

# THE SPIRITUAL SIDE OF WARFARE

**“Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori....”**

**“SWEET AND BEAUTIFUL TO DIE FOR THEIR  
NATIVE COUNTRY”**



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## THE SPIRITUAL SIDE OF WARFARE

**H**ere is a principle that supplies a modern illustration which is of utmost importance. Here is a believer soul in the army of our country. Here you will be able to see for the first time the spiritual side of war. It gives us some compensation for all the horrors, and which brings confidence as the final result, since it reveals the unconquerable soul of an army who meets death with a smile and those who give up their lives without a regret. Here is pictured for us a grave crisis in the history, not only of our nation, but any nation.

What is the secret? It is contained in the sublime verse which is one of the most heart-breakingly beautiful things in a burial service. "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." "O death, where is thy sting?"

Here is a principle presented to us of a sublime spectacle of an army of which practically every unit has slain "fear." **There is no greater deed in the moral and spiritual world than this.** After fear is slain, the sublimest heroism becomes inevitable, and in one sense, common place.

That is why men who survive after victory, with unaffected modesty, are mostly troubled with public ovations and recognition. "Any other fellow would have done the same" is a common remark.

Here then is revealed for us the thrilling spectacle of a national army of millions to whom the sublimest heroism is not only possible, but is the opportunity that each of us long for, the line that stands out before us.

"Neither counted they their lives dear to them." Now that is one of the greatest verses in the whole Bible. The whole secret of martyrdom is in it. **It expresses the destruction of "the last enemy," after which martyrdom was not only simple, but almost welcome.** Fear is the instinctive and natural feeling of the most finely tempered soul in the face of imminent peril, **but with them it is only the preliminary to a stage of spiritual exaltation. The fear is when they see only mate-**

**rial force.** The next stage is when they see "the chariots and the horsemen," After that it is easy to understand the recklessness of danger which is result.

Some soldier wrote that "Just before he went over the top" he kneeled down with his men, and spoke earnestly to them. "WHEN WE GO OVER THE TOP, IT IS EITHER A WOUND AND THE HOSPITAL OR DEATH AND RESURRECTION." Who can doubt that he at least saw "the chariots and the horses," and knew that he would shortly be in their company?

This is a principle that a nation must begin to understand, "that the last enemy is destroyed." This principle must be applied and destroyed in life, that fear must be slain, and that **until this happens in our country, then we have not reached the stage at which victory is inevitable.**

Every parent who ever has a boy at the front would like to believe that in the face of death, he had the sustaining vision that is here described. The horrors of war are sickening, and the losses so appalling, that the whole head is sick and the whole heart faint when one thinks only of the body. **When the eye is turned to the spiritual side, it is another matter.** "Fear not them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do."

**Every great nation is free today because of the heroic souls, tempered by fire, who made this their practical watchword.** They found it sweet and beautiful to die for their native country. "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori," as the Latin proverb has it. In the light of their sacrifice, fear is not only craven, but in being yielded to, is an indecency. It is the most sheer materialism. **It puts body above spirit,** and in the last trial, reckons not with the spirit at all. There is no doubt in my mind, there is written here no pietism, but only high devotion, and no creed in the ordinary sense of the word, only profound princi-

ples expressed in Christian terms, could be a means whereby there would be a revival as a result of the outcome of all wars, i.e., Christ, the Second Advent.

Here is a book for wherever men fight at war, but not only for men at the front, but for those who must remain at home, and it may be even more so for them. This principle will live despite the ever increasing flood of its fellows, because of its beautiful spirit and tone.

For us as Americans, this book will increase our conviction and resolve that our army must be a citizen army, based on universal military service, and that the natural republic of such a mingling must be fostered by every means in our power. Here is a picture of comrades in arms, with the vision of spiritual insight.

The book values the individual death and the loss of a most valuable soldier, one at a time, philosophic, some times humorous, some times expressing his Christianity, and gifted in communication. This far exceeds any war correspondent, because it presents very little about the material facts and dwells almost entirely upon the effect that war has on the soul and mind of the private soldier facing the conditions and activities of war.

A war book that deals with the deeper things of life, a book that will survive the best of the eventful period of world war. It answers many questions the thoughtful person is asking about the innermost meanings of war, questions that only can come home to us in this way. Again, **when you leave God out of any kind of suffering, then there is no reason for suffering. But souls live on and soar into a higher atmosphere because of war.**

"O God, the Lord, the strength of my salvation, Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle." "The horse is prepared against the day of battle, but safety is of the Lord." "And when the thousand years are expired, Satan shall be loosed out of his prison. And shall go out and deceive the nations which are in the four quarters of the Earth, Gog and Magog, to gather them together to battle: the number of whom is as the sand of the sea. And fire

came down from God out of Heaven, and devoured them," Revelation 20:7-9.

"But the children of Israel walked upon dry land in the midst of the sea: and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left. Thus the Lord saved Israel that day out of the hand of the Egyptians: and Israel saw the Egyptians dead upon the sea shore. Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord, and spake, saying, I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea. The Lord is my strength and song, and He is become my salvation: He is my God, and I will prepare Him an habitation; my father's God, and I will exalt Him. The Lord is a man of war: the Lord is His Name," Exodus 14:29-15:3.

"And Moses built an altar, and called the name of it Jehovah-nissi (the Lord is our Banner, Flag). For He said, Because the Lord hath sworn that the Lord will have war with Amalek from generation to generation," Exodus 17:15, 16.

Numbers 1:1-3, "And the Lord spake unto Moses in the wilderness of Sinai, in the tabernacle of the congregation, on the first day of the second month, in the second year after they were come out of the land of Egypt, saying, Take ye the sum of all the congregation of the children of Israel, after their families, by the house of their fathers, with the number of their names, every male by their polls: From twenty years old and upward, all that are able to go forth to war in Israel: thou and Aaron shall number THEM BY THEIR ARMIES."

Numbers 32:20, 21, "And Moses said unto them, If ye will do this thing, if ye will go armed before the Lord to war, And will go all of you armed over Jordan before the Lord, until He hath driven out His enemies from before Him,"

"Whither shall we go up? our brethren have discouraged our heart, saying, The people is greater and taller than we: the cities are great and walled up to Heaven: and moreover we have seen the sons of the Anakims there. Then I said unto you, DREAD NOT, neither be afraid of them. THE LORD YOUR GOD

WHICH GOETH BEFORE YOU, HE SHALL FIGHT FOR YOU. ACCORDING TO ALL THAT HE DID FOR YOU IN EGYPT BEFORE YOUR EYES.” “Then ye answered and said unto Me, We have sinned against the Lord, we will go up and fight, according to all that the Lord our God commanded us. And when ye had girded on every man his weapons of war, ye were ready to go up into the hill.” Deuteronomy 1:28-30, 41.

Joshua 4:13, 14, “About forty thousand prepared for war passed over before the Lord unto battle, to the plains of Jericho. On that day the Lord magnified Joshua in the sight of all Israel; and they feared him, as they feared Moses, all the days of his life.”

Joshua 11:18, “Joshua made war a long time with all those kings.” Joshua 17:1, “There was also a lot for the tribe of Manasseh; for he was the first born of Joseph; to wit, for Machir the firstborn of Manasseh, the father of Gilead: BECAUSE HE WAS A MAN OF WAR, therefore he had Gilead and Bashan.” Joshua 22:12, “And when the children of Israel heard of it, the whole congregation of the children of Israel gathered themselves together at Shiloh, to go up to war against them.”

Judges 3:1, “Now these are the nations which the Lord left, to prove Israel by them, even as many of Israel as HAD NOT KNOWN ALL THE WARS OF CANAAN. Only that the generations of the children of Israel MIGHT KNOW, TO TEACH THEM WAR, at the least such as before knew nothing thereof.”

1 Samuel 8:12, “And He will appoint Him captains over thousands, and captains over fifties: and will set them to ear His ground, and to reap His harvest, and to MAKE HIS INSTRUMENTS OF WAR, AND INSTRUMENTS OF HIS CHARIOTS.” 1 Samuel 16:18, “Then answered one of the servants, and said, Behold, I have seen a son of Jesse the Bethlehemite, that is cunning in playing, and a mighty valiant man, and a man of war, and prudent in matters, and a comely person, and the LORD IS WITH HIM.”

2 Samuel 22:33-35, “God is my strength and power: and He maketh my way perfect,

He maketh my feet like hinds' feet: and setteth me upon my high places. HE TEACHETH MY HANDS TO WAR.” 1 Kings 2:5, “Moreover thou knowest also what Joab the son of Zeruiah did to me, and what he did to the two captains of the hosts of Israel, unto Abner the son of Ner, and unto Amasa the son of Jether, whom He slew, and shed the blood of war in peace, and PUT THE BLOOD OF WAR UPON HIS GIRDLE THAT WAS ABOUT HIS LOINS, AND IN HIS SHOES THAT WERE ON HIS FEET.”

1 Chronicles 5:10, “And in the days of Saul they made war...” 2 Chronicles 13:3, “...with an army of valiant men of war...” Job 5:20, “In famine He shall redeem the from death: AND IN WAR FROM THE POWER OF THE SWORD.” Job 38:23, “Which I have reserved against the time of trouble, AGAINST THE DAY OF BATTLE AND WAR.”

Psalms 27:3, “Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: THOUGH WAR SHOULD RISE AGAINST ME, in this will I be confident.” Psalm 144:1, “Blessed be the Lord my strength, WHICH TEACHETH MY HANDS TO WAR, and my fingers to fight.”

Proverbs 20:18, “...and WITH GOOD ADVICE MAKE WAR.” Ecclesiastes 3:8, “A TIME OF WAR, AND A TIME OF PEACE.” Ecclesiastes 9:18, “Wisdom is better than weapons of war, but one sinner destroyeth much good.” Song of Solomon 3:8, “They all hold swords, being expert in war: every man hath his sword upon his thigh because of fear in the night.”

Isaiah 3:2, “The mighty man, and the man of war...” Isaiah 3:25, “Thy men shall fall by the sword, and thy mighty in the war.” Isaiah 36:5, Rabshakah speaking, “I have counsel and strength for war: now on whom dost thou trust, that thou rebellest against me?” Isaiah 41:12, 13, “Thou shalt seek them, and shalt not find them, even them that contended with thee: they that war against thee shall be as nothing, and as a thing of nought. For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee.” Isaiah 42:13, “The Lord shall go forth as a mighty

Man. He shall stir up jealousy like a Man of war: He shall cry, yea, roar: He shall prevail against HIS enemies."

Jeremiah 4:19, "My bowels, my bowels! I am pained at my very heart; my heart maketh a noise in me; I cannot hold my peace, because thou hast heard. O MY SOUL, THE SOUND OF THE TRUMPET, THE ALARM OF WAR." Jeremiah 6:4-6, "Prepare ye war against her: arise, and let us go up at noon. Woe unto us! for the day goeth away, for the shadows of the evening are stretched out. Arise, and let us go by night, and let us destroy her palaces. For thus hath the Lord of hosts said..." Jeremiah 28:8, "The prophets that have been before me and before thee of old prophesied both against many countries, and against great kingdoms, of war, and of evil, and of pestilence."

Ezekiel 32:27, "And they shall not lie with the mighty that are fallen of the uncircumcized, WHICH ARE GONE DOWN TO HELL WITH THEIR WEAPONS OF WAR: AND THEY HAVE LAID THEIR SWORDS UNDER THEIR HEADS, BUT THEIR INIQUITIES SHALL BE UPON THEIR BONES, THOUGH THEY WERE THE TERROR OF THE MIGHTY IN THE LAND OF THE LIVING."

Daniel 7:21, "I beheld, and the same horn made war with the saints, and prevailed against them." Daniel 9:26, "...and the end thereof shall be with a flood, and unto the end of the war desolations are determined," literally until the wars and desolations are determined.

Joel 2:7, "They shall run like mighty men; they shall climb the wall like men of war: and they shall march every one on his ways, and they shall not break their ranks." Joel 3:9, "Proclaim ye this among the Gentiles: Prepare war, wake up the mighty men, let all the men of war draw near; let them come up."

Micah 3:5, "Thus saith the Lord concerning the prophets that make My people err, that bite with their teeth, and cry, Peace: and he that putteth not into their mouths, they even prepare war against Him." Micah 4:3, "And He shall judge among many people, and rebuke strong nations afar off: and they shall

beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." This is also found in Isaiah 4:2, which speaks of the Millennium.

Luke 14:31, 32, "Or what king, going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand? Or else, while the other is yet a great way off, he sendeth an ambassador, and desireth conditions of peace." Luke 23:11, "AND HEROD WITH HIS MEN OF WAR SET HIM AT NOUGHT, AND MOCKED HIM, and arrayed Him in a gorgeous robe, and sent Him again to Pilate."

2 Corinthians 10:3, 4, "For though we walk in the flesh, we do not war after the flesh: (For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds.)" 1 Timothy 1:18, "This charge I commit unto thee, so in Timothy, according to the prophecies which went before on thee, THAT THOU BY THEM MIGHTEST WAR A GOOD WARFARE." This is literally "the good warfare," or the Christian way of life.

James 4:1, 2, "FROM WHENCE COMETH WARS AND FIGHTINGS AMONG YOU? COME THEY NOT HENCE, EVEN OF YOUR LUSTS THAT WAR IN YOUR MEMBERS? YE LUST, AND HAVE NOT: YE KILL, AND DESIRE TO HAVE, AND CANNOT OBTAIN: YE FIGHT AND WAR, YET YE HAVE NOT, BECAUSE YE ASK NOT." 1 Peter 2:11, "Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts, WHICH WAR AGAINST THE SOUL."

Revelation 11:7, "And when they shall have finished their testimony, the beast that ascendeth out of the bottomless pit SHALL MAKE WAR AGAINST THEM, and shall overcome them, and kill them." (This is in the future, after the Church Age.) Revelation 12:7, "And THERE WAS WAR IN HEAVEN: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon: and the dragon fought and his angels." This is also in the future. Revelation 13:4, "And they worshipped the dragon which gave power unto the beast: and they wor-

shipped the beast, saying, Who is like unto the beast? WHO IS ABLE TO MAKE WAR WITH HIM?" Why Christ, OF COURSE!!

Revelation 13:7, "And it was given unto him to make war with the saints, and to overcome them: and power was given him over all kindreds, and tongues, and nations."

Revelation 17:14, "THESE SHALL MAKE WAR WITH THE LAMB, AND THE LAMB SHALL OVERCOME THEM: FOR HE IS LORD OF LORDS, AND KING OF KINGS: and they that are with Him are called, and chosen, and faithful." This is also future, and prior to the Second Advent of Christ.

Revelation 19:11, "And I saw Heaven opened, and behold a white horse; and He that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness He doth judge AND MAKE WAR." This is also in the future, and **this is our Lord making war.**

Revelation 19:19-21, "And I saw the beast, and the kings of the Earth, and their armies, gathered together TO MAKE WAR AGAINST HIM THAT SAT ON THE HORSE, and against His army. And the beast was taken, and with him the false prophet that wrought miracles before him, with which he deceived them that had received the mark of the beast, and them that worshipped his image. These both were cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone. And the remnant were slain with the sword of Him that sat upon the horse, which sword proceeded out of His mouth: and all the fowls were filled with their flesh."

As you can see from these few Scriptures, which are only a few of the many that are mentioned, that **warfare is here to stay until the Second Advent of Jesus Christ.**

And when Jesus Christ said that "there will be wars and rumors of wars until I come," He knows what He is talking about. **He knows what is inside of man, and because of this, James brings out the principle that as long as we have old sin natures, there will be war, crime, etc.**

Now there are many other illustrations of warfare that we can make from Scriptures, like the passage that says, "The battle is the Lord's." The fact that Jesus Christ told Peter to pick up his sword. And that Paul being in a prison in Rome, and under military guard in prison, describes for us beautifully the whole armour of the Roman soldiers at that time, which he was very familiar with. And God the Holy Spirit uses the military and the battles and the arms and the uniforms and the shield and swords to explain to us something of the Christian way of life, and **the fact that we are in a battle, and it is a spiritual battle,** so we need to put on the helmet, and breastplate and sword, and have the loins girded with the Truth and our feet shod with the Gospel of peace.

But there is something else about the military and wars and warfare that we can personally learn from our own military service for our country. **God can teach you many things in the military that you can never ever learn in the civilian life.** The following are some principles found in the Word of God that can be experienced in the military. Naturally, the Biblical principle is for you never to be drafted, **but to enlist and exercise your own free will. Just as you did when you accepted Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour and enlisted in the army of the Lord.**

## ENLISTMENT AND THE MAKING OF A MAN

**W**hen you enlist in the army, you exercise your own free will, which is the basic principle in all of our freedoms, which is Divine Institution #1, free will. We do have the freedom of our free will and **when you exercise it, it is the issue in the making of a man. You are responsible for your own decisions and when you take responsibility for your own decisions, then that causes you to become mature as a man.**

When you enlist, and you are assembled outside of your barracks as a new recruit in the army, you see both the raw material and the finished product, the recruit just newly arrived from the depot, and the war-worn veteran of wars. When you are a recruit, anything over one year of service is a veteran. You can tell the veterans from the recruits because they have braid on their caps, and insignias and sometimes even metals. Whereas the recruit has only his uniform without any decorations of any kind, and usually the uniform is much too large. Not too good of a turn out.

Now the change that is wrought in 13 weeks of basic training is almost a miracle in itself. "It sticks out all over." It is seen in their physique, their bearing, the poise of their head, their expression, and most of it all in their eyes.

The recruit is not set. He stands loosely and slouches mostly. He is never still, always fidgeting. His expression is always changing. His eyes are always restless and never ever fixed. But after 13 weeks of basic training, now he is interested. And now his poise is alert, at attention. His eyes are fixed on his instructor, his drill instructor. Now his attention is attracted elsewhere, his attitude becomes less tense, and his eyes wander less.

The recruit frankly at first is bored. His head and his shoulders drop down and forward. He stands on one leg. His eyes are fixed on the ground. His movements reflect every passing mood. His will is untrained. His

character, as yet, unformed. His muscles undeveloped. He has no control over his mind or his limbs. HE IS JUST A BOY. The fascination about him lies in his potentialities, in the uncertainty as to how he will turn out.

There are so many pitfalls ahead of him. The trained soldier who has fought, and has seen death, suffered wounds, endured hardness, offers a complete contrast to the recruit. He is thicker. His arms and legs are quiet and under control. He stands solidly, motionless, and upright. HIS MOUTH IS FIRMLY SHUT. His eyes are steady, and their expression unvarying. His whole attitude and his expression suggest a sort of a quiet expectancy. He is still, but he is ready to move at a second's notice. HE IS INTENSELY SELF-CONTROLLED.

Now, of course, as always, all generalizations are untrue. But probably this is how the contrast between the recruit and the trained soldier would present itself to anyone who watched a number of them as they marched on the barracks square.

Recruits come from all sorts of classes of people so that it is not easy to describe a "typical case" which would not offend quite a number of them. Yet this, I think, is a fair specimen of perhaps the commonest type: All his life he has lived in a small, stuffy, little home, in a town with a mother and a father, and a swarm of brothers and sisters. He had lived there, but he had not spent much time there, and it had not been by any means a determining factor in his life.

In the early morning he tumbles out of bed in sometimes semi-darkness, and puts on clothes that he discarded last night, grabs a cup of coffee, and without the ceremony of washing or bathing, he dashes off to work. There he had carried on a sort of guerrilla warfare on his own account against anyone who and everyone who, seemed to include to put anything on him.

He and his fellow workers all played the same game of trying to do less than their

share of the day's work, while appearing at the same time to do more. He did what he was told, when he couldn't help it, when there was no way out. In his warfare with his boss, each one of them had their ace trump. The boss's ace trump was "You are fired." And the boy's right was "I quit. Take your job and shove it." Now the boy plays his trump, two or three times, without suffering too much from it, and two or three times the boss had played his trump. But on the whole "work" has been much less of a discipline than one might expect. It taught him one idea, which is something less than a truth, that **man's first duty is to stick up for himself, and avoid being put upon.**

Now in the evening the boy dashes off for home, indulges in a good wash of the exposed portions of the anatomy, brushes his hair, eats a hurried meal, and goes off to meet the guys down on the corner, male and female being in the street. Though he never had much money to spend, there was always a certain amount of amusement to be had on the streets, and by the time he reaches back home again, he is glad to get to bed.

It is an odd existence, with variety and interest to him. But it was not a particularly healthy one. It develops no fixity of purpose, and there is really no discipline in it at all. His father occasionally asserted his authority, with a sort of sudden spasmodic violence, usually ill-timed. Otherwise there was practically no authority in it at all.

Then came the time when his friends began to disappear. Posters stared at him from all the buildings telling him that "Uncle Sam wanted you." And that "The United States of America needed you." Recruiting sergeants eyed him doubtfully. He did not look much more than 16.

Here was a chance of variety for him. His restless temperament responded to the suggestion with enthusiasm. He loved change, and feared monotony above all things, and being bored. Besides, for the first time he would be on his own. Even the so-called shadow of parental control would be removed. He would be a man. And he would be his own master,

so he reckoned. His mother noticed his excitement, and with a sure instinct, guessed what the situation was. And she said, "Our son is going to be a soldier. I can see it in his eyes." And upon this observation by his mother, his father replied, "Aren't you satisfied with your home? Haven't you got any gratitude for all your mother has done for you? Don't you know when you are well off, you young fool?"

Now that only clinched matters. And the boy said nothing. He could afford this time not to. His answer was to enlist the next day. Now when it was done, his mother shed a surreptitious tear and his father grunted, but both were secretly proud of him, though it meant many dollars a week less in the family budget.

So he went away feeling a little lost and young, and with a lump in his throat for the sake of the home that he had valued so cheaply. Freedom. Freedom.

But he didn't find much of that at all. The barracks were full of authorities far more potent than his boss or his father. There was the corporal of the room, who unsympathetically kicked him out of bed in the morning, bed being a mattress on the floor sometimes. And the corporal made him wash, and do his share of cleaning up the barracks. He had to stand inspection. Then there was the sergeant who made him march up and down the square all morning, doing what he was told, and in the intervals lectured him of his duties, his morals, and his personal cleanliness.

There was a sergeant-major, a terribly awe-inspiring person, to whom even the sergeant was deferential, and to whom the corporal was positively psychopathic. There were lieutenants, and captains, and a sort of mysterious being from another world, whose business in life seemed to be to preserve an attitude of silent omniscience, and to criticize his personal appearance all the time.

Instead of freedom, he found discipline. His uprising, and his outgoings, and all the smallest details of his being, even to the length of his hair and the cleanliness of his toes, were ordered by "powers" against whom there was no appeal. They held all the trump cards this time. He could not even say "I quit.

You can take this job," in his old lordly way, without becoming criminal, A. W. O. L., and having all the resources of the military police enlisted to bring him back to the stockade.

Yet this despotism, though complete, was not brutal. Even the sergeant-major was generally abusive, while the lieutenant was almost paternal. But these were only signs of the plenitude of their power. They could afford to be jovial. Indeed, he soon noticed that urbanity or manner was apt to increase in the direct ratio to an individual's rank. It was the corporal, the least of all his masters, whose manner was least conciliatory.

**Submission was obviously the only course, and by degrees he learned to do more than submit. HE LEARNED THE PRIDE OF SUBMISSION.** He came to believe in the discipline. He gained self-respect from his subordination to it, and when he went home on furlough, wearing his uniform, it was his uniform of it, and he boasted of it, to the evident envy of his civilian friends.

HE WAS LEARNING ONE OF THE MAJOR GREAT TRUTHS OF LIFE, A TRUTH THAT SO MANY FAIL TO LEARN, THAT IT IS NOT IN ISOLATION, BUT AS A MEMBER OF A BODY THAT A MAN FINDS HIS FULLEST SELF-EXPRESSION. THAT IT IS NOT IN SELF-ASSERTION, BUT IN SELF-SUBORDINATION, NOT AS AN INDIVIDUAL, BUT AS ONE OF MANY BRETHREN, SONS OF ONE FATHER, THAT A MAN FINDS THE COMPLETE SATISFACTION OF HIS INSTINCTS, AND THE HIGHEST FORM OF LIBERTY. "We are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus." And "When Christ sets you free, you are free indeed." But the principle is that now in Christ, God is our Father, and we are all His children.

Now the new recruit has not yet learned all this, but he has made a beginning. He has learned a certain pride in his company, in his regiment, in his N. C. O.'s even, and in his officers. He is learning to be proud that he is an American. HE HAS GIVEN UP HIS PERSONAL FREEDOM, WHICH WAS NOT REALLY OF MUCH USE TO HIM AT THAT TIME, AND IN RETURN HE HAS RECEIVED

WHAT IS INFINITELY MORE PRECIOUS, HIS SHARE OF THE COMMON HERITAGE OF THE REGIMENT, ITS GLORIOUS PAST, ITS PRESENT PROWESS, ITS HONOR AND GOOD NAME, ITS HIGH RESOLVES.

His self-respect has increased enormously. His bearing has altered completely. It is not the fear of punishment that makes him sweep and scrub and tidy his part of the barrack's room so scrupulously, BUT HIS CARE FOR THE REPUTATION OF THE COMPANY, HIS DESIRE TO PLEASE HIS OFFICER, HIS LOYALTY TO HIS CORPORAL.

Besides this, he is learning to share with his mates, instead of grabbing. He is learning to "play the game" by them, and to think more of fairness all round than of his own personal benefit. He does his bit and takes his share, and as long as the other guys do ditto, he is content. It is impressed on his mind that for the honor of the company they must all be tolerant and pull together.

Also he has a special "chum." In the army everyone is a chum, but everyone has a chum. And as far as chums are in the army, you share with him and him with you. You divide with him your package from home. You help him to clean his rifle, and his equipment. He is a friend, one who "halves your sorrows, and doubles your joys." The recruit is all the better for observing this rule, if even only towards one person.

The recruit develops rapidly. His perspective is altering hourly. Old prejudices are vanishing, and new ones are forming. His old selfishness is giving way to good comradeship. His individuality is being merged in a bigger corporate personality. As he becomes less of an individualist, he becomes quieter, and more contented. In a few months he will be drafted out to the front lines, there to learn ever harder lessons, and lessons even better worth learning. He will learn to endure without complaint, to be unselfish without making a song out of it, to risk life itself for the good of the country, the honor of the regiment, and the safety of his fellow soldiers.

**Now a man does not rise much above that.** Perhaps he will make the supreme sacri-

face, and so be taken at his best. Maybe he will return home, to Philadelphia. If he does, he does, he will no longer be a boy, but a man.

You can see, whether knowingly or unknowingly, the military is a great place to learn principles, and you will find these same principles found in the Word of God. We are believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, and **the Bible teaches us respect for authority, and discipline and the fact that Christianity is a team concept.** And that we are members of

the body of Christ. And there is respect there and loyalty there for "The Lord is our Banner." He is our Captain of salvation. And our warfare is the helmet of salvation, our feet shod with the Gospel of peace, and our breastplate of righteousness, to ward off the fiery trials that so try us, and our loins are girded with the sword, the Word of the Lord, the sword of the Lord, and "The battle is the Lord's," He will give us this victory. "Through Christ we conquer."

## THE HONOR OF SERVICE

**W**e are Christians, and we are in full time Christian service at the moment of our salvation in Jesus Christ, and from that moment on we serve and we have many areas of service; office, home, factory, as a student, as athletes, as musicians. **In every facet of life we live our lives as unto the Lord, with all our strength as unto the Lord.** We become the best damn whatever it is we do. And our service for the Lord is honorable.

In the military you can learn the honor of military service. **What an honor it is to serve in the United States army.** To be a part of a great military machine, probably the greatest of all military machines, and to be a part of providing temporary peace for our country is, and was, an honorable service.

Our battalion had a bad time for about two weeks, and it was hard work and the rations were short, and sleepless vigil and constantly being under danger was ours during that time. We were holding trenches newly won from the Germans. And when we took them over, they were utterly unsafe. They had been battered to pieces by the artillery. They were choked with burst sandbags and dead men. There was no barbed wire for protection, and they faced the wrong way. There were still communication trenches leading straight to the enemy.

The battalion had to remake the trenches under fire. They had to push out barbed wire and build barriers across the communication trenches. All the time they had had to be on the watch. The Germans were angry because they lost the trenches, and this had given us no rest. Their mortars had rained bombs night and day. Parties of bombers had made continual rushes down the old communication trenches, or crept silently up through the long grass, and dropped grenades among the soldiers.

Sleep had been impossible. All night the men had to stand to their arms ready to repel any attack, or to work at the more dangerous

jobs, such as the barbed wire, which could only be attempted under the cover of darkness. All day they had been dodging bombs, and doing the safer work of making latrines, filling sandbags for the night, thickening the parapet, burying the dead, and building dug-outs and fox holes. At first they had hardly received any rations at all. The communication with the rear had been so precarious. Later the rations had arrived with greater regularity, but even so the shortage, especially of water, had been terrible. For several days one mess tin of water had to satisfy half a dozen men for a whole day.

Yet they did not grumble. They had realized it was inevitable, and that the post was a post of honor. They had set their teeth and toiled grimly, doggedly, sucking the pebble which alone can help to keep at bay the demon of army thirst. They had done well, and they knew it. The colonel had said as much, and he was not a man to waste words.

They had left the trench as safe as it could be made, and now they had been relieved. They were out of danger, slogging wearily along the road to the rest camp. They were sick with sleepiness. Their shoulders ached under their heavy packs. Their feet were sore. Their clothes, which they had not changed for two weeks, were filthy and lousy. They no longer attempted to march in step or to hold themselves erect. Each man limped along as best he could. They were dead tired, but they were not dejected.

They were going to rest. They were going to sleep long and soundly, undisturbed by bombs. They were going to drink their fill of good hot coffee and maybe to some, even a beer. They were going to get stew, instead of "C" rations. They were going to have a hot shower, and be served out with clean shirts, shorts, and socks.

They were at this point far from dejected. The thought of all these "good things" to come gleamed in their eyes as they marched, and

also the thought that they had done well and had upheld the honor of the third army, the regiment, the company, the squad, whose name they bore.

They began to loosen up and began to joke among themselves. "Say Mate, have you got a good feather bed for me? And how about a nice steak and a baked potato when we get up in the morning? And what's wrong with having a bottle of whiskey to wash it down with? How about having some lady bring me breakfast in bed? And how about a nice fire in the living room, and bring me my slippers and pipe?"

And then suddenly there is someone who calmly says, "What is the point of talking silly like this? How many of us do you think will ever see home again?" And then someone breaks the tension by saying, "Well, what's the harm in wishing, and after all they told us we would have a furlough after we came out of the trenches the next time."

But soon the talk dies down. The chill air of the morning air before the dawn began to exert its proverbial power of depression. The men felt cold and clammy. They had an acrid taste in their mouths. Their spirits seemed to fall to zero. They dragged their feet along the road with a savage, sullen look on their faces. The last stage of exhaustion was almost reached.

A young lieutenant, who had been taught that the time to enforce discipline is when the men are tired, started to shout at them, "Keep up there. Pick up the step." "Left, right, left, right." The men's faces darkened a shade. A few muttered curses were heard. For the most part they ignored him. The captain, an old campaigner, called him off curtly.

At last they reached the field where they were to bivouac. The dawn was already breaking, and the air beginning to warm. The battalion formed up in column of companies, four long double lines. Arms were piled, and the men marched clear. Then they lay down as they were in rows upon the grass, and the sun rose over a field of sleeping men.

Two hours passed. Away in the distance could be heard the incessant rattle of mus-

ketry, mingled with the roar of the big guns. No one heeded it. A motor cycle appeared at express speed. The colonel was aroused, the company commander sent for. The men were wakened up. Down the lines the message passed, "Stack your bags by platoons, and get ready to march off in fighting order. The Germans have broken through." The men were too dazed to talk. Mechanically they packed their coats into their barracks bags, and stacked them. The Germans broke through. All their work was wasted. It was incredible.

Water canteens were filled. Extra ammunition was served out in silence. The battalion fell in, and marched off along the same weary road by which they had come. Two hours sleep, no breakfast, no wash, no shower, nothing to drink.

Now the men were dejected. The roads were full of troops, columns of infantry were slogging along at the side. Guns and ammunition trucks thundered down the paved center. Motor dispatch riders flew past with fresh orders for those in rear. The men sucked their pebbles in grim silence. It was no time for grumbling. This meant business. They forgot their fatigue, their thirst, their hunger. Their minds were full of the folks at home whom they might not see again, and of the struggle that lay before them.

So they marched, silently, and with frequent halts, most of the morning. At length they left the road and took to the fields. They were going back whence they had come, by a circuitous route. Shrapnel burst overhead. As they neared the firing line they met streams of wounded returning from the scene of action. The company commanders took charge. One company rested to let another pass, and the men exchanged greetings. Men spoke to each other who only knew each other by sight. An officer caught the eye of a corporal and they both smiled, and felt that there was some curious link between them, hitherto unguessed.

A captain said a few words to his men during a halt. Some trenches had been lost. It was their brigade that had lost them. For the

honor of the brigade, they must try to retake them. The men listened in silence, but their faces were set. They were content. The honor of the brigade demanded it. The captain had said so, and they trusted him, Captain Butcher.

They set off again, in single file. There was a cry. Someone had stopped a bullet. Don't look around. He will be taken care of. It may be your turn next. They laid down behind a bank in a wooded area. Before them raged a storm. Bullets fell like hail. Shells shirked through the air, and burst in all directions. The storm raged without any abatement. The whistle would blow, then the first platoon would advance, in extended order. Half a minute later the second would go forward, followed at the same interval by the third and fourth.

A man went into hysterics, a pitiable object. His neighbor regarded him with a sort of uncomprehending cool. Something had stopped inside him. A whistle blew. The first platoon scrambled to their feet and advanced at the double. What happened no one could see. They disappeared. The second line followed, and the third and the fourth. Surely no one could live in that hell. No one hesitated. They went forward mechanically, as men in a dream. It was so mad, so unreal. Soon they would awake.

It appeared that there was a trench at the edge of the wood. It had been unoccupied. A couple of hundred yards in front, across the open ground, was the trench which they were attacking. Half a dozen men found themselves alone in the open ground before the German wire. They lay down. No one was coming on. Where was everyone? They crawled cautiously back to the trench at the edge of the wood, and climbed in. One or two were there already. Two or three wounded men limped in from the rear, and sank on the floor of the trench. The storm raged on, but the attack was over. These were all that were left of two companies. All stain on the honor of the brigade had been wiped out, in blood.

There were three men in back of the trench. One was hit in the leg, and sat on the floor cutting away his trousers so as to apply

a field dressing. One knelt down behind the parapet with a look of dumb stupor on his face. The third, a boy of about 17 from a Philadelphia slum, peered over the parapet at intervals. Suddenly he disappeared over the top. He had discovered two wounded men in a shell hole just in front, and was hoisting them into the shelter of the trench. "HOLD ON AT ALL COSTS, TILL RELIEVED."

A council of war was held. Should they fire or lie low? Better lie low, and only fire in case of attack. They were safe from the attack as long as the Bosches kept on firing. Someone produced a can of "C" rations, some biscuits in a tin, and a canteen of water. The food was divided up, and a shell bursting just in the rear covered everything with dirt and made it uneatable. The water was reserved for the wounded. The rest sucked their pebbles in stoical silence.

Supporters began to trickle in, and the wounded who could not stand were laboriously removed from the narrow trench to some dug-outs in the rear. Two of them were badly hit, and crying out incessantly for water, or to shift their position. One was unconscious and groaning. From the wood came frenzied shouts from a man in delirium. The more slightly wounded tried to look after the others, but soon the water was exhausted, and all they could do was to promise that as soon as darkness fell, help would come.

Darkness fell. The battalion had been relieved, but the better part of it lay out in the wood, or in the open before the wood and/or dying. The wood was full of groaning. Four stretcher-bearers came and took away one man, an officer. The rest waited in vain. An hour passed, and no one else came. Two were mortally hit, and began to despair. They would die before help came. "For Christ's sake, get some water." There was none to be had.

A man wounded in the leg found that he could crawl on all fours. He started to look for help. He crawled laboriously along the path through the wood. It was choked with corpses. He crawled over them as best he could. Once he found a canteen full of water,

which he gave to a sentry to send back to his mates. At last he was picked up, and taken to the medic, while others went to look for his mates.

The medic was in a field. Rows of wounded lay there waiting for stretcher-bearers to come and take them to the ambulance. As many as could went on, those wounded in the leg with their arms on shoulders of those whose legs were whole. They limped painfully along the interminable road till they came to the ambulance.

Then their troubles were over. A rapid drive brought them to the dressing station. There they were given coffee, inoculated for tetanus, their wounds washed and bound up. Another drive took them to the camp by the railway. The next morning they put them in the train, and at length reached the hospital. There at last they got the longed for bath, and the clean clothes, and joy of joys, were put to sleep, unlimited sleep, in a real bed with clean white sheets.

They were at peace. But out in the open space between the trenches lay some they had known and loved, unburied. And others lay beneath wooden crosses behind the wood. Yet it was well. The brigade was saved. Its honor was vindicated. Though its men might be fresh from home, and untried in war, they would not fail either. The brigade had had its baptism in blood, and its self-confidence was established for all time.

Honor of service. "Well done thou good and faithful servant." The baptism of the blood of Christ on the cross, places us in union with Christ and we are, at the moment of salvation, all by one Spirit baptized into His death. And we now live our lives in compliance with the resurrected Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, and our battalion will go on. The Church is a battalion, carrying Christ's flag, and we will be next in order of rank and file to receive our decoration, a resurrection body like the Lord Jesus Christ. **This will be a memorial to the GRACE of God and our service to Him.** We serve proudly as they served proudly.

## FAITH HEROES IN THE CHURCH AGE

“FACILE DESCENSUS AVERNI.”

**T**his is the avenue that the journalists and the news media take in war time, which is their way of writing the fatal facility for heroics. Everyone who wants to handle the pen of a scribe or a news commentator is how this descent comes about.

A man sees or experiences something which cries out for expression. He puts pen to paper and the result is acclaimed as a little masterpiece. And many say, “Write more.” All his friends say, “More.” And so the journalist or newsperson looks about him for another theme which he will be able to present some heroic treatment. He tries to reproduce the dramatic staccato which came so naturally before, but this time the inspiration is lacking, the heroics are spurious, and the result is “journalese.”

His heroics do not ring true. What “can’t” is to religion, they are to heroism. **They take what is fine and rare and make it cheap.** The typical Englishman hates heroics. He regards them as un-English. If he has done a fine thing, the last thing that he wants is for the fact to be exploited, advertised. It is not exactly modesty that prompts his instinct for reticence. It is something nearer akin to reverence.

He does not want the beauty of the fine action, “His pearls cast before swine.” He knows that the beauty of the fine action is like the blossom of the wild flower, elusive, almost mystical. It will not survive the touch of the hot, greasy hands that would pluck the flower from its roots and hawk it on the street.

So when the “serious” journalist takes to heroics, **THE TYPICAL ENGLISHMAN TAKES REFUGE IN SATIRE, OR EXACTLY THE SAME PRINCIPLE AS WHEN FALSE SENTIMENT INVADES THE DRAMA HE ABANDONS IT FOR MUSICAL COMEDY.** The satirist always claims to be a realist, though not everyone will admit his title. He mocks at the heroic, and says that he will

show you the real thing. **IN WAR TIME NO ONE CAN AFFORD TO BE A SATIRIST WHO HAS NOT DONE HIS BIT, A FACT WHICH GIVES HIM AN ADDITIONAL WEIGHT.**

You can’t make a satire out of Christianity unless you are a Christian and if you are a Christian and you are in the arena, you will not make a satire out of the Christian way of life, because it is heroic. England put out satires such as the “Bystander” and “Punch” and the men who wrote them, one was Captain Bairnsfathers, have earned the right to mock, and in their mockery they often get closer to the portrayal of authentic heroism than do their idealistic brethren.

We have had in our country, as a result of World War II, the “Sad Sack” and “G. I. Joe,” for example, of having the right to some satire and they get closer to the truth than most newspaper and magazine writers and correspondents.

Captain Bairnsfathers’ picture of two “tom-mies,” British soldiers, sitting in a dug-out, while their parapet is being blown to smithereens, about a yard away. It bears this legend under the picture, “There goes that blinking parapet again.” The heroes in the dug-out are about as unheroic in appearance as it is possible to imagine. They are simply a pair of stolid, unimaginative, intensely prosaic tom-mies of the British workman type. They have low foreheads, and bulgy eyes, tooth-brushed mustaches and double chins, their hair is untidy, and one of them is smoking a clay pipe. It is obvious that they are blasphemously fed up.

Of course, they are not really typical at all. They are much too prosaic and unimaginative. But the picture does bring home to you that the fellows in the trenches are very ordinary people after all, which is a fact that people at home are very apt to overlook. And at the same time, though the realism is too sordid to be quite true to life, it cannot hide the fact that

the stoicism of the two heroes is rather heroic, in spite of their obvious lack of any sense of the dramatic. This is the ordinary believer doing his job as unto the Lord, which is not ordinary, because he is lined up with the Lord, and then everything the believer does is dramatic and has a dynamic impact on society. This is the salt of the Earth.

Now these sketches that Captain Bairnsfathers represents are the extreme reaction from the heroic. His trench heroes are so animal in type and expression as to be positively repulsive. As the editor says in his introduction, "The book will be a standing reminder of the ingloriousness of war, its preposterous absurdity, and of its futility as a means of settling the affairs of nations."

YET FOR THAT VERY REASON IT IS AN INCOMPLETE PICTURE OF WAR AND WARFARE. It is perfectly true, and it is a good thing that we should realize it, that the majority of men go through the most terrific experiences without ever becoming articulate. For every Englishman who philosophizes, there are a hundred who don't. For every soldier who prays, there are a thousand who don't. BUT THERE IS HARDLY A MAN WHO WILL NOT RETURN FROM THE WAR BIGGER THAN WHEN HE LEFT HOME.

Now his language may have deteriorated. But his "views" on religion and morals may have remained unchanged. HE MAY BE ROUGHER IN MANNER. BUT IT WILL NOT BE FOR NOTHING THAT HE HAS LEARNED TO ENDURE HARDSHIP WITHOUT MAKING A SONG ABOUT IT, THAT HE HAS RISKED HIS LIFE FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS' SAKE, THAT HE HAS BOUND UP THE WOUNDS OF HIS MATES, AND SHARED WITH THEM HIS MEAGER RATIONS. "That thou therefore endure hardships, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." "But watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry."

We who have served in the ranks of the military will want to remember something more than the ingloriousness of war. **We will want to remember how adversity made**

**men unselfish. And how pain found them tender. And danger found them brave. And loyalty made them heroic.** THE FIGHTING MAN, LIKE THE CHRISTIAN, IS A VERY ORDINARY PERSON, THAT'S GRANTED, BUT HE HAS SHOWN THAT THE ORDINARY PERSON CAN RISE TO UNEXPECTED HEIGHTS OF GENEROSITY AND SELF-SACRIFICE.

The fact is that neither heroics nor satire are a completely satisfactory record of what we shall want to remember of the war. Least of all does the third type of war journalism satisfy, that of the lady who writes the society paper of her "darling soldier-lad with the brave, merry smile." Whether the press forms or reflects public opinion is a moot point, but there is certainly an intimate correspondence between the two, as the soldier who is sent to the ward finds to his cost. The society journalist pets him, the "serious" journalist writes heroics about him, and the satirist makes fun of the heroics. He looks in vain for a sane recognition that he has earned the right to be taken seriously as a man. So it is with Christians in general, who can write about us, who can portray truly what a Christian is in these days of the 20th century, who can describe the heroic life of a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ?

The society lady of a certain sort pets him, has him to tea, or invites him to some fancy place. The larger public lionizes him, gives him concerts and lusty cheers, takes his photo at every possible opportunity, and provides him with unlimited drink, tobacco, and gramophones. While the authorities satirize the lionizers by treating him exactly as if he really was the creature in Captain Bairnsfathers' sketches, a gross, brainless, animal pool, who cannot be trusted.

Now this is all very well. I suppose that most men like to be petted by a pretty woman, though the charm soon wears off. Being lionized is boring, but has solid advantages, though infuriating when translated into action. **Very soon, however the wounded soldier begins to long to be less petted, less lionized, and instead to be treated as a rational being who is entitled to a certain elementary respect.**

One can only speak from personal observation. One place differs from another. But from what I have seen and experienced is that one thing that a wounded soldier cannot expect is to be treated like a man. He is sent to the hospital and he arrives there. His chief pleasure, oddly enough, lies in the prospect of seeing something of his relations and friends. He is surprised and indignant when he finds that he is only allowed to see visitors of his own choice, two at a time, for two hours, twice a week. On the other five days, he has to put up with the licensed visitors of the hospital. They may be very elevating and amiable people, but he feels no conceivable interest in them. He is still further dismayed when he discovers that under no circumstances may he visit his home while he is a patient. He may go to a tea with lady snooks, or the Duchess of Downshire, but not with his wife or his mother.

There was a wounded soldier in the hospital who is a case in point. He was a man of about 30 who, at the outbreak of the war, was holding a responsible position in a large city with a large company. He had all the self-respect which is typically colonial. He received 10 minutes of electrical treatment per diem, with a view to restoring sensation to one of his hands. Otherwise he was able-bodied.

His father lived within 20 minutes walk of the hospital, but not only was he not allowed to live at home and attend as an out-patient, he was not even allowed to visit his home. He was told that the treatment would have to be continued for some six months, and meanwhile he must be a prisoner in the hospital. There were convalescent homes where patients were transferred, and which were regulated from the hospital. There were several married men whose homes were within reach. They were absolutely forbidden to visit them. One man, who had been in the hospital for nine months without ever going home, was so disgusted that he eventually took "French leave" for a couple of days. On his return he was put in the punishment ward of the main hospital, where he was deprived of tobacco and visitors, and was informed that when he

was discharged, he would be sent to his battalion for punishment.

His comment was, "You will see, when this war is over, it will be just like the first war. We shall be so much dirt." When a soldier did leave the grounds, it had to be in a conspicuous garb of a military convalescent, that all men might stare, and under the escort of a nurse. Many a quiet, sensible fellow preferred not to go out at all.

Another example of humiliation of which wounded soldiers are subject refers to their difficulty in obtaining their back pay. One man, who had got an eight day furlough to which a soldier is entitled on leaving the hospital, could only obtain an advance of pay of just coins, when he was entitled to many dollars. It barely covered his train fare, and left him nothing for paying his living expenses. And his rations were also very poor, or for pocket money. The army is the only profession in the world in which I know a man receives, not the money to which he is entitled, but such proportion of it as the authorities like to disburse.

This is how the authorities satirize the lionizers, and not all the petting and the lionizing in the world will compensate for the denial of the elementary rights of a man, the right to choose his own visitors, to visit his own home, and to receive the money which he has earned. A man soon tires of being petted and lionized, and craves in vain for the sane respect which is a man's due.

I am aware that there are many hospitals where soldiers are treated much more rationally, and I have never heard that they have abused their reasonable liberty. NEVERTHELESS, I FEEL THAT IT IS WORTHWHILE TO UTTER A PROTEST AGAINST THE STATE OF AFFAIRS DESCRIBED ABOVE BECAUSE IT IS, AFTER ALL, SO TYPICAL OF THE GENERAL FAILURE OF THE PRESS, THE PUBLIC, AND THE POWERS THAT BE TO RECOGNIZE THAT THE SOLDIER WHO HAS FOUGHT FOR HIS COUNTRY, HAS EARNED THE RIGHT TO BE REGARDED AS A MAN. HE DOESN'T WANT TO BE PETTED. HEROICS NAUSEATE HIM. HE IS NOT

A CHILD OR A HERO. HE IS JUST A MAN WHO HAD DONE HIS DUTY, AND HE WANTS A MAN'S DUE.

"I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them that love His appearing." 2 Timothy 4:7, 8.

It is desirable that soldiers should receive their due now, but it is much more vitally important that when the wars are over, and the craze for petting and lionizing have died down, **it should be recognized that the soldier be recognized that he has fought for his country**, and that he is something more than a pet that has lost his popularity, and a lion that has ceased to roar.

There is a grave danger that all that will survive of the present mixed attitude toward the soldier will be the attitude of the authority, which regards him as an irresponsible animal. For after all, this attitude is just that which before the war poisoned the whole administration of charity and the whole direction of philanthropy. Before the war a cry was heard, "We don't want charity. We want the right to live a wholesome life." Too often the reply of

the "upper classes" was to denounce the "ingratitude" of the poor.

The cry that we know hear is "We are not pets or lions, but men." It is the same cry of the working people for a sane respect. Be sure that when the wars are over that cry will be heard no less strongly, for the working men have proved their manhood on the field of honor. In this time of trouble and good-will we have the chance to redeem the error of the past, and to lay foundation of a nobler policy by adopting a saner, wider, a more generous outlook, but we seem to be in a fair way to intensifying our error, and laying up endless difficulties in the days that are to come.

"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses. I give thee charge in the sight of God, who quickeneth all things, and before Christ Jesus, who before Pontius Pilate witnessed a good confession; That thou keep this commandment without spot, unrebukeable, until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ, which in His times He shall shew, who is blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords." 1 Timothy 6:12-14.

Fight the good fight of faith.

## CONSIDER THE LILIES

Everyone knows that war to every soldier is a big measure of deprivation. Every week the recognition is made by thousands of women at home, when they mail the parcel of little luxuries to their "boy" or "boyfriends" at the front. And at the front we could only marvel at the aptness of the content which love had unerringly chosen. Generally the packages from home contained eatables, a home-made cake, fruit, chocolate, and what nots. Often, too, it contained some insect spray, carbolic soap, or clean shorts or t-shirts.

And the senders were right. They remembered our love of good food, and they remembered our baths and showers and extravagant laundry bills, and as a matter of fact, these were, for most of us, the luxuries which he had most prized, and the loss of which we chiefly mourned.

Every week there used to come to this one soldier an envelope containing a gift more exquisitely subtle, a soft handkerchief wrapped round a sprig of lavender. It was so out of keeping with every circumstance of one's life, so like a breath of fragrance from another world, that its preciousness was infinite, unspeakable. It brought with it memories of the deep quiet of old gardens, and all things dainty and most utterly removed from the sordid business of trench warfare. Scripture says, "That the flesh is entrenched against the spirit, and the spirit is entrenched against the flesh." There is a battle over the soul.

This scent was the source of the most intimate personal delight, but at the same time must be realized that it did also arouse and point out the feeling of deprivation, which is never quite absent from life in fox holes. It revived the finer perceptions which had become dulled by constant contact with the squalid makeshifts of an artificially primitive life, perceptions which one had perhaps been content to see atrophied, feeling that if one had to live like a savage, it were best to become like one.

It was, paradoxically enough, at once a consolation and an irritant, a narcotic bringing sweet dreams of the unattainable, and a tonic stimulating inconvenient faculties into a new and insistent life.

The laziness which made one sink, content to "sink in the scale," and become a brute, was checkmated. The aesthetic faculties, once roused, refused to die of inanition, and found food even in the rest camp and the trenches.

One suddenly realized that one was living very close to nature, far closer perhaps than ever in one's life before, and that nature in June is wondrous kind to her lovers. To sleep in long grass, to be awakened by the pale spreading gold of dawn, to bathe in the clear waters of a stream, and to lie down after among the ragged robins and forget-me-nots, while the sun grows warmer and warmer is a joy that does not come to those who live in brown front homes of brick and stone, but it is the daily experience of soldiers in some rest camps.

The trouble is that they do not always realize the joy of it. But to the man who has had his aesthetic faculties aroused, it is a delight. And even when he leaves the rest camp for the firing line he finds that in some ways man's calamity has been nature's opportunity. "Doth not even nature teach you?"

Villages were wrecked. Crops were un-gathered, but nature has rioted unchecked. Never were such meadows deep, thick with mingled grass and oats and barley, full of cornflowers, poppies, and other delights. Many a man, glancing back over the rich meadows in the early dawn, after a night of sleepless anxiety, must have felt as he never felt before the compelling charm of nature run wild.

But it is then that the trouble becomes acute. The contrast between the full, joyous harmony of spring and the sordid strife of men is too great to be borne with a quiet mind. It makes a man restless and discontented. It

fills him with a love of life and a loathing for the days of danger and discomfort to which he stands by honor committed. **War is an exacting trade, demanding stern courage and endurance**, and perhaps life itself. And it does not make a man a better soldier to rail against it, and condemn it.

The aesthete does not make a good fighter. Nature lovers are not fighters. Some men, faced with this dilemma find it best to turn their backs resolutely on the meadows behind the trench, and to account nature a traitress and a temptress. They can find no synthesis between the joy of life and its destruction, no bridge between honor and duty on the one side, and red ragged robins, provingly lovely, on the other. Like Paul, "They are careful to sow only spiritual things, that they may gain eternal life."

Well, it is better to be a puritan than a beast, and it may be that even Paul would have found no room for flowers in the hour of life and death. But if we go to a greater than Paul, "He as promised, will show us a more excellent way." The puritan fails to see the Spirit in the beauty of the flowers, and the aesthete sees only the sordidness in pain and death.

But Paul's Lord showed us the beauty in both. Jesus Christ saw the lilies of Galilee, the token of a Father's love, an assurance of the beauty of life which is eternal, while the cross, with its tradition of sordid degradation, He raised the cross to be the very symbol of love divinely beautiful, and of life triumphant over even death, the death of the cross.

And if the Lord is right, if beauty is one and life eternal is not, then is the problem solved? Then we can see with new eyes. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they

grow. They toil not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." "Doth not the beauty of nature teach us of the GRACE of God and provide a respite even on a battle field?" Scarlet poppy, blue cornflowers, red ragged robins, and all that company of gaily dressed fellows are not the pagans we thought them, but good Christians after all. To be gay a debonair just for a day in the work that the good Father has given them. It is their beauty and His glory, and therefore it is our pure joy to have them nodding at our feet.

On the other hand, the same good Father had laid it on men to offer their life for an ideal. If we Christians fought from blood-lust or hate, war would be sordid. **But if we fight, as only a Christian may, that friendship and peace with our foes may become possible, then fighting is our duty, and our fasting and dirt, and wounds and our death, are our beauty and the Lord's glory.**

The glory of the flowers is one and the glory of the man is another, but both alike belong to the one Father and Jesus Christ the only Creator of all. "Consider the lilies. They don't work or labor and God clothes them." Likewise by His GRACE He will array you with His glory through Christ Jesus our Lord.

"All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it. Surely the people is grass, the grass withereth, the flower fadeth, BUT THE WORD OF OUR GOD SHALL STAND FOREVER."

"The world is passing away, but He that DOETH THE WILL OF GOD ABIDETH FOREVER."

## THE LOCAL CHURCH IN WARTIME

I read a book about the probable effect of the war on churches. And it stated that the churches were hopelessly out of touch with the average member in the church, and there was a problem and a concern which confronted the churches when the war was over and the fighting men return to their civilian occupations. They would come home from their experiences of hardship and danger, pain and death, in a far more serious frame of mind than that in which they left. Then, if ever, will they be willing to listen if the churches have any vital message for them, any interpretation to offer of their existence, any ideal of a practical and inspiring kind to point to.

If the churches miss this opportunity, what will they do? It may be a long time before they get another chance like this. The book went on and came to the conclusion that **the churches were not fit to grapple with that opportunity, that they were too remote in their methods and doctrines from real life to be able to give any guidance to men whose minds were full of real problems.**

One writer had a remedy, and he looked to his clerical colleagues for help. He stated that he must cut himself from the business of parochial and philanthropic organization on which at present so much of their energy is expended, but which is not really their proper work. Instead, they must devote themselves to cultivating a deeper spirituality, repair more diligently to the "Mount of God," as it were, and there to receive enlightenment and revelation. One layman, on the other hand, abandoned the clergy as hopeless. He said they did not know enough about life to be of any use in this work. It was laymen, the men who had shared the experiences of these soldiers, who would have to be their prophets and interpreters.

Church or chapel that the returning soldiers would find the sort of religious teaching and worship which they needed, but in adult Sunday School classes organized by fellow laymen, men who had struggled and suffered

at their side, and had found and tested in their own experience how communion with God can raise a man, and make him contented and clean and useful.

My view personally, was much more of the non-conformist than with the clergyman. The clergy were not in touch with the members. They did not, as a rule, understand the real difficulties and temptations of the ordinary man. The sin against which they preached is sin as defined in the theological schools, a sort of pale, lifeless shadow of the real thing.

The virtue which they extol is equally a ghost of the real, generous, vital love of God which is the only thing that is of any use in the every day working life of actual men. Although there were exceptions, this is almost bound to be the case as long as the majority of ordinands are segregated in the artificial atmosphere of clergy school before they had any experience of life, as long as the work of the younger clergy is so largely concerned with suffering women's gossip, ministering to the amusement of children and trying to help the hopeless, so that they have no time or opportunity for free intercourse with the adult male inhabitants of their congregations as long as the old traditional mistrust exists between clergy and laity, due in no small measure to the refusal of the Church as a whole to face the facts of modern science and research, and breeding as it does misconception on the one side and reticence on the other, so long as the teaching and worship of the Church continue to be a compromise between the two historic parties to an outworn ecclesiastical controversy rather than the interpretation of the real needs and aspirations of living men.

As long as these are the outstanding features of clerical training and life and method it is difficult to see how anyone can expect the average clergyman to be able to help or lead his brethren of the laity. It is useless for him to "go to Horeb" until he has understood the life in the streets of "Samaria." It is useless for him to spend more time in praying until he

has more to pray about. **And the situation is not going to improve one bit if the younger clergy are kept back from taking their share in the nation's struggles in war. If, while men of every class and every profession are uniting in the common life of service, the ordinands and younger clergy are alone withheld, at the end of the war, they will be more out of touch with the laity than ever.** In such circumstances, you could only agree with the non-conformist, which states that after the war it is laymen who must minister to laymen, while the clergy are left to attend to the women and children.

But one brave bishop had the courage to declare that he can find no reason either in the New Testament or in the Canons of the Reformed Church **why clergy should not be combatants.** One is emboldened to ask whether there is not opened up a yet "more excellent way."

Suppose the Church were mobilized so that the majority of the younger clergy and all the ordinands were set free for service in the army. The situation at the end of the war might be very different from that which we have been anticipating. **Universal military training for the clergy!**

There is no life more intimate than that of the barracks. There is no life where the essential character of men are so fully revealed as in the life of the trenches. Those of the combatant clergy who returned from the war would have seen their weaknesses in the barrack life at home, in pubs and the street. They would know their potentialities and understand their limitations. **They would be able to link the doctrines of Christianity to the lives of men, and to express them in language which no one could fail to understand.** With such men as clergy, a new era might dawn for the Church in this country, and the kingdom of Heaven be brought very nigh.

The Church could be mobilized so as to set free a large number of the younger clergy, if only her leaders could see that the greatness of the opportunity made the sacrifice worthwhile. To begin with, an enormous amount of ordinary parochial work could be

discontinued for the duration of the war with very little loss. A large amount of the relief work could be dispensed with, men's clubs could be shut, men's services suspended. Visiting could be confined to the sick, and a good deal of the work among women and children handed over entirely to the ladies.

A large number of older men could, if they were public spirited enough to consent, be set free to take the place of younger men. It is being done in almost every other profession, **so why not in the Church?** The majority of the city churches could be temporarily shut down, and in almost all large towns, quite a third of the churches could be closed. Of course, parochial work at home would suffer, but that is a sacrifice from which we should not shrink, in view of the unique nature of the opportunity.

The chief fear was that there might be at the end of the war a dearth of clergy. Personally, I think the reverse would be true. There in the ranks of the army are many men who at one time have contemplated being ordained, but who have been greatly discouraged during the past year by realizing more intimately the conditions with which the Church has to deal, and perceiving more acutely than ever before her inability to deal with them satisfactorily. Such men, if they knew that the Church was resolved to learn, was resolved to make sacrifice in order to establish a new contact between herself and the laity, would be confirmed afresh in their determination to help her.

If ordinands are scarce, it is simply because the relations between the clergy and laity are so lacking in cordiality and the obvious way to secure a larger number of ordinands is to cultivate better relations with laymen.

The opportunity is always indeed great. All that is actually wanted is faith from the leader of the church and loyalty from the other incumbents. The younger clergy won't have to be pressed. Most of them are pretty good guys, fully alive to the disadvantages of their position, full of enthusiasm for any scheme which would enable them to restore cordial relations between themselves and

their brethren, and would give them the intimate knowledge which they need before they can preach a living Gospel.

Mobilize the older clergy, and mobilize the noble and efficient army of women helpers, and churches at home will not suffer very much, while the mission to men will be prose-

cuted under conditions more favorable than have ever occurred before, or are ever likely to occur again.

**Universal military training for all clergy. Full time Christian pastors in the military. This will equip them for being pastors of returning army men.**

## NO ATHEISTS IN A FOX HOLE

It is said that a certain eminent doctor of divinity once summed up a debate on some knotty theological problem in the following terms: "Well, gentlemen, speaking for myself, I think I may venture to say that I should feel inclined to favor a tendency in a positive direction, with reservations."

It is easy to sneer at such an attitude, but in reality it is rather a good one. Here was an old man, who had spent the greater part of his life in studying the fundamental problems of metaphysics and history, and at the end of it all, he had the courage to confess that he was still only at the threshold of the house of knowledge. At least he had realized the magnitude of his subject, and if we compare him with the narrow dogmatists of other ages, we shall be forced to allow that in his exceeding humility there was some greatness, nobility of mind, and dignity.

At the same time it must be confessed that such an attitude does not lend itself to expression in a terse, definite form, and that, unfortunately, is what is needed by the men who are busy doing the hard work of the world.

The ordinary man wants something simple and applicable to the problems with which he has to deal. He wants a right point of view, so that he can see the hard facts which crowd his life in their proper perspective. He wants power, that he may be able to master the circumstances which threaten to swamp him.

**For the nebulous views of modern theology he has little use. Of course, theoretically the pastor should meditate between theology and life, having a working knowledge of both.**

Unfortunately, but not altogether unnaturally the hierarchy is timid. Ordinands are discouraged from learning too much about life, lest they err in strange paths and lose their way. Equally they are discouraged from penetrating too far into modern theology, lest they get lost in the fog. They are advised to be content with the official guides to both, and the of-

ficial guides are somewhat out of date, and in them accuracy and adequacy are apt to be sacrificed to simplicity. **The net result is that the ordinary man does not receive much help from the church in his attempts to get a mental grip of life and death.**

Indications are not wanting that the present crisis may evolve teachers of a new kind in the ranks of the clergy and the professors. Many clergy have in the past enlisted in non-combatants corps, and must there have gained a much deeper sense of the needs of ordinary men than they ever acquired in the university, the seminary, and the church. Some of the younger ones have also plunged into life, and they may be expected to produce literature of a new type when they return from the service to their studies.

Maybe some day we will see again, as a result of war, a return to the old books of wisdom, where you find shrewd commentaries on life, couched in short, pithy sentences. If so, it will be refreshing reading after the turgid inconclusiveness of most modern theology.

We will show a little book of wisdom taken from war. The writer of this following book of wisdom, was not yet entirely emancipated from the traditions of his type, but seems nevertheless to be feeling after greater clearness of expression and more definite views. Here is a short history of how this soldier came to write this little book of wisdom in a fox hole.

He always wanted to be a clergyman, but he rejected the advice of his elders, and lost himself in the midsts of modern theology. There he wandered contentedly for some years, until one day he discovered that his nation had gone to war in which he conceived to be a righteous cause. To the astonishment of his friends, he immediately came out of the cloud, and announced his intention of taking part in the struggle. Being of gentle birth, he was urged to apply for a commission, but, laugh-

ingly dubbing himself a "mere dreamer," he preferred the humbler lot of a private soldier.

Now what follows is taken from his notebook in the trenches. In it he jotted down from time to time what he considered the chief truths which his study and his experience of life had impressed upon his mind. There is not conscious connection between the various groups. But the dates give one a clue which enables one to see how each group is connected with a particular phase of his experience, and to trace the development of his mind due to the reaction of these successive phrases.

Thus, in JUNE 1914 we see him preoccupied with the abstract problems, trying to mark his tracks as he wanders through the mists.

AUGUST 1914 sees him turning from his mind to his conscience, and nerving himself to decisive action.

In SEPTEMBER 1914 he was already becoming an empirical rather than an abstract philosopher.

In OCTOBER and DECEMBER 1914 in the barracks, he was compelled to try to define the place of religion in practical life.

In FEBRUARY 1915 he is contrasting religion with theology, to the disadvantage of the latter.

In MAY and JUNE 1915 death is teaching him the supreme truths.

Now let his own words tell you their own story.

JUNE 20, 1914: "Do not think 'to get to the bottom of things' most likely they have not got one. Agnosticism is a fact, it is the starting point of the man who has realized that to study Infinity requires Eternity. Only he has failed to perceive the immensity of the universe. And the insignificance of man will dare to say, 'I know.' Ignorance is always dogmatic.

"Where knowledge is exact, it is merely descriptive. It tells the how, but not the way of a process.

"Agnosticism is no excuse for idleness. Because we cannot know all, it does not follow that we should remain wholly ignorant."

AUGUST 5, 1914: "Knowledge is not a right end in itself. The aim of the philosopher must not be to know, but to be somewhat. The philosopher who is a bad citizen has studied in vain. The law said, 'Thou shalt not kill.' The Gospel says, 'Thou shalt not hate.' It is possible to kill without hatred. The Gospel says 'love your enemies.' That means 'try to make them your friends.' IT MAY BE NECESSARY TO KICK ONE'S ENEMY IN ORDER TO MAKE FRIENDSHIP POSSIBLE. A NATION MAY BE IN THE SAME PREDICAMENT, AND BE FORCED TO FIGHT IN ORDER TO MAKE FRIENDSHIP POSSIBLE."

AUGUST 10, 1914: "Rank in itself is one of the false gods which it is the business of religion and philosophy to dethrone. Outward rank deserves outward respect. Genuine respect is only accorded to real usefulness. Rank is only valued by the wise when it offers opportunity for greater usefulness. To know one's limitations is a mark of wisdom, to rest content with them merits contempt.

"There is no dishonor in a humble lot, unless one is shirking the responsibilities of one more exalted. The wise man will take the lowest room, but only the shirker will refuse to go up higher. To fear change in one's manner of life is to be the slave of habit. Freedom is a chief object both of religion and philosophy. Here are two contemptible fellows; a philosopher without courage, and A CHRISTIAN WITHOUT FAITH."

SEPTEMBER 1, 1914: "The interest of life lies largely in its contrasts. If a man finds life dull, it is probably because he has lacked the courage to widen his environment. To have a wide experience is to inherit the Earth, with a narrow horizon a man cannot be a sound thinker. Experience is the raw material of the philosopher. The wider his experience whether personal or borrowed, the more sure the basis of his philosophy."

OCTOBER 15, 1914: "Man is the creature of heredity and circumstance. He is only the master of his fate in so far as he can select his environment. Sordid surroundings make man a brute, friendship makes him human, RELIGION BEGINS TO MAKE HIM DIVINE."

RELIGION MEANS BEING AWARE OF GOD AS A FACTOR IN ONE'S ENVIRONMENT. PERFECT RELIGION IS PERCEIVING THE TRUE RELATIVE IMPORTANCE OF GOD AND THE REST. Some men are brutes, most are human, VERY FEW BEGIN TO BE DIVINE."

DECEMBER 5, 1914: "Almost all men are slaves. They are mastered by foolish ambitions, vile appetites, jealousies, prejudices, the conventions and opinions of other men. These things obsess them, so that they cannot see anything in its right perspective. **For most men the world is centered in self, which is misery,** TO HAVE ONE'S WORLD CENTERED IN GOD IS THE PEACE THAT PASSETH UNDERSTANDING. THIS IS LIBERTY, TO KNOW THAT GOD ALONE MATTERS."

FEBRUARY 2, 1915: "OPTIMISM IS THE CONDITION OF SUCCESSFUL EFFORT, BELIEF IN GOD IS THE ONLY RATIONAL BASIS OF OPTIMISM. TO OFFER A SOUND BASIS FOR OPTIMISM, RELIGION MUST TAKE COUNT OF FACTS, THE HARDEST FACT IS THE EXISTENCE OF UNMERITED SUFFERING. Religion is the feeling and aspiration, theology is the statement of its theoretical implications. Religion is tested by experience, theology by logic and history. CHRISTIANITY SURVIVES BECAUSE THE CROSS SYMBOLIZES THE PROBLEM OF PAIN, AND BECAUSE ITS METAPHYSICAL IMPLICATIONS HAVE NEVER BEEN FINALLY SETTLED. CHRISTIANITY IS A WAY, AND NOT AN EXPLANATION OF LIFE. IT IMPLIES POWER, AND NOT DOGMA."

MAY 25, 1915: "IN THE HOUR OF DANGER A MAN IS PROVEN. THE BOASTER HIDES, THE EGOTIST TREMBLES, ONLY HE WHOSE CARE IS FOR HONOR AND

FOR OTHERS FORGETS TO BE AFRAID. It is blessed to give. Blessed is he of whom it is said that he so loved giving that he was glad to give his life. DEATH IS A GREAT TEACHER. FROM HIM MEN LEARN WHAT ARE THE THINGS THEY REALLY VALUE. Men live for eating and drinking, position and wealth. THEY DIE FOR HONOR AND FOR FRIENDSHIP.

"TRUE RELIGION IS BETTING ONE'S LIFE THAT THERE IS A GOD. IN THE HOUR OF DANGER, ALL GOOD MEN ARE BELIEVERS, THEY CHOOSE THE SPIRITUAL, AND REJECT THE MATERIAL. THE DEATH OF A HERO CONVINCES ALL OF ETERNAL LIFE, THEY ARE UNABLE TO CALL IT A TRAGEDY."

JUNE 1, 1915: "I HAVE SEEN WITH THE EYES OF GOD. I have seen the naked souls of men, stripped of circumstance, rank and reputation, wealth and poverty, knowledge and ignorance, manners and uncouthness, these I saw not. I saw the naked souls of men. I saw who were slaves and who were free, who were beasts and who men, who were contemptible and who honorable.

"I HAVE SEEN WITH THE EYES OF GOD.

I HAVE SEEN THE VANITY OF THE TEMPORAL AND THE GLORY OF THE ETERNAL,

I HAVE DESPISED COMFORT AND HONORED PAIN.

I HAVE UNDERSTOOD THE VICTORY OF THE CROSS.

O DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING??"

Nunc dimittis domine.

No atheists in a fox hole.

## THE SENSE OF THE DRAMATIC IN WINTER, IN A FOX HOLE

The English have a horror of being thought of as "theatrical." If a man is described as theatrical, they immediately picture a person of inordinate vanity and no real character striving after outward effect. He may be a petty criminal of weak intellect, glorying because he is the center of a police court sensation, and because his case and his picture are in all the papers. He may be a mediocre and not too honest politician trying to exploit some imaginary scandal to increase his own notoriety. These are the types the Englishmen associates with being "theatrical," and he hates and despises them.

By "a sense of dramatic" I mean something absolutely different. I mean getting outside yourself and seeing yourself and other people as the characters in a great story or play. You watch them and criticize them for a wholly detached point of view. **You just want to see what sort of a story you are helping to make, what part you are playing, and what points of interest it would be likely to offer to an outside observer.**

Now there is no vanity or superficiality or egotism about this. It is simply realizing the interest in your own life, and it will often enable you to see things in their proper perspective, and so to avoid being bored or oppressed by circumstances which you cannot alter. After all, every life has a certain amount of interest and romance attached to it, if looked at from the right angle. Every one can see something interesting in another person's life.

We all experience a time, a curiosity, to know what it feels like to be something quite different from what we are. It is a relic of our childhood, when we used to play cowboys and indians, cops and robbers, and we used to play at being anything, a railroad conductor, a fireman, a policeman, a doctor, a nurse, a pilot, a baseball player. But it is always the other fellow's job that is interesting, and hardly ever

our own. The grass is always greener on the other side of the fence.

There is romance, for example, in dining at a famous restaurant, except to the people who usually dine there. There is a romance going into some slum area and dining for a dollar, except to the people who can never dine anywhere else. If you are rich, there is a romance in poverty, in wrestling a living from a society which seems to grudge it you. If you are poor, there is romance in opulence and luxury. There is romance in being grown up if you are a child, and there is romance in youth if you are old or middle-aged.

**A sense of the dramatic means that you see the romance in your own life.** If you are rich, it will enable you to see the magnificent possibilities in your wealth, as the poor man sees them. You will catch at an ideal, and try to live up to it. **Every now and then you will get outside of yourself, and compare yourself with your ideal, and see how you have failed.** If you are a workman, it will enable you to understand the glory of work well done, of strong muscles and deft fingers, of a home which you have built up by your own exertions.

Without this sense, the rich man is bored by the easiness of his existence, and will always be striving after new sensations, probably unwholesome ones, in order to stimulate his waning interest in life, while the poor man will become oppressed by the grinding monotony of his existence, and will become a waster and a drunkard.

Suppose you are an uncle. If you have no sense of the dramatic you will miss all the fun in giving money to your small nephew. You will do it with no air at all. You will do it in a mean and grudging spirit. You will wonder how little you can with decency give the young rascal, and will dispense it with a forced smile like the one which you reserve for the dentist.

The urchin will probably make a long nose at you when your back is turned.

**But if you have a sense of the dramatic, you will see the possibilities of the incident from the nephew's point of view.** You will understand the romance of just being an uncle. You will disburse your largess with an air of genial patronage and bonhomie which will endear you to the boy forever. You will go away feeling that you have both been a huge success in your respective parts.

**A sense of dramatic is, of course, closely connected with a sense of humor.** If you have the faculty for getting outside yourself and criticizing yourself, you will be pretty sure to see whether you look ridiculous. If you are a real artist in the exercise of the gift, you will also see yourself in your right perspective with regard to other people.

The artist must not be an egotist. He must not allow the limelight to be centered on himself. He will see himself, not as the hero of the story, but as one of the characters, the hero, perhaps, of one chapter, but equally a minor character in the others. **THE GREATEST ARTIST OF ALL, PROBABLY, IS THE MAN WHO PRAYS, AND TRIES TO SEE THE STORY AS THE AUTHOR DESIGNED IT.** He will have the truest sense of proportion, the most adequate sense of humor of all. **UNDOUBTEDLY, PRAYER IS THE HIGHEST FORM OF EXERCISING THIS SENSE OF THE DRAMATIC,** your part in God's plan for your life as a believer.

Probably there is no one to whom this saving GRACE is more essential than to the fighting soldier, especially in winter. Every detail of his life is sordid and uncomfortable. His feet are always damp and cold. He is plastered with mud from head to foot. His clothes cling to him like a wet blanket. He is filthy and cannot get clean. His food is beastly. He has no prospect of anything that a civilian would call descent comfort unless he gets sick or wounded.

There is no one to sympathize with his plight or call him a hero. **IF HE HAS NO SENSE OF THE DRAMATIC, IF HIS HORIZON IS BOUNDED BY THE SHEER MATERIAL**

**DISCOMFORT AND FILTH AROUND WHICH SURROUND HIM, HE WILL SINK TO THE LEVEL OF THE BEAST, LOSE HIS DISCIPLINE AND SELF-RESPECT, AND SPEND HIS DAYS AND NIGHTS MAKING HIMSELF AND EVERYONE ELSE AS MISERABLE AS POSSIBLE BY HIS INCESSANT GRUMBING AND ILL-HUMOR.**

But, on the other hand, if he has any sense of the dramatic, he will feel that he is doing his bit for the regeneration of the world, that history will speak of him as a hero, and he will see in his hardships and discomforts a splendid chance of being cheerful with credit. **HE WILL KNOW THAT GOD HAS GIVEN HIM A MAN'S PART TO PLAY, AND HE WILL DETERMINE TO PLAY IT AS A MAN SHOULD PLAY IT.**

**THERE ARE MANY MEN OF THIS TYPE IN THE ARMY OF THE TRENCHES, AND THEY ARE THE VERY SALT OF THE EARTH. THEY HAVE BEEN SALTED WITH FIRE. THEY ARE LIVING PROOF THAT PAIN AND SUFFERING ARE SOMETHING MORE THAN SHEER CRUELTY, RATHER THE CONDITIONS WHICH TURN HUMAN ANIMALS INTO MEN, AND MEN INTO SAINTS, AND HEROS FIT FOR THE KINGDOM OF GOD.**

Imagination has its disadvantages, but on the whole, and when well under control, it is a good quality in a leader. Often in war, when the men are tried and dejected, and seemingly incapable of further effort, a few words of cheer from a leader whom they trust will revive their spirits, and transform them into strong and determined men once more.

The touch of imagination in their leader's words restores their sense of the dramatic. **They see the possibilities in the part which they are called upon to play, and they resolve to make the most of it.** The appeal so made is generally not one to individual vanity. In the picture of the situation which his sense of the dramatic conjures up, it is not himself that the soldier sees as the central figure. Probably it is his leader.

He sees himself, not as an individual hero, but as a loyal follower, who is content to endure all and to brave all under a trusted

captain. **He looks for no reward but his leader's smile of approval and confidence. His highest ambition is to be trusted and not to fail.** Happy is the leader who can command such loyalty as this, and there are many such in the army of the trenches.

General Patton was a master leader because he could instill the dramatics in the individual soldier and emphasize the great part he is playing in the whole picture of history and the impact one soldier makes for mankind.

Now here again, Christianity gives the highest, the universal example of this particular virtue. The most perfect form of Christianity is just the abiding sense of the loyalty to the Lord, a Divine Leader and Master, **the abiding sense of the dramatic which never loses sight of Jesus Christ and occupation with Him. And which continually enables a Christian to see himself in the role of the trusted and faithful servant. So that he is always trying to live up to his part in the Divine plan of God for the whole human race.**

Now a sense of the dramatic is not theatrical, not conducive to, or even compatible with egoism. **It is a faculty which gives zest to**

**life, putting boredom and oppression to flight, stimulating humor, humility, and idealism.** It is of faculties the most desirable, being very agreeable to honor and to true Christianity.

"Well done thou good and faithful servant. Thou hast been faithful over a few things. I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of the Lord." "Let a man so account of us, as of the ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God. Moreover, it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful."

"Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life, that he may please Him who hath chosen him to be a soldier." "Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer. Behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried, and ye shall have tribulation ten days. BE THOU FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH, AND I WILL GIVE THEE A CROWN OF LIFE."

"Let us hold fast the profession of our faith, without wavering, for He is faithful that promised."

## A SOLDIER'S PRAYER LIFE

In civilian life he had always said his prayers. They had done him good, too, in a way. They had been a sort of squaring of his accounts morally. He had tried to see where he had failed, made resolutions to amend, and acknowledged to himself at any rate that he had failed. He had remembered his relations and friends before God, and it had helped him to do his duty by them. At the same time, he was not in the least degree a mystic. Even in his prayers he had never felt the reality of God.

God to him was rather the name for the principle of goodness than a Being of infinite power and intimate importance. His greatest religious experience had been a spasmodic loyalty to the Christ-man, stimulating him at rare intervals to sudden acts of quixotism.

When he first enlisted in the army he continued the habit of saying his prayers, more because it was inconvenient than for any other reason, perhaps. The others in the barracks did not say their prayers, and he was too stubborn not to feel the more resolved to say his. He was not going to be afraid, so he said them, deliberately and very self-consciously, half expecting to be laughed at. It was very difficult. He whispered the words mechanically, his head full of other thoughts.

The other soldiers paused in their talk the first night, and then went on as if nothing had happened. After that no notice was taken at all. No one followed his example. No one commented, or interfered with him. A little persecution would have hardened his resolve. Being ignored weakened it. He could not bring his mind to bear on his word, and there seemed to be no point in going on. He tried saying them in bed, in the privacy of his blanket. Then one day he forgot and after that he just omitted to say them ever.

"After all, it makes very little difference." And yet at times he felt that there was a difference. It was a little like a man sitting in a room with a frosted window that only opened at the top. He understood that it gave way out

to the garden, but he had never seen the garden. He used to sit with the top of the window pulled open, and then somehow one day he forgot to open it, and after that he never bothered. It made so little difference. At times he did notice that the air was a little less fresh, but he was too lazy, or too busy about other matters to bother.

This soldier's religion had always been like that, like a window opening on to the unknown and unexplored. He like to think that his window gazed on to a garden, and to think that he sometimes caught the scent of the flowers. But he had never had the energy or the faith to test his belief. Supposed he were to find that after all his garden was only a paved parking lot. Anyhow he had left the window shut now. At times he regretted it, but a kind of inertia possessed him, and he did not do anything about it.

When he first got to the front he prayed, half-ashamed. He was not quite sure of himself, and he prayed that he might not be "found wanting." But when it came to the point everything was very prosaic. It was boring, and uncomfortable, and at times even terrifying. Yet he felt no inclination to shirk. He just drifted on, doing his bit like the others, and with not too good a grace. It meant more trouble and responsibility. His conscience told him that he was shirking. He grew angry with it.

"Well," he demanded of it, "Why have I responsibilities more than anyone else? Haven't I failed?" He put the question defiantly, ostensibly to his conscience, but with an eye to the "Christ-man" in whom he had almost ceased to believe. To his astonishment he got an answer. It was a contingency with which he had not reckoned. Like a flash this sentence wrote itself across his mind, "Strengthen My brethren." It staggered him. He felt that he knew what it meant. "Don't whine about failures. If you are willing to serve, here is your job and the sign of your forgiveness, 'Strengthen My brethren.'"

He took the stripe after all, and fathered the boys of his section. The final stage came later. There had been a charge, a hopeless affair from the start, undertaken in broad daylight. He had fallen between the lines, and had seen the battered remnant of his company retire past him to their own trench before a hail of bullets. He lay in the long grass between the lines, unable to move, and with an unceasing throbbing pain in his left leg and arm. A grenade had caught him in both places. All the afternoon he lay still, his mind obsessed by one thought. Would anyone find him when it was dark, or would he be left to die?

He kept on wondering the same thing, with the same maddening persistence. At last he must have lost consciousness, for he woke to find that the sun had set and all was still but for an occasional flare or a random shot. He had lost a lot of blood, but the throbbing had ceased, and if he kept still, he felt no pain. He just lay there, feeling strangely peaceful. Above him he could see the stars, and the moon, though low in the heavens, gave a clear light.

He found himself vaguely wondering about the meaning of everything. The stars seemed to make it all so small and petty. All this bloodshed, what was the good of it? It was all so ephemeral, so trivial, so meaningless in the presence of eternity and infinity. It was just a strife of pygmies. He suddenly felt small, and lonely, and he was so very, very weak. He was cut off from his fellow soldiers as surely as if he had been on a desert island, and he felt somehow as if he had got out of his element, and was launched, a tiny pygmy soul, on the sea of immensity, where he could find

no bearings. Eternity and infinity were so pitiless and uncomprehending.

The stars gazed at him imperturbably. There was no sympathy there, but only cold, unseeing tolerance. Yet, after all, he had the advantage of them. For all his pygmy ineffectiveness he was of finer stuff than they. At least he could feel, suffer. He had only to try to move to verify that. At least he was aware of his own existence, and could even gauge his own insignificance. There was "that in him" which was not in them, unless, it was in everything. "God" he whispered softly. God everywhere. Then into his tired brain came a new phrase, "Underneath are the everlasting arms." He sighed contentedly, as a tired child, and the phrase went on repeating itself in his brain in a kind of chant. "Underneath are the everlasting arms."

The moon went down beyond the horizon, and it was dark. They found him at last. **He will never ever be of sound limb again, but there is in his memory and in his mind that which may make him a staunch fighter in other fields.** He has learned a new way of prayer, and the courage that is born of faith well-founded.

"Whatsoever you ask in prayer believing, you shall receive it." "You have not because you ask not." "Let us come to the throne of GRACE boldly, that we might obtain mercy, and find GRACE to help in time of need." "Seeing we have an High Priest that is passed into Heaven, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession." "The heavens declare the glory of God. The firmament showeth His handywork. There is no language in the whole world where their voice is not heard."

# CHRISTIAN EDUCATION DOESN'T TEACH YOU ANYTHING ABOUT CHRISTIANITY WORTH KNOWING

**W**e never mention the unknown soldiers name. He always dislikes publicity. His name never appears in the paper and it is a source of pride to him. Unless it appears in the "Roll of Honor," it probably never will. Let us call him "the average American." It is what he used to aim at being, and if such a being can be said to exist, surely he was it.

As far as philosophizing, well, he simply didn't. He had not read philosophy at any of the universities, and he never would think things out. He disapproved of men in his position attempting anything of the sort. He considered it a waste of time and rather unwholesome. To talk about one's inner most convictions he regarded as indecent.

The young curate at a big university who talks best about God after a bottle of champagne, shocked him badly, and he said that it was blasphemous. His own point of view was a modest one.

What he learned differed so widely, he argued, it was hardly likely that his inadequate mental equipment would help him to a sound conclusion. The nearest approach to philosophy at all that he possessed was wholly practical, empirical, even opportunist. It was not a philosophy at all, but a code of honor and morals, based partly on tradition, and partly on his own shrewd observation of the law of cause and effect as illustrated in the lives of his neighbors.

As a philosophy it remained unformulated. He refused even to discuss its philosophical and theological implications. In fact, his was "the religion of all sensible men," and "sensible men don't tell" what that is. It suited him to be outwardly orthodox. His mother liked him to take her to church on Sunday. To see him doing so increased the confidence of his profes-

sional clientele. Also, the vicar was a friend of his, and played golf with him.

So he was orthodox, but abstract truth was not his job. He left that to the parsons and professors. That was the standpoint which he adopted. It is not altogether surprising. It worked. It enabled him to meet quite adequately all the mild exigencies of his uneventful life and unexciting personality. For his life was dull and his personality far too habitually restrained to offer any sensations. If hidden fires had ever burned beneath his somewhat conventional exterior, they had received no encouragement, and had soon died out for want of air.

Suddenly, quite unexpectedly, he found himself lifted out of his office chair, and after a short interval deposited "somewhere in France." Here he found himself leading a ridiculously uncivilized and uncomfortable life, and standing in the constant danger of being blown to pieces. Naturally the transition was a little bewildering. Outwardly he remained calm, but below the surface strange things were happening, nothing less than a complete readjustment of his mental perspective. **Somehow his code, hitherto so satisfactory, failed to suffice for the new situation in which he found himself.**

The vaguely good natured selfishness which had earned for him the title "good fellow" in the quiet days of peace, did not quite fit in with the new demands made on his personality. Much against his will, he had to try to think things out. It was an unmitigated nuisance. His equipment was poor. He had read so little that was of any use to him. ALL THAT HE COULD REMEMBER WERE SOME PHRASES FROM THE BIBLE, some verses from Omar Khayyam, and a sentence or two from the Latin Syntax.

And then his brain was so unaccustomed to this sort of effort. It made him quite tired, but it had to be done. A man couldn't sit in a fox-hole hour after hour and day after day with shells whizzing through the air over his head, or bursting thunderously ten yards from him, without trying to get some grip on his mental attitude towards them. **He could not see his comrades killed and maimed and mutilated without in some way defining his views on life and death and duty and fate.** He could not shout and bayonet his fellow men without trying to formulate some justification for such an unprecedented course of action.

His mind was compelled to react to the new and extraordinary situations with which it was confronted. And, oddly enough, in the course of these successive reactions he passed without knowing it, very close to the path trodden before him by some of the greatest teachers in the world.

To begin with, it came as something of a shock to discover that the "Rubaiyat," hitherto his most fruitful source of quotations, was quite useless to him. It was futile to talk about "the cup" when one had nothing to put in it. And as far as refusing to take life seriously, well, "Omar" lived before the days of high explosives. The Latin Syntax was a little better. It at any rate provided him with "Culce et decorum est pro patria mori." But even that seemed to be framed more for the comfort of his sorrowing relatives in the event of his death, stopping a bullet, than for himself.

AS FOR THE BIBLE, WELL, THERE WERE RATHER SOME JOLLY THINGS IN THAT, BUT HE WAS RATHER SHY ABOUT THE BIBLE. IT DIDN'T SEEM QUITE PLAYING THE GAME TO GO TO IT NOW WHEN HE HAD NEGLECTED IT SO LONG. BESIDES, THESE HIGHER CRITICS, WELL, HE HADN'T GONE INTO THE MATTER, BUT HE HAD A PRETTY SHREWD IDEA THAT THE BIBLE WAS A BIT DISCREDITED. NO, HE WOULD JUST GO BY FACTS AND THEIR EFFECT ON HIMSELF, AND DO HIS BEST OUT OF HIS OWN HEAD.

One afternoon he was in a support trench, and the Germans had got the direction and

they were firing at it from a long range with their heavy guns. The shells began by dropping at the far end of the trench, which they blew to pieces successfully. They had begun to creep up in his direction, the range lengthening about 25 yards after each, had a dozen shells. Would they reach him? Would he be at the end or in the middle or this measly interval of 25 yards? In short, would the shells drop on top of him or about 10 yards short or 10 yards over? It was an agonizing half-hour, and in the course of it he very nearly became a Mohammedan. He didn't call it that. But he tried to read a comic paper, and told himself that it was simply a question of fate. "I can't do anything about it," he said to himself. "If the damned thing drops, it drops, and I can't stop it by worrying."

Fate, that was the solution. "Kismet." He repeated to himself, thinking, in a moment of inspiration, of Oscar Asche. As a matter of fact, the enfilade was not perfect, and as the shells crept up the exact direction was lost, and they burst harmlessly about 15 yards behind the trench instead of in it. The average soldier murmured, "Praise be to Allah," and relit his pipe, which had gone out.

Then a day or two later his company was moved up to the firing trench. Somehow the "Kismet" formula did not seem so effective there. The Germans were only about 25 yards away, the barbed wire had been badly knocked about and the beasts had an unpleasant habit of creeping up at night through the long grass and throwing grenades into the trench.

It was no longer a question of sitting tight and waiting. One had to watch very carefully, and the element of retaliation came in, too. He found himself sitting up half the night with a pile of grenades on the sandbags in front of him, watching the grass with straining eyes. It was nervous work. He had never thrown a grenade. Of course, it was quite simple. You just pulled a pin out, and counted four, and let fly. But supposing you dropped the beastly thing. Though it was a cold night, he sweated at the thought.

Self-confidence is what he wanted now. Self-confidence and the will to conquer. Where that last phrase came from, he was not sure. He luckily did not realize now near he was to becoming a disciple of the "Hunnish Nietzsche." "The will to prevail." That was the phrase which pleased him, and he thought to himself that it would suit a charge, too, if one came his way.

But the next morning it rained. The trench being a brand new one, there were no dug outs and he had to stand in water and get wet. It was horrible. "Kismet" irritated him. "The will to prevail" did not help either. Yet it was no use grousing. It only made matters worse for himself and others also.

Then he remembered a phrase from a Boys' Club back home, "Keep smiling." That was the legend written over the door and he remembered that the motto on the club's button was "Fraters." By God, those kids had a pretty thin time of it. But yet, somehow, when all the "Fraters" had determined effort to keep smiling, the result was rather wonderful. Yes, "keep smiling," was the best motto he could find for a wet day, and he tried hard to live up to it.

At last the battalion went into reserve and was unutterably bored for a week. By night they acted as ration carriers, and improved communications trenches. By day they endured endless inspections, slept a little and grumbled much. The average soldier tried to keep smiling, but failed miserably. This made him wonder whether, on his return to the trenches, his other formulae would also fail him. But on the day before they went back into support, one of the corporals fell sick, and much to his surprise, he was hurriedly given one stripe and put in command of a section.

The promotion pleased him. He took the responsibility with extreme seriousness, and became quite fatherly in his attitude towards his command. This was all the easier because that particular section had lost heavily during the preceding spell in the trenches, and its ranks had been largely made up from the members of a draft fresh from home.

Much the same thing happened as before. They were shelled while in support, and he

walked up and down his section encouraging them and calming them down. In the firing trench the same grenades were in readiness, and he spent most of the night with the sentry to give him confidence. A bomb from a trench mortar actually fell into his part of the trench, killing one boy and wounding two more, and for the moment his hands were full steadying the others, applying field dressings to the wounded, and seeing to their removal from the trench. At length the battalion was relieved, and marched back to a rest camp, where it spent three weeks of comparative peace, in the intervals of presenting arms and acting as orderly corporal.

The average soldier thought over his experiences and it suddenly struck him that during his two weeks as a platoon commander, **he had actually forgotten to be afraid, or even nervous.** It was really astounding. Moreover, his mind rose to the occasion, and pointed out the reason. He had been so anxious for his platoon that he had never once thought of himself. With a feeling of utter astonishment, he realized that he had stumbled upon the very roots of courage, unselfishness. He, the average soldier, had made an epoch-making philosophical discovery. Of course, he did not know that the "Buddha" had discovered this great truth some thousands of years before him.

STILL LESS DID HE GUESS THAT THE SOLUTION OF ALL THESE PROBLEMS WITH WHICH WAS HAD CONFRONTED HIM WAS CONTAINED IN THE RELIGION IN WHICH HE WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN EDUCATED. THAT TRUST IN THE ALL-KNOWING, OMNISCIENT, FATHER WAS CHRIST'S LOFTIER SUBSTITUTE FOR SUBMISSION OF FATE, THAT FAITH WAS THE HIGHER FORM OF SELF-CONFIDENCE, AND THAT THE LOVE THAT CHRIST TAUGHT WAS THE BUDDHA'S SELFISHNESS WITHOUT THE INCUBUS OF HIS ARTIFICIAL PHILOSOPHY.

Nevertheless, he had made great strides, and war had still fresh experiences in store for him and others. And no doubt experience will continue to instruct.

“AND AFTER ALL, HOW SELDOM DOES A CHRISTIAN EDUCATION TEACH ONE ANYTHING WORTH KNOWING ABOUT CHRISTIANITY?” Christian education teaches you gimmick ways of filling a pew, but not how to fill your soul in combat.

“Fear of man is a snare, but trust in the Lord is confidence.” “When I am afraid, I will trust in Thee.” “Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will

strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness.” “Nothing can separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord, neither death nor life...” “Man cannot live by bread alone, but by every Word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.” “Thy Word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee.”

## CITIZEN'S ARMY

The new army, the Citizen's Army caused because of warfare, is called by many names, the Kitchen Police or Patrol, the Mess Hall Mob, etc. The older sergeants, men who have served in the "regular army," the standing army, call the new Citizen Army many things, and swear that if they have to take us to war, it will be another "massacre of the innocents." At other times they affirm that we are a credit to our instructors, which is themselves, but such affirmations have become rarer since beer went up in price.

We are definitely a mixed lot, a triumph of so-called democracy. Some of the men had 50 years to their credit, and some 30, others 16 and claimed to be 18. Some of them enlisted for glory, and some for fun, and few for fear of starvation and prison. Some began by being fat, and lost a lot of weight, others were seedy and are filling out. Some of them grumbled, but for the most part they were all aggressively cheerful, and were never fittered in their lives.

Some missed their beer and wine and whiskey, and others their favorite dishes, but as they all slept on the floor, since they all had the same suit, which rapidly became very disreputable, you can never tell one from another. They would sing as they marched, songs about jobs, and girls, mostly though unadulterated nonsense.

Battle, battle, murder, and sudden death. Maiming, slaughter, blood extremities of fear and discomfort and pain. How incredibly remote all that seems. We don't believe in it really. It is just a great game we are learning. It is part of the game to make little short rushes in ex-

tended order, to lie on our bellies and keep our heads down, snap our rifles and fix our bayonets. Just a game, that is all, and home to tea, just a game.

Some of them thought that the young officers took this game a little bit too serious. Twice this week we have been on marches and have been late for dinner, and they in spite of that, routed us up in the middle of the night to play once again. Now that was a bit too much. Fun is fun, but that is ridiculous. The PX was shut down and when we got back to base, we missed getting our beer.

Anyway, we are not a regular army. We are a Citizen's Army, K. P.'s, and we are quite sure it will be all right. Just send us overseas and you see what we can do. We are a Citizen's Army and we don't care if it rains ink.

"Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners. BUT FELLOW CITIZENS WITH THE SAINTS, AND OF THE HOUSEHOLD OF GOD." "Servants. be obedient to them that are masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ: Not with eyeservice, as menpleasers: but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart: With good will doing service, as to the Lord, and not to men: Knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free. And, ye masters, do the same things unto them, forbearing threatening: knowing that your Master also is in Heaven; neither is there respect of persons with Him."

Citizens of Heaven in a Citizen Army.

## DIVERSITIES OF GIFTS BUT THE SAME SPIRIT

In war time an unprecedented thing happened. For the first time the national interest provided a stronger principle than class prejudice. In this time of warfare all classes of men were at once one, at one not only in sentiment, but in practical resolve.

The crowd that surged outside the central recruiting offices was the great proof of it. All classes were there, struggling for the privilege of enlisting in the new Citizen Army, conscious of their unity, and determined to give effect to it in the common life of service.

It was an extraordinary crowd of men. Workmen were there, male models were there with their latest fashions, clerks and factory managers, mechanics and salesmen, and most conspicuously well-dressed of all, gentlemen in their oldest clothes. Some wore cord breeches, others wore Brooks Brothers' suits. Mechanics in blue serge, all sorts of dress depicting their professions. It was like a section cut out of the nation.

Men and boys of working class formed the majority. They were in their element, shouting, singing, kidding the officers with as much ribald good humor as if the recruiting office had been a music hall. But some of the other classes were far less at their ease. They had been brought up from earliest youth to thank God that they were not as other men, to set store by the innumerable little marks that distinguished them from "the lower class."

All these they were now sacrificing to an idea, and they felt horribly embarrassed. Even the gentlemen, who had prided himself on his freedom from "the snobbishness of the suburbs," felt ill at ease. Of course, he had been to working men's clubs, but there he had been Mr. Pierpoint. Here he was just another "G. I." He told himself that he did not mind being just another "G. I.," in fact he rather liked it, but he fervently wished that he looked the part. He felt as self-conscious as if he had arrived at a dinner party in a fatigue jacket. A little later on, when he sat, one of four nude men, in a cubi-

cle awaiting medical inspection, he did feel that for the moment they had all been reduced to the common denominator of their sheer humanity.

But embarrassment returned with his clothes, and stayed with him all through the march to the station and the journey to the depot. At the depot he fought for the prize of the verminous blanket, and six foot of floor to lie on. When he awoke the next morning, his clothes were creased and dirty, his collar so filthy that it had to be discarded, and his face unshaven. He perceived with something of a shock that he was no longer conspicuous. He was no more than the seedy unit of a seedy crowd. In any other circumstance he would have been disgusted. As it was, he sought the canteen at the earliest opportunity and toasted the "unity of the classes with a beer."

All emerged from the depot clothed exactly alike, and meditated on the symbolism of clothes. They donned the khaki shirt and ready-made khaki of the new year, and deposited the emblems of their class distinction on a common rag-heap. Even the perfunctory manner of the quartermasters corp could not rob the occasion of an almost religious solemnity. It was the formal beginning of a new life in which men of all classes, starting with something like equality of opportunity, should gain what pre-eminence they might by the merit of their inherent manhood or the seduction of their native tact. From here on, all fared alike. All ate the same food, slept on the same floor in similar blankets, and in their shirts. Even the pajamas no longer divided them. All took their share in scrubbing floors, and all sorts of policing of the area, and until the novelty wore off, even these menial and dirty jobs caught a certain glamour from the great ideal which they symbolized. Gradually all of them found their own level. The plausible were promoted, found wanting, reduced, and replaced by the men of rear grit and force of character.

Mechanics joined the machine gun section, clerks became signal corps men. The dirtiest and most drunken of the old soldiers were relegated to the kitchen mess hall. Equality of opportunity had been granted, and the inequality of man had been so-called demonstrated. It was found that the best formula after all was what the apostle Paul said, "Diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit."

Of course, it was not a perfect democracy because of the existence of the upper-class, the officer. He is really an offense against democracy. He is what he is by "Divine right," whether of property or of family influence. He is above the democratic law of the promotion of the fittest and the reduction of the incompetent. The army, like most governments, is not a true democracy. His position is only rendered possible by the survival in the army of democracy of the ancient religion of the army of aristocracy.

This ancient religion is called "military discipline." Like other religions, it has its mysteries, its hierarchy, its dogmas and its rituals. We will concern ourselves with the last two. Both of them relate to the status of the officers. The dogmas define his position, and the ritual symbolizes it. As in other religions of authority, the dogmas are not required to square absolutely with facts, nor is more than a formal acquiescence demanded from the faithful.

For example, it is a dogma that the officer alone possesses common sense. But it has happened that an individual officer had been lacking in this gift, whereas the sergeant has possessed it. In such circumstances an officer may borrow his sergeant's common sense, and religion is satisfied so long as only the officer exercises it. An officer may even borrow common sense from a private provided that it is done through the medium of a non-commissioned officer.

Another dogma is that only officers can think. To safeguard this dogma from ridicule, it is necessary that the men should be prevented from thinking. Their attention is to be fully occupied with such mechanical operations as the polishing of their buttons, in order that the officer may think without fear of con-

tradition. In war, however, if all the officers are killed, the sergeants may think, and if they are killed the corporals may think, and so on, but this is a relaxation of strict orthodoxy, a concession to the logic of facts which must only be permitted in extreme circumstances.

The ritual of this religion will be found in the official manuals. This account may sound to some to be a little bitter. It is not intended to be so. Most officers of the Citizen Army have had an education in skepticism, and possess a good sense of humor. They were such good sports that no one minds performing the ritual for their benefit, and as often as not they accept it in the spirit in which it is given.

In due course the Citizen Army reached the front. Now the front maybe divided into two parts, the trenches and the rest camps. **In the trenches the real man finally and conclusively comes to his own.** The worm, no matter how exalted his rank, automatically ceases to count. the explanation of this phenomenon is very simple. In the moment of crisis the "man" is on the spot, while the "worm" is always in his dug-out.

The rest camp, on the other hand, exists for the restoration of the "status quo ante." It is the trench failure's opportunity to reassert himself. There the officers or the NCO's, who has lost prestige by his devotion to this dug-out, regains it by the repetition of the ritual, and the private who has done ten men's work in repairing the trenches under fire is awarded an hour's extra drill for failing to cut away the left hand smartly.

So is the damaged religion of the army restored. In the rest camp, too, the shirker among the men raises again his diminished head, and comes out strong as a grumbler and, until his mates become unpleasantly reminiscent, a boaster. Rest camp is like restoration.

On the whole, though, **actual experience of war brings the best men to the front, and the best qualities of the average man.** Officers and men are welded into a closer comradeship by dangers and discomforts shared. They learn to trust each other, and to look for the essential qualities rather than for the accidental graces. One learns to love men for

their great hearts, their pluck, their indomitable spirits, their irrepressible humor, their readiness to shoulder a weaker brother's burden in addition to their own.

One sees men as the Lord sees them, apart from externals such as manner and intonation. A night in a bombing party shows you John Doe as a man of splendid courage. A shortage of rations reveals his wonderful unselfishness. One danger and discomfort after another you share in common till you love him as a brother. Out there, if anyone dared to remind you that John Doe was only a fireman, while you were a bank clerk, you would give him one in the eye to go on with. **You have learned to know a man when you see one, and to value him.**

When the war is over, and the men of the Citizen Army return to their homes and their civilian occupations. Will they, I wonder, remember the things that they have learned? If so, there will be a new and better America for our children. One would like to prophesy great things. In those days great talkers and boasters shall be of no account, for men shall remember that in that hour of danger they were wanting. In those days there shall be no more petty strife between class and class, **for all shall have learned that they must seek the nation's good before their own. No more hyphenated-Americans.**

In those days men shall no longer pride themselves on their riches, or on the material possessions which distinguish them from their brethren, for they shall have learned that it is **the qualities of the heart which are of real**

**value. Men shall be prized for their courage, their honesty, their charity, their practical ability. In those days there shall be no false pride,** for all have lived hardy, all have wielded pick and shovel, and have counted it no dishonor but rather glory to do so. In those days charity and brotherly love shall prevail mightily, for all shall have learned mutual understanding and respect. Would that it might be so. **But perhaps it is more likely that the lessons will be forgotten, and that men will slip back into the old grooves.**

**A lot depends on women, the women of our country, too.** Because if they carefully guard the ancient ruts against our return, and if their gentle fingers press us back into them, we shall acquiesce, but if at this hour of crisis, they too have seen a wider vision of national unity, and learned a more universal love, the future is indeed radiant with hope.

"There is neither male nor female, bond nor free, Jew nor Gentile. We are all one in Christ Jesus our Lord." "Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all. But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal." "But all these worketh that one and the selfsame Spirit, dividing to every man severally as He will." "For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body, so also is Christ." "For the body is not one member, but many."

## THE OLD AND THE NEW ARMY ARE LIKE RELIGION AND CHRISTIANITY

Once met, in Europe, a young priest of the Roman Church who confessed to me quite openly that he was a complete skeptic. He thought, it seemed, that, though the Catholic Church had played a necessary and useful part in the development of mankind, the time was very near when its function in history would have been fulfilled, and that it would then share the fate of all obsolete institutions.

It was obviously a great relief to him to say this to anyone who mattered as little as myself, and whom he was never likely to ever meet again. But my reception of his confession astonished him almost as much as his confession had startled me. Of course, what shocked me was that, holding the opinions that he did, he should still remain a priest. I felt that his position must be an intolerable and humiliating one, and I immediately offered to help him to make a fresh start in some other profession, where he could regain his self-respect.

He thanked me but coolly informed me that THE TRAINING WHICH A PRIEST RECEIVED IN THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE MECHANISMS WHICH HE HAD TO USE WERE SO PERFECT THAT THE INDIVIDUAL VIEWS OF THE PRIEST DID NOT MATTER IN THE LEAST. He himself was perfectly able and content to carry on his work without believing in it, and in many ways it was work that suited him. He understood my amusement. He agreed that in Protestant Churches such a course would be impossible. There the training of the minister was so inadequate, and the science of souls so little systematized, that everything depended on the sincerity of the individual pastor, but he assured me that in the Roman Catholic Church it was not so.

I don't know if this is true of all priests, but I can see the point, that where discipline is strong and procedure stereo-typed, the strain on the individual leaders is very greatly

reduced. I have often thought of this point since enlisting in the "Citizens' Army." Indeed, the difference between the old and the new armies is not at all unlike the Roman Catholic Church and Protestant Churches.

In the old regular army, it has always been recognized that all officers, and NCO's could not be expected to be born leaders of men. **The whole system of military discipline has been built up with a view to relieving the strain on the individual.** The officer's authority is carefully guarded by an elaborate system designed to give him prestige. He is a man apart. He does not mix with the men under his command. They may not even approach him directly, but only through the medium of an NCO. He is always something of an unknown quantity to them, and "OMNE IGNOTUM PRO MAGNIFICO."

The NCO is protected by the machinery of discipline. **His authority is made to depend as little as possible on his own force of character.** He exercises an authority which is vested in the whole body of officers and NCO's throughout the army. The smallest piece of impertinence offered to the most junior corporal, if he likes to make it so, an offense against the discipline of the whole battalion, even of the whole army, and is punishable as such. He too has to be as far as possible a man apart. He must not have friends among the private soldiers, nor be seen in their company. When he receives his promotion first, he is generally transferred from one company to another. **In fact, the regular army is a magnificent example of the efficiency of discipline.**

Theoretically, the "new army" is under the same law as the old, the standard of discipline is high, and the method of enforcing it identical. But as a matter of fact, it is quite impossible to enforce such a system in practice. In the regular battalion the tradition, when once established and accepted, is handed down automatically. The recruits arrive in small batches,

and have to adapt themselves to the conditions which they find to be already in existence. If a recruit fails to adapt himself, he is heavily punished, and his life is made a burden on him. He has sold himself to his country for a term of years, and his feelings do not have to be considered. He is either "made" or "broken," and that is the very phrase which this priest used to describe his training at the seminary.

Discipline can be enforced because there is always a majority which has already been inured to it, and an executive of NCO's who have it bred in the bone. But in a battalion of the new army, the conditions are wholly different. The vast majority both of the NCO's and men are, at the time of formation, recruits. They are quite new to discipline, and full of pernicious civilian ideas about "liberty" and "the rights of man."

Even if it were possible to enforce discipline by rigorous punishment, such a course would be inadvisable. Recruiting depends for its success very largely on the reports of men newly enlisted as to how they are treated. **As long as we have to obtain the largest possible number of recruits in the shortest possible time, the good-will of the men already enlisted is a primary consideration, and discipline must be tempered with tact.**

The net result is that a greatly increased strain is thrown on the individual leader. To some extent this applies to all ranks, but it is more especially true of the second squad leader. The commissioned officer, even in the Citizen Army, has a good deal of prestige as long as he does not give it away. He appears, by virtue of his immunity from manual work and competition, his superior dress, and standard of living, to be a higher sort of being altogether.

The senior NCO, also has a prestige of his own, due to the fact that he is usually an ex-regular, and has an intimate knowledge of his job, and the manner of one who is accustomed to be obeyed. but the young corporal who is put in charge of a squad has absolutely no prestige. Of the work he knows little more than the men. He lives and sleeps and messes with them. They know all his faults and weaknesses, a great deal better than he

does himself. They are inclined to be jealous of him, and have no respect for him except what he can inspire by his inherent force of character.

To a great extent he is dependent on their good will. They can cover his deficiencies or emphasize them as they like. If he tried to establish his authority by reporting them, he can by no means count on the sure support of his superiors.

Unless they have a very high opinion of him, they will be quite likely to conclude that he is more bother than he is worth, and reduce him to the ranks. In fact, if one wants to study the conditions of sheer natural leadership, one can hardly choose a better subject than the average squad leader in a "service battalion."

Of course, the types vary enormously. At first it is generally the men who want promotion that obtain the stripe, and they mostly belong to one or two classes. They are either ambitious young men or blustering bullies. The younger who wants promotion has probably been a clerk and lived in a suburb. He is better educated and has a smarter appearance than the general run-of-the-men. He covets the stripe because he wants to get out of the many menial and dirty jobs incidental to barrack life, because he thinks himself "a cut above" his companions and wants the fact to be recognized. **This is because, in short, he thinks that as a corporal he will find life easier and more flattering to his self-esteem.**

He soon finds his mistake. He annoys the sergeant-major by his incompetence and the men by his superior airs. Soon he gets into a panic and begins to nag at the men. That is just what they hate. The whole situation reminds one of nothing so much as of a terrier barking at a herd of cows. As soon as the cows turn on him, the terrier begins to waver, and, after trying to maintain his dignity by continuing to bark, ends by fleeing for dear life with his tail between his legs. So the young corporal begins by hectoring the men, and, ends by abject entreaty. Finally he is reduced to the ranks.

The career of the bully is much different though. His is generally a vulgar, pushy fellow, who likes boasting and threatening, likes to

feel that men are afraid of him, likes to be flattered by the men, and likes getting men punished. The men hate him, but he sometimes manages to bluff the officers and sergeants into thinking that he is a "smart NCO." Usually he comes to a bad end, either through drink or gambling. When he is reduced to the ranks, his lot is not an enviable one.

A deplorable number of those who are first promoted finish by forfeiting their stripe. Then comes the turn of the man who does not covet rank for its own sake, but accepts it because he thinks that it is "up to him" to do so. Generally, he is a man of few words and much character. He gives an order. The man who receives it begins to argue, "It is not his turn. He has only just finished another job," and so on. The NCO looks at him, and repeats, "Get with it, do it." The man "curls up" and does as he is told. An NCO of this sort is popular. He saves any amount of wear and tear, and this is appreciated by the men. He gets things done, and that is appreciated by the sergeants and the officers.

Finally, there is the gentleman, who is the most interesting of all from our point of view. He is generally a thoroughly bad disciplinarian in the official sense, and at the same time he is often a magnificent leader of men. He is fair and disinterested. He has a certain prestige though being rather incomprehensible to the average private. He does not care at all for his rank. He is impervious to the fear of losing it. He takes it from a sense of duty and his one idea is to get things done with as little friction as possible. He often succeeds in gaining the confidence of his men, so that they will work for him as for no one else.

But, on the other hand, his methods are apt to be quite unorthodox and highly prejudicial to the cause of discipline as a whole. His authority is so personal that it is very hard for an ordinary NCO to take his place.

A man of this sort was given the stripe while his battalion was in a rest camp overseas and was put in charge of a squad which was quite new to him. It was a very uncomfortable camp, and there were endless, tiresome fatigues to be done. The men, who had just

come out of the trenches, and had been looking forward to a comparatively luxurious time, were in the worst of tempers. The corporal did his best. He tried to be scrupulously fair, and to put each man on fatigue in his turn, but the men were "out for a fight."

In the afternoon he entered the tent, and detailed one of the worst grumblers for a work party. The man started to grumble, and made no signs of moving. The corporal took out his watch and announced that if he did not go in two minutes, he would be reported to the captain for refusing to obey an order. The man was defiant, and remarked that that was all that corporals were for, to get men into trouble, and that they could not stand up to anyone as man to man.

This was a peculiarly subtle taunt, because, of course, it would mean instant reduction if any NCO was found fighting with a man. In the interests of discipline, the offender ought to have been made a prisoner at once. This course, however, did not commend itself to the corporal. He was the sort of a man who, if he could only maintain his authority by such means, would rather resign it. He put back his watch, explained for the benefit of the audience that it was this man's turn, that he was not an NCO for his own amusement, and that it gave him no pleasure to get men into trouble, and finally ended up by inviting the man to step outside there and then and see whether or not he would stand up to him. The man collapsed and did as he was ordered, and the corporal was well on his way to winning the respect of his squad, but, of course, he had committed a dire offense against military discipline.

If I am not mistaken, it was the same NCO who, a few days later, was guilty of a similar neglect of duty in the trenches. It was at night, and the trench had been badly damaged by shell-fire during the afternoon. It was necessary to build up the parapet, and owing to the sodden nature of the ground, it was not possible to take any more earth from the floor of the trench. In order to fill the sandbags required, someone had to get out of the trench at the back and dig in the open field.

The corporal detailed a man for the job, and the man flatly refused to go. He had not been out long, his nerves had been shaken by the shell-fire. He did not like the idea of going out into the open. He was afraid that when the flares went up, the Germans would see him. He was afraid of the rain of random bullets which always fall at night. Of course, he ought to have been put under arrest, and tried, for one; cowardice in the face of the enemy, and two; refusing to obey an order. His punishment might have been "death" or "any less penalty." The corporal knew that there was very little real danger. He looked contemptuously, and went out and did the job himself. He had not been at it more than two minutes when the soldier, for he was little more than a boy, came and joined him.

This NCO certainly gained the respect and confidence of his men, and there is no possession better worth having from the point

of view of the individual, but his authority was purely personal, and on the whole bad for discipline. He was to realize it a little later.

An officer, who was in charge of a big work party, called for two volunteers to accompany a corporal in stalking a German sniper. Not a man volunteered. After some minutes, during which the officer appealed and rated in vain, a boy came up to this NCO and asked, "Who's the corporal that's going?" The NCO replied that he didn't know. "Oh," said the boy with obvious disappointment, "if it had been you I would have volunteered." For the corporal it was at once his reward and his condemnation. He realized then that though it is a fine thing when men trust their leader and will follow him anywhere, **it is still a finer thing when they will stand by any leader, whether they know him or not, and this last is the fruit of perfect discipline.**

## LOST MILITARY SHEEP

I wonder if sometimes we don't use the words "lost sheep" with the opposite meaning than what the Lord meant it for. Sometimes we think of lost sheep as goats. I wonder if most people know the difference between lost sheep and goats, biblically speaking. Well, goats are those who have rejected Christ as their personal Saviour and are cut off from Him for all eternity. But lost sheep still have a chance at salvation as long as they are alive, no matter where they are, or in what kind of situation and regardless of habits they have formed in life.

God the Father of the Lord Jesus Christ doesn't condemn anyone merely because he is lost. After all, so often it is not his fault that he has lost his way. You can't help but feel sorry for someone who has lost himself. I am sure that our "Good, Chief Shepherd" has compassion on the lost sheep of this life. **We know He does, because He came to seek and save those who were lost.** He went looking for some lost sheep until He found it. Jesus Christ didn't come to call the righteous, but the sinner, the lost one, to a change of mind about Him and His salvation on the cross.

There were some in the service who were lost, but not necessarily damned. They were lost, but they were not poisonous. And that was their trouble. They were even, if you could use this term in the military, lovable. You could not help loving them, however little you felt that they deserved it. They gave us all endless trouble. They were not fit into any respectable niche in our social edifice. They were incurable disreputable, always in fights, always impecunious, always improvident.

When they were out of your sight, we hardened our hearts, and said, we are through with them and we wouldn't have anything to do with them again. But still, all the time we know that when it came to the point we would forgive them and take them back. They were such good soldiers, but yet still trouble. Sometimes they would fly right into the face of conventions. We sometimes felt that convention deserved it. It is not good for

anybody or anything to be always taken so seriously, whether an archbishop or a convention. If they offended us one day, we forgave them the next day for the way in which they shocked others in our presence.

They were extravagant and ran us enormous debts. It was most reprehensible. Yet, somehow, even their creditors could never impute intention to defraud. And their very recklessness in spending what they had not got seemed in a way but the balance against our careful reluctance to spend what we had got. They were drunken and loose in morals, so we heard. Yet we could never believe that they deliberately harmed anyone.

Even in their amours there was always a touch of romance, and never the taint of sheer bestiality. They had their code, and though God forbid that it should ever be ours, it did somehow seem to be a natural set off to the somewhat sordidly prudent morality of the marriage market.

They were perplexing. We couldn't but condemn them. In deed they condemned themselves with the utmost good-humor. Yet we could never altogether feel that we should like them to be exactly as we were. Their humility disarmed our self-satisfied judgments. They had the elusive charm of youth, irresponsibility, and vagabondage. We could not fit them in, and somehow we felt that this inability of ours was a slur on society. We felt there ought to be a place for them in the scheme of things. It made us angry when they "cast their pearls before swine." yet somehow there didn't seem anywhere else for them to throw them. We had a feeling that they ought to have been able to lay their pearls at the feet of the "Great Pearl Merchant," and yet His Church seemed to have no use for them, and that we felt was a slur on the Church.

As we read in the Gospel story we thought that there must have been men very much like them among the "lost sheep," whom the Lord Jesus Christ came to seek and save. Some of

those publicans and sinners, with whom the lost feasted, to the great scandal of the worthy Pharisees, must have been very like these wayward vagabonds of ours.

That woman taken in adultery, and that other harlot, they had their pearls and alabaster cruse of ointment very precious. And they did not know what to do with them. Society in those days had found to legitimate use for their gifts. They were lost, sure enough. And then came the Lord, and they were found. The swine no longer got their pearls. They were bought by the Great Pearl Merchant, and full of value given. And be sure that those women had their male counterparts in the crowd of sinners who followed the Lord Jesus Christ, and accepted Him, and became new creatures in Christ.

Once more the Lord has walked our streets, here in the military. Once more He has called to the lost sheep to follow the Good, Chief Shepherd along the thorny path of suffering and death. And as of old, He has demanded that they accept Him. And as of old He has not called in vain. Whatever their faults, these beloved lost sheep do not lack courage. When they give, they give recklessly, not staying to count the cost. They never bargain, estimate the odds, calculate profit and loss. With them it is a plunge, a blind headlong plunge. They venture "neck or nothing," "Heaven's success found," or "Earth's failure."

When the call came to face hardship and risk life itself in the cause of freedom, we stolid, respectable fools paused. We waited to be convinced of the necessity. We calculated the loss and the gain. We sounded out our employees about them keeping open our jobs till we return. Not so they. They plunged headlong. This was their chance. For this, they felt they had been born. Their hearts were alive and afire. They had a craving to give their lives for the great cause. They had a hunger for danger. And what a nuisance they were in that first weary year of training.

They plunged headlong down the stony path of glory, but in their haste they stumbled over every stone. And when they did that they put us all out of our stride. So crowded was the path. Were they promoted? They promptly

celebrated the fact in such a fashion that they secured their immediate reduction. Were they reduced to the ranks? Then they were in hot water from morning till evening, and such was their irrepressible charm, that hot water lost its terrors.

To be a defaulter in such a merry company was a privilege rather than a disgrace. So in despair we promoted them again, hoping that by giving them a little responsibility we should enlist them on the side of good order and discipline. Vain hope... There are things that cannot be overlooked, even in a K.P. battalion.

Then at last we "moved out." We were confronted with dearth, danger and death. And they came into their own. We could no longer compete with them. We respectable folk were not in our element. We knew it. We felt it. We were determined to go through with it. We succeeded, but it was not without much internal wrestling, much self-conscious effort.

YET THEY, WHO HAVE FORMERLY BEEN OUR DESPAIR, WERE NOW OUR GLORY. Their spirits effervesced. Their wit sparkled. Hunger and thirst could not depress them. Rain could not dampen them. Cold could not chill them. Every hardship became a joke. They did not endure hardship, they derided it. And somehow it seemed at the moment as if derision was all that hardship existed for.

Never was there such a display of triumph of spirit over matter. As for death, it was, in a way, the greatest joke of all, for if it was another fellow that was hit, it was an occasion for tenderness and grief. But if one of them was hit, it was always, "Death. O death. Where is thy sting? O grave. where is thy victory?" Portentous, solemn death, you look a fool when you tackled one of them. Life? They did not value life. They had never been able to make much of it anyway. But if they lived amiss, well, they died gloriously, with a smile for the pain and the dread of it.

What else had they been born for? It was their chance. With a gay heart, they gave their greatest gift, and with a smile to think that after all they had anything to give which was of value. One by one death challenged them. One by one they smiled in his grim visage,

and refused to be dismayed. They had been lost, all right, but they had found the path that led them home, and when at last they laid their lives at the feet of the Good Shepherd, what else could they do but smile?

"He shall deliver thee in six troubles, yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee. In famine He shall redeem thee from death: AND IN WAR FROM THE POWER OF THE SWORD. Thou shalt be hid from the scourge of the tongue: NEITHER SHALT THOU BE AFRAID OF DESTRUCTION WHEN IT COMETH."

This is literally death. "AT DESTRUCTION AND FAMINE THOU SHALT LAUGH: neither shalt thou be afraid of the beasts of the Earth. For thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field: and the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee. AND THOU SHALT KNOW THAT THY TABERNACLE SHALL BE IN PEACE: AND THOU SHALT VISIT THY HABITATION. AND SHALT NOT SIN. Thou

shalt know also that thy seed shall be great, and thine offspring as the grass of the Earth. THOU SHALT COME TO THY GRAVE IN A FULL AGE, LIKE AS A SHOCK OF CORN COMETH IN IN HIS SEASON. Lo this, we have searched it, so it is: hear it, and know thou it for thy good," Job 5:19-27.

"For me to live is Christ, AND TO DIE IS GAIN," Philippians 1:21. "PRECIOUS IN THE SIGHT OF THE LORD IS THE DEATH OF ONE OF HIS SAINTS," Psalm 116:15. "Though skin worms destroy this body, I know I will see the Lord face to face," Job 19:26. "For we are absent from the body and face to face with the Lord," 2 Corinthians 5:8. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle," tent, "were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," 2 Corinthians 5:1.

SO, STRIKE YOUR TENTS MEN. WE ARE MOVING UP...

## LEGALISTIC CHAPLAINS

**W**henver warfare is declared, there is always the cry of "the Church's opportunity." It is usually one of those value phrases which are the delight of the man who has no responsibility in the matter, and the despair of those who have. It simply suggests that somebody ought to do something, and in this case the "somebody" darkly hinted at is obviously the unfortunate chaplain.

Many chaplains in the military have bitterly complained to one another and others about this phrase, "we ought to do something." What did it mean? Did it mean that there was an opportunity of providing soldiers with free letter paper and cheap snacks and meals? If so, they agreed. There was an opportunity, and the Church rose to the occasion, i.e., service centers for military personnel.

But if it meant that there was an opportunity of bringing straying sheep back to the fold, they wished someone else would come and show them how it ought to be done. They had tried their hardest, and it seemed to them that men were inaccessible as ever.

They admitted that they had hoped that the war would make men more serious, and that when confronted daily by the mysteries of death and pain, they would naturally turn to the Church of their baptism for comfort and ghostly strength. But this had not happened to any marked extent. The men still appeared to be the same careless, indifferent heathen that they had always been. To sit at a typewriter and tell a man how to do his job is a despicable proceeding, and yet I suppose that it is more or less what I am trying to do in this brief study. To avoid being offensive, it seems best to begin by explaining how I came to think that I would be able to shed some light on this subject.

It all began as a quest, and it is quite legitimate to call it a quest. It was the "romance of the unknown" that enticed all of us, just as it enticed necromancers and alchemists and explorers in former days. Only our "unknown"

was quite close to our hand. It looked up to us from the faces that we passed in the street. As we stood on the embankment, it frowned at us from across the river, from that black mass of factories and tenements and narrow dismal streets that crown the river. The very air that we breathed was pungent with it. It was simply humanity that was our "unknown," the part of humanity which earns its daily bread hardly, which knows what it is to be cold and hungry and sick, and to have to go on working in spite of it.

Just as the buddha left the sheltered life of his father's palace to become a vagabond in the quest of truth (which he died saying, "Truth, what is truth. I really don't know"), so we, who had been guarded from hardship, and who were confused by the endless argument, that there we might gain a truer perspective by mingling with men whose minds had not been confused by artificial complications, and whose philosophy must have grown naturally from their naked struggle with the elemental realities. We thought we could learn from them what were the truths which really mattered, what really was the relative value of the material, the mental, and the spiritual, if there was one.

To make a long story short, we went and lived in back street, with their many clubs, and there we could meet the working man or boy, enticed him to come to our room and entertain him with some refreshments, and did our level best to understand his point of view. The venture was not a complete success. We did get some value out of our experience. We did sometimes see our vague ideals reappear as consummated heroism, while what had been termed pardonable weakness in a milder atmosphere, was seen to be but an early stage of sheer bestiality. This was certainly stimulating.

But all the time we had an uncomfortable feeling that we only knew a very small part of the lives and characters of the men whom we were studying. They came to our clubs and played games with us, until suddenly the more

vital matters of sex took them elsewhere, and they were lost to us. They came to our rooms and talked football, but when we got on to philosophy, they merely listened. I think that we mystified them a little, and ultimately bored them. We did not seem to get any real grip of them at all. We were always starting afresh with a new generation, and losing touch with the other.

Then came the war, and for a moment it seemed as if the quest would have to be abandoned. The men enlisted, and no clubs became empty. Several of the followers of the quest felt the imperious summons of a stronger call, and applied for their commissions. Suddenly to one or two of us came this inspiration. The war was not the end, but the beginning. We had failed because we had not gone deep enough. We had only touched the surface. To understand the working man, as it were, one must know him through and through, live, work, drink, sleep.

The war gave us a unique opportunity of doing this. We knew that we could never become workingmen, but no power on Earth could prevent us from enlisting if we were sound of mind and limb. And enlisting meant living on terms of absolute equality with the very men whom we wanted to understand. Filled anew with the glamour of our quest, we sought the nearest recruiting office.

In the barracks we certainly achieved intimacy, but the elemental realities were distinctly disappointing. We were disappointed to find that being cold and rather hungry did not conduce to sound philosophizing. It was merely uncomfortable. Cleaning greasy pots and pans, scrubbing floors on your knees, and constantly drilling produced in us no apparent thrills. They simply bored us. Life was dull and prosaic, and, as we have said, uncomfortable.

We never got a chance to sit down and think things over. Praying was almost impossible. It is extraordinarily hard to pray in a crowd, especially when you are tired out at night, and have to be up and dressed in the morning before you are properly awake.

These were the first impressions, but as time went on, and life became easier through

habit, **we were able to realize that we had actually been experiencing the very condition which prevents the working man from being a philosopher.** We grasped the fundamental fact that he is inarticulate, and that he has no real chance of being anything else. **We perceived that if you wanted to find out what he believed, you must not look at his words, but to his actions, and the objects of his admiration.** And, after all, it did not necessarily follow that because a man was inarticulate, he therefore had no creed.

In the book of James we have a comparison made for us, between those who state their faith apart from their works, with those who declare it by their works, and the comparison by James is no means favorable to the former. Actions, therefore, and objects of admiration, these are the things that we must watch if we would discover the true religion of the inarticulate. "Faith without works is dead," non-productive.

The life in the barracks is dull and rather petty. In point of fact, it bears somewhat the same relation to ordinary working class life as salt water baths do to the sea. There was a sign one time that read over this bath house, "Brill's baths were 'salty as the sea, but safer.'"

Well, barrack life is narrow and rather sordid, like the life of all working men, and it lacks the spice of risk. There is no risk in barrack life of losing your job and/or starving. Your bread and margarine are safe whatever happens. As a result, the more heroic qualities are not called into action. **The virtues of the barracks are unselfishness in small things, and its vicars are meanness and selfishness in small things.**

A few of the men were frankly bestial, obsessed by two ideas, beer and women. But for the most part they were good guys. They were intensely loyal to their comrades, very ready to share whatever they had with a chum, extraordinarily generous and chivalrous if anyone was in trouble, and that quite apart from his desserts. At any rate, it was easy to see that they believed whole heartedly in unselfishness and in charity to the unfortunate, even if they did not always live up to their beliefs.

And it was the same sort of quality, too, that they admired in other people. They liked an officer who was free with his money, took trouble to understand them if they were in difficulties, and considered their welfare. They were extremely quick to see through anyone who pretended to be better than he was. This they dislike more than anything else. The man they admired the most was the man who, though obviously a gentleman, did not trade on it. That, surely, is the trait which in the Gospel is called GRACE. THEY CERTAINLY DID BELIEVE IN UNSELFISHNESS, GENEROSITY, CHARITY AND HUMILITY. BUT IT WAS DOUBTFUL WHETHER THEY EVER CONNECTED THESE QUALITIES WITH THE PROFESSION AND PRACTICE OF CHRISTIANITY.

They had this within their own conscience, their own norms and standards. It was when we went overseas, and were on the eve of our first visit to the trenches, that I heard the first definite attempt to discuss religion, and then it was only two or three who took part. The remainder of them just listened.

It was bedtime, and we were laying close together on the floor of a hut. We were to go into the trenches for the first time the next day. I think that everyone was feeling a little awed. Unfortunately we had just been to an open air service, where the chaplain had made desperate efforts to frighten us. The result was just what might have been expected. We were all rather indignant. We might be a little bit frightened inside, but we were not going to admit it. Above all, we were not going to turn religious at the last minute because we were afraid.

So one man began to scoff at the Old Testament. David and Bathsheba came up, and Jonah and the whale, and so forth. Another topped the last one by laughing at the feeding of the 5,000. A third one said that in his opinion anyone who pretended to be a Christian in the army must be a humbug. The sergeant-major was fatuously apologetic and shocked, and applied the closure by putting out the light and ordering silence. Meeting over.

Now that was not much, but enough to convince me that the soldier, and in this case, the soldier means the workingman, does not

in the least connect THE THINGS THAT HE REALLY BELIEVES IN WITH CHRISTIANITY. HE THINKS THAT CHRISTIANITY CONSISTS IN BELIEVING THE BIBLE AND SETTING UP TO BE BETTER THAN YOUR NEIGHBORS. BY BELIEVING THE BIBLE, HE MEANS BELIEVING THAT JONAH WAS SWALLOWED BY THE WHALE. BY SETTING UP TO BE BETTER THAN YOUR NEIGHBORS HE MEANS NOT DRINKING, NOT SWEARING, AND PREFERABLY NOT SMOKING, BEING CLOSE FISTED WITH YOUR MONEY, AND AVOIDING THE COMPANIONSHIP OF DOUBTFUL CHARACTERS, AND REFUSING TO ACKNOWLEDGE THAT SUCH HAVE ANY CLAIM UPON YOU.

Now this is surely nothing short of tragedy. Here were men who believed absolutely in the Christian virtues of unselfishness, generosity, charity and humility, WITHOUT EVER CONNECTING THEM IN THEIR MINDS WITH CHRIST. AND AT THE SAME TIME WHAT THEY DID ASSOCIATE WITH CHRISTIANITY WAS JUST ON A PART WITH THE FORMALISM AND SMUG SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS WHICH CHRIST, HIMSELF, SPENT HIS WHOLE LIFE IN TRYING TO DESTROY. "He eateth with publicans and sinners."

The chaplains, as a rule, failed to realize this. They saw the inarticulateness, and assumed a lack of any religion. They remonstrated with their leaders, for not saying their prayers, and not coming to communion, and not being afraid to die without making their peace with God. They did not grasp that the men really had "deep-seated beliefs in goodness," and that the only reason why they did not pray and go to communion was that **they never connected the goodness in which they believed with the God in whom the chaplains said they ought to believe. If they had connected Christianity with unselfishness, and the rest, they would have been prepared to look at the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour and as their Lord.**

As a matter of fact, I believe that in a vague way lots of men do regard the Lord Jesus Christ as being on their side. **They have a dim sort of idea that He is misrepresented by Christianity, and that when it comes to**

**the test, He will not judge them so hardly as the chaplains do.** The Lord is much more gracious. They have heard that the Lord Jesus Christ was the "Friend of sinners," and very severe on those who set up to be religious.

But however that may be, I am certain that if the chaplain wants to be understood and to win their sympathy, he must begin by showing them that Christianity is the explanation and the justification and the triumph of all that they do now really believe in. He must start by making their religion articulate in a way which they will recognize. He must make them see that his creeds and prayers and worship are the symbols of all that they admire most, and most want to be. In doing this, perhaps he will find a stronger faith of his own.

It is certainly arguable that we educated Christians are in our way almost as inarticulate as the uneducated whom we always want to instruct. **If we apply this test of actions and objects of admiration to our own beliefs, we shall often find that our professed creeds have very little bearing on them.**

In the hour of danger and wounds and death, many a man has realized with a shock that the articles of his creed about which he was most contentious mattered very, very little, **and that he had somewhat overlooked the articles that proved to be vital.**

If the workingman's religion is often wholly inarticulate, the real religion of the educated man is often quite wrongly articulated. But, "the common people heard the Lord gladly." "Be not hearers of the Word only, but be ye doers of the Word."

Hypocrites, snakes, white-washed tombstones, are not representatives of the GRACE found in Christ in Christianity. **We must teach and emphasize and manifest the Christ of our Christianity and His righteousness and not our own self-righteousness,** because "all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags in His sight." "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us."

## “FORGIVE THEM FATHER, FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO”

**W**hen war broke out for England, the man who attended school applied for his commission in the firm conviction that war was a glorified form of big-game-hunting, the highest form of sport. His whole training, the traditions of his kind, had prepared him for that hour. From his earliest school days he had been taught that it was the mark of a gentleman to welcome danger, and to regard the risk of death as the most piquant sauce to life. At school he learned, too, to sleep in hard beds, to endure plenty of fresh air, and a cold bath on even the coldest mornings, and generally speaking, to

“Welcome each rebuff

That turns Earth’s smoothness rough.”

While in his holidays, the joys of shooting and fishing, and perhaps even hunting, had accustomed him to the idea of taking life, so that if the odds were even, it would even be a recognized form of sport to hunt, and to be hunted by, his fellow man. If you knew him, you have no doubt about this public school boy, and when we read of his spirit, his courage, his smiling contempt of death, we told ourselves with pride that we know it would be so with him.

But on the other hand, with the “Cockney” it was different. When on all hands we heard praise of his bravery, his cheerfulness, his patience, his discipline, even we who know him best were relieved, and very glad. For in every respect where the traditions of the public school make for soldierly qualities, the traditions of the “east end” seem to be against their formation.

If you tell a public school boy a thrilling tale of adventure, tradition dictates that he should say, “Oh, how jolly.” Tell the same story to a boy in an east end club and convention demands that he shall say, “Ow, I’m glad I weren’t there.”

The Cockney is not brought up to see anything good in danger. He is brought up to fear it and avoid it. Nor is he taught to welcome hardship. For him and his kin life is so hard al-

ready that he naturally embraces any mitigation of its rigors. He sleeps on a feather bed, if possible, with the tiny windows of the tiny room tight shut, and with his brothers nestling close to him for greater warmth. Even when he “changes” for football, he generally only takes off his coat, and puts on his jersey over his waistcoat.

So well might those who knew him mistrust his power to endure bravely the constant exposure to the elements inseparable from a campaign. Moreover, the Cockney is over-sensitive to pain, about hurt he is fearfully sentimental. He is a thoroughly kind-hearted little fellow, who not only doesn’t want to hurt anything, but doesn’t want himself or anyone else to be hurt.

True, dangers of the boxing ring have an enormous attraction for him, but as a rule, it is a fearful fascination far removed from the idea of emulation. In his quarrels with his mates, he often boasts great things, but his anger nearly always evaporates in wordiness. He was, in fact, the last person in the world that we could imagine going out with set teeth to hurt and slay the enemies of his country. To all this we had to add that he was an intense lover of home. The sights, the sounds, and smells, of his native London are infinitely dear to him. Transplant him even to the glories of a Kentish spring, and in a fortnight he will begin to pine for home. Exile him to the Australian bush, and no matter how high the pay, or rosy the prospect, he will drift inevitably to Sydney or Melbourne, the nearest available imitation of his beloved London.

So we couldn’t help wondering how he would endure month after month of exile, subject to every discomfort and danger and to that which he most likely dreaded, and to be committed to this very sort of action from which he would be most likely to shrink.

Well, he surprised us all. And he has given to the world the amazing picture of a soldier who is infinitely brave without vindictiveness, terrible without hate, all enduring and yet remaining his simple, kindly, jaunty self. For the Cockney warrior does not hate the Hun. Often you will hear him tell his mate that "the Bosches is just like us. They wants to get 'ome as much as we do, but they can't 'elp theirselves."

At times he has regretful suspicions of the humanity of the Prussians and Bavarians, but they are not long lived, and even while they endure, he consoles himself with the proved good fellowship of the Saxon. Did not such and such a regiment walk out of their trenches and talk to them as man to man? The Cockney reckons that when peace is declared, both sides will run out of their trenches and shake hands, and be the best of pals. "They can't 'elp theirselves." This is the burden of the Cockney's philosophy of war.

A phrase that seems like the echo of a statelier word of GRACE which said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Caught up from his civilian life by a wave of tremendous enthusiasm that completely found himself swimming in a mighty current, the plaything of forces he could neither understand nor control. BUT IN SPLENDID FAITH IN THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF THOSE FORCES, HE IS CONTENT TO GIVE UP HIS WILL COMPLETELY, AND BY SWIMMING HIS BEST TO DO HIS BIT TO HELP THEM TO ATTAIN

THEIR APPOINTED END. IN A DIM WAY HE FEELS THE CONFLICT OF WORLD FORCES, AND HE IS CERTAIN THAT HE IS ON THE SIDE OF "MICHAEL" AND THE ANGELS, AND THAT HITLER IS LUCIFER AND THE ANTI-CHRIST.

The Cockney's sacrifice of his personality is for all practical purposes complete and sublimely heroic. He only makes one reservation, the right so dear to all Englishmen, the right to grumble. To his tongue he allows full license, because he knows that in such liberty there is no real disloyalty because there is no efficacy. He curses the war, and Hitler, the weather, and the food, and everything indiscriminately, with relish, and eloquence that is sometimes lacking in good taste.

But let it pass. In view of his real heroism we cannot grudge him this one prized luxury. James said, "But the tongue can no man tame: it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison." "Out of the mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not so to be."

"Who is a wise man and endued with knowledge among you? let him show out of a good manner of life, his works with GRACE of wisdom. But if you have bitter envyings and strife in your hearts, glory not, and lie not against the Truth." "But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy and the fruits of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace."

# OH CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN

## THE CAPTAIN OF OUR SALVATION

### OUR BELOVED CAPTAIN

**T**he captain came to us in the early days, when we were still at basic drills under the hot sun. Tall, erect, smiling, so we first saw him, and so he remained to the end. At the start he knew as little of soldiering as we did. He used to watch us being drilled by the sergeant, but his manner of watching was peculiarly his own.

He never looked bored. He was learning just as much as we were, in fact more. He was learning his job, and from the first he saw that his job was more than to give us the correct orders. **His job was to lead us.** So he watched, and noted many things, and never found the time hang heavy on his hands. He watched our every progress, so as to learn the correct orders, he watched for the right manner of command, the manner which secured the most prompt response to an order, and he watched everyone of us for our individual characteristics. We were his men.

Almost immediately he took an almost paternal interest in us. He noted the men who tried hard, but were naturally slow and awkward. He distinguished them from those who were inattentive and bored. He marked down the keen and efficient amongst us. Most of all he studied those who were subject to moods, who were sulky one day and willing the next. These were the ones who were to turn the tide. If only he could get these on his side, the battle would be won.

For a few days he just watched. Then he started to work. He picked out some of the most awkward ones, and, accompanied by a corporal, marched them away by themselves. Ingeniously he explained that he did not know much himself yet, but he thought that they might get on better if they drilled by them-

selves a bit, and that if he helped them, and they helped him, they would soon learn.

His confidence was infectious. He looked at them, and they looked at him and the men pulled themselves together and determined to do their best. Their best surprised themselves. **His patience was inexhaustible.** His simplicity could not fail to be understood. His keenness and optimism carried all with them. Very soon the awkward squad found themselves awkward no longer, and soon after that they ceased to be a squad, and went back to the platoon.

Then he started to drill the platoon, with the sergeant standing by to point out his mistakes, of course he made mistakes, and when that happened he never minded admitting it. He would explain what mistakes he made, and try again.

**The result was that we began to take almost as much interest and pride in his program as he did in ours.** We were his men, and he was our leader. We felt that he was a credit to us, and we resolved to be a credit to him. There was a bond of mutual confidence and affection between us, which grew stronger and stronger as the months passed. He had a smile for almost everyone, but we thought that he had a different smile for us. We looked for it, and were never disappointed.

On parade, as long as we were trying, his smile encouraged us. Off parade, if we passed him and saluted, his eyes looked straight into our own, and his smile greeted us. **It was a wonderful thing, that smile of his. It was something worth living for, and worth working for.** It bucked us up when one was bored or tired. It seemed to make one look at things from a different point of view, a finer point of view, his point of view.

There was nothing feeble or weak about it. It was not monotonous like the smile of "Sunny Jim." It meant something. **It meant that we were his men, and that he was proud of us, and sure that we were going to do great, better than any of the other platoons. And it made us determine that we would.** When we failed him, when he was disappointed in us, he did not smile. He did not rage or curse, he just looked disappointed, and that made us feel far more savage with ourselves than any amount of swearing would have done. He made us feel that we were not playing the game by him.

It was not what he said. He was never good at talking. It was just how he looked. And his look of displeasure and disappointment was a thing that we would do anything to avoid. The fact was that he had won his way into our affections. We loved him. And there isn't anything stronger than love, when all is said and done.

He was good to look on. He was big and tall and held himself upright. His eyes looked his own height. He moved with the grace of an athlete. His skin was tanned by a wholesome outdoor life, and his eyes were clear and wide open. Physically he was a prince among men.

We used to notice, as we marched along the road and passed other officers, that they always looked pleased to see him. They greeted him with a cordiality which was reserved for him. Even the general seemed to have singled him out, and cast an eye of special approval upon him. Somehow, gentle though he was, he was never familiar. He had a kind of innate nobility which marked him out as above us. He was not democratic. He was rather the justification of aristocracy.

We all knew instinctively that he was our superior, a man of finer temper than ourselves. I suppose that that was why he could be so humble without loss of dignity. For he was humble too, if that is the right word, and I think it is. No trouble of ours was too small for him to attend to. When we started routine marches, for instance, and our feet were blistered and sore, as they often were at first, you would

have thought that they were his own feet from the trouble he took. Of course, after the march there was always an inspection of feet, that is the routine. But with him it was no mere routine.

He came into our barracks, and if anyone had a sore foot he would kneel down on the floor and look at it as carefully as if he had been a doctor. Then he would prescribe, and the remedies were ready at hand, being borne by the sergeant. If a blister had to be lanced he would very likely lance it himself there and then, so as to make sure that it was done with a clean needle and that no dirt was allowed to get in. There was no affectation about this, no striving after effect. It was simply, that he felt that our feet were pretty important, and that he knew we were pretty careless.

So he thought it best at the start to see to the matter himself. NEVERTHELESS, THERE WAS IN OUR EYES SOMETHING ALMOST CHRISTIAN ABOUT HIS CARE FOR OUR FEET. IT SEEMED TO HAVE A TOUCH OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST ABOUT IT, AND WE LOVED AND HONORED HIM THE MORE.

We knew that we would lose him. For one thing, we knew that he would be promoted. It was our great hope that some day he would command our company. Also, we just knew that he would be killed. He was so amazingly unself-conscious. For that reason we knew that he would be absolutely fearless. He would be so keen on his job, the job in hand, and so anxious for his men, that he would forget about his own danger. So it proved.

He was a captain when we went out to the front. Whenever there was a tiresome job to be done, he was there in charge. If ever there were a moment of danger, he was on the spot. If there were any particular part of the line where the shells were falling faster of the bombs dropping more thickly than in other parts, he was in it. It was not that he was conceited and imagined himself indispensable. It was just that he was so keen that the men should do their best, and act worthily of the regiment.

He knew that men hated turning out at night for fatigue, when they were in a "rest

camp.” He knew how tiresome that long march there and back and the digging in the dark for an unknown purpose were. He knew that men would be inclined to grouse and shirk, so he thought that it was up to him to go and show them that he thought it was a job worth doing. And the fact that he was there put a new complexion on the matter altogether. No one would shirk if he were there. No one would grumble so much, either. What was good enough for him was good enough for us.

If it were too much trouble for him to turn out, it was too much trouble for us. He knew, too, how trying to the nerves it is to sit in a trench and be shelled. He knew what a temptation there is to move a bit farther down the trench and herd together in a bunch, at what seems the safest end. He knew, too, the folly of it, and that it was not the thing to do. It was just not done in the best regiments.

So he went along to see that it did not happen, to see that the men stuck to their posts, and conquered their nerves. And as soon as we saw him, we forgot our own anxiety. It was, “Move a bit farther down, sir. We are all right here, but don’t you go exposing yourself.” We didn’t matter. We knew it then. We were just the rank and file, bound to take risks. The company would get along all right without us.

But the captain, how was the company to get on without him? **To see him was to catch his point of view, to forget our personal anxieties, and only to think of company, and the regiment, and honor.** There was not one of us but would gladly have died for him. We longed for the chance to show him that. We weren’t heroes. We never dreamed about the medal of honor. But to save the captain, we would have earned it ten times over, and never have cared a thing whether we got it or not. It was all the other way.

We were holding some trenches which were about as unhealthy as trenches could be.

The Boshes were only a few yards away, and were well supplied with trench mortars. We hadn’t got any at that time. Bombs and mortars were dropping all around us all day. Of course, the captain was there. It seemed as if he could not keep away. A mortar fell into the trench, and buried some of our men. The fellow next to them ran to dig them out. Of course, he was one of the first. Then came another mortar in the same place. That was the end.

**But he lives.** Somehow he lives. And we who knew him do not forget. We feel his eyes on us. We still work for that wonderful smile of his. There is not many of the old lot left now, but I think that those who went have seen him. When they get to the other side I think they were met. Someone said, “Well done, good and faithful servant.” And as they kneeled before that gracious, pierced figure, I believe they saw nearby the captain’s smile. Anyway, in that faith let me die. If death should come my way, and so, I think, shall I die content.

“But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor, that He by the GRACE of God should taste death for every man.” “For it became Him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons into glory, TO MAKE THE CAPTAIN OF THEIR SALVATION PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERINGS.”

If you read over this brief story of Captain Butcher, you will be able to pick certain attributes of our Lord Jesus Christ. See if you can count them. Truly, all captains worth their salt, are representative of our Captain, the Captain of our salvation, the Lord Jesus Christ.

Buddy Dano, Pastor

Divine Viewpoint

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