

The Saviour's Call

Now the Master comes! Knocks at the door of thy heart, and calls for thee: "Turn ye at my reproof: behold I will pour out my Spirit upon you; and I will make known my words unto you. To you, O men, I call, and my voice is to the sons of men..." Why will ye die? why continue dead in trespasses and sins? why embitter thy natural death? why run headlong into the second and eternal death? why slight the gift of God which is eternal life?

Is my heaven so wretched, that you will in no ways enter it by me the door, the way? Is hell so sweet that you that you will have no redemption from it through my blood? Are lusts so honourable, that you will be their everlasting slave and endless prey? Is the fierceness of almighty wrath so pleasant, that you must prefer it to the eternal fruition of my love? Is the company of the damned so agreeable, that you will on no account forego it?

Why such spite against God your Maker and Preserver, as to deny him an opportunity, in your salvation, to show forth to the ages to come, the exceeding riches of his grace? Why such outrage

against me, your bleeding Saviour, as to refuse that in you I should see "the travail of my soul, and be satisfied?"

Oh! my son, "my son, give me thy heart." Do not say no to him: request him to apprehend thy heart himself, as it is beyond thy power to give it; beseech him, the blessed of the Lord, that hath the key of David, to draw thy heart with his promises, his cords of love; to open it and come in. Thus taste and see that the Lord is good.

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(1722-1787)**

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