

One Appeal More.

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(CBA12,316)

Beloved Reader, yet unsaved! one appeal more would I make to thee, regarding the safety of thy most precious soul, ere the year rolls away. Oh! I beseech thee turn not a deaf ear to the pointed words I may address thee, for God only knows if another appeal, spoken, or written, shall be made to thee; and, if thou art cut off in the terrible state in which this finds thee, awful indeed must be thy future.

God indeed appeals to thee by my pen. Wilt thou heed His voice? When God was dealing with Pharaoh, the word was, "Yet will I bring *one plague more* upon Pharaoh" (Ex. 11: 1). We know what it was. Death — stern, cold, relentless, irresistible in its bond-breaking force, — entered the scene and the proud king gave way. To thee, dear soul, He speaks in voice of greatest love and tenderness, and, knowing well as He does thy true state as a *lost* sinner, bids thee turn to Himself. This year came in and found thee a stranger to God, shall it depart and find thee so? God forbid. Awake, awake, O slumberer, on the very brink of eternal ruin!

Not a few have heard the voice of God in the pages of "God's Glad Tidings," and, we rejoice to know, have been saved through believing. its simple testimony to God's beloved Son. The first article of the first number, "The Saved Soul;" or, "Christ Accepted," God graciously used for blessing to a poor dying man, who departed rejoicing, to be with Christ, a few days after. Many a number since then, has passed through thy hands belike, and, yet, sad truth, thou art still unsaved. *Unmoved* thou hast not been at times, but *undecided* thou still art. Soul! I call on thee, as thou valuest an eternity of bliss with Christ, and wouldst escape an eternity of woe without Him, decide! Thou need'st not wait one moment more — God knows thy guilt and sins, but He knows also the full value of that wondrous atonement for sins. that Jesus made on the cross.

"It is finished," is the Saviour's shout of victory in the moment of His death. The next moment the value of His atoning work is manifest. "The veil" is rent in twain from the top to the bottom, the throne of God is reached, vindicated, reconciled, and the way to it laid open on the one hand, and, on the other the opened graves proclaim how fully the need and case of man have been met — sin, death, and, Satan's power all overcome; and resurrection, both of Christ and those that, were His, the only fruit that could be expected to follow such a work, is seen in due time on the third day. "Come, *see* the place where the Lord lay," is the angel's call (an empty grave the proof of His perfect victory over all our foes), and "Peace unto you," the Saviour's sweet salutation when meeting His own at eve. Gone on high, seated at God's right hand, He has sent down the Holy Ghost to proclaim the joyful news of free and full salvation for all who will trust His name.

Now then, beloved reader, why wilt thou tarry a moment more? Cast thyself fully this moment on the Lord. Oh, come to Him! He will not cast thee out. Forgiveness of all the past thou

shalt freely have at His hands; all shall be cancelled and blotted out; thou wilt be justified before men and devils; no longer a stranger and an exile, thou shalt be a child of God by faith in Christ Jesus; the fear and misgivings of thy heart all cast out by His perfect love, thou wilt enjoy His precious grace on earth, and shortly pass to be with Him in eternal glory. Refuse Him — and what must follow? The blackness of darkness for ever, the depths of an eternal hell, the wrath of a sin-hating God, the stings of a once smothered but now all powerful conscience, the pangs of undying remorse the sense for eternity of being LOST through thine own folly and unbelief; and, worse than all ere thou goest down to thine eternal abode of woe, thou must see Jesus face to face at the throne, and then "depart," ever haunted by the memory of His face once seen to be seen no more, and consumed with unavailing sorrow that thou didst despise His love, thou must endure through the morningless night of eternity the most awful fruit of thy sin, the being *forsaken of God*.

Dearest soul, canst thou brave this future? Nay, turn now to Jesus, heeding His own blessed words, "*And let him that is athirst COME, and whosoever will, let him take THE WATER OF LIFE FREELY.*"

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