

**KNOCKING, THE WORDS
OF JESUS AT THE
DOOR OF THE HEART: A
SACRED MONODY**

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KNOCKING.

*THE WORDS OF JESUS AT THE DOOR OF
THE HEART.*

A Sacred Monody.

BY

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"Behold! I stand at the door, and knock."
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Preface.

THIS little Volume may be described as an attempt, however inadequately, to set forth in verse, the passionate, importunate, reiterated pleadings of the Saviour at the Door of the human Heart; suggested in that most exquisite of inspired passages in the Book of Revelation (iii. 20).

The picture there given, brings before us an Oriental scene; and much of the impressiveness of the representation is lost, by not realising the figurative reference, in the chapter where the words and the description occur. It is (with reverence may we say it) that of a Merchantman, who, with His caravan and bale of goods, has entered an Eastern city. We may even, with

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these Oriental associations, imagine His camels relieved of their load, and, relegated to the charge of servants and menials, "moored like stranded vessels," on the street: while their divine Master and Owner goes from door to door, knocking, and asking admission:—not for sale or barter, but in order to leave, at each, some free-will costly offerings:—gold and silver; raiments of rarest texture; ointments and cosmetics: all symbolic of spiritual verities. Into some of these dwellings He is lovingly welcomed. Outside others, though Himself needing rest, He is kept, soliciting entrance apparently in vain. The one we have retained before our mental vision is apart from the others; with the long narrow street in the background. By this door, the gracious Vendor of spiritual riches—the Redeemer of the World—the Lord of Life and Prince of Glory, is seen standing and knocking. His offer has been made

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and urged throughout the long day, until the shadows of night have fallen. No other footfall at the late hour is heard. The sheen of the Paschal moon is silvering the rank luxuriance of weed and nettle and briar, which well-nigh obscure the closed portal. Nor is it Paschal season alone. For days, and nights, and weeks, and months, (and that too from eve to early morn) He is represented still standing and pleading, with an importunity that never wearies, and a love that never decays. In the striking inspired words of our two opening verses—"His head is wet with dew, and His locks with the drops of the night." The very hills, appearing through the street openings, may be white with snow, and the stars look down in compassion on their Maker from frosty skies. Yet still He *knocks*:—beseeching, by the memories of Gethsemane and Calvary, to open the closed heart-door and admit Him in. The

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visits and advents of earth are often what are called those of "summer friends,"—who gather when the day is bright; when Life's sun is shining, and its flowers are blooming, and its groves are musical with song; but they are gone when the chill night of adversity comes, with its wintry storms. Of the visits of Christ alone can it be said—"In summer and in winter it shall be" (Zech. xiv. 8). To Him can the words never be applicable—

"Oh for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

That Hand is ever knocking: the dulcet tones of that Voice are never still, but ever pleading—"Open unto Me!" (Sol. Song v. 2). Nor do we limit that ideal Door to one phase of the human soul. Not only may we picture Him thus as rousing the slumbering sinner, but quick-

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ening and stimulating, also, the drowsy, or faithless,—the declining, or lukewarm believer.

It will be seen that, in what may be called this brief Poetic Monologue, some of the many priceless "Words of Jesus" follow the leading motto-verse. Moreover, the pages have been so cast and arranged, that the lines of Poetry may be either read continuously, or the Book may be used as a daily one, for morning and evening.