## THE Door of SALVATION

VOr, A loud and thirl Voice from Heaven, to Unregenerate Sinners on Earth :

Plainly fhewing the Neceffity of opening your Hearts, that the King of Glory may enter in, or elfe he will open Hell's Mouth to deyour you.

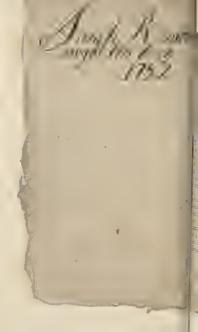
Thef. i. S. For he is coming, (faith the Aposite) in flaming Fire, to take Vengeance on them that know not Göd, and that obey not the Gespel of gesus Christ.

## By Mr. SAMUEL RUTHERFOORD.



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he everlafting Door of Mercy and Salvation opened, & c.

(3)

ev. iii. 20. Behold, I ftand at the Door and knock: If any Man hear my Voice and open the Door, I wild come in to bim, and /up with bim, and he with me.

Thath pleafed the most wife Diforce of all Things, our of the Riches of his e Grace, to render Jefus Chrift to poor it and undone Sinners, and allois related Lord Jefus, nor only to die for Sinners, redem them from Death, and the Curle the Law, that he might open a Way for A Sinners to return to God', but is pleafed fland knocking at the Door of their Hearts, entreat your Soults to be reconciled to God and therefore, as you love your Soults, as you we your Bodies, as you would nue, bring atmatian to your fleves; hear and fear, ad do no more wickedly, but open, your ad and noy Hearts, that the King of lory may enter in. O Sinner 1 now Chrid A 2 is flanding and calling to thy Soul, if thus will beer and open, I will tome in unto the. Now Chrift is faying, I know thy Works, J know well coungh, that thou haft been a Blåphemer, or a Drunkard, or a Whoremoor Scriner: Yet I fland at the Door this Day, and knock, I will receive thee unto Mercy, I will forgue all thy Sins, I will accept, I will heal, I will fave thy Soul, if thou wike one thy Heart this Day unto me, and les me in. O Brethren for Chrift his fake, refuf not Chrift, do nor reluid Chrift, do nor reject nor neglect fo great a Salvation, kil you perifb.

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L. Confider the neefficy you have of him; give me Children, or elfe 'die, faith Raidd', Or give me Chrift, or elfe'l perifik for ever. Gan you be faved without Chrift'? And if you may have Chrift, but for the opening the Door; then while it is called to Day, then hear and open to him. If the Door of Grace thould be fhur, thou would'h be thut up with Vengeance for ever.

2. Confider, what Anfwer thou will be able to make at the great Day, if thou will bareden thy Hears, and not open : Why, what will thou, What can'th thou plead for thy fill at the Day of Judgment? Will thou fay, the Gapfel never officted the Chril? Why, thou baft heard this Day, *If any Man will here*  hear and open, I will some in, and fup with him. Will those fay, I would have opened my Heart, had it not been for the Love of Sin. or for Eafe, or Liberty, or Honour, or Friends or Companions ? Oh, how will Men and Angels hifs at thee! This is the Perfon. who for Luft's fake forfook his Mercies, who, for a little vanity neglected his own Salvation : O ! how wilt thou curfe thy felf, that for nothing, nay, for that which is worfe than nothing, thou haft put off Chrift and his Salvation ? Therefore Men, Brethren and Fathers, hearken unto me, as Mofes faid to the Ifraelites; So this Day I propone unto you Bleffing and Curfing, Life and Death : Salvation, if you open to Chrift ; and Damnation, if you refute Chrift,

For the Lord's fake,chufe nor Curfing but Biffing : Chufe nor Derah, but Life : chufe nor Hell, but Heaven ; chufe nor Sin, but Chrift ; the' you have formerly flighted bin: If you will now regard him, the' you have formerly contemmed him, yet if you will praife him, he' you have formerly refilted, if yet you will gield, if yet you will goo fent, if yet you will become willing to open unto Chrift ; Chrift will be yours. Mercy will be yours, Salvation will be yours.

And what would you have more ? What will not all this do? Will not Mercy alure you ? Will not Love confitain you ? Then give give me leave to reprove you, and affright You, (if it be pofible) out of those Depths of Satan, into which you are fallen; However I am refolved, whether you will or not, and the Lord failen it upon your Souls.

1. In the Bowels of Love and Mercy, let me beg there to ask thy Soul this Quellion, How long will this Life, and the Comforts of it Laft? The Soul is immortal, and muft never die, but it muft have a Being fome where in all Eternity.

The Worlds happinels, Is is coverlafting? No furely; it by Money and thy Corn, and thy Land, will do the eno Good in the great Day: Oh ! What hall thou laid up for the World to com? ! Is the Door of thy Heart open to Chrifl ? Alas! Is thy poor Soul unarmed all this while ?

<u>guef</u>: 2. What will become of thee, when this Life, and all the Comforts thereof are gone? On, hard hearted Sinner! This broad Way which thow walkelt in, will never lead thee to the promit Land; thy Gold and Silver-Key will never open Heaven' Gare for thee; thy Care of this World's Good, will no plead for the before the Judge : all thy careful Friends and Acquaintance, with whom thou hash fipent many loyful Hours, their good Words will fland thee in no fted. Then thow with be ready to cry ? 0, Where is the Chrift, that I have diffusid 1 0, where is the Jefus, which I have relifted ? Will he "plead for me? No furely; But go to the biGods whom thou haft choie: O, what will abecome of me ! Muft I not die ? O, whiwher will Death carry me ; into which of the Regions of the World will Death land me, dither of Light or Darknes? To which of the wo Regions am I now travelling? Cermainly the Day of Pleafure, or wordly Prohir, the Broad-way of the World is not the way to transport me to Heaven and everlafting Happinels: Say, O Sinner, to thy Soul, What, must I be taken from all my Glory and Breatness, from all my Delights and Dallianles, and be thrown, like Luciter, Son of the Morning, from all my Brightnefs, into Blackofs and Darknefs for ever ? when Death hath flofed up my Eyes, must I awake into everafting Flames? Ay Sinner thou, thou fhalt without Remedy, unless thou open to the Lord Jefus Chrift.

9.00% 2: Alk thy Soul, on which Hand thou are like to find in the Day of Judgment, on the Right-Hand, or on the Left, along the Goats, if thou will not hear and one now, if thou will core open thy Heart. Now, be affired the Devil will be the End of thole toys, which now make fo glad thy Heart ? ou are now in the Broad-way to Defructiion, and urter Separation from God's Prefence for for ever: Thy Pleafures here we may judge of ; But Oh! Who can tell the Thoufand part of thefe Fiery Torments, to which thou art liable in the other World ?

Whill thou diell, thou fhale be a danned Creature, whilf thou liveft, thou art fed like a Beaft by common Providence, and art a meer flranger to feeding Promifes: If thou lookeft upwards, God is frowning, and his. Wrath is revealed from Heaven againft thee. Rom. 1, 3.

The Heavens and their Hoft are ready very Momen, to difcharge God's Curfes, like Thunder Bolts, againd there. If thou look'fl downward, thou may'fl fee Hell gap-Ing and opening its Mouth to fwallow the up quick, many Dangers attend the every Day's many Miferies every Moment; Legions of Devils Hand abourtheeywarching thee, and waiting only for the Leave of God to drag thy Soul into the Lake of Fire.

Ab, when thou dieft, Man, what mult thou 'then do ? When the Captain Death firids, whole Armies of Wovles will fail upon thee; Look to it, and remember, thou wert once warned, left thou die certanilly. St. Auflian's Praver was, O Led rack me, beev me, burn, me kers, han fpare me kereafter. As long at thou refutelt to hear Chrift's Voice, thou haft a Hell upon Earth : It is not the multude 'of thy Compations, that go thicker ( 9 ) thall any Whit leften thy Torments, but rather -increafe them; thy Life that hath been full of Wordly Joy, thall end in dezdly Woc.

All you, into whofe Hands this little Book Thall come, O, let me beg you to confider, in those Bowels of Love you have to your own Souls, how your Hearts can endure to think, of being flux out of Heaven, out of Bleffednefs for ever: Ask your Heart these Queflions, Can I burn ? Can I endure the yeageance of eternal Fire? Will boiled Oyl, burning Brimftone, fcalding Lead, a glowing Oven, a fcorching Furnace, be an eafy Lodging for me ? O, Why my Soul, wilt thou not be perswaded to repent ? Is there too much Pain in that ? Thou art ready to fay, I cannot bear a Crofs nor any Affliction, a Scoff or a Reproach : Talk to thee, of cruitving the Flefh, of parting with thy wordly Companions, of entring in at the ftrait Gate ; O thefe are hard Sayings, who can bear them ?

But how wilt thou do, to dwell with devouring Fire? How wilt thos dwell with everifing Burnings? Whatfoceer thou think? now, think what Hell will be when the Day comes, thou mußt deficed into it; Thou may?! drink or laugh away thy Fear of it, how what will it be to thee, when thou feeleft thy felf wrapped up in the Flames of it, and not a Drop of Water to cool thy Toneus 1 Tonguel Think on Hell, O Soul, and then think on Chriff, and conlider, if a Redemer from fuch Mifery, be not worth the accepting of 1 Think on Hell, and think on Sin, and carnal Pleafures and Delights, confider how they will relift with thee, when thus falted with everlafting Fire: Are thefe the Price for which thou felleff thy Soul to Hell' 001 BM thefe. Lufts and Pleafures be gone, bid your Companions, and Sins, be gone; and the'you loved them well, and have fpent your Time finfully with them, your will not damn your Soul to pleafe your Fielh.

Hacking thus as briefly at may be, laid down the Ufe of Terror, which, I hope, will awaken from poor Souls, out of the Depth of carnal Secarity: New I fail proceed to the Iaft Ufe of Enouragement; is o measurage poor feasure Simmers to constart, is and fail Hold on kim before that it be too late.

Oh, poor Soull Haft thou kept Chrift out a long Time, and art thou nor yet refoliv'd to open thy Heart to him? What thill J fay to thee, Let me fay this, Chrift waits fill for thee, Chrift is willing fillitoreceive thee, then why wilt thou undee thy felf by negleding fo great a Salvation? Let the confideration, of the Meflage Chrift brings you, bf the Brrand be comes on, (it is no difmal one he brings; it is no dreadful Errand.) If Chrift I which had come to defiroy thy Soul, Could te have had left welcome than you gave him? The for your Soul's fake, receive him ? Oh ye fools, when will ye be wife?. Come unto thirft, and he will have Merry on you, and eal all your Backfildings and love you freely. But fome poor Soul will be ready to fay, have a Defire to come to Chrift, but I an ahaid, Chrift will never receive fuch a wretchid Sinner as 1, who have flood it out 6 long gainf him. For aniwer to this, give me users to give you fome Directions.

11. A broor Soil, art thou willing to come o Chrift? Then will Chrift in no wife aft thee out, if thou comeft to him.poor, alierable, blind and naked; O Sinner, come to to him in thy Strength, but come thou and fay, O Lord, here is a poor Soil not worth a Farthing, O Lord make me rich in Faith; O Lord, here is a miferable Soul, Lord have Mercy onme; here is a poor blind Soul, Lord enlighten me from above; here is a poor naked wretch, O Lord fave me, left perifik; for I cannot help my felf.

Direff. 2. Come to Chrift by believing in him; Ay, when thy poor Soulis finkingheadlong into Hell, and fees no way to efcape, the fearful Wrath of God, banging over thy Head, catch thou then at fuch a Time fait Hold on Chrift: Oh then apprehend, and apply all his Benefits to thy Soul: Come this chik way, and graf phim in the Armis of rhye. 'Faish; and fay, I believe in thee, help thom my Uabelief. And the Anfwer, which thy Lord will give thee, will be thus; Bett according as them will. Let Corigi be in your Hand, and the Promife in your Eye; and no Doube, eho' thou halt been a Rebel and a Traitor, yet yefas Corigi having received the Gilts for the Rebellions, will fhow Mercy to thee and receive the.

Direft, 2. Come to Yefut Chrift, by repenting and forfaking all twy Sins; thoucant never come to the Wedding-Supper without the Wedding-Garment; the old Man mult be taken away, before all things can be made new: yer. iii. 14. O gensfalem such by Bient from Wickdeufsf, that thou mayfi be faved, which, God, of his infinite Mercy, grantwe imay all do, and be belfeld for vers, thro 'gefui Chrift im Lord and Saviore.

E TRIDING FINIS