



Articles and Sermons :: The Chocolate Soldier by C.T. Studd (1860-1931)

The Chocolate Soldier by C.T. Studd (1860-1931) - posted by LiveforGod (), on: 2008/6/5 16:29

"Heroism is the lost chord; the missing note of present-day Christianity!"

Every true soldier is a hero! A SOLDIER WITHOUT HEROISM IS A CHOCOLATE SOLDIER! Who has not been stirred to scorn and mirth at the very thought of a Chocolate Soldier? In peace true soldiers are captive lions, fretting in their cages. War gives them their liberty and sends them, like boys bounding out of school, to obtain their heart's desire or perish in the attempt. Battle is the soldier's vital breath! Peace turns him into a stooping asthmatic. War makes him a whole man again, and gives him the heart, strength, and vigour of a hero.

EVERY TRUE CHRISTIAN IS A SOLDIER — of Christ — a hero "par excellence!" Braver than the bravest - scorning the soft seductions of peace and her oft repeated warnings against hardship, disease, danger and death, whom he counts among his bosom friends.

THE OTHERWISE CHRISTIAN IS A Chocolate Christian, dissolving in water and melting at the smell of fire. Sweeties they are! Bonbons, lollipops! Living their lives in a glass dish or in a cardboard box, each clad in his soft clothing, a little frilled white paper to preserve his dear little delicate constitution.

Here are some Portraits of Chocolate Soldiers taken by the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. "He said, 'I go sir,' and went not." He said he would go to the mission field, but he stuck fast to the Western world instead.

"They say and do not" - they tell others to go, and yet do not go themselves. "Never", said General Gordon to a corporal, as he himself jumped upon the parapet of a trench before Sebastopol to fix a gabion which the corporal had ordered a private to fix and would not fix himself, "Never tell another man to do what you are afraid to do yourself."

To the Chocolate Soldier the very thought of war brings a violent attack of ague, while the call to battle always finds him with the palsy. "I really cannot move," he says. "I only wish I could, but I can sing, and here are some of my favorite lines:

"I must be carried to the skies
On a flowery bed of ease,
Let others fight to win the prize,
Or sail through bloody seas.

Mark time, Christian heroes,
Never go to war;
Stop and mind the babies
Playing on the floor.
Wash and dress and feed them
Forty times a week,
'Til they're roly poly--
Puddings so to speak.

Chorus:
Round and round the nursery
Let us ambulate,
Sugar and spice and all that's nice
Must be on our plate."

"Thank the good Lord," said a very fragile, white-haired lady. "God never meant me to be a jellyfish!" She wasn't!

God never was a chocolate manufacturer and never will be. God's men are always heroes. In Scripture you can trace their giant foot-tracks down the sands of time.

NOAH walked with God: he did not only preach righteousness, he acted it. He went through water and did not melt. He breasted the current of the popular opinion of his day, scorning alike the hatred and ridicule of the scoffers who mocked at the thought of there being but one way of salvation. He warned the unbelieving and, entering the ark himself, did not open the door an inch when once God had shut it. A real hero untainted by the fear of man!

Learn to scorn the praise of men,
Learn to lose with God;
Jesus won the world through shame!
And beckons us His road.

ABRAHAM, a simple farmer, at a word from the invisible God, marched with family and stock through the terrible desert to a distant land to live among a people whose language he could neither speak nor understand! Not bad that! But later he did even better, marching hot foot against the combined armies of five kings, flushed with recent victory, to rescue one man! His army? Just 318 odd fellows, armed like a circus crowd. And he won!

"He always wins who sides with God." What pluck! Only a farmer! No war training! Yet what hero has eclipsed his fear? He was the Friend of God - that was his open secret.

MOSES, the man of God, was a species of human chameleon: scholar, general, law-giver, leader, etc., brought up as the emperor's grandson with more than a good chance of coming to the throne. There was only one thing between him and it - Truth. What a choice! What a temptation! A throne for a lie! Ignominy, truth! He played the man! "Refusing to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, he chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin and success for a season, accounting the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt."

Again I see him. Now an old man and alone, marching stolidly back to Egypt after forty years of exile. He goes to beard the lion in his den, to liberate Pharaoh's slaves right under his very nose, and to lead them across that great and terrible wilderness. A wild-cat affair, if ever there was one! When were God's schemes otherwise? Look at Jordan, Jericho, Gideon, Goliath, and scores of others. Tame tabby-cat schemes are stamped with another hallmark - that of the Chocolate Brigade! How dearly they love their tabbies, yet think themselves wise men! Real Christians revel in desperate ventures for Christ, expecting from God great things and attempting the same with exhilaration. History cannot match this feat of Moses. How was it done? He consulted not with flesh and blood; he obeyed not men but God.

Once again I see the old grey-beard, this time descending Mount Sinai with giant strides and rushing into the camp, his eyes blazing like burning coals. One man against two million dancing dervishes drunk with debauchery! Bravo! Well done, old man! First class! His cheek does not pale, but his mouth moves, and I think I catch his words, "If God is for me, who can be against me? I will not be afraid of ten thousand of the people that have set themselves against me. Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear." And he didn't. He wins again. Whence this desperate courage? Listen! "Now the man Moses was very meek above all the men which were upon the face of the earth." "The Lord spoke to Moses face to face, as a man speaks to his friend." "My servant Moses", said his Master, "is faithful in all My house; with him I will speak mouth to mouth." Such is the explanation of Moses, the chameleon, the man, the friend of God, and consequently a first class hero.

DAVID, the man after God's own heart, was a man of war and a mighty man of valour. When all Israel was on the run, David faced Goliath - alone ... with God - and he was only a youngster, and well-scolded, too, by his own brother for having come to see the battle. What a splendid fool brother Eliab must have been! As though David would go to see a battle and not stay to fight. They are chocolate soldiers who merely go to see battles and coolly urge others to fight them. They had better save their journey money and use it to send out real fighters instead. Soldiers don't need dry nurses, and if they did the Holy Spirit is always on the spot and ready to undertake any case on simple application.

No! David went to the battle and stayed to fight, and won! Wise beyond his years, he had no use for Saul's armour. It cramped his freedom of action. He tried it on and took it off quick sharp. And besides, it made such a ghastly rattle, even when he walked, that he could not hear the still small voice of God, and would never have heard Him say afterwards. "This is the way to the brook, David. And there are the five smooth stones! Trust only in Me and them. Your own home-made sling will do first class. And there, that's the shortest cut to Goliath." THE CHOCOLATES had run away (they were all chocolates) but David ran upon Goliath. One smooth stone was enough.

David's secret was that he had but one Director, and He, the Infallible One. He directed the stone as He directed the youth. Too many directors spoil the sport, and two many by just one. Thus Christ said to His soldiers, "HE shall teach

you all things. HE shall guide you into all truth."

"This is My Beloved Son; HEAR HIM."

"One mediator only, between God and man, the man Christ Jesus."

One Director of Christian men - God the Holy Spirit, whose directions require indeed instant obedience, but not the endorsement of any man.

The Devil needs red-hot shot, fresh from the foundry of the Holy Spirit. He laughs at cold shot or tepid, and as for that made of half iron and half clay, half divine and half human, why you might just as well pelt him with snow balls.

Whence did this raw youth derive his pluck and skill? Not from military camps, nor theological schools, nor religious retreats. "To know the only True God and Jesus Christ" is enough. Paul determined to know only Jesus Christ and look at the great results! Whilst others were learning pretty theories, David, like John the Baptist, had been alone with God in the wilds, practicing on bears and lions. The result? He knew God and did exploits. He knew God only. He trusted God only. That is the secret. God alone gives strength. God adulterated with men entails the weakness of iron and clay - Chocolate - brittleness!

Yet here as he was, even David (alas!) once stayed and played the role of a Chocolate Soldier. He stayed at home when he should have gone to war. His army, far off, in danger, fighting the enemy, won. David, at home, going there, suffered the one great defeat of his life, entailing such a bitter, life-long reaping as might well deter others from the folly of sowing wild oats. David's sin is a terrific sermon (like Lot's preaching in Sodom must have been). Its theme? Don't be a Chocolate Soldier!

In his simple, quick and full confession, David proved himself to be a man again. It takes a real man to make a true confession - a Chocolate Soldier will excuse or cloak his sin. He tumbles in the mud, flounders on, wipes his mouth to try and get the bad taste of his acted lie out of it, and then goes on his way saying, "I have done no wickedness." A self-murdering fool! Killing his conscience to save his face, like Baalam beating the ass who sought to save his master's life. Being a Chocolate Soldier nearly finished David. Beware!

NATHAN was another real Christian Soldier. He went to his king and rebuked him to his face, like Peter's dealing with Ananias (only David embraced his opportunity and confessed), and unlike the Chocolate Soldiers of today who go whispering about and refusing either to judge, rebuke, or put away evil because of the entailed scandal. Forsooth! Veritable Soapy Sams! They say, "It is nothing, nothing at all! A mere misunderstanding!" As though God's cause would suffer more through a bold declaration and defense of the truth and the use of the knife, than by the hiding up of sin, and the certain development of mortification in the member, involving death to the whole body. "He who does what is right is righteous;" and "he who does what is sinful is of the devil" and ought to be told so. He that is a second time led captive by the devil needs neither plaster nor treacle, but the brave rebuke and summons to repentance of a righteous man to effect his salvation. We are badly in need of 'Nathans' today, who fear God and nothing else, no, not even a scandal.

DANIEL was another hero. Of course he was! Was not the man greatly beloved of God, who sent an angel to tell him so?

I love to watch him as he walks, with firm step and radiant face, to the lions' den, stopping but once - like his Master on route to Calvary - to comfort his weeping and agonized emperor. God shut the mouths of the lions against Daniel, but opened them wide against those who had opened their mouths against His servant. A man is known by his works, and the works of Daniel were his three friends who, rather than bow down to men or gold, braved the fiery furnace.

Again, see him going to the banquet hall, and hear his conductor whisper in his ear, "Draw it mild, Daniel. Be statesmanlike. You'll get position and power again if you are tactful and wise, especially tactful." And Daniel's simple reply, "Get behind me, Satan!" There he stands before the king, braving torture or instant death - but it's the king who quails, not Daniel - who tells him to his face the whole truth of God, diminishing not a jot.

JOHN THE BAPTIST - a man taught and made and sent from God. Good old John! Who doesn't love and admire him? Why, even Herod did. A genuine deficiency of oil and treacle in his composition! He always told the bang flat truth, with emphasis. As he loved, so he warned. He did not know how to butter up to anyone. He wooed with the sword, and men loved him the better for it. They always do.

The leaders of religion sent to John to ask him the dearly-loved question of every Pharisee, "By what authority do you do these (good) things?" They asked that of Christ Himself, and crucified Him for doing them. John's answer was plain and pungent, "I will tell you what you ask, and more." (John was always liberal!) "I? I am nobody, but you and your masters are a generation of vipers." A good hot curry that! John never served his curries with butter sauce, but he was always very liberal with chutney - a man of God - No sugar plum, nor Chocolate Soldier he!

Thus also he faced Herod after six months in an underground dungeon, and he a man 'God's Open Air Mission.' Brought straight in before the king; surrounded with all the might and majesty of court; blinking at the unaccustomed sight of light, but by no means putting blinkers on the truth, he blurted out his hot and thunderous rebuke, "It is not lawful for you to have your brother's wife." A whole sermon in one sentence, as easy to remember as impossible to forget. John had preached like that before. Like Hugh Latimer, he was not above repeating a good sermon to a king, word for word, when the king had not given sufficient heed to it.

John received the unique distinction of a first class character from both God and the agent of the devil. Listen to the Saviour indulging in an outburst of exquisite sarcasm, when He asked the crowd about John. "What did you go out in the desert to see? A reed shaken by the wind? A man dressed in fine clothes?" A Chocolate Christian? (How delicious! The Chocolates were right in front of Jesus at the time - Pharisees, Sadducees, priests, scribes, lawyers and other hypocrites. How the crowd must have enjoyed it!) "A prophet? Yes, I tell you, and more than a prophet. Among those born of women there has not risen anyone greater than John." And what did the devil's agent say when, after John's death, he heard of Jesus? "This," I tell you, "is John raised from the dead." What a character! Fancy Jesus being mistaken for anyone! He could only have been mistaken for John. Nobody envies him the well-deserved honour, great though it was, for John was a man who was pure granite right through, with not a grain of chocolate in him.

Had John but heard Jesus say, "You will be My witnesses to the ends of the earth," I very much doubt if Herod's dungeon or his soldiers could have detained him. He surely would have found some means of escape, and run off to preach Christ's gospel, if not in the heart of Africa, then in some more difficult and dangerous place. Yet Christ said, referring to His subsequent gift of the Holy Spirit to every believer. "He who is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he," intimating that even greater powers than those of John are at the disposal of every Christian. What John was, each one of us can be: good, straight, bold, unconquerable, heroic.

But there are other footprints - outrageous ones; they can only belong to one man, that grandest of Christian paradoxes, the little giant PAUL. His head was as big as his body, and his heart greater than both. Once he thought and treated every Christian as a combination of knave and fool. Then he became one himself. He was called "fool" because his acts were so far beyond the dictates of human reason, and "mad" because of his irrepressible fiery zeal for Christ and men. He was a first class scholar, but one who knew how to use scholarship properly; for he put it on the shelf, declaring the wisdom of men to be but folly, and determined to know nothing else except Jesus Christ and Him crucified. The result: he made the world turn somersault. His life was a perpetual gamble for God. Daily he faced death for Christ. Again and again he stood fearless before crowds thirsting for his blood. He stood before kings and governors and did not turn a hair. He did not even flinch before Nero, that vice president of hell. His sufferings were appalling: read them. He trod in his Master's footsteps, and so received the same splendid compliment that Jesus did, for God is always just in His favours. "All forsook him." So there were some Chocolate Christians in those days too. Anyone who forsook Paul must have been made of Chocolate. Doubtless the 'chocolates' excused themselves as they do today. "Who could abide such a fanatical fiery fool, such an uncompromising character? Nobody could work with him, or he with them!" (What a lie! Jesus did, and they go on well together.) A tactless enthusiast, who considered it his business to tell every man the unvarnished truth, regardless of consequences! He won his degree hands down, without a touch of the spur, a first class one too - that of the headman's axe - next best to that of the cross.

And so the tale goes on. Go where you will through the Scriptures or history, you will find that men who really knew God, and did not merely say they did, were invariably paragons of pluck, dare - devil desperadoes for Jesus, gamblers for God. "Fools and madmen!" shout the world and the Chocolates. "Yes, for Christ's sake," add the angels. Nobly they fought to win the prize:

Climbing the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil and pain,
O God, to us let grace be given,
To follow in their train.

The Chocolate Christians of today can at least boast of having an ancient pedigree.

There are Chocolates À la Reuben, who have great searchings of heart, and make great resolves of heart too. But somehow they still sit among the sheepfolds, listening to the pipings of their much loved organs, or the strumming of their guitars. It is good to have great heart-searching. It is better to make a great heart resolve. But if, instead of obeying, we squat among the sheep, leaving our few hard-pressed brothers to tackle the wolves by themselves, we are only Chocolate Christians. You made a great resolve to go to Africa for Christ a year or two ago. Where are you now? Still in the West? In Britain? Yes! Yes! Lollipop! (Judges 5:16)

There are Chocolates Meroz who earned the curse of the angel of the Lord. War was declared, the battle about to begin. The odds were outrageous but Meroz remained in England, attending conventions until the battle was over. Then he went in comfort and security as a tourist! Doubtless they said he "couldn't fight until they had been properly ordained, and besides, there was so much to be done in fat, overfed Meroz. Surely to feed a flock of fat sheep has always been considered the ideal training for war." As though the best training for a soldier was to become a nursemaid!! (Judges 5:23)

Chocolates du Balaam begin first class and earn the name of prophets. Then they develop a squint, melt, and finally run out of the frying pan into the fire! Thus was Balaam.

One day he could not get his left eye to look at God. It would look at earth and riches and that chit of a girl, Miss Popularity. He ought to have done as God told him, and plucked it out. But he said that was too much to ask of any man, and besides he wanted the best of both worlds. He had the hearty desire to die the death of the righteous, but he was not willing to pay the price of a righteous life. He had not the pluck to curse God's people so he made plans for others to make them sin. But one day, while his dupes were putting his chestnuts into the fire, they fell in themselves and Balaam with them. (Numbers 23 & 24)

"I counsel you to buy from Me salve to put on your eyes, so that you can once again see the folly of flirting with the world."

Chocolate Demas left fiery, hard-hitting Paul for an easier path. He said he thought Paul should wink at or slobber over sin instead of rebuking it. "He was so very fond of the knife, you know. He never would use sticking plaster, because he said it never healed the sore, but made it burrow underneath and become bigger, worse and dangerous" (2 Timothy 4:10).

Mark joined the Chocolate Brigade once. He left Paul and Barnabas in the lurch, and went back to Jerusalem for a rest cure - a religious retreat. Thank God he got sick of it before long, and re-enlisting in God's army became a useful soldier. (Acts 13:13)

Many fine youngsters are turned into Chocolates by old prophets. Old prophets who have lost their fire, or who fire off words instead of deeds, usually become great Chocolate manufacturers. That poor young prophet! He did so well when he obeyed God only, but it was all over with him when he listened to another voice, even though it was that of an old prophet. Did not the old prophet say he was a prophet? And say that he had got the message straight from God? What a damnable lie! The floor of Christendom and elsewhere is littered with WRECKS made by old prophets. God won't stand nonsense from any man. Every man has to choose between Christ and Barabbas, and every Christian between God and some old prophet. Better be a silly donkey in the estimation of an old prophet than to listen to his soft talk and flattery, and afterwards become a wreck. "This is My beloved Son, hear HIM." "You have an anointing from God, and you do not need anyone to teach you." You say you believe the Bible! Do your deeds give the lie to your words? (1 Kings 13).

THE TEN SPIES WERE CHOCOLATES. They melted and ran over the whole congregation of Israel, turning them into Chocolate Creams - softies, afraid to face the fire and water before them. God put them all into the saucepan again and boiled them for forty years in the desert, and left them there. He has no use for Chocolates. It is not small things that He despises, but 'Chocolates', for He said, "Your little ones shall inherit the promised land which you have forfeited through listening to men and despising Me." (Numbers 13)

JONAH became a Chocolate Soldier once. Told to go to Africa, he went to Liverpool and took ship for America. Luckily he met a storm and a whale which, after three day's instruction, taught him how to pray and obey, and set him once again on the right track. (Jonah 1)

There is nothing that shows up Chocolates so much as a bit of a breeze among God's people. Paul and Barnabas had one once. Judging from experience, I guess there were some Chocolates about then who got into a fog right away! Before that they had vowed they would go to the mission field, but this breeze between P. and B. put them off. If they had not been MADE OF CHOCOLATE they would have said, "This affair between Paul and Barnabas only makes it more necessary for me to keep close to God, and to do what He told me to do more exactly and punctually; so I shall go to Africa a bit sooner, that's all!"

Difficulties, dangers, disease, death or divisions don't deter any but Chocolates from executing God's will. When someone says there is a lion in the way, the real Christian promptly replies, "That's hardly enough inducement for me; I want a bear or two besides to make it worth my while to go."

Chocolates are very fond of talking loud and long against some whom they call fanatics, as though there were any danger of Christians being fanatics nowadays! Why, fanatics among Christians are as rare as the dodo. Now, if they declaimed against tepidity, they would talk sense. God's real people have always been called fanatics. Jesus was called mad, so was Paul; so were Whitefield, Wesley, Moody, Spurgeon. No one has graduated far in God's school who has not been paid the compliment of being called a fanatic. We Christians of today are indeed a tepid crew. Had we but half the fire and enthusiasm of the Suffragettes of the past, we would have the world evangelized and Christ back amongst us in no time. Had we the pluck and heroism of the Battle of Britain pilots, or the men who go on Polar expeditions or climb Everest, or for any ordinary dare-devil enterprise, we could have every soul on earth knowing the name of Jesus Christ in less than ten years.

Alas! What stirs ordinary men's blood and turns them into heroes makes most Christians run like a flock of frightened sheep. Militants daily risk their lives in furtherance of their particular cause, and subscribe with their means in a way that cries "Shame!" on us Christians, who generally brand the braving of risks and fighting against odds as "tempting God".

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS (stick-jaws, boys call them) jawing, "I go, sir," and sticking fast in Christendom! No conquest is made in assured safety, and conquest for Christ certainly cannot be so made.

We Christians too often SUBSTITUTE PRAYER FOR PLAYING THE GAME. Prayer is good; but when used as a substitute for obedience it is nothing but blatant hypocrisy, a despicable Pharisaism. We need as many meetings for action as for prayer - perhaps more. Every orthodox prayer meeting is opened by God saying to His people, "Go work today; pray that labourers will be sent into My vineyard." It is continued by the Christian's response, "I go, Lord, wherever You send me, that Your Name may be hallowed everywhere as it is in heaven." But if it ends in nobody going anywhere, it had better never have been held at all. Like faith, prayer without works is dead. That is why many Prayer Meetings might well be styled "much bleating, yet little wool". Zerubbabel did not only hold prayer meetings; he went and cut down trees and started to build. Hence God said, "From this day on I will bless you."

A report says that someone has rediscovered the secret of the old masters. Cannot we Christians rediscover, and put into practice, the secret of our Great Master and His former pupils. Heroism? He and they did not save themselves; they did not love their lives so much as to shrink from death, and so kept on saving them by losing for Christ's sake.

We are frittering away time and money in a multiplicity of conventions, conferences and retreats, when the real need is to go straight and full steam into battle.

The 'vox humana' plays too important a part in our Christian organs and organizations today. The music, whoever plays, is bound to be thin when the stops in 'instant obedience' and 'fiery valour' are missing or unused. Without them, to play the "Lost Chord" of heroism is an impossibility.

"Do whatever He tells you," said the blessed virgin. Do what? Not put treacle and spice into the soft holy vessels inside the house, but pour the water of life into those empty stone ones outside! Cana's marriage feast would have ended in shame had the wine run short. Christ's marriage feast only begins when the wine is sufficient - a blend from every nation, tribe, people and language. The supply is assured as soon as the water is poured out as Christ directed, into "the uttermost parts of the earth". The mischief today is the reluctance of the servants to do the outside work. They all want to serve indoors, wear smart clothes, listen to the conversation, and make a terrible lot of themselves in the butler's pantry.

DO LET US MAKE A REAL START NOW - AT ONCE.

For years, like Mr. Winkle, we've declared we were just about to begin, and then never began at all. We must divorce Chocolate and Disobedience, and marry Faith and Heroism.

"Who shall begin the battle?" asked the king. "You will," replied the prophet. And when the king and the young officers led the way, although the odds against them were terrific, they won with ridiculous ease. (1 Kings 20:14)

So, too, the apostles led in the war of God to the uttermost parts of the earth.

God's summons today is to the young men and women of Great Britain and the Commonwealth, of America and Europe, and of third world countries, who call themselves by the name of Christ.

"New wine," said Christ, "must be poured into new wineskins." Those superfluously labeled and patched-up old-fashioned ones are as hopeless as the "New Theology". They cannot be moved lest they burst with pride and spill the wine in the wrong place.

Listen! "In the last days, God says, I will pour out My Spirit on all people. Your sons and your daughters will prophesy, your young men will see visions (of faith), your old men will dream dreams (of valorous obedience). Even on my servants, both men and women, I will pour out My Spirit in those days, and they shall prophesy. I will show wonders in the heaven above and signs on the earth below, and they shall prophesy. I will show wonders in the heaven above and signs on the earth below, and everyone who calls on the Name of the Lord will be saved." But how can they call on Him of whom they have not even heard? Must you stay, young man? Can't you go, young woman, and tell them? Truly we are in the last - the Laodicean stage - that of the Lukewarm Church.

Will you be to Christ the partner of His throne or an emetic (Rev. 3:16); a Militant or a Chocolate Christian?

Will you fear or will you fight? Shall your brothers go to war and will you sit here? When He comes, will He find faith on the earth?

A thousand times you have admitted Christ's

"Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands your life, your soul, your all."

Will you be a miser and withhold what honour demands of you? Will you give like Ananias and Sapphira who, pretending they gave all, gave only part?

Possessing and enjoying the vineyard, will you, like the tenants, refuse the agreed rent? (Luke 20: 9-11). Will you fear death, or the devil, or men, and will you not fear SHAME? Some shall rise to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt. Shall we refuse to emulate the heroes of old, or shall we accomplish the double fulfillment of these glorious words:

All these, being men of war, came with a perfect heart to make Jesus King over all the world. They were all mighty men of valour for the war! He that was least was equal to a hundred, and the greatest to a thousand! They were not the faces of lions! They were as swift as the gazelles on the mountains (to do their Lord's commands)!

You sought in time past for Jesus to be king over you. NOW THEN DO IT! (Compare 1 Chronicles 12:8, 33, 38, and 2 Samuel 3:17-18). Shall we not reply, "We are Yours, Jesus, and on Your side. May God deal with me, be it ever so severely, if I do not do what the Father promised You on oath, and transfer the kingdom from the house of Satan and establish Your throne over all the world." (Compare 1 Chronicles 12:18, and 2 Samuel 3:9-10).

Come then, let us restore the 'lost chord' of Christianity - HEROISM - to the world, and the crown of the world to Christ. Christ Himself asks you, "Will you be a malingerer or a militant?"

To your knees, man! And to your Bible! Decide at once! Don't hedge! Time flies! Cease your insults to God. Quit consulting flesh and blood. Stop your lame lying and cowardly excuses.

Enlist! Here are your papers and oath of allegiance. Scratch out one side and sign the other in the presence of God and the recording angel. Mark God's endorsements underneath.

HENCEFORTH...

For me
To live is Christ
To die is gain
I'll be a militant or
A man of God
A gambler for
Christ
A Hero

Sign Here

For me
Chocolate my name
Tepidity my
temperature
A malingerer, I
A child of men
A self-excuser
A humbug

Sign Here

God's promises are sure in either case:
"I am with you always." "I will spit you out of my mouth."

Good Lord!
Baptize us with the Holy Spirit and with fire!
Cure us of this dread plague of Sleeping Sickness,
this crazy talking in our sleep, that even as we unceasingly pray,

May Your Name be hallowed everywhere;
Your kingdom come speedily;
Your will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.
Amen and Amen!