

“My son, give me thine heart” (Prov. 23,26)

Roland Gill preached in one of big cities of England. During his sermon madam Anna Erskin entered into a hall, she was known to all city as the riches and beauty the woman. She was the welcome guest everywhere, but very rare guest in church.

Suddenly Roland Gill interrupted the sermon, gave a hand forward and told: «Here there is madam Anna Erskin, welcome!» Also he loudly asked the gathered people: «Who wants to buy a soul of madam Erskin?»

After a strange question, a few having kept silent, he continued:

- «I see many buyers, each of which wants to possess it. The world, what you will give?»

– «I will give magnificence, glory, respect and many good days».

– «Is it more than anything? And what about eternal life?»

– «I don't have it!»

– «Then your price is too low for me. The world, you won't receive it! What sense to our madam if she receives the whole world, but her soul will damage?»

– «well, a Satan, what you will give to us?»

– «I will give the provided life. She can execute all her desires and live how it is pleasant to her».

– «Also what you demand for it?»

– «Her soul. She should become my property».

– «Your price is too high, a devil. You won't receive her. You are the murderer from the beginning, the deceiver and the father of lie».

– «And now Jesus Christ, what do You give?»

– «I have given the life for this madam. I have spilled the Blood for her on a cross. I want to give to her soul the world, rest and pleasure. And when she will finish the earthly way, I promise to take her to Myself to the Heavens».

– «Also what do You demand for all these gifts?»

– «Her sins, her vicious conscience, everything that presses and weighs her, I demand from her».

– «You will receive her, Jesus Christ, she is Yours and should belong to You eternally. Madam Erskin, are you happy?»

– «Yes!» – she has answered with a loud and firm voice. And Anna Erskin has kept the word. She devoted all further life to service to the Lord, Which has pulled out her and us from a death and sin ditch.

P. Shatrov