

THE MASTER IS COME, AND CALLETH FOR THEE.

By S. J. Lindsay, Editor *RH*.

THE WORDS were spoken softly by a voice choked with tears: "*The Master is come, and calleth for thee.*"— John 11:28.

The heart of the speaker had been recently touched by the sorrow which death alone can bring.

Four days since she had walked with faltering steps at the side of her sister Mary to the silent resting place of the dead, where they had left their brother with a great stone to shut him away from the light of day.

How many times, during those long days of anxious watching at the bedside of their beloved, had the troubled sisters said one to the other, "*O, if the Master were only here!*"

When they could bear their burden no longer alone they "*sent unto him, saying, Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick.*" But even then Jesus "*abode two days still in the same place where he was.*"

And when at last the parting came, when their hearts were wrenched and torn by their awful loss, how frequently had they cried, "*If the Master had been here our brother had not died!*"

Now He has come! Too late to stop the progress of the disease that has laid hold upon the weakened body of their beloved! Too late for even the great Physician to work his healing power! Lazarus is dead! A stone now marks the place of his burial. Jesus has arrived upon the scene too late!

But listen! What is it that He says, as He stands before that silent sepulchre?

"Lazarus, come forth!" And he that was dead comes forth, wrapped hands and feet in grave clothes. "*Loose him, and let him go!*"

Too late? No! It is never too late when the Master comes! Someone will say again tomorrow—or the day after—or in just a little while—

"The Master is come, and calleth for thee!"

And it will not be too late, for you, for me, or for the uncounted millions of the friends of Jesus who rest beneath the sod! We shall all hear His voice, the living and the dead, and come forth to meet the Master in the glorious dawning of—

God's New Day!

“In the crimson of the morning,
in the whiteness of the noon,
In the amber glory of the day's retreat,

In the midnight, robed in darkness,
or the gleaming of the moon,
I listen for the coming of His feet!”

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