

## TWO MEN IN A PIT

Two men with bags of wealth from earthly toil  
Were lying in the bottom of a pit  
Where slime and refuse rotted in the soil.  
The two were separated from the light  
That shined into the dark below, and it  
Was vain to climb the high and jagged walls  
Around them to escape their wretched plight,  
Because they noticed crushed upon the ground  
The bones of those who tried with fatal falls.  
But suddenly a Voice rang in their ears,  
And each were startled by the stirring sound:  
“Leave all and climb the way that I will show!”  
At once, the first man, rising, lost his fears  
And let his bag of worldly riches drop.  
He then, forgetting all he left below,  
Began with heart renewed to mount the side  
Revealed, and yet the steepest, to the top.  
The other fellow watched the first progress,  
And saying, “He can, so can I,” he tried;  
But with his bag he went a faster way  
And soon seemed to be making some success.  
The first, not looking back, would often slip,  
But with his eyes fixed on the light of day  
In zealous faith that he would reach his goal,  
He with assurance held a sturdy grip.  
At last, he did receive the gift and prize  
Of freedom and salvation for his soul;  
Because, without regret in leaving all,  
He chose to heed the Echo from the skies,  
And trusting in that Voice without a doubt,  
He boldly followed Him who gave the call.  
But as he stepped into the light above,  
Out from the pit there rang a deathly shout  
From him who fell still clinging to his gold.  
Just so, in Hell all die who keep the love  
Of wealth or sin or self in such esteem  
That they, not following God’s call, will hold  
To things not so important as they seem.

— *David L. Hatton, 1970*