And it is the good news of what Christ is and what He has done. He shall see, we have been reading, of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied.

I want to take tonight a brief look at Christ from the eternity that is past to the eternity that is to come in the ages of time ahead of us. Christ saw them all. He viewed us all in the place of our time in the millenniums of time.

Time came, time went, and there is still time to come. The first thing I must note when I look upon the ministry of our Savior is what a distance He looked. He surveyed the whole of time, the whole of an eternity that is past and the whole of an eternity to come.

It was not with a look of condemnation or judgment and damnation that He looked. But He looked with the joy and with the power of salvation. This is He who felled by foes, sprang harmless up and refreshed by blows.

He to captivity was sold, but Him no prison bars would hold. Though they sealed Him in a rock, mountain chains He can unlock. Thrown to lions for their meat, the crouching lion kissed His feet.

Bound to the state no flames appalled, but arched o'er Him an honoring vault. This is He men must call fate, treading dark ways, arriving late, but ever coming in time to crown the truth and hurl all wrongdoers down. Such we could say is a quick biography of the blessed incarnate Son of God.

What a distance the Savior looked from the throne of the everlasting triune God. Down all the centuries and millenniums of time He looked down it all. He was not staggered with its depths nor its heights, its heat or its cold, its tides and its tempests and the atmosphere.

The great earthly bodies which surrounds this planet of ours kept themselves in their orbits. But Jesus Christ looked beyond them to the great eternity that was coming. What is that grand, that awful name, whose blazing glories round us flame, who can His mighty works rehearse that speak and built this universe? His presence fills both space and time.

His knowledge reaches every clime. His wisdom guides and guards the whole from nature's center to the pole. Where then that arm dare Him resist? He holds all creation in His fist.

His simple word, the whole, sustains an overall supremely range. Know ye since this wondrous name, whose glories heaven and earth proclaim, Who, what is He, O strange to dwell? He is our beloved Emmanuel. This great first, last, beginning and no strength of thought can comprehend.

And wonder lost will then adore that name which angels can't explore. What a long distance He looked. What a long journey He took.

But what a task He had already booked. In the fifteenth chapter of the Gospel of Luke, I read the words. And the Pharisees and scribes murmured, saying, This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.

And he spake this parable unto them, saying, What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it? And when he have found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost. I say unto you that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance.

Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine. Are they not enough for thee? But the shepherd made answer, This of mine has wandered away from me. And though the road be rough and steep, I go to the desert to seek my sheep.

I go to the desert to find my sheep. But none of the ransomed ever knew how deep were the waters crossed, nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through, ere he found his sheep that was lost. Out in the desert he heard its cry, sick and helpless and ready to die.

Lord, whence are those blood drops all the way that mark out the mountain's track? They were shed for one who had gone astray, ere the shepherd could bring him back. Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn? They are pierced tonight by many a thorn. But all through the mountain's thunder-ribbon and up from the rocky steep there arose a cry to the gate of heaven, Rejoice! I have found my sheep.

And the angels echoed around the throne, Rejoice! For the Lord brings back his own. What a distance he travelled to find us! What a journey he took! And what sufferings he endured! But what about this burden that he sought? In Luke's Gospel, chapter 15 and verse 5, we read the words, And when the shepherd found the sheep, he layeth it on his shoulders rejoicing. The poor sheep was not able to carry the burden of its sin and straying.

You, my friend, as a lost sheep, will only stumble and fall. But Christ comes. He is strong enough and willing enough and longing enough to save you from the hell you deserve and to bring you to the place of entire forgiveness of sins and entire recognition and resurrection of a lost soul that you have.

Jesus, as my great high priest, bears my name upon his breast. And that we may never part, I am sealed upon his heart. Light and love from Jesus flow.

He is my perfection too. I upon his shoulders rest. With his counsel I am blessed.

I to him my sins confess. Courage to him my distress. And though great my evils are, he preserves me from despair.

He the veal has rent entwined. Through his flesh I enter in. And with him forever rest in his full atonement blessed.

Jesus ever, ever lives. As my advocate he pleads, I can never, never die while he lives enthroned on high. But what about the debt that he bought and paid for? You are one whom he came to ransom from sin.

He emptied himself in order to come. He gave all for your redemption. He gave everything for the salvation of your immortal soul.

Go to Calvary's hill this night. Ask to see what he paid to give you salvation from death and hell. He dies, he dies, the lowly man of sorrows.

On whom were laid many griefs and many woes. Our sins he bore beneath God's awful pillows. And he hath triumphed over all his foes.

He crieth out, I am him that liveth. And though living, I was dead. But behold, I am alive forevermore.

I am he that liveth and was dead. And behold, I am alive forevermore. And because I live, ye shall live also.

But what about the message that he spoke? Look unto me and be ye saved all the ends of the earth. For I am God and there is none else. Isaiah chapter 45, verse 22.

A sinner saved before thee stands. Thy wondrous love he would proclaim. Lord, thou hast freely loosed his bands.

And now he lives to praise his name. A sinner saved now longs to tell of Jesus' grace and Jesus' love. And how he snatched his soul from hell to raise it to a throne above.

A sinner saved would spend his breath. Of Jesus' finished work to sing. His spotless life, his bleeding death.

His love as prophet, priest, and king. A sinner saved and saved by grace. This, this my boast, my glory is.

Jesus, I soon shall see thy face. I soon shall taste the celestial bliss. A sinner saved now stands.

Complete in Jesus' finished righteousness. A sinner saved shall soon repeat in heavenly accents. Heal, free grace.

And Christ's Son as my Savior and Lord. Ours are the flowers that know no fading. Everlasting is their bloom.

Ours is light that knows no shading. Shining in mid-Egyptian's gloom. Ours is glory.

Ours is life beyond the tomb. Ours is strength and never feebleth. Rough and dreary though the way.

Ours is power that still prevaleth. Against the hostile foes array. Ours is pardon, peace that none can take away.

One there is to whom we're going. One to whom we owe our all. Daily grace is he bestowing.

He sustains us lest we fall. Precious Savior on his name we love to call. All the flowers that know no fading.

Sprang to beauty at his word. All the light that knows no shading. Shines in Jesus Christ the Lord.

Life and glory have we in the Lamb of God. Strength have we that never feebleth. In the shining of his face.

Power that evermore prevaleth. Through his all sufficient grace. Blood but pardon.

Jesus is our hiding place. Hiding in thee. Hiding in thee.

Thou blessed rug of ages. I'm hiding in thee. The only safe place for us in time.

Is to be hiding in the eternal rug of ages. The only safe place for us at death. Is to be hiding in the eternal rug of ages.

And the only place for us to be safe in eternity. Is to be hiding in the rug of ages. Rug of ages.

Cleft for me. Let me hide myself in thee. I trust none of us.

Will try to put up. Some wiggly house. Which we think foolishly.

Will stand the test of eternity and judgment. There is only one house that will stand. And it's the house.

Planned by the God. The triune God of heaven. A house that was bought.

And is built. With the blood of the everlasting covenant. And a house over which Jesus Christ.

Himself presides. I trust that tonight. Not one of us.  
Will be foolish enough. To reject the offer of God's free grace. The offer of Christ's eternal righteousness.  
And the offer of pardon. Through the blood of Christ. Turn to the Savior.  
Make no delay. Here in our midst. He's standing today.  
Tenderly. Saying come. May we respond.  
And say. I am coming Lord. Coming now to thee.  
Wash me. Cleanse me. In the blood.  
That flowed. On Calvary. Amen.  
And amen. Let us bow our heads. Father in heaven.  
We thank thee for thy word. Thy word is truth. And we thank thee that thou didst so love the world.  
That thou didst give. Thine only begotten son. That whosoever believeth in him.  
Should not perish. But have everlasting life. May not one soul.  
Be foolish enough. To cleave. To a rock of their own making.  
And a shelter of their own building. But they may they escape. To the mount Calvary.  
And may they find the one. Who is the eternal. Rock of ages.  
And may they hide. From the judgment of God. In the blood of Christ.  
And know Christ's pardon. And the reality. Of salvation in time.  
And in eternity. Hear this our prayer. Unto thee.  
We will give. The glory. And may the grace.  
Of our Lord Jesus Christ. The love of God. And the fellowship of the Holy Spirit.  
Rest. And remain. With us all.  
Now and forever more. And the people of God said. Amen.

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