

## THE WAITING ONE

(This poem appeared in the *Review and Herald* of July 31, 1888, the year in which the message of "Righteous by Faith" came so clearly and decidedly to God's people. The spirit of that solemn message evidently called forth these beautiful stanzas.)

"BEHOLD, I stand at the door, and knock!  
Hearest thou, Heart, that voice most sweet?  
Wilt thou not up and undo the lock  
And make a space for His holy feet?  
What? Thou art weary and sick with woe.  
And wilt not arise for the Stranger so?

"But, Heart, He's the Great Physician, true,  
He beareth a cordial for every smart.  
And ah! He has come for His pity of you.  
Rouse thee a moment, my poor, faint Heart.  
Let thee die? O Heart! canst thou say it o'er  
When the Great Physician is at the door?

"Listen, my Heart. Do you hear Him weep?  
Oh! His soul is exceedingly grieved for thee.  
He has forded the rivers so wide and deep.  
And the dangers about Him were sore to see.  
And, O my Heart! His dear hands and brow  
Are blood-stained, and wounded, and bleeding now.

"What? wilt thou not believe it, Heart?  
Sayest thou none ever cared for thee?  
Oh! whisper it low, for no crueller dart  
Could so pierce to His tender soul, I see.  
Oh! could I but tell thee what grief befell,  
For the love that He bore thee, unutterable.

"Let Him in, my Heart, let me still persuade;  
He will robe thee in beauty like His, divine.  
He will free thee out of this prison's shade.

And take thee into His courts to shine.  
Leaning on Him, thy Beloved, thou'lt go  
To His gardens of spice, where the lilies grow.

"Slowly my Heart to the door has crept,  
Her weak hand pushes aside the lock.  
She looks in the eyes that for her have wept,  
And kisses the hands that so long did knock.  
She weeps at His feet till her soul is mild,  
And she clings to Him now, like a trusting child.

"Oh, how He loves her! How sweet the tryst!  
Her sickness is over, her robe is white.  
She findeth her all in all in Christ,  
And her prison is flooding with holy light.  
And she sits at the board, and she sups His wine,  
And feasts in the love of her Lord divine.

"Oh! how could I leave Thee outside so long?"  
She weeps as she thinks of His tender love;  
But He freely forgives her bitter wrong.  
And makes her to be a partaker of  
His own sweet nature, and seals her His  
By many a pledge of deep tenderness."

"Jesus is going from door to door, standing in front of every soul-temple, proclaiming, 'I stand at the door, and knock.' As a heavenly merchantman, He opens His treasures, and cries, "Buy of Me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear.' ... Open your doors, says the great Merchantman, the possessor of spiritual riches, and transact your business with Me. It is I, your Redeemer, who counsels you to buy of Me."--Mrs. E. G. White.