

Open the Door

D.L. Moody:

I heard of a little child some time ago who was burned. The mother had gone out and left the three children at home. The eldest left the room, and the remaining two began to play with fire, and set the place in a blaze. When the youngest of the two saw what she had done, she went into a little cupboard and fastened herself in. The remaining child went to the door and knocked and knocked, crying to her to open the door and let her take her out of the burning building, but she was too frightened to do it. It seems to me as if this was the way with hundreds and thousands. Christ stands and knocks, but they've got their hearts barred and bolted, because they don't know that He has come only to bless them.