

SO NEAR HOME, AND LOST

An incident in the life of Dr. Wm. M. Taylor, a well-known minister of the Gospel, set me to thinking of some folks in the days gone by, who missed heaven, not because God had not called them, not because there had been no opportunities, but "they would not." But first, let me give you the incident:

"The Royal Charter" had been around the world, and was at last homeward bound. She had reached Queenstown and then sailed for Liverpool. The message was telegraphed to Liverpool that she was almost home. Dr. Taylor was then pastor in that city, and the wife of the first mate was a member of his church. "The Royal Charter" never came to Liverpool. Men waited all night on the dock straining their eyes to get a sight of the vessel. The Lord Mayor was there, bands of music were there, and thousands of people were there to give her a welcome. But "The Royal Charter" never came in. She went down in the night with almost all on board. They came to Dr. Taylor and asked him, "Will you go and tell the wife of the first mate?" So he started off to tell her. As he laid his hand on the door bell, the door flew open wide, and a little girl sprang out, saying—"Oh, Dr. Taylor, my papa is coming home today!" The preacher said he felt like an executioner as he walked into the house. He found the table laid for breakfast, and the wife of the mate said to him, as she stepped forward, "Oh, Dr. Taylor, this is indeed a privilege, and if you will wait a little while, you may sit at the table with us, for 'The Royal Charter' comes in this morning, and my husband is coming home!" Dr. Taylor looked at her a moment, while he steadied himself, holding to a nearby chair, and then said, "Poor woman, your husband will never come home 'The Royal Charter' went down last night, and your husband is lost!" She threw up her hands, staggered for a moment, and then fell, and as she fell, she cried, "O my God! So near home, and lost!"

As I read of the incident my mind at once went back over my ministry, and I thought of men whom God had called, men who received their last call, when the end was near at hand. In fact, I have often thought when I have been in meetings where the Holy Spirit was working so mightily, that He was giving someone his last call.

I was in a meeting some time ago when I was impressed to hold on; the burden was on me, God was dealing with some soul, and it perhaps was the last time. I minded God, but no one came, and I had to dismiss the meeting. I went down to my study, and was putting on my top-coat when a man came to the door and said, "Elder, if you had held on two minutes longer I would have come." The poor fellow died some time after that, died without God, and I have thought that he was almost home, and went down in the night.

You remember that after Judas left the company of the disciples and went out to bargain the betrayal of his Lord, there were three words—ominous words—recorded by the Holy Spirit, "IT WAS NIGHT!" Oh, the blackness of the night into which the soul goes when it betrays the Christ who died that men might be saved!

I recall another instance that took place in a meeting where the Spirit, as He always is, was faithful. A young man under deep conviction, appealed to a sinner friend standing by his side, to go forward with him to the altar; but after a little thought, the answer was, "No." A few

weeks after that, at an early hour in the morning, I was about to sit down to breakfast when a lady came to the door and asked me to go and see her brother who was dying. I went with her, and on arriving at the house, was ushered into a room where a man lay dying. It was necessary to arouse him from a stupor before they could get his attention. They called him by name and said, "Here is a preacher. Do you know him?" The answer was incoherent. He soon went out into eternity. He was the young man who had asked his friend to go to the altar with him only a few weeks before—so near home, and lost!

A man, for love of the pleasures of this world, gave up his hope in Christ, loved this present world, like Demas of old, revelled in its pleasures for six months, and then disease came, and death was at hand. As he looked death in the face, he cried in agony of soul, "Oh, to think of it, so near home and lost! Within six months of home, and lost!"

I was in a meeting in Maryland just this winter. The last night came, and as I preached that last sermon I felt a peculiar awe resting upon me as though I was preaching the funeral of a lost soul. I even went so far as to tell that congregation that I felt there was someone there who was in his last revival service. Brother T—, one of our preachers, went out in the congregation doing personal work, and among others he approached a man who was under conviction, but who said, "Not tonight; not tonight!" In a few days that man went away in his auto to do some business, came back home, went to the feed-house to prepare the feed for the stock, and when they went to hunt him, he had gone—no loved ones near, no friend at hand—he went out of this life to face Eternity with all its realities.

Oh, how men fight God these days! One young man said one time in the meeting, "I had to hold onto the seat to keep from going to the altar." He knew God was talking, knew the path of duty, but said "No" to God.

What need there is for the Church to pray, to fast, and to weep between the porch and the altar, to travail in soul for a revival that shall sweep the land.—*The Church Herald and Holiness Banner.*

REMEMBRANCE

I thank my God upon every remembrance of you.—Phil. 1:3.

I want you to know you are never forgotten,
That the old, old days hid in memory sweet,
Are still a part of my life that I cherish,
Without them so much would be incomplete.

And you are mixed up with so much I remember.

Your name so often I utter in prayer;
Never forgotten, on earth or in heaven,
Always the child of God's tenderest care.

"I want you to know you are never forgotten,
That my thoughts and my prayers are folding you round.

Rest in His promises, go where He sends you,

Do what He bids you, faithful be found.
Look up and trust Him, a new year is dawning,

Stretch out your hand and take His today;
Bought by Him, loved by Him, never forgotten,

Hid in His heart forever and aye."

Repentance is that golden key that opens the palace of eternity.—*Milton.*

OBITUARY

Mrs. J. Hamilton Seeley

The death of Mrs. J. Hamilton Seeley took place at her home in Inglewood, Calif., Tuesday, Jan. 5th. She was confined to her bed four weeks. She was in the 82nd year of her age, and is survived by her son, Hurd Seeley, two grand-daughters and a brother, John Campbell, living in British Columbia.

Brother Seeley died six years ago. The funeral was conducted by Mr. Burden, a Methodist minister, on Jan. 19th. She had been a member of the Reformed Baptist Church many years. She is mourned by a large circle of friends here. She was always full of hope and cheer, ready to talk about the goodness of God and the joys of salvation. She was anxious to go and be with her Lord. She will be missed by her many friends.

MRS. G. M. SHAW

Note.—Sister Seeley will be mourned by a host of friends in New Brunswick, Maine and other sections. She always remained true to holiness and never would unite with any other church. She and her husband were charter members of the Reformed Baptist Alliance, and although strongly urged to do otherwise, they remained loyal to the time of their decease. Our departed sister was always enthusiastic in the denominational enterprises, and especial interest was displayed in Riverside Camp Meeting. Another of the old saints has closed her earthly career to join the hosts above. What glad and wonderful reunions. We rejoice with those who have made the port. We recall their stirring testimonies and shouts of praise.

Friends of yore have flown to heaven,

Springing from the house of clay,

Glad to join their joyful freedom

Born by angel bands away.

Often at the shades of evening,

When I sit me down to rest,

One by one I count them over,

They who are in glory blessed.

And I seem to see their faces,

Beaming with celestial love,

Shining as their blessed Master,

White-robed with the saints above.

And I think I hear them speaking,

As they often spake to me,

While I seem to hear them saying,

"Pilgrim, heaven is waiting thee."

Brother, sister, faithful soldier,

If our mingling here so sweet,

What will be our joyous rapture

When we at the landing meet.

She has laid down the cross and won the crown. We extend our sympathy to the sorrowing ones.

THE EDITOR

"You remember John McNeill's story of the captive eagle which grew up in the hen yard with a clog on one of its feet. At last the man decided to liberate the eagle and took off the clog, but it went hopping about just the same. So one morning he set the eagle on a wall just as the sun was rising. The eagle looked for the first time at the rising sun, then, lifting himself up, he stretched his mighty wings, and with one scream launched himself into the upper air. He belonged up there all the time, and had simply been living in the wrong place. Thus, reader, stretch the pinions of your soul, beat the lower air and rise until you are with the enthroned One."—*C. I. Scofield*