

THE CHURCH WALKING WITH THE WORLD

Romans 12:2 – “And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God.”

Matthew 16:26 – “For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?”

The Church and the World walked far apart,
On the changing shore of time;
The World was singing a giddy song,
And the Church a hymn sublime.
“Come give me your hand,” said the merry
World

“And then walk with me this way.”
But the good Church hid her snowy hand,
And solemnly answered, “Nay.”

“I will not give my hand at all,
And I will not walk with you;
Your way is the way of eternal death,
And your words are all untrue.”

“Nay, walk with me a little space,”
Said the World with a kindly air,
“The road I walk is a pleasant road,
And the sun shines always there.”

“Your way is narrow and thorny and rough,
While mine is flowery and smooth;
Your lot is sad with reproach and toil,
But in rounds of joy I move.
My way you can see, is a broad fair one,
And my gate is high and wide;
There is room enough for you and me,
And we’ll travel side by side.”

Half shyly the Church approached the
World, And gave him her hand of snow;
And the false World grasped it, and walked
along
And whispered in accents low,
“Your dress is too simple to please my taste;
I have gold and pearls to wear;
Rich velvets and silks for your graceful form
And diamonds to deck your hair.”

The Church looked down at the plain white
robes,
And then at the dazzling World,
And blushed as she saw his handsome lip,
With a smile contemptuous curled;
“I will change my dress for a costlier one,”
Said the Church with a smile of grace;
Then her pure white garments drifted away,
And the World gave in their place --

Beautiful satins, and fashionable silks,
And a rose, and gems and pearls;
And over her forehead her bright hair fell
And waved in a thousand curls.
“Your house is too plain,” said the proud old
World,
Let us build you one like mine,
With kitchen for feasting and parlor for play
And furniture ever so fine.”

So he built her a costly and beautiful house
---- Splendid it was to behold;
Her sons and her daughters met frequently
There,
Shining in purple and gold;
And fair and festival – frolics untold,
Were held in the place of prayer;
And Maidens bewitching as sirens of old
--With world-winning graces rare,

Bedecked with fair jewels and hair all
Curled,
Untrammelled by Gospel or laws,

To beguile and amuse and win from the
World,
Some help for the righteous cause.
The angel of mercy rebuked the Church,
And whispered, “I know thy sin.”
Then the Church looked sad, and
Anxiously
Longed to gather the children in.

But some were away at the midnight ball
And others were at the play;
And some were drinking in gay
Saloons, and the angel went away.
And then said the World in soothing
Tones –
“Your much loved ones mean no harm –
Merely indulging in innocent sports,”
So she leaned on his proffered arm,

And smiled, and chatted, and gathered
Flowers
And walked along with the World;
While countless millions of precious
Souls
Were hungering for truth untold;
“Your preachers are all too cold and
Plain,”
Said the gay World, with a sneer;
“They frighten my children with
dreadful tales,
Which I do not like to hear.”

“They talk of judgments and fire and pain,”
And the doom of darkest night,
They warn of a place that should not be
Thus spoken to ears polite!

I will send you some – a better stamp,
More brilliant and gay and fast,
Who will show how men may live as they
List
And go to heaven at last.”

The Church Walking With The World (Cont.)

“The Father is merciful, great and good,
Loving and tender and kind;
Do you think He’d take one child to heaven,
And leave another behind?”
So she called for pleasing and gay divines,
Deemed gifted, and great and learned;
And the plain old men that had preached
the cross
Were out of the pulpit turned.
Then Mammon came in and supported the
Church
And rented a prominent pew;
And preaching and singing and floral
display
Soon proclaimed a gospel new.
“You give too much to the poor,” said the
World
“Far more than you ought to do;
Though the poor need shelter, food and
clothes,
Why thus need it trouble you?”
“Go take your money and buy rich robes
And horses and carriages fine;
And pearls and jewels and dainty food,
The rarest and costliest wine.
My children, they dote on all such things,
And if you their love would win,
You must do as they do, and walk in the way
The flowery way they’re in.”
The Church her purse-strings tightly held
And gracefully lowered her head,
And simpered, “I’ve given too much away,
I will do, sir, as you have said.”
So the poor were turned from the door in
scorn,
She heard not the orphan’s cry;
And she drew her beautiful robes aside,
As the widows went weeping by.
And they of the Church, and they of the
World
Journeyed closely, hand and heart,

And none but the Master, Who knoweth all,
Could discern the two apart.
Then the Church sat down at her ease and
Said
“I’m rich and in goods increased
I have need of nothing, and naught to do,
But to laugh, and dance and feast.”
The sly world heard her and laughed within,
And mockingly said aside,
“The Church has fallen – the beautiful
Church,
Her shame is her boast and pride.”
Thus her witnessing power, alas, was lost,
And perilous times came in;
The times of the end, so often foretold,
Of form, and pleasure, and sin.
Then the angel drew near the mercy seat,
And whispered in sighs her name,
And the saints their anthems of rapture
hushed,
And covered their heads with shame.
A voice came down from the hush of
heaven,
From Him Who sat on the throne;
“I know thy works, and what thou hast said,
But alas! Thou hast not known
That thou art poor and naked and blind,
With pride and ruin enthralled;
The expectant Bride of a heavenly Groom,
Is the harlot of the World!
Thou hast ceased to watch for that blessed
Hope,
Hast fallen from zeal and grace;
So now, alas! I must cast thee out,
And blot thy name from its place.”
But out from the side of the harlot church,
While she sleeps in indolent shame,
Will be taken the remnant who keeps God’s
Word
And honor His Holy Name.

By the word of their testimony, and the
Blood of the Lamb,
They overcame the world.
They prayed for the day when their enemy
strong,
Would be into the abyss hurled.
For those who keep their garments clean,
Shall walk with Him in white,
In the day when He comes to claim His own,
To make them His jewels bright.

Rev. 3:15, 16 – “I know thy works, that
thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou
wert cold or hot. So then because thou art
lukewarm and neither cold nor hot, I will
spue thee out of My mouth.

Rev. 2:7 – “He that hath an ear, let him
hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches;
To him that overcometh will I give to eat of
the tree of life, which is in the midst of the
paradise of God.

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