

The

Unvangelized World

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"Faithful Unto Death"



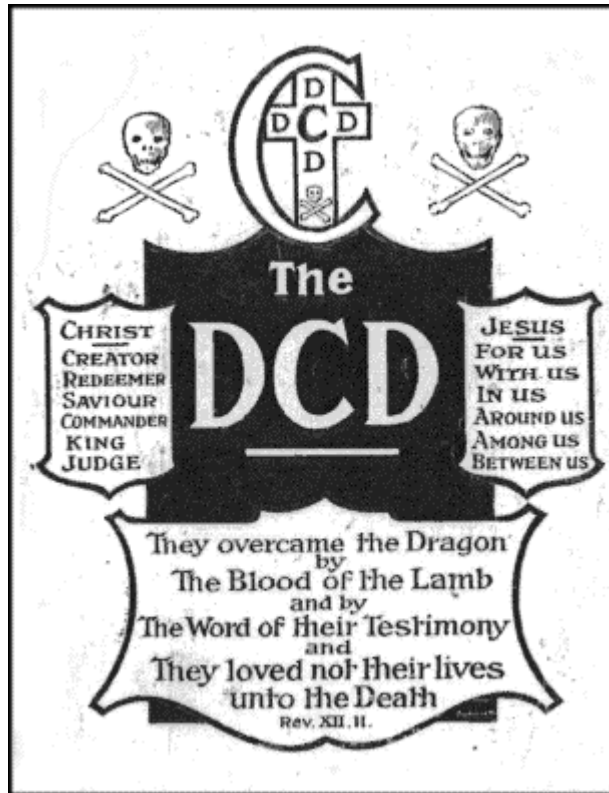
FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

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THE D.C.D.

by C.T. Studd 1st Edition published 1928



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What is D.C.D.? Who are these D.C.D.'s? A new order? But why start a new order? Are there not too many already? Also this order is everywhere spoken against: some "Damn it with faint praise" and others with emphasis.

Such things are not to be wondered at. Once upon a time there walked a Man upon the earth, the only one *sans peur et sans reproche* from start to finish, a Man from God, born of God, Who never once sinned, Who went everywhere doing good, healing the sick and raising the dead. What did the world say and do? Well, the world was too busy with mundane things to care much about "this Carpenter!" so they pronounced Him guiltless, but crucified Him to please the seeming worshippers of God-false worshippers-of that day. Yes! It was not the world but Mrs. Christian Grundy who shouted "Away with Him! Crucify Him!" and begged the judge to let loose among them a robber and a murderer. The only true, pure, honest Man that ever lived was thus described by these false worshippers of God, the State Church of His day: "A gluttonous man! a winebibber! a keeper of evil company! a madman! a deceiver of the people! a Sabbath breaker! He stirreth up and leadeth the people astray! devil possessed! a malefactor! what good things he does, he does by the power of his father the devil! A blasphemer!" And so they, thinking they did God service, shouted "Away with Him! Crucify Him!" And what did they say of one of the chief of His followers? "Away with him! It is not fit that he should live! He is an upsetter of the whole wide world! He causes men to defy all authority! A pestilent fellow!"

Consequently we need not wonder nor be disturbed if in our day Chief Priests, or Scribes, Pharisees, Sadducees, etc., speak evil of the old way of the D.C.D.'s. for the D.C.D. is not a novelty; it is no new religious invention. It is the old thing with a new name; the same body but a new dress; the old spirit, but a new bottle.

The D.C.D. is a sort of parable to constrain the Church to fight for Jesus. Christ at the start proclaimed the way of salvation in simple diction. The fire blazed up for a while, then it died down again, for the people had become accustomed to the sound of the words; the expressions were perfect, but by frequent use had become hackneyed, and so had lost their power to pierce the heart and prick the conscience. Then the Lord used parables, which compelled the people to sweat their brains and think of the meaning of the words they heard. Thus Christ used the parables of the Sower, the Field, the Treasure, and the Goodly Pearl, etc., because all these things were before the very eyes of the people. Today he uses the parable, not of the Sower, but of the Soldier, for the Great War has focused the eyes of all on the soldier. Today the soldiers, like the poor, are ever with us. Hence the Parable of the D.C.D.-the essence of the British soldier-must be that of every Christian soldier, and of course every Christian ought to be a soldier of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The Origin of the D.C.D. Parable is as follows:

The scene is laid at a Mission station in the Heart of Africa three years ago. The Mission was a young one. Its principles were:--Belief in the Trinity, in the Bible, in God as their Father and sole Provider, their Gospel Christ, their life to love one another as Christ enjoined, and devotion to utter sacrifice and death in order to do God's will, viz., to bring about the evangelization of the world.

Alas! Satan entered the fold and broke the square. Solemn oaths were broken, supreme sacrifice had been watered down, mundane recreations and frequent holidays were advocated as necessities, then came divisions and jealousies. Secret plottings produced bolshevism; Ahabs arose desiring to acquire Naboth's vineyard for themselves: so they stoned Naboth with false witness, but God turned their stones into boomerangs which, missing their objective, returned to put Ahab and his followers to flight. Thus God began to clear the decks on the Field. And no wonder, for, as the Holy Ghost through Paul had said, Divisions mean Heresies, and such had appeared. Some declared that Repentance was unnecessary to salvation and should not be preached to pagans. It was also affirmed that unrepentant liars, adulterers, thieves, etc., would surely enter heaven if once they had experience a conversion. But if so there were around us some thousands of moral swine going to the Holy City of God in all their deceit, lust, and filth, because forsooth they had once been washed in the holy waters of Baptism, upon their solemn vows they forsake all sin and to follow their holy Savior; for, alas, they had broken their vows and plunged anew into the abominable devilry and filth of paganism: so much so that even a pagan chief declared-"In these regions God has killed very many Christians before my eyes, *because of their sins.*"

But there were others who still believed and preached like our Savior and His Apostles preached, and as the Bible declares, viz.: That none but the righteous shall enter heaven, and that such righteousness must be a practical and not a theoretical one-a good egg and not merely the shell of a rotten one-and also that such as would enter heaven must continue to follow Jesus to the end, and if they so do they will "do righteousness and be righteous even as HE is righteous."

So God began to clear the decks on the Field, as He did with Gideon of old, sending back the 29,700 soldiers and keeping only 300: but as some one in another Mission Field has said, Gideon's 300 loyalists, who were willing to live a dog's life for the glory of God, were "worth more than ten thousand lollipops."

Such was the condition on the Field when of His grace God began to cleanse the Mission, reform the square, and refit it for the work to which He had called it.

It was night. Some six or seven European missionaries sat around a rough board table inside a circular hut; the walls were made of elephant grass, the floor of mother earth, cracked and patched and repatched in many places. The hut had a nose at the top to provide an escape for the smoke of the open log-fire, alight in the center. The roof was a grotesque patchwork of timber supports placed at various angles, and at different times, to bolster up the original structure, rendered insecure by frequent attacks of white ants and storms. From above a fairly good crop of "black macaroni" formed by the smoke clothing the pieces of grass or string-hung down from the grass roof. The doors and windows would surely call forth explosions of laughter or complaints from horses, donkeys, or cows, did such adorn their stables in England. Around the walls were shelves with books, papers, medicines, tools, and such things as Robinson Crusoe might find of use on his desert island. A few pictures of great masters, though not by

them, hung unframed and unglazed on the elephant-grass walls. There was a picture of Christ on the Cross, on linen; two prints of King Albert and Queen Elizabeth, nailed on a board covered with red calico; another of Captain Bull, one of the hero aces of the Great War; a map of the Belgian Congo, another of the world, and a chart of World History illustrated by rude drawing to render it explanatory to the natives.

These missionaries had come to read the Bible and to pray. The men were clad in khaki shorts and flannel shirts: no cuffs, collars, neckties, nor hair parted in the center: the women were all young, wore no uniform, and yet were not dressed to attract attention to their clothes or faces or persons: at one end of the table was a regular old "Queer," bearded like the pard: a sort of "Rip Van Winkle," a resurrection of a past generation: a sort of cyclops, not because one eye was missing, it was his teeth that for ever played him and every one else such pranks. Nobody knew where they were or would be. They were missionary teeth, but wholly unorthodox, i.e., they were generally on furlough, doing other people's rather than their own business. But one thing every one knew, i.e., the betting was quite 100 to 1 against their being in their proper place and doing their lawful work.

The Bibles were open on the table. "Rip" began to read. At times he would pause, or make some comment as queer as himself; nobody ever knew if the pause meant sleep or thought of temporary loss of sight. The others treated him with a loving familiarity and yet with respect. He was an absurdity! His spirit was still that of a schoolboy, and he laughed like one; his body, as some one assured him, was that of a "graveyard deserter." No half-cock attitude was possible with Rip-you either loved or hated him.

This night there was "a certain liveliness in the North Sea" we had arrived at one of Rip's favorite chapters, Hebrews 11. He read it through with relish, and, as he read the last quarter of that grand chapter, there was a sort of explosive snap which seemed to go thus:--

"Who through faith subdued kingdoms! (Bang!)

Wrought righteousness; obtained promises!
(Bang!)

Stopped the mouths of lions. (Hallelujah!)

Quenched the power of fire, escaped the edge
of the sword. (Bang!)

From weakness were made strong: waked
mighty in war. (Bang! Bang!)

Turned to flight armies of aliens. (Hallelujah!)

Women received their dead by a resurrection.
(Glory!)

Others were tortured, not accepting their
deliverance, that they may obtain a better
resurrection. (Bang! Bang!)

Others had trials of mockings and scourings, of
bonds and imprisonments. (Bang!)

They were stoned, destitute, afflicted, evil-entreated. (Bang! Bang! Hallelujah!)

Wandering in deserts, mountains, caves and holes of the earth. (Bang!)

But these all, apart from us, shall not be made perfect." (Glory to God! Hallelujah!)

But shall we-can it be possible that such as we shall march up the Golden Street with such as these? It shall be for such as are found worthy! Then there is a chance for us yet! Glory! Hallelujah!

Then Rip began to ask questions, yet could not wait for answers. The looks of all were solemn; they were silent as the fool who wishes to be thought wise; thoughtful as the parrot perched above, who remained silent except at odd intervals to exhort all and sundry to stand to "attention" or "at ease."

Hearts began to burn! Tongues of flame shot out! Words came quicker and sharper! till the inevitable occurred. The glory of the deeds of those heroes of old seemed to scorch hearts and souls. What noble and utter sacrifices they made! How God honored and blessed them, and made them a blessing to others-then, in their lifetime, and again and again throughout all subsequent ages, yes, and now here tonight! "What was the spirit which caused these mortals so to triumph and to die?" "The Holy Spirit of God! one of Whose chief characteristics is a pluck, a bravery, a lust for sacrifice for God, and a joy in it which crucifies all human weaknesses and the natural desires of the flesh." "This is the need of Christians today! This is OUR need tonight!" "Will God give to us as He gave to them?" "Is He the same, yesterday, today, and for ever?" "Is He a respecter of persons?" "Will He befriend the rich only and not the poor also? whether the riches or poverty be represented by money, talents, scholarship, blue blood or red?" "But Jesus was poor Himself! took no degree! and never while on earth called a single scholar, professor, or titled person to be with Him. The only rich man He called to follow Him refused the honor." "Then call all and any have this glorious life?" "Yes!" "What are the conditions?" "They are ever the same, for God is just." "Then what must we do?" "Sell out!" "He went and sold all that he had and bought that pearl." God's men were ever soldiers! Their lust, "to fight for God." Their desire, "to abide with Him." Their hoped-for privilege, "to die for Him." But all these old-time heroes lived on the wrong side of the Cross! They knew nothing of Jesus dying in agony for them on Calvary. We, disciples of today, live on the right side of the Cross. We know of , and declare as a fact, the death of Jesus and His utter sacrifice for us. Do we see the measure of His love? Yes, but only the measure of one drop of it. If they could thus live, triumph, and die for God, how much more devotion must we require of ourselves, in our service of Christ and humanity for whom He died? The record of every present-day Christian should certainly eclipse that of all these pre-Christ heroes.

What then must we do to receive the Spirit and so be enabled to live like these men of old-these prophets, apostles, martyrs? How can we become so hot for Christ that others will be scorched: so ablaze for Him that men will either love or hate us as they loved or hated Christ and His apostles and martyrs?

Shall we say the magic words-"Abandonment"- "Surrender"- "Consecration"- "Keswick teaching"- "The higher life"- "The Second Blessing"? Nay! the new-old wine demands new bottles. Such words have done much, but today, like the franc, they seemed to have lost their purchasing power. Perhaps because so many have professed, but so few have been possessed of God: so many have

stood up to express their determination to fling away their lives and go crusading, but have sat down again to eat, to drink, to play, instead of launching forth upon the deep of utter trust in God, to stop, at all costs, the mad rush of the world to hell: so many have become not "regulars" but "volunteers," "free lances," not obedient to death, but a law unto themselves. Formerly the words have produced acts á la D.C.D.: today, alas, they have largely become mere hackneyed pious expressions. We will come to the very root of the matter-God's price is one. There is no discount. He gives ALL to such as give ALL. ALL! ALL! ALL! Death to *all* the world, to *all* the flesh, to the devil, and to perhaps the worst enemy of *all*... "Yourself." "All that a man hath will he give for his life." Aye, but he will *gladly* give his life for his Love. Aye, that's the secret-*for his Love*: then how much more willingly, determinately, and joyfully will he throw away his life for the Lover Who threw away His life for him-for the Lover of his soul!

But we must make it yet more plain: we must illustrate so great a matter. Is there any common matter, known and understood of all men, that will serve as an illustration? To be sure there is! Perhaps for this reason the Great War was permitted. To focus the eyes and minds and hearts of all on this one fact, that , like Wisdom of old, cries aloud in our streets, the chivalrous, the dare-all, the dare-devil, desperado spirit of the British soldiers, to whose spirit and valor and death we are indebted for everything we hold dear today, and to whom we pay homage in the tomb of the Unknown Warrior.

In August, 1914, the British soldiers were caught, few in number, unprepared, handicapped to the uttermost; so few they need not be shot. "Just march over them," said the Kaiser. They could not possibly win, those few "Contemptibles," but they could and would fight, aye, and they would die, and so gain time for others to come and fight and die, and others, and yet others: yea, as those British soldiers at "Ciudad Rodrigo" and "Badajos" flung themselves on the bayonets of the "Chevaux de frise" and died to enable their fellows to storm into and take those fortresses over their dying or dead bodies . . . so also did the "Contemptibles" and others devote themselves to death, that their King and Country might survive and conquer, and that their families should not suffer a hell on earth through the vile debauchery of the enemy. The "Contemptibles" were few, but they had the D.C.D. spirit: others caught that spirit and handed it on to those behind.

Thus they all with a D.C.D. mind
Marched and fought like a
searing flame
And dying, called to the host
behind,
Come on! play up! and play
the game!
(*With apologies to Mr.
Newhalf.*)

So they fought, and so they died; and so they won the war for us! How did they do it? They were D.C.D.'s.

During the war some of the bishops began to learn the glorious lesson, and to teach that if the Church would once again be "terrible as an army with banners," she must regain the militant spirit she had lost. Yes, indeed! But where is that militant spirit today? Ichabod! The only militant spirit to be seen in the Church today is one in favor of superstition, frippery, smells, and fancy dresses: opportunism and infidelity have together taken the place of the simplicity, purity, self-sacrifice, and valor of the apostles and the Apostolic Church, hence, our

poverty of power and heroism, which makes us stink in the nostrils of Heaven and Earth and become the laughing stock of Hell.

Such is not the real spirit-the real spirit is "the Soldier Hero Spirit." Not that of all soldiers, not of those at Waterloo who charged full speed homewards instead of to the front, because they said their horses were their own property! Nay! but it is the spirit of the French drummer boy, who, told to beat a retreat, said he had never learned to beat a retreat, but he could beat a "pas-de-charge" that would awake the dead and cause them to fall in and charge. The spirit of the "British Tommy," who never failed, but ever went "over the top" at the word of command, and who did it knowing that it was 50 to 1 against his coming back alive,; and if he came out alive, it was 100 to 1 against his coming back otherwise than disfigured and maimed for life; and then after death loomed the great day which held for him no assurance of bliss beyond compare, but rather a fearful looking for of judgment. Listen! These British Tommies, for their King and Country, their families and their own fair name, would go willingly to death, aye , and to hell. That spirit alone, that spirit for Christ, is the only spirit befitting a genuine follower of Jesus, and that is the spirit of D.C.D. That is the spirit Christ demands. That is the spirit of the heroes of God in the Bible. That is what the unbelieving world rightly requires of every true Christian. That is the spirit our own consciences demand of us, unless forsooth we have the hearts and consciences of poltroons. That is the spirit of Moses, and David, and Daniel, and the Prophets: of the Maccabees, and of John the Baptist. That is the spirit of "The Christ" and His Apostles! That is the only mate fit for the Holy Conquering Spirit of God. He will never mate with any other, nor through other do His mighty works, and with no other spirit can this rebellious, devil-driven world ever be evangelized.

Yes! but how describe this spirit, this attitude? Can we call it the Tommy Atkins spirit? No! that does not describe it sufficiently. We must go to the root of the matter. Well, ask their officers what is the spirit of Tommy Atkins that makes him unconquerable? From the Field-Marshal to the last joined Subaltern, all to a man say the same:--"We know the thing well enough, but who can describe it? Ask the Sergeant-Major." Now, the Sergeant-Major had trained Tommy Atkins, so he knows and replies: "Well, sirs, it's this way, TOMMY DON'T CARE A DAMN WHAT HAPPENS TO HIM SO LONG AS HE DOES HIS DUTY BY HIS KING, HIS COUNTRY, HIS REGIMENT, AND HIMSELF." Ah, yes! That's the thing! the very thing! The only way to describe it. "He don't care a damn what happens to himself so long as" Aye, that's it. That's what we need and must have. A "D.C.D." doesn't care a damn what happens to himself so long as our Lord Jesus Christ is glorified. Yes! Which makes the greater demand of its soldiers, the British Empire or that of Christ: the King of England or of the Universe.

There came a pause. You could have cut the silence with a knife. The thoughts of all seemed one; the air was electric. An explosion was evidently overdue. Up jumped old Rip, he was young again: his eyes were fierce and fiery, as he looked toward heaven; his fist was clenched; his arm shot up! "That's what we need and that's what I want!" "O Lord, henceforth, by Thy grace I'll be a D.C.D. soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ. I D.C.D. what happens to me, life, or death, aye, or hell, so long as my Lord Jesus Christ is glorified." Then, bowing his head, he prayed for grace and power to ever act according to his oath, as a good old English gentleman, one of the olden time," whose "word was his bond," aye, as a real soldier and not a "sham fighter": not "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean," but a real red-hot soldier of Jesus Christ.

He sat down. The silence was yet more intense. Would the cubs follow the old dog? The suspense was not for long; thank God! Up rose one, thanking God for

the privilege-for the *privilege*, mark you-of being allowed to give himself, body, soul, and spirit, to God, and to be a real "D.C.D." soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ, "for here and now I give myself to be for ever a 'D.C.D.' soldier of Jesus, and I D.C.D. what happens to me, joy or sorrow, health or pain, life or death, so long as Jesus is glorified! Amen!" Hallelujah! came from the others.

Silence again; then another arose and followed suit, and then another, and so on till every one of the little company had given himself to be a D.C.D. soldier of the Lord Jesus. Each had vowed his D.C.D. vow to God, and each had prayed for grace and faith to be loyal. Hearts were too full for more. The company prayed in unison the prayer our Lord taught His disciples, and the blessing finished the meeting. The books were closed, the heads were bowed once more in silent prayer, then all arose to disperse. *But it was a new company that left that hut that night*, and by no means the company that had entered it two hours before. None that left that hut that night can ever be as he was before those two pregnant hours. There was a laughter on their faces and a sparkle in their eyes, a joy and a love unspeakable, for each had become a soldier, a devotee to death for the glory of King Jesus his Savior, Who Himself had died for him; the joy of battle possessed them, that joy that Peter described as "unspeakable."

On that night the Lord Jesus founded on His own Word-(Hebrews 11 and Philippians 3)-a new Mission; no! not a new Mission, but refounded the old one He had founded in 1913, the "Jehad of Jesus," the "World Crusade." But which had begun to lose its savor. Now God had begun to reform the square after clearing out the offences. How can any describe the result of that night? Only the Spirit of God could do such a thing. His description, prophesied centuries beforehand, had been fulfilled again, "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion . . . then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing." "The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we were glad." No wonder our prayer is ever the same-"Turn again our captivity, O Lord" (Ps. 126).

The shell had exploded, the fire followed and spread. These D.C.D.'s nailed up a piece of foolscap paper on the door of Rip's house, with all manner of quaint devices and queer sayings. At once they unanimously adopted "the skull and cross bones" as their emblem, for to them henceforth there could be no terror except disobedience to God. One quaint device, meant to describe the D.C.D. spirit and life, was a cross with a man nailed head downwards to it by the feet, that with both hands he might save others who were running away from the devil, pursuing them with his net and trident. Such legends as these were appended:--

"Do not SAY Die, but *DIE!*"

"No cross, no crowd of souls saved!"

"They love not earth, nor life, but death for Christ
who here enlist!"

Beneath came the signatures of those who had joined the Order of the D.C.D.'s.

The news spread. Letters rolled in from other missionaries, who had heard informally, asking permission to join the D.C.D.'s: till some thirty had joined up here on the Field; others also from England were enrolled, and still there were more following.

Now, whence came this D.C.D. movement? Was it of God or the devil? When that small company met together that night not one had any idea whatever of such a thing, or of founding such an Order as that of the D.C.D. Whose child was it? That of the Holy Scriptures (Hebrews 11 and Philipians 3). Do thistles grow on apple trees? It was baptized in prayer to God! Does that cause it to be suspect? Confession, humility, and devotion to Jesus were the agents that brought forth this child. Are any of these the agents of hell or products of the father of lies? Is its objective the glory of God and of Jesus, or of self? It declares its sole object to be the glorification of Jesus, and it affirms that no sacrifice is too great to make for Him. D.C.D. does not express finality, but growth. A man is not a D.C.D. because he was *once* a D.C.D., whether five hours, five days or five years ago: a man is a D.C.D. today because he is living as a D.C.D. this very moment. Woe, indeed, to the D.C.D. who merely has a name to live, but is dead. This title of the D.C.D. is a thing that cuts across hearts as clearly and keenly as the Lord's own words, "he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved: he that believeth not shall be damned." So, D.C.D. is a healthy concern, for anti-D.C.D.'s dislike it immensely, and when urged to join up, "pray to be excused." You see, a man is either a D.C.D. or he is not a D.C.D. The D.C.D. declares he D.C.D. for *anything* but the glory of Jesus Christ. It is plain, therefore, that the anti-D.C.D. does care a d___ for *something* other than the glory of Jesus-probably his reputation. Just so! Well! D.C.D.'s don't care anything, including a "damn," for anything but the glory of Jesus. They may die. Their reputation may rot and stink; they may even be damned in hell, but still they D.C.D. for anything but the glory of Jesus. Personally I am of the opinion that if ever any D.C.D. gets inside hell, he will get out, and be the only person who ever got out or will get out, for what with his prayers and praises and hallelujahs and D.C.D. vows and propaganda, he will make hell so hot for the devil, that even though Satan should catch the influenza thereby, he will order the door of hell to be opened and the D.C.D. to be turned out-and you may be quite certain that henceforth the gates of hell will be trebly guarded, lest any other D.C.D. should play him a similar trick.

Some say, "We agree with the spirit, but not with the letter: with the face and heart, but not with the clothes." As though a man should admire and agree with Oliver Cromwell, but refuse to follow him, forsooth, because God had stamped him with a wart upon his forehead. Of course, I quite understand your case, and that is precisely why some cannot stand Christ, for He did wear such awful clothes: He was born in a stable, was poor all His life, and finally died as a malefactor and blasphemer on the Cross. Of course, had He only come to earth with a silver spoon in His mouth, and tramped through Palestine on golden slippers, and died like rich old Dives, many would have followed Him to the Palace; but to expect a respectable person to lose his reputation over a pauper and a criminal is too much for anyone with sense and self-respect-and then, of course, the Lord Jesus did use such terribly vulgar words! ___ just the very words, too, that naughty men and women use today, "The devil," "hell," "blood," "damn." Did not the Lord talk freely about the devil and hell? Did He not say, "He that believeth not shall be damned"? And shall we please the devil and Mrs. Grundy, by ceasing to talk about the Blood because, forsooth, certain foolish persons use the word amiss? And did not the Lord say, "Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me *and My words*, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed." Because men use money wrongly, am I not to use money rightly? Because men gamble over horses, is it a sin or unchristian to own or ride a horse? Did not Jesus say, "How shall we escape the *damnation* of hell?" And what about the Holy Ghost in Paul, who wished he himself could be damned if others thereby could be saved, and who prayed for the damnation of all or any who should preach any other Gospel than that of Christ, or who wrote to the Corinthians that drastic finishing touch, "If any loveth not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be damned." For the learned an

saintly Bishop Lightfoot has told us that the word "Anathema" was the strongest curse-word known among the ancients; and yet our Lord and His Apostles did not scruple to use it. Are we, forsooth, to cease singing "The Light of the World is Jesus" because the devil's children sing the damnable lie, "The blight of the world is Jesus?" I have no scruples myself in using this word *aright*, but I have decided that if ever I become apostate to Christ and His D.C.D.'s, I will at least be consistent and change the words in my Bible and rectify the sin (?) of our Lord Jesus Christ in saying "Damned" and "Damnation," by crossing out the obnoxious words and altering them somewhat as follows:--"He that believeth not shall be spiflocated;" and, "How shall ye escape the spiflocation of Hell?" I greatly prefer the words our Lord Himself used: for I aspire to be, not His teacher, but His would-be follower.

Others, reckoning themselves to be followers of Simon Peter on the housetop of Joppa, say, when the Lord tells them to join up, "Not so, Lord, for nothing common or unclean hath ever entered my mouth." But there their following of the Apostle ceases, for Peter heard and obeyed the voice of God thus commanding, "What God has cleansed, that call not thou common or unclean."

Yet other critics have the ridiculous idea that if a man becomes a D.C.D. soldier of the Lord Jesus, he at once becomes a swearing fool, interlarding all his conversation with big and little "d's"! What? in order to save souls! Such wiseacres seem to think that our admiration of our heroic T.A.'s is because of their generous vocabulary of expletives, rather than for their explosive-, pain-, death-, and hell-defying courage and devotion to duty.

Now, our Savior gave us warning that we should test everything not by words but by fruits. Let us apply the test to the D.C.D.'s.

There are three especially notable characteristics of the D.C.D.'s out here-Love, Joy, Peace.

1. **Love.** Before the night of the D.C.D. this Mission was cursed with heresy, division, and discord. Now between the D.C.D.'s there is not merely union, but love: the work and blessing of one is that of all: envies and jealousies have ceased. God has rid us of traitors, not by *our* action, but by His own and theirs. So here we are united in faith, hope, and charity, one family, aye and one army too, of the Living God. Is this fruit good or bad?
2. **Joy.** You will find no more joyful folk on earth than the D.C.D.'s. "Rejoice in the Lord! again say rejoice!" with "joy unspeakable!" They do. Is this joy in Jesus and in one another a good thing or a bad?
3. **Peace.** One of our lady missionaries used to say, "We don't have much money, but we do see a lot." "No guaranteed salary from any human being or committee, but from God only," seems to many Christians to be madness, folly, a jumping from a pinnacle of the Temple, a cause of constant anxiety. Some, alas! When tried, forgot their vows and dishonored their own word, and behaved like the Israelites of old, who murmured against God and against Moses. The "Principles and Practice" of the Mission had been sound enough for them when they were in civilization and untried, and had carried their hearty consent, admiration, enthusiasm, and signatures; but in the day of battle they failed. Well, the D.C.D. cured all that, for the glory of the D.C.D. is his God, his Father, his Savior, his Heavenly Provider, and in being given the privilege of not merely believing but suffering, aye, and dying for Jesus. Can we ever

forget the triumph of that moment out on the Field, when authoritatively informed that the Mission would be wrecked unless a certain policy was carried out, a policy which we knew was not of God? Shall we ever forget how our joy burst into flame as we declared with one voice that the H.A.M. [Heart of Africa Mission, which became WEC] was God's, and that we did not believe that anyone or anything could wreck it; but that if it did wreck, even then we D.C.D., for such would be God's will, which we desired, and anyhow nothing could wreck our one ambition, viz., to live in the service of our Father and Savior on earth, and die just when and where He pleased. Such gives a peace past understanding, which nothing can disturb.

Christ said "Judge by the fruit and not by the leaves, by works and not by goody-goody words." "All who overcome do so by the Blood of the Lamb, by the word of their testimony" (and his works are ever a man's strongest testimony). And now for the third and vital test, *"And they loved not their lives to the death."* There! You cannot mistake that! That is "D.C.D." pure and simple. "He D.C.D. what happens to himself so long as his King and Savior is glorified"; and if any says, "I'll throw away my life for Jesus, but I won't throw away my prejudice against using the words D.C.D." he may perhaps befooled some into believing that he can make the big sacrifice when he cannot make the infinitesimal one, but surely no common sense persons. As though a man when urged to battle should say, "My dear good sir! I assure you I love fighting, and would fight with my last breath, BUT, alas! I am quite unable to overcome my unfortunate objection to the smell of gunpowder." Personally when I find a man acting as a D.C.D., I as no other question. I quibble not about any word or words he may use, but at once with joy and pride take my stand to live and die for or with him; for well I know that the spirit in him is the Spirit of Jesus: and that as I act towards him, as I help him like the good Samaritan, or like the Priest and Levite pass him by on the other side, I declare myself to be a "sheep" or a "goat," for if I have not stood beside, or have been ashamed of, one of the very least of Christ's disciples, I have denied and been ashamed of Him. Believe me, after losing your ticket to hell, give yourself no rest till you've got rid of the last atom of care for your reputation, or you will never be of much use to Jesus, nor do much damage to the devil.

Many a drug is life and salvation if taken aright, but when taken wrongly is poison and death. The Savior and the Holy Scriptures use the word "Damn"! The Devil & Co. have stolen it. I refuse to condone their theft by regarding it as their lawful property. I reclaim it and put it to its rightful use. "Marriage," says God in His Scriptures, "is holy and honorable," the devil and his dupes have prostituted it: shall I be fool enough to allow that true marriage is henceforth of the devil or sin? I know no such folly nor cowardice.

Here is another good fruit of the D.C.D. Before the advent of D.C.D., to go home on furlough was looked upon as a thing to be desired, and some, in urging their own case, did not scruple to assert that such was the will of God; the only difficulty was that facts proved that either God's will must partake of the nature of a chameleon, or else their information came from some other god than the One Who made the world and died for men. But after the birth of the D.C.D. a great change took place. Old things passed away, all things became new, especially the attitude of D.C.D.'s towards going home on furlough. What things had been considered gain, now became loss and dung, as Paul politely said. To suggest furlough to any D.C.D. was to offer him an insult. Their answer was ever the same, "I pray thee have me excused!" "Move on, please! we're expecting Royalty very shortly! and we don't want to be caught up from the Sheep-Fold, but from the Devil's Den."

Shall I ever forget a certain interview I had with a D.C.D. lady, whose greed for work was in inverse proportion to her size. She had nearly worked herself to death; but not having quite succeeded was anxious to go back to work, which meant a speedy departure to a higher altitude. She was so blanched as to appear to have hardly a drop of blood in her veins; she was cold on the hottest day, and her figure resembled a human postage stamp. She was cannibal-proof *kabisu* (absolutely so).

I though I had spoken kindly and tactfully, and judging by her silence, like Paul's shipmates, I imagined I had obtained my desire: alas! like them I found I had to meet "Euroclydon." But I learned a good lesson in theology, for if this was the wrath of a wee human baa-lamb, what about the wrath of the Lamb of God, which is presently going to make even earth's greatest heroes fear and run? Her eyes darted forked lightning, her mouth thundered her burning indignation in those two terrible words-"Bwana Mukubwa!!!" Not swear words, but more forcible! Then she rose up! Oh, great Macduff! What a vision it was! She was quite 4 ft. 8 in. in height when she began to rise, but before she had finished she seemed like a New York skyscraper; then, gathering up her skirts, she left the room, an artist proof-picture of righteous indignation, though gone to "potopoto" (mud). I had to call her husband from his station to exercise his powers of persuasion; he succeeded, thank God, but only because she was not a modernist, and so had vowed obedience to her "slave." She went home, and after a little further experience wrote suggesting that after all I am not quite such a fool as I look. That little woman would fling away her life for Jesus, and resented any interference with her attainment of such a joy unspeakable. Such is the spirit of a D.C.D.

Again! Congo abounds in leopards. I know a man who for nights feared to go to bed lest a leopard should pay him a visit, yet his house was extra safe, leopards were rare in that place, and he was a missionary.

One of our D.C.D. lassie recruits was working in a station notoriously infested by leopards. The door, windows, and walls of her house were made of split bamboos, neatly tied together with native string. Our people had been taught a hymn which mocked at death, as Paul mocked, "O death, where is thy sting?" This, like most of our hymns, had an action accompaniment: in this case the action was of the nature of a salute, appropriate but not hyper-sentimental.

On a certain night this D.C.D. lassie awoke at midnight to the fact that a leopard was prowling around on the road that ran by her hut, evidently desiring to make a call. She sat up in bed, told the leopard she D.C.D. for him nor for anybody or anything else but the glory of Jesus, and added works to her faith by giving him the orthodox salute mentioned above. Then she lay down and slept the sleep of a D.C.D. until dawn. At breakfast no shrinkage in her appetite was perceptible. Recent news from that place tells of a leopard breaking through the roof of the goat-house and killing eight goats in one night.

Prayer changes things, and D.C.D. changes persons.

Here D.C.D.'s give me a hundred reasons why they should not return home: but having arrived in England they promptly find a thousand reasons why they should return to Congo at once.

Sometimes I wonder what our D.C.D.'s will do next: one never knows! for it seems to send people crazy; yet it is, I confess, a craziness I love with all my heart.

Two missionaries, both D.C.D.'s having determined to marry, requested me to perform over them our own unique wedding service, the chief characteristic of these services is that there is more "salvation-for-all" about them than matrimonial bonds-for-two. I accepted the honor with, I hope, becoming gratitude and humility. Then my breath caught, as in an attack of asthma, for they assured me that, lest their marriage might become a hindrance to Dog's work, after the service, each returning to his or her work on their *different* stations. Marriage is a great test, and those who are not D.C.D.'s do not do this sort of things. This was the work of the D.C.D. again, and this is a devotion that pleases God, and cannot but delight any who are God's true children. Such things inspire God's children not to hang back nor to criticize, but to seek to go yet farther in desperate devotion to our Lord Jesus.

I am frequently getting letters from my Forty Thieves:--the D.C.D.'s out here who steal the devil's goats. Here are some of the things they write:--

"D.C.D. has converted me, made me a new man. I don't believe I was ever converted before . . . D.C.D. has given me a new Bible."

"D.C.D. has given me a new sight. I now read the Bible and can see nothing but D.C.D. in it from beginning to end."

"We must be D.C.D.'s! be 'out and out' in this awful land" . . . "I can tell you, 'Bwana,' as I have done before, what a great help and blessing D.C.D. has been to me." . . . "I see nothing else in the Bible; it is *the* thing to keep us going" . . . "When we are D.C.D.'s then nothing can touch us, we are absolutely unconquerable." "And so we go on with Jesus, Who was surely a D.C.D., and Paul, and all the other warriors of whom we read in God's Word." "I feel I am a very poor specimen of a D.C.D., but God knows I want to be one 'after God's own heart.'" "Here goes again, 'Bwana,' I D.C.D. for anything but the glory of Jesus and the salvation of these people."

"We have got to get more D.C.D.'s," wrote another missionary; "another worker is wanted. I say, send a D.C.D." "May we always be kept by His grace, real D.C.D.'s." "I think only those who have the spirit of D.C.D.'s will be of any good to God out here." "Through serving as a D.C.D. I have found a greater desire to preach the Gospel at all costs than before." "To meet a man who is a real D.C.D. has been a real inspiration to me to love the Lord Jesus more, and to seek to serve Him *more* in a spirit of greater sacrifice." "I am out for the speedy evangelization of this people, and the sooner I get to heaven the better." "I am with you to the end in the D.C.D. affair." "Do allow me to say this, 'Bwana,' 'Praise the Lord for the HAM and the D.C.D.' Hallelujah!" And many other such things they write.

My own private opinion is that if I was a Christian, and would not be a D.C.D., I would first put an end to myself and then join up at once, for I could not hold myself aloof from D.C.D.'s, for such abstention would mean, either that I would not go to all lengths for my Savior, or else that I thought myself better than the D.C.D.'s.

Recently that the capture of Nankin, in China, a Japanese captain had orders not to fire: he obeyed: his obedience resulted in the death of very many of his fellow-countrymen. Had he disobeyed and fired he would have saved many. He reported himself to his superior as having executed his commands, then at once blew out his brains.

An American officer at the Taku forts went to the rescue of some British sailors, and when rebuked by his superior officer-for U.S.A. were not at war with the Chinese-he replied, "Blood is thicker than water." So also says every true man of God when he comes across a fighting D.C.D. The Blood of Christ is thicker than the water of conventionality or propriety.

If anyone shall start any society hotter for the glory of Christ than the D.C.D., then every D.C.D. will join it at once, especially if it is much spoken against. Spirit is stronger than water, or the letter, or the clothes; and if I didn't rush to join I should know I was "a rotter," and denying my Lord like Peter did. If I began to excuse myself I should remember the French motto, "*Qui s'excuse s'accuse.*" And if any said "*Cherches la femme,*" I should say "Already I have found her: she is my own effeminate heart." And if my heart were to say "But I object to that *word,*" then I should hear the Holy Ghost cry out at me "Liar! The Lord, Whom you say you worship and adore, used the word, and also His Apostle; what is good enough for your Lord is good enough for you, if indeed He really is your Lord; otherwise by your abstention you convict your Lord of evil, and say you are holier than He, which methinks is hard to believe."

My heart says with "Ole Bill," "If you know of any other hole that is hotter for Christ than DCD, find it, join it, and then come and let me know that I also may join up."

Another DCD missionary wrote me how he gloried in the DCD and in the change it had made in his life, and how he could never be ashamed of the DCD, for it was "such a gentlemanly religion." When the DCD returned home--not by his own choice (for he refused to go), but by command--he was something like the man in John 9, who was so different from the born-blind beggar that they were accustomed to see, that some said, "Oh! Is this our ----?" Others said, "It is like him." The Pharisees said, "Whoe the mischief are you?" But he said, "I *am* he!" However, the super-clever Pharisees wouldn't believe it was himself till his parents assured them that he really was nobody but his own self. So also this DCD's friends who had sent him forth, said, "This is quite another ---- from the one who left us to go to the Heart of Africa." Hallelujah! That's as it ought to be. Every missionary who goes home on furlough ought to go home much hotter than when he came out, and he should make others who are at home so hot that they cannot stay at home. If a missionary goes home less hot than when he came out, there is something glaringly wrong. Every missionary on furlough should be a recruiting-sergeant.

But there are other fruits too. One of our Crusaders went to another continent where a kindred work had been started. He had not been in favor of D.C.D. But when he arrived there and saw things as they were, he declared, "what we need to do is precisely what our Heart of Africa brethren have done: they have cleared the decks and so are of one heart and soul, and rejoicing in the blessing of God. We need the same cleansing here, that similar results may follow."

Jesus said He had no use for patch-work, and that it were folly to put new wine into old bottles, and so I perceive that He is ever inaugurating new work and new methods, but, with every new attack on the devil. He places a stumbling-block in the way, lest hypocrites and the righteous-over-much be tempted to join. There was "Circumcision," and "Moses' rod"; "The blood of the Lamb upon the door posts." On "Mount Hor" victory depended on Moses' hands being raised above his head. There was the "dead serpent of brass" as an Almighty Doctor. There was the tootle-tootling of "rams' horns" and "the shout of the people" in order to demolish the defenses of Jericho. There were Gideon's three hundred lap-dogs

with empty "pitchers," torches, and shouts to defeat one million victorious Midianitish warriors. There was the "lad" David with his sling and "five smooth stones from the brook"-but only one was required. There was the value of a "rod resting on the face of a dead child" to make him sneeze and arise from the dead: the surprising value of porridge to aid the accumulation of wisdom and a food face and figure: of the efficiency of spittle and mud over drugs to give sight to the blind: "the march of that BLIND man," too, to the pool of Siloam, for he might so easily have tumbled in. In these days there have been the stumbling-blocks of the "inquiry room," "The penitent form," "The red blazer," etc., etc., and now come s the D.C.D. to hasten the accomplishment of the evangelization of the world and to prevent God's salt from losing its savor, and becoming the out-cast, as Jesus said.

The foundation truth of Christianity is that the Son of God forsook heaven and came to earth to redeem mankind from the result of their sin, namely Hell, and enable them to go to Heaven, the place of eternal bliss. The terrific importance of heaven and hell can only be imagined by the fact of what it cost Christ to save us. He gave up heaven and endured hell-on-earth for our sakes. I speak not to those who have doubts about Christ, but to such as believe in Christ and call themselves Christians. To such I boldly declare that there is no other rational attitude for a Christian man to take up than that of the D.C.D.'s. If there is no heaven, Christianity is folly; if there is no hell, a Christian is a lunatic, for Christ is a liar: but as Christ is true, then there is a heaven and also a hell, and a million souls a week are rushing to hell, and therefore a Christian must be a heartless and selfish horror if his whole life is not thrown away "to save men from hell," for that is what it means to follow Jesus. Consider what men will do to serve their King and Country, or to obtain the temporary honors of earth, or the fleeting pleasures or riches of the world. Consider, too, that men devoted to earth for a cause are positively invincible. That devotion to death for Christ's sake and the evangelization of the world is the spirit of the D.C.D.

To obtain the yet unseen wealth of Peru, Pizarro and Almegro devoted themselves to death at the Holy Sacrament. Later Pizarro and eleven others deliberately chose unspeakable hardships, disease, and death to attempt impossible victory over millions of Peruvians in their naturally fortified country, to obtain the gold and empire of Peru. They abandoned comfort, ease, and pleasure, and life to achieve their aim. That is the D.C.D. spirit. They won.

I have stood on the field of Gettysburg, at the spot where the Confederates made their final charge. The charging line as they neared their goal seemed for a moment to lose their impetus. At once an officer rushed to the front, pointed his sword at the Federal guns and dashing forward, shouted to his men, "Come on! Come on! Do you want to live for ever?" He died a hero's death a moment later. That is the D.C.D. spirit.

His soldiers used to declare that Sir William Olpherts won the Victoria Cross again every time he went into action. Their love and admiration rechristened him "Hell-Fire Jack." What a compliment! His was the D.C.D. spirit, and specially appropriate, for was he not an earnest Christian man?

The man who is ashamed or refuses to become a D.C.D. in the days of calm will never qualify in the hour of storm.

According as a man has sat in the saddle, so will he act on the spur of the moment.

"Victory or Westminster Abbey," said Nelson. That is the D.C.D. spirit. In the end

he won both! Of course.

To give her King time to escape from his enemies, a gentle Scots lady bolted her door with her arm. It was smashed to pieces in the process, but she saved her King. She was a D.C.D.

Of one Man even His enemies bore testimony that He was a D.C.D., for they said, "He saved others. Himself He cannot save."

The price of prayer to God was to be torn in pieces by savage lions. Daniel walked unmoved into their den. Of course he did! Likewise he came out again, with God, and saved the soul of his King.

"I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more," said another D.C.D.

An old man dashed down a steep hillside, one man charging a nation of some three million idolaters-traitors to his God-in the frenzied passion of the worship of their idol which had cost them their wealth. In his burning indignation the old man dashed in pieces the precious stones he valued more than life, being the gift of the Supreme Lover of his body and soul, and drew his sword to fight to the death of his God. He fought! He won! He lived! And many others also became D.C.D.'s.

Sometimes I think I can see the burning eyes of the One Who thus addressed the follower He loved, and had recently so highly commended; aye, the man, too, who loved Him, "Get thee behind Me, Satan. Thou art an offence to Me, for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but of man." Such exemplifies the very essence of what we describe as D.C.D.

I see three men before their King. They are marching to a burning fiery furnace. Hearing the command to heat it seven times hotter for their benefit, they appreciate the compliment, and, so to speak, make for it at "the double," humbly yet firmly saying to the King, "Our God CAN deliver us, but we don't know if He WILL; however, this we do know, we will not bow down to the image of gold, nor to any other image." They were D.C.D.'s, and we needn't wonder, therefore, that God saved their bodies and through them the soul of their King, and also had a pleasant stroll between whiles with them in the burning fiery furnace; a little bit of prophecy concerning Christ's coming again in flaming fire to receive His faithful followers to Himself.

I see an old man boldly march across the waste howling wilderness, with no human guide, at the command of his God, thus apparently devoting himself, and all he held dear, to certain destruction. Later I see him devoting to God his last real treasure on earth. Assuredly that man was a D.C.D. No wonder he was called the Friend of God.

I see another D.C.D. of some forty years of age, in the prime of his life, renouncing the throne of the richest and mightiest kingdom on earth, to endure hardship and contempt, with a crowd of slaves, for the love of truth and loyalty to his God and the joy of self-sacrifice for others. At a great price Moses bought his membership among the D.C.D.'s.

I see a young man apparently plunging to certain death, as in hot and righteous anger he inflicted the extreme sentence of the law upon a prince, the mightiest offender in a camp of human beasts mad in their frenzy of lust. He also was a D.C.D.

I see a lad with his sling and stone rush boldly towards a giant, in the act of chasing thousands of armed soldiers, fleeing in deadly fear. I see this lad conquer the giant and save the thousands of that craven army. God put it thus, "A man after my own heart." Thus did God describe this D.C.D.

I glance over the shoulder of a young Englishman, in all the optimism of youth. He reads a book; his face intent. He would be a follower of Christ; but, horror of horrors, he is reading the testimony of an atheist! "I am not a Christian because I do not see Christians. Were I a Christian I should believe and obey the words of Christ, Who described the world as going in a mad rush to the eternal torments of hell, and that without any need that it should be so, for Christ died for men that all who believe may be saved, and commanded His followers to make the news known to every creature. Christ threw away His life to save the world! Christ called on His followers to throw their world away and sacrifice their lives and all they held dear to save their fellows, not merely to publish the Gospel, but to prove its truth to an unbelieving world, by showing through their obedience, that they themselves believed the what they preached." "Were I a Christian," continued the atheist, "and if by so doing I could save even one soul from hell, I should consider myself well repaid for having spent my whole life in perpetual hardship, agony, ridicule, and shame." This book shut with a snap. The young man had made his decision. He would be a D.C.D.

A young man stands on the platform of a small suburban railway station, underneath a gas-lamp, turned down till the arrival of the train. His finger points to a passage in a small book which he cannot read until the light comes on. In his extremity he has asked for God's guidance. He wants divine confirmation of his decision. The light goes up and he reads, "A man's foes shall be they of his own household." "He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me," etc. No words could be more apposite. God had touched the spot. Could he leave his mother? Oh, how many have turned back on this point! But God says, "If a man cometh unto Me and hateth not . . . and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple" . . . "He that loseth his life for My sake shall find it." "That Christ may be glorified in my body, whether by life or by death." "For to me to die is gain." "Grant me, Lord, to be conformed unto death, the death of Christ, the death of the Cross." "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself that . . . " "I am willing not only to be bound, but also to die (anywhere and anyhow) for the name of the Lord Jesus." Listen to the words of this old D.C.D. in prison, writing his last letter to his beloved son Timothy. Dawn may see him led forth to execution. His last words are of love, warning, exhortation, and triumph, "Be a *good* soldier of Jesus Christ!" . . . "Fight the *good* fight!" . . . "God never gave us a spirit of fearfulness" . . . "I have fought the good fight! I have kept the faith! henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness" . . . "They laid down their necks for my sake." "Epaphroditus gambled with his life for me." "They were mocked . . . imprisoned . . . scourged . . . tortured . . . beaten to death . . ." "They were stoned . . . they were sawn asunder . . . OF WHOM THE WORLD WAS NOT WORTHY." These men all had the D.C.D. spirit. It is because of its rarity among Christians today that the world is as it is-unevangelized! It never can be evangelized till we Christians embrace that spirit of D.C.D., for such is the spirit of Christ and his true followers.

No! I am not mad, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. Have I not seen what men can accomplish when they have such a spirit? Did I not gaze across the narrow road at a slab of stone let into the wall of the old Delhi magazine, the only memorial "To nine resolute Englishmen"? The possession of Delhi magazine by the mutineers would have meant the loss of India to the British. Those nine decided to blow up the magazine, well knowing that that entail

blowing up of themselves. They were Englishmen! They were *resolute* Englishmen. They died, but they saved India. They were D.C.D.'s. They died for their King, their country, and the honor of their regiment. The Christian's ambition is to die for his King and to save his fellowmen.

An incident in modern British history seems exactly to fit the present position of the conflict between the Church of Christ and Satan, concerning the evangelization of the world.

For three months at Delhi the little British Army had been performing one of its tragi-comic stunts-the pip outside the orange was threatening the orange outside the pip-the few British were sitting on the ridge outside the shortest wall of the city, and calmly requesting the other three walls and the city itself to consider themselves surrounded and besieged. In other words, Jonah sat on the ridge, racked by cholera, etc., and slowly but surely losing the way by the process of attrition. Daily the whale increased in size while Jonah became smaller. The whole world watched to see the comedy become tragedy by the disappearance of Jonah, when suddenly, without apology, and with no respect for the rules of the game, Jonah sat up, wagged his tail, opened his mouth and swallowed the whale, and when going to press the whale was still resting in the heart of the British Empire.

But how was the miracle accomplished? It is the old story, "By God and the D.C.D.'s." Milton calls them "God's Englishmen." For once again God was at the back of the nation whom He had called to receive the kingdom He had taken away from the murderers of Jesus.

Daily the position of the British became worse. To "wait and see" meant certain defeat and the loss of the war, the country, and the Empire. To assault seemed a farce, and was rightly called "The gambler's throw." Shall a sardine attack a shark? "Certainly," said John Nicholson and his merry band of D.C.D.'s. So grave was the situation, so certain was it that to delay to attack any longer meant to be lost, that ere the last Council of War met, the D.C.D.'s determined that further delay would compel them to depose the Commander and make the assault on their own responsibility.

However, the D.C.D.'s carried the Council! The British assaulted, captured Delhi, and remastered India. Oh, you Christians! what impossibility can ye not accomplish if you will only be D.C.D.'s.

Today the little Christian Army sits down opposite a godless world. It is a little army. It is torn by the cholera and anemia of Modernism, Infidelity, Idolatry. It's impotence is the entertainment of the world and the devil. The fell disease has even honeycombed the old and great Missionary Societies, who yearly parade their debts before a mocking world and threaten to retreat. Half-blind; they see men as trees walking; they can't see Jesus clearly, nor trust Him absolutely; they know not the wisdom of Bartimeus, who cried out to Jesus and refused to ask of and listen to men. To go on thus means utter ruin: the Scarlet Woman will soon absorb the whole lot. The time for argument has passed and that for action has arrived, yea, action NOW, at once, ere the last chance dies. What action? That of the D.C.D.'s. Oh, ye members of these Missionary Societies, why not, like Nelson, refuse to retreat? Why not follow your Savior and earn the same title, "He saved others, Himself He cannot save"? Is there any other road into Heaven so delightful as that by death for Christ? Be blind to all odds, to death, to the world, aye, and to the Church. *Look to God alone*. Let go your own life! Lay hold of Eternal Life! If Christians would only be D.C.D.'s, they could evangelize the world in under ten years. Men would run to enlist as they enlisted for the Great

War, and such as could not go to Christ's War would do as Jesus told the rich young man to do; then there would be no Missionary Society debts, no talk of retreat, and no inability to send out to the War suitable men. The crux is the D.C.D. If the Missionaries will only be D.C.D. funds will pour in. If the homestayers will only be D.C.D.'s, the true followers of Jesus will pour out to fight the battles of the Lord, and the greatest Revival the world has ever seen or will see will have begun.

The Voice of God comes to us: "Come forth, O My people!" Out of the bonds of a deadly respectability, into the "freedom of the Spirit, the glorious liberty of the sons of God."

Ye that fear God, but fear not death nor devils nor men nor hell, come forth! Join up! Now!

Ye who seek to live for Christ, aye, and to die for Christ! Ye who love Him better than life and breath and all things! Come forth. Now then, "Over the top."

"Come forth, My people!" "Come forth! Play up! and play the game!" "Come forth! Come on! Do you want to live for ever?" Where? On earth? You can't. In hell, that chamber of horrors-that prison of the damned, the fearful, the foolish, the selfish, and the unbelieving? Surely not! In Heaven? Yes, in Heaven! Then come and die for Jesus! for the way to live is to die, and to die means to live, for "he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it."

"Come forth and dare all for Christ and the salvation of souls."

"Shall the soldiers of King George by their heroism put to shame the soldiers of Jesus?" If so, can we, clad in such awful shame, venture into the presence of the King? And if we could, would we? Have we indeed sunk so low as to seek to enjoy the favors of the One we have betrayed so damnably? Even Judas suicided rather than do that.

"Come! Follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth! He goeth to the whole wide world! Oh, come and fight for Jesus, Who fought and bled and died for you!"

Kitchener called! Millions forsook life and all to fight for King George and Britain, and to save Europe from the Huns.

King Jesus, our Savior, Who died for us, calls for us to forsake all and follow Him with the Message of Salvation to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Here are the arms which shall render us invincible:--

1. The Blood of Christ.
2. Our witness for Jesus.
3. Our passion to die for Jesus while executing His command.

"Go!" said Jesus, "into all the world . . . to every creature!"

What says Paul?--"Quit ye like '*men*.'" How?

Be a *good* man-a man of God, a holy man, not merely in theory,
but
in practice-like Father, like son-a lover of good.

Be a *true* man-a consistent man, one who loves truth and righteousness,
and hates sham and lies and evil as the devil.

Be a *wise* man-a man of obedience to God always.

Be a *brave* man-who loves not his life to the death! A man of chivalry,
who loves to fight, *and* to die for Christ and others, and fears only to
dishonor his Savior and his own oath of allegiance to HIM.

"Go," says Paul. "Follow the Christ," "Gain Christ," "Count all gains as loss and so win Christ," and a place among "The-Mightier-than-David's" valiant men. We cannot all be clever or strong, or young and active, *but* we can-every man, woman, and child of us-be true and brave.

"Come! Let us throw away our lives for Jesus and go crusading."

O brethren, be of good courage, and let us play the man, for our people and our God, and the Lord do that which seemeth Him good.

Be not deceived. The D.C.D. is no new Missionary Society-no proselytizing concern. It does not call people *from* their Societies. It is a personal call. Every missionary should be a D.C.D. Every Christian should be a D.C.D. And if Christians would only be D.C.D.'s they would cut out of the mouth of the world their chief criticism and jibe, that Christians are "milk-sops" and "namby-pambies." If Christians will only be D.C.D.'s the world will say, "We are not Christians, and we don't love Christians; indeed, we reckon them fools, but we are bound to say *these* Christians are *men, real men, aye, super-men, and their women are as fine as the men.*"

Henceforth, ye D.C.D.'s, let our Creed be:--

Jesus is our Message
Judge! Savior! King!
Our God! Our Chief
Commander!
Jesus is EVERYTHING!

Beloved fellow-soldiers of our Lord Jesus Christ! Surely there can be but one honorable alternative to becoming a fiery D.C.D., and that is, to start a yet more fiery, more self-sacrificing, more devil-may-care, more death- and men- and hell-defying band of Crusaders for Christ, who shall cause us D.C.D.'s to feel but chilly souls, and for very shame to forsake our lukewarm D.C.D. concern in order to join up in your nobler and more fiery endeavor.

Criticize and chide us for being cold or lukewarm! Thus you shall earn our heartfelt thanks. Lead us to be more fiery desperadoes for Jesus Christ, to prosecute His War to evangelize the world more passionately and fiercely, and we will ever bless you and regard ourselves as your debtors.

Oh, let us not rust out-let us not glide through the world and then slip quietly out, without having even blown the trumpet loud and long for our Blessed Redeemer. At the very least let us see to it that the devil holds a thanksgiving services in hell, when he gets the news of our departure from the field of battle, and not merely spit in contempt.

Let us blaze up and burn out, both ends and in the middle. Let us explode for Jesus and humanity.

Paul was a sort of recurring and successful "Guy Fawkes" for he pretty well blew up every place he went to; let us follow him-and when we come to our last hour let us look at Samson and imitate his exit from the world; for confessing himself to be a failure, he prayed for strength to fight one more fight for his God and his people, and his prayer was heard.

Let every good Christian be a D.C.D., and let every D.C.D. look at Samson and thus pray, "May my last end be like his," and indeed your prayer shall be answered, and thus the devil's thanksgiving service shall finish with the appropriate music of "The Dead March in Satan."

In Christ's glorious service let us reckon our own lives as of no account, and let us do so at once and be ready for everything, for the Great Tribulation is at hand, and so also the Beast, False Prophet, the Anti-Christ, and-Oh! Glory! Hallelujah!-THE Lord Christ Himself, our Glorious Redeemer, the Conquering Son of God.

Said Thomas, the D.C.D. Apostle, to his fellow-disciples, "Let us also go that we may die with Him!" Christian brothers! Is there any better way to go to meet our Savior and Coming King than this D.C.D. way?

This way is that of the D.C.D.
Anything less is Namby-P,
Henceforth my prayer to God
shall be,
Make me a "super-D.C.D."

Gamblers for God are what
Christ wants,
Like David's worthies each,
They never dreamed of counting
odds,
But raced to storm the
breach.

They loved to fight; they
laughed the more
The greater risks they ran;
They thought it such a privilege
To go and "play the man."

It's good to fight for Jesus,
'Tis the only life to live,
It's glorious fun, 'tis heaven
begun,
When you've got no more to
give.

Shall I be carried to the skies
On a flowery bed of ease?
Not I! I'll fight to win the prize
In Christ's Own D.C.D.'s.