

ders of the tomb? No, sir, *this morning* is the convenient time. May God make it so. Remember, I have no authority to ask you to come to Christ *to-morrow*. The Master has given you no invitation to come to him next Tuesday. The invitation is, "*To-day* if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts," for the Spirit saith "*to-day*." "Come *now*, and let us reason together." Why should you put it off? It may be the last warning you shall ever have. Put it off, and you may never weep again in chapel. You may never have so earnest a discourse addressed to you. You may not be pleaded with as I would plead with you now. You may go away, and God may say, "*He is joined to idols: let him alone.*" He shall throw the reins upon your neck; and then, mark—your course is sure; but it is *sure damnation and swift destruction*.

And now again, is it all in vain? Will you not now come to Christ? Then what more can I do? I have but one more resort, and that shall be tried. I can be permitted to *weep* for you; I can be allowed to *pray* for you. You shall scorn the address, if you like. You shall laugh at the preacher. You shall call him a fanatic, if you will. He will not chide you. He will bring no accusation against you to the great judge. Your offence, so far as he is concerned, is forgiven before it is committed; but you will remember that the message that you are rejecting this morning, is a message from One who loves you, and it is given to you also by the lips of one who loves you. You will recollect that you may play your soul away with the devil—that you may listlessly think it a matter of no importance; but there lives at least one who is in earnest about your soul, and one who before he came here, wrestled with his God for strength to preach to you, and who when he has gone from this place, will not forget his hearers of this morning. I say again, when *words* fail us, we can give *tears*—for words and tears are the arms with which Gospel ministers compel men to come in. You do not know, and I suppose could not believe, how anxious a man whom God has called to the ministry feels about his congregation, and especially about some of them. I heard but the other day of a young man who attended here for a long time, and his

father's hope was that he would be brought to Christ. He became acquainted, however, with an infidel; and now he neglects his business, and lives in a daily course of sin. I saw his poor father's wan face. I did not ask him to tell me the story himself, for I felt it was raking up a trouble and opening a sore. I fear, sometimes that good man's grey hairs may be brought with sorrow to the grave. Young men, you do not pray for yourselves, but your mothers wrestle for you. You will not think of your own souls, but your fathers' anxiety is exercised for you. I have been at prayer-meetings, when I have heard children of God pray there, and they could not have prayed with more earnestness and more intensity of anguish, if they had been each of them seeking their own soul's salvation. And is it not strange that we should be ready to move heaven and earth for your salvation, and that still you should have no thought for *yourselves*—no regard for eternal things.

Now I have preached the Gospel to you. I have preached it earnestly. And I look to my Master to honour His own promise. He has said, "It shall not return unto me void;" and it shall not. It is in His hands—not mine. I cannot compel you; but Thou, O Spirit of God, who hast the key of the heart, *Thou* canst compel. Did you ever notice in that chapter of the Revelation, where it says, "Behold I stand at the door and knock"?—a few verses before, the same personage is described, as he who hath "the key of David." So that if knocking will not avail, he has the key, and can and will come in. Now if the knocking of an earnest minister prevail not with you this morning, there remains still that secret opening of the heart by the Spirit, so that you shall be compelled.

I have thought it my duty to labour with you, as though I must do it. Now I throw it into my Master's hands. It is with *Him*. He is master of the heart, and I trust the day shall declare it, that some of you, constrained by sovereign grace, have become the willing captives of the all-conquering Jesus, and have bowed your hearts to him through the sermon of this morning.