

# WAY TO SHILOH

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## The tale of the jail cell

One day a girl started to realize that she was trapped in a jail cell by a horrible troll. The troll had tricked her into thinking that this was normal and was how everyone lived, and although it was making her unhappy that's just how life was. To keep her from wanting to escape he gave her all sorts of possessions and pleasures and told her many lies, he even put other people with her so she wouldn't want to leave. But, as I have said, she had started to realize this was a jail cell and, what is more, that she was on death row! She found out because people had told her and she herself had heard the call from the King of the land to be free. The King could say this because in the past He had come into the troll's territory and had broken one of the bars of the cell in two. This enabled the occupant to just about squeeze through if they really wanted to, BUT there was not enough room to take any of the things the troll had given through also. The girl was sad because she had come to love all the cheap gifts she had been given and was clinging to them, she knew she could not let go of them.

Her 'free' friends called to her to realize all the more the seriousness of her situation and to leave the things she had set her affections on and be free, for it was madness to stay inside for the sake of these worthless things (knowing that this decision meant certain death), and besides it was so much better outside. She replied, "I'm not the same as you, there's no hope." They replied, that this was not true, and that all she had to do was to let go of the past things that had been wrong to cling to and to really believe and respond to the King's call to step free, for it was wrong to just stay put knowing a way of escape had been made. However she continued to shake her head. As time went on the voice of the King became more distant. It had, at first, been full of love but became more urgent and forceful (she knew that one day He would stop calling). The troll whispered in her ear and told her that she had tried to leave with her stuff, and that is all she could be expected to do, and that the King was unreasonable in what he asked. Unfortunately she believed him and as far as I know she remains there to this day.

Here follows something written by the famous Scottish Preacher Robert Murray M'Cheyne. On hearing, concerning a friend of the family, that she had said, "that she was determined to keep by the world," he penned the following lines on her melancholy decision:-

*She has chosen the world,  
And it's paltry crowd,-  
She has chosen the world,  
And an endless shroud!  
She has chosen the world,  
With it's misnamed pleasures:  
She has chosen the world,  
Before heaven's own treasures.*

*She hath launched her boat  
On life's giddy sea,  
And her all is afloat  
For eternity.  
But Bethlehem's star  
Is not in her view;  
And her aim is far  
From the harbour true.*

*When the storm descends  
From an angry sky,  
Ah! Where from the winds  
Shall the vessel fly?  
When stars are concealed,  
And rudder gone,  
And heaven is sealed  
To the wandering one!*

*The whirlpool opes  
For the gallant prize;  
And, with all her hopes,  
To the deep she hies!  
But who may tell  
Of the place of woe  
Where the wicked dwell-  
Where the worldlings go?*

*For the human heart  
Can ne'er conceive  
What joys are the part  
Of them who believe;  
Nor can justly think  
Of the cup of death  
Which all must drink  
Who despise the faith.*

*Away, then-oh, fly  
From the joys of earth!  
Her smile is a lie-  
There's a sting in her mirth.  
Come, leave the dreams  
Of this transient night,  
And bask in the beams  
Of an endless light.*