

## GUEST EDITORIAL

### THE CHURCH ON THE MARCH

J. Paul Taylor, D. D., in "Free Methodist"

"Onward, Christian Soldiers," is one of the perennial marching hymns of the church. It presents a vivid picture of a redeemed host in mighty movement for world conquest. But, by repetition, it has lost some of its vivid color and sharp outlines, as the masterpieces of noted artists have often been dimmed by dust, smoke and varnish, making effort necessary to "restore" them to something of their original brightness and beauty. It might be called a moving picture, for it shows the church in motion. "Like a mighty army moves the church of God," and if she does not move, it is because a paralysis akin to death has seized her and she is no longer the church of God. Certain elements are characteristic of her movement.

She moves aggressively. "Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war." The church, when true to her name and mission, prosecutes a holy war against sin for the salvation of the sinner. She recognizes that there are no civilians in the Kingdom of God. Every subject is a soldier. Everyone who is born again is born clothed in armor, as in Greek mythology Minerva was fabled to have sprung fully armed from the head of Zeus. The church knows nothing about holding actions or "strategic retreats." She knows her best defense is offense. Consecration and not conservation is her first watchword. Instead of spending her precious time repairing and protecting fences, she spends it pushing the fences back to take in more territory. She moves up to the front the day in which she lives, grapples with the forces now on the field, and does not waste valuable energy fighting the ghosts of extinct evils and errors. She does not move in a circle of ceremonies within an ecclesiastical fortress but moves out to girdle the globe with salvation.

She moves unitedly. "We are not divided, all one body we." If the church is "one body," then evangelism is indeed the big business of the church. No member of the body has an independent existence, and no member has an independent program. If the fingers made it their function to "point with pride" at their achievements and point with scorn at other members of the body when the function of the whole body was to forget itself and minister unitedly to the world, they would rule themselves out of the body. The real schismatic is the man who thinks the church is furnished as a setting in which he may show off his bigness to advantage. Questions of protocol and precedence are irrelevant in the body of Christ. There should be no quarrel between the eye and the ear. The eye sees for the ear. The ear hears for the eye. What matters it whether we are officers or privates in the army of God when, from the least to the greatest, we are kings and priests unto Him? We have one focus and one goal. We have one heart beating with one purpose. We have one soul breathing with one inspiration.

She moves joyfully. "Onward, then, ye people, join our happy throng." The church moves to the music born of harmony restored to the soul by the indwelling Spirit. "Be filled with the Spirit; speaking to yourselves in psalms and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." This melody pours out in rivers of living water, and the world catches the singing of the waters. The world can withstand almost everything but the "joy of the Lord" which "is our strength."

The church-army is not beaten or bribed into action. This is no slave host, but a host of loyal citizens of the Kingdom whose delight is in the law of the Lord, and whose supreme desire is to see the sway of Christ's kingship enlarged. They are "exceeding joyful in all [their]

The King's Highway

tribulations," if thereby souls are saved.  
She moves confidently.

"Gates of hell can never 'gainst that church prevail;  
We have Christ's own promise, and that cannot fail."

Faith moves on the promise. Faith ventures. Faith claims the kingdoms of the world for our Lord and His Christ. She believes "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein." Sin has no rights. It is an interloper. Christ has given Satan no quit-claim deed to the world. The prince of devils is a vain and vile pretender to kingship, who has come to power by fraud and robbery. His usurpation of Christ's place is challenged by the church. She expects to see him bruised under her feet. Since she has no weapon but faith, she anticipates miracles in advance, and she prepares for them by marching around the walls and shouting the victory before a crack appears in them.

She moves sacrificially, "With the cross of Jesus going on before." The cross is the badge of discipleship. By this sign we conquer. Christ bore the cross, and His command to every soldier in His army is, "Take up thy cross and follow me." The ranks of the true church are made up of men who would hazard their lives for the name of the Lord Jesus in hope of a better resurrection for themselves and in hope of a great salvation for their fellowmen. Those who would sacrifice the person to see men redeemed from sin would not hesitate to sacrifice the purse if that would contribute anything toward the great end of soul-saving. Do not give stintedly but sacrificially. Nothing less will undergird the work of general evangelism in the church and please the Christ who gave His all to make a program of world evangelism a blessed possibility.

"Instead of praying in a general way for the Lord's blessing on the missionaries and their fields, let us take—daily and definitely—the leaders of God's people at home and abroad—to Him in believing, importunate prayer."

### WHAT WILT THOU SAY?

A hundred thousand souls a day  
Are passing one by one away  
In Christless guilt and gloom.  
Without one ray of hope or light,  
With future dark as endless night,  
They're passing to their doom.

The Master's coming draweth near,  
The Son of Man will soon appear,  
His Kingdom is at hand;  
But ere that glorious day can be,  
This gospel of the Kingdom we  
Must preach in every land.

Oh, let us, then, His coming haste,  
Oh, let us end this awful waste  
Of souls that never die.  
A thousand millions still are lost,  
A Saviour's blood has paid the cost.  
Oh, hear their dying cry.

They're passing, passing fast away,  
A hundred thousand souls a day,  
In Christless guilt and gloom.  
O Church of Christ, what wilt thou say,  
When in that awful judgment day  
They charge thee with their doom?

—A. B. Simpson