

THE CROSS AND FLAG

GEORGE W. RIDOUT

DUKE
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Dr. Ridout as he appeared coming out of the Argonne Battle Front.

Rev. George W. Ridout, D. D.

The Cross and Flag

Experiences in the
Great World War

BY

GEORGE W. RIDOUT, D. D.

Methodist Minister.

Y. M. C. A. Secretary

Overseas.



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From L. Stanford

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DEDICATION.

To my wife who with great bravery bore my going to war, and with a beautiful spirit carried all the responsibilities of home and family during my absence.

To the Officers and Men of the 38th Regiment with whom I was associated when they "wrote one of the most brilliant pages of military history" in the Battle of July 15.

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JUST A WORD.

Numerous war books have been published. To venture another upon this somewhat overcrowded sea might appear a trifle presumptuous, but I have ventured because of the unusually generous reception my writings in the *Christian Witness*, *The Pentecostal Herald*, *The Christian Herald* and the *Christian Advocate* have received.

Some things which have appeared in some of the above papers I have thought it worth while to reproduce in the book.

I have named this book: "The Cross and the Flag—Experiences in the Great World War," because of what the Cross means to me as a Christian, and what the Flag means to me as an American.

Since the war, these words have a new significance for me:

"In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime."

In one of the French villages which the Germans had destroyed by their artillery, one thing remained untouched and unhurt through all—the Wayside Cross. Homes had been wiped out, business places ruined, schoolhouse and church laid in ruins, but the Cross stood intact. So with the wreckage of this old world and the tumbling of thrones and crowns, the Cross of Christ remains as ever—the hope of the world and its only means of salvation.

Then the Flag! Glorious old Flag! Its stars broke upon the darkened skies of Europe and gave out light and hope. When it was flung to the breeze in France a new day dawned for the Allies. The coming of our Flag brought rescue and victory!

The Flag is coming back home again and we hail it with new affection and new thrills of patriotism.

During the war someone wrote of the Flag thus:

“Here’s to the blue of the wind-swept North,

As we meet on the fields of France.

May the spirit of Grant be over them all,

As the sons of the North advance.

And here’s to the gray of the sun-kissed South,

As we meet on the fields of France.

May the spirit of Lee be over them all,

As the sons of the South advance.

And here’s to the blue and the gray as one,

As we meet on the fields of France.

May the spirit of God be over us all,

As the sons of the Flag advance.”

Now that it comes back from Foreign shores we say as thankful patriots:

“Your flag and my flag; and oh! how much it holds:

Your land and my land, secure beneath its folds.
Rose-red and blood-red, its stripes forever gleam;
Snow-white and soul-white, the good forefather’s dream

Sky-blue and true-blue, with stars to gleam aright—

The gloried guidon of the day, the shelter of the night.”

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CHAPTER I.

DEPARTURE.

When the war between Germany and America broke out I was on the Theological staff of Taylor University. With the declaration of war there was great excitement, and for a few days it was a difficult matter to hold the students down to their studies, particularly the young men.

In addressing my Bible class one morning I told them that I believed the war would only be a question of a few months, now that America had entered upon it. I was greatly mistaken. The foe was much stronger than we gave him credit for. At that time I had not the slightest idea of becoming in any way connected with the war, save as a citizen, but one night with several other professors of Taylor University I attended a meeting at Marion, Indiana, where speeches were made and the war situation impressed upon us. I got a different view of matters that night.

For quite a considerable while I felt a great burden of prayer on my soul as though something was pending, I knew not what. I think I know the reason now. The Lord was getting me ready for a line of service and suffering such as I had never passed through before.

The fact was, that for some time I had been

feeling that the world was in an agony and that the Lord would not hold us guiltless if we lived snug lives and comfortable, paid our taxes and did a few other decent things like respectable Christians and let the other fellows do the suffering and endure the agony and we, like the Levite in Luke 10, pass by on the other side. I felt that in a crisis like the one that is now on us with hundreds of thousands of our boys from our Sunday schools and churches and camp meetings going across the sea to fight for a safe and righteous democracy for the world, that an opportunity was afforded Christian men and workers and evangelists and preachers to pitch in and help save our boys from going to the devil, and put up bars and build fences around them of prayer, and moral and religious influence and by every means possible do the utmost to save them physically, morally and spiritually .

The Y. M. C. A. had opened doors by which many ministers could go to the war and do their bit in a moral and religious sense, and when passing through Chicago in December, 1917, on my way to a meeting in Michigan, I went before the Central West Committee who were selecting men for overseas service. It seems as though it pleases the Lord to favor me with an immediate acceptance and I went on my way to await the call.

When we offered ourselves to the work it was with no limitations and no strings; it was for immediate service and for the duration of the war.

We felt if this thing was worth going into it was worth going into all over. And why not? John S. Inskip was Chaplain in the Civil War, and Hedley Vickers and General Gordon, though soldiers, were eminent Christians, and Captain Webb, of early Methodism, was a British soldier! If a million of our young men were giving themselves absolutely to fight for flag and country why should not many Christian ministers give themselves whole-heartedly to work for Christ on the field and out on the firing line among the troops,—to protect morally, socially and physically the boys whilst in camp and to pray with them and preach to them the mighty Christ, and when the battle wages hot and the wounded and dying are all about you to point them to Jesus, comfort and console them and do everything possible to save soul and body.

In our meeting in Michigan with Rev. G. W. Gordon, we had many adversaries—especially from the weather man. Snow storms and frost are no helpful accompaniments of a revival meeting. It was impossible for many to attend, but we continued over Sunday. When we came to our closing service we were beseeched to stay a few days longer. We promised to stay until Wednesday and make that an all-day meeting. Wednesday came and a good day of blessing it proved to be. As we sat down to supper a message came to the parsonage—I was wanted at the telephone. I said at once, "That means France." I went to the

phone. It was a message from my wife that a call had come summoning me to New York at once.

That night in the church I attended my last revival meeting in America, and before daylight next morning was on my way to Detroit to catch a train for home.

Christmas day I ate dinner with my family, and at 3 o'clock I took the train for New York, there to take steamer for France. Many things had to be gotten together before departing. My uniform and outfit, and especially my passports. Before going you pass the most scrutinizing inspection of Washington for your passport, and England and France must pass on you too, before they let you in one of their ports.

After everything on shore was adjusted the most perplexing movement was to get on board ship and, having gotten on board, it was about as difficult to get off—the only possible thing that could accelerate the exit would be a German torpedo. In that event you got off as best you could, without having to hand out your passport or take an affidavit that you were not a spy.

The voyage across the Atlantic, when I crossed, was anything but pleasant; dangers and perils met you on every hand and particularly so when you neared the war zone. The last three days on board we dare not move without our life belts. We bore them with us as we sat down to eat, and wherever we went, and slept at night without undressing, and with our life belts close at hand.

The good ship "Auronia," of the Cunard Line in which we sailed, made many a voyage in safety, but eventually the Hun submarine got her later on in the season and she sunk to her grave in the bottom of the sea.

What joy and delight there was on board when the Navy destroyers met us! It was a great relief and everybody breathed a sigh of relief now that those faithful watch-dogs of the British Navy were at our side and would stay by us till we made port. We had six ships in our convoy, and the destroyers of course had been notified by wireless of our coming. They scoured the seas for miles all around us for the piratical submarine. They never relaxed for one minute their vigilance. They bobbed up and down here and there and everywhere. Woe betide the submarine that would show itself in our vicinity just now.

Here let me stop long enough to speak a word of admiration for the incomparable British Navy. What wonders it has achieved: It blockaded Germany and bottled up the Germany Navy, preserved the British Empire from invasion, enabled the British Empire to wage war in ten different parts of the world, increased its tonnage from 2,500,000 to 8,000,000, steamed in one month 8,000,000 miles, destroyed 150 submarines, transported 20,000,000 men, 2,000,000 horses, 25,000,000 tons war material, 51,000,000 tons of oil and fuel, and 130,000,000 tons of food. Brought food for its 46,000,000 inhabitants of Great Britain, for

its 8,000,000 soldiers, and for the 75,000,000 inhabitants of Italy and France. The U. S. Navy became part of this great sea power, and of course contributed immensely to its achievements.

Our ship was loaded with troops—soldier boys from all the States were going forth to the great adventure across the seas. Also, there were many officers. I was talking one night in the cabin to a Major of the Regular Army. He had spent many years in the service and had traveled in many parts of the world. One thing that struck me about his conversation was that a man to become a good soldier must give up everything, he must abandon the idea of money and other like things, and must give himself absolutely to his profession. So Uncle Sam is preaching today a tremendous sermon on consecration. He is stretching an altar rail from Maine to California, and the boys are coming hundreds of thousands—yea, millions—and they are offering upon the altar of patriotism themselves and all they have and are—money, business, friends, bright prospects—all go! Behold, on the other hand, with what hesitancy Christian people consecrate themselves to their Lord. How unwilling they are to place all upon the altar and give themselves without reserve to Jesus and His cause.

WE LAND IN ENGLAND.

After a night at Liverpool we went up to London, the great Capital of England, and the seat

of the British Empire, and what a country is England!

Many years ago one of German's poets wrote these lines on England, and no doubt, Schiller, as he wrote the lines in reference to the Spanish Armada meant every word of it.

TO ENGLAND.

Blessed island . . . Queen of the seas . . .

Who wrought for thee the precious jewel that
makes thee queen of all the lands?

Hast thou not wrung from proud kings the wisest
of constitutions—

'The Magna Charta that makes citizens of thy
kings and princes of thy citizens?

Thy proud sea power, has thou not won it from a
million rivals in the sea fight?

To whom dost thou owe it, ruddy-faced people of
this earth :

To whom else but thy spirit and thy sword?

* * * *

From above God Almighty saw the proud live pen-
nons of thy enemy,

He saw thy destined grave . . .

"Shall," quoth He, "thy Albion perish, thy race of
heroes be destroyed,

The last rock bastion against oppression fall to
earth,

The defence against tyrants be annihilated in this
hemisphere?"

"Never," He cried, "shall Freedom's paradise, the
shield of all that is worthy in man perish!"

The British Empire is world-wide in its control—embracing Canada, Newfoundland, Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Suez Canal and the Red Sea, Aden in Arabia, India, Singapore, Hong Kong, Australia, New Zealand, Cape Colony, Natal and Sierra Leone, ruling over 450,000,000 souls.

When war broke out England only had a little army of 160,000. She raised an army of 7,500,000 and lost in killed alone over 800,000—five times as many as constituted her original army. Her casualties during the war were 750,000 more than the U. S. A. entire expeditionary Force in France, her total casualties being 2,500,000.

Emerson's tribute to England reads good to us these days:

ENGLAND.

I see her not dispirited, not weak, but well remembering that she has seen dark days before; indeed, with a kind of instinct that she sees a little better in a cloudy day, and that in storm of battle and calamity she has a secret vigor and a pulse like cannon. I see her in her old age, not decrepit, but young, and still daring to believe in her power of endurance and expansion. Seeing this, I say, All hail! Mother of nations, Mother of heroes, with strength still equal to the time; still wise to entertain and swift to execute the policy which the mind and heart of mankind require at the present hour, and thus only hospitable to the foreigner, and truly a home to the thoughtful and generous, who are born in the soil. (1856).

CHAPTER II.

A LONDON AIR RAID.

I had been in London twice before—in peace times. It was a visbly different London now with the war on, but with all its sufferings, limitations, restrictions and such like it was truly remarkable the courage and spirit manifested by the people. Of course it was not the London of twenty years ago—at night everything had to be darkened, food was somewhat scarce, sugar was at a premium, meat was a rarity, bread was limited, butter none at all. Everything was put on a war basis.

We were not there long before we had a taste of the horrors of war. We were sitting in the Hall of the Y. M. C. A. when the secretary came in and addressed the audience thus: “An air raid is pending; you are requested to keep your seats. We will inform you if there are other instructions.”

An air raid! I had read about air raids, had imagined them—here I was thrust right into the midst of one so soon! I went to the door with the purpose of going out but it was forbidden that anyone should be on the streets during a raid. I at length went out with an officer who had to report for duty at a certain hour. I went with him as far as the Police Station, and there I got in conversation with a friendly policeman who in-

vited me down in the subway to see a sight. I went down, and what a sight! A mass of humanity had gathered there from the nearby alleys and tenements, and crowded the subway. There were old men and old women, young mothers with nursing babies, young men and young women and little children. Some were weeping, some shivering with fear, some fainting, some hysterical, some laughing, and, I suppose some praying. Up in the sky a terrible battle was going on, and from the sky the bombers hurled the deadly bombs that meant destruction and death. The anti-air craft guns from the ground were pouring their deadly shells at the enemy planes above, but in the dark the shooting was largely at random.

That night there were two raids. After the first was over I went back to my hotel and was getting ready to retire when another alarm was heard. I went out and this time there were visible signs of the damage wrought by the enemy. Just down a short distance from my hotel was a great building on fire—the bomb had done its deadly work, it had hit the roof of this big printing establishment and went clear through the building to the cellar where over a hundred people had taken refuge. The majority of them were killed, the building set on fire, and for awhile pandemonium reigned. The firemen got busy trying to put out the fire and they finally conquered. The great building was a wreck but they had saved adjoining buildings from destruction.

There was a kindly-hearted Episcopal clergyman in London who made it his business, when air raids were on, to go out and try to comfort the distressed in his parish. This night he himself met his death.

This war has developed forms of destructiveness men never dreamed of. Science has been harnessed to the Red Horse of War and been turned into an instrument of fruitfulness extreme.

London has had many troubles and dark days. War has cast its shadows upon this great city many a time. It has felt the blast of the war king for centuries past, but never perhaps, has war's dreadfulness come so close to her as in this crisis.

London was a treasure-house during this war. She had to bury many of her treasures. London has the greatest Museum in the world, but during the war it had to be shut up and its priceless manuscripts and books, brought down from the distant past, had to be hidden where the incendiary bomb could not destroy them. London has the most wonderful Cathedral in the world—Westminster Abbey—portions of that, during the war, was closed to visitors because of the priceless relics of ancient days housed there. Many of the statues in public buildings had to be sand-bagged to preserve them in case of air raids.

The London police have a great organization during the war, and no stranger is allowed to come there or go away without their consent. They have on their records my history, my photograph,

my address, etc. They could lay their hands on me at any time if I did contrary to their regulations.

One thing I was constantly reminded of as I traveled about those European countries, how important a thing it is to have a good record and to so live that you can stand the strictest kind of scrutiny. I was reminded too that how one stands abroad depends greatly upon his record at home. It further impressed me with the fact that every man's record is being kept in the sky, and the day of Revelation is going to be a hard day on those who neglected to keep on good terms with Headquarters.

London is the city of John Wesley, and on Sunday morning I went to old City Road Chapel and worshipped in the church where the saintly Wesley preached and conducted his great Conferences with the early Methodist preachers. City Road Chapel keeps the same shape or form of building as in Wesley's days, but the interior has been embellished and beautified by the gifts of money from Methodists from all over the world. The old pulpit from which John Wesley preached is still there. It was a pleasure to stand up in it. Outside in the church yard are the graves of John Wesley, Adam Clarke, Jabez Bunting, and many other famous Methodist worthies. On the tombstone of Adam Clarke, Methodism's greatest Commentator, was this inscription: "A man of remarkable mental vigor; almost unparalled indus-

try and of expansive and varied learning. A Christian of deep and stedfast piety, firmly attached to the essential doctrine and discipline of Wesleyan Methodism."

In the afternoon we went to St. Paul's Cathedral to worship. The service was strictly ritualistic as was to be expected. They have here the most famous boy choir in the world—the little fellows are taken in charge very young and then devote themselves entirely to the one thing of fitting themselves for singing fit for the King—and very frequently they sing before His Majesty because upon all State occasions such as National Thanksgiving, National humiliation and prayer, etc., St. Paul's is made the State Church and Royalty attends. Their music on Sunday afternoon was beautiful, especially the Anthem, which embraced Hayden's, "The Heavens are Telling." The preacher gave a good gospel message from Paul's words, "I have fought a good fight."

London has some fine Methodist movements; the chief one being the Central Mission Westminster. It is an immense structure devoted to great religious enterprises. On Sunday evening we attended a great gospel meeting there, which was packed to the galleries with a congregation of perhaps 3,000 people. Rev. Dinsdale T. Young, of Wesleyan Methodism, was the preacher. One thing we noticed particularly was the way those Methodists sang the old-time hymns, and sang them through—not two or three stanzas but the

whole hymn. One of the hymns is a hymn of my boyhood—I have not heard it sung in many years. Let me give the first stanza :

O God, of good the unfathomed sea!
Who would not give his heart to Thee?
Who would not love Thee with his might?
O Jesus, Lover of mankind,
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to Thee unite?

They sang the whole five stanzas. The sermon was one to make a camp meeting shout over. In fact at times the preacher was interrupted with "Hallelujah," "Praise the Lord." It reminded me of old-time Methodism truly, and the preacher was one of the most scholarly and renowned preachers of English Methodism. Preaching about the finished work of Christ he said, "They say that it is old-fashioned to preach that now. Well then, this preacher is old-fashioned and shall continue to be. What if I should be called to the Bar of God and, instead of preaching the whole counsel of God, I should be charged with trying to please the people."

A visit that we made at Westminster Abbey revealed many newly interesting things though we had made previous visits to this most historic Abbey. One very curious thing called to our attention was a door on the north side which is known as Demon's Door. It was the custom always to open this door during the progress of the

service and keep it open so that the demons who might be inside should be driven out doors by the power of prayer and worship within. We thought that we knew not a few churches in the homeland where such a north door would be very handy if it was within the realm of possibility to drive the devils out through it.

London has a great history religiously. It was in this great old city that some of the most wonderful events in church history have occurred. Here in London the word of God has been sounded forth to the ends of the earth. It was here the great Spurgeon preached for many years the pure gospel, the echoes of which went throughout the whole world. It was here the Wesleyan revival began, and here at City Road was the great headquarters of the Methodist Movement which swept through the British Isles like flames of holy fire, purging and purifying the nation, and which later crossed the Atlantic engirdling the American States in its arms of power and revivalism.

But oh, shades of Wesley! What things have transpired since thy day, John Wesley of old London! The very nation and people among whom Wesley went to obtain a sample of pure primitive Christianity and where he says he found the very best type of Christians, have changed their God! The God of War has supplanted the God of Grace and Glory. The word of God—the old Bible—has been thrown aside for the new learning and the new culture, and in consequence the whole world

has been thrust into an abyss of woe such as was never known in all the annals of time.

Sad indeed it is that the Germany of the Moravians who taught John Wesley the way of salvation and the Germany of Martin Luther, who was God's instrument in bringing on the great Reformation and rediscovering to the Church the great doctrine of Justification by faith should become obsessed by lust of power and conquest like the Huns and Attila of old the "scourge of God" among the nations—the truce-breaker and defiler, the hated among the nations for her rapine and carnage, her bloody deeds and frightfulness.

CHAPTER III.

THE BATTLE OF THE SKIES IN PARIS.

While the war was on, when one started for Europe, from the moment he put steps on ship-board until the armistice was signed, there was absolutely no real safety. Perils on sea, perils on land, perils in the heavens! I had gotten safely to Paris having crossed the English Channel in a crowded "packet" steamship, but was not there very long before I got another baptism of fire. The Germans seemed determined to capture Paris, or destroy it. When they started out in August, 1914, their objective was Paris, and they got within 37 kilometres of it, but God, in His good mercy, stopped them, and they never got any nearer. They were marching at the rate of 40 kilometres a day for four days. A German diary found by the French tells about this march: "The men stumble at every step, their faces all begrimed with dust, their clothes in ribbons; they look like living rags; they march with their eyes closed and sing in chorus lest they might drop asleep on the road. The certainty of instant victory *and a triumphant entry into Paris keeps their nerves taut. It is the ecstasy of victory that keeps the men alive.* That word Paris (on a sign-board) made them simply mad. Some hugged the sign-post with both arms; others danced around it."

Paris! What a city to fight for! No wonder that in 1870 when the Prussians besieged it, rather than give it up the people of Paris endured the most awful privations, until eventually with starvation facing them they surrendered. Paris is France reflected in a single city. Here are her artists and orators, her scholars and her soldiers, her lawyers and her statesmen! Paris is a city of beauty. Statues appear everywhere, many of them are inspired by patriotism, but all are designed to be decorative and magnify the artistic taste. Paris is the home of the artists—the atmosphere of Paris, it is said, teaches them moderation, clearness, discipline, “divine proportion,” as Leonardo calls it, but this must be taken in an artistic sense, not in a moral. Morally, Paris is frightfully unclean. The city is built according to plan, and no one can build a house there unless willing to conform to the general plan or setting of the given locality. Paris has few high buildings. Skyscrapers are unknown there. There are no “canyons” of high buildings such as are to be found downtown in New York.

During the war there did not exist any “gay” Paris. It was sombre and sober Paris. At night darkness unrelieved by bright lights took hold of the city and only glimmering street lights were permitted to burn. All windows had to be heavily curtained at night so as not to allow a single ray of light to creep outside because one light might point the way into the city of some enemy air-

plane hovering on the outskirts of the city. Paris has certainly made a reputation for itself, not alone as the city of art and beauty but as a city of loose morals. The American Army drew a tight line against Paris as a leave center for its men. For a long period no soldiers were permitted to go to Paris on leave—officers were also excluded, but after the Armistice the rules relaxed some and officers were permitted to go there, and some of the privates. In order to guard our men the Y. M. C. A., Red Cross and other American Institutions opened up hotels, club rooms, etc., for officers and men. Here everything was on the American plan—American meals, etc., and American women supervised a good deal of the work. These places became the natural rendezvous of Americans. They felt at home there, they were given good beds to sleep on, good food to eat, good entertainments, and on Sundays, religious services. No doubt thousands of Americans in Paris were saved from falling into the toils of the strange women by means of those places provided out of the money of the American people. Besides the above, when the American soldier wished to see Paris he did so with the aid of competent American guides who took him around to all the places worth while seeing.

During the war Paris was the target of German's aeroplanes, and latterly of her biggest gun. The Germans had invented a gun that could throw an immense shell seventy-five miles. Paris was

the target. That gun was designed to terrorize the Parisians and was employed as an adjunct to their desperate drive of March, 1918. The Germans thought that big Bertha would have such a psychological effect upon the Parisians that they would become utterly discouraged, they would become broken in spirit—but it did not work that way. The big gun did some cruel damages to Paris—the most awful on Good Friday, when the shell fell in a church where there were many worshippers and many were killed, including several Americans.

I had not been in Paris long before one night the alarm was given all over the city that an air raid was in progress. Overhead we could hear the “rat-tat-tat” of the machine guns of the aeroplanes as they engaged in deadly combat, from the ground the anti-aircraft guns poured forth their deadliest at the invader. While the fighting was going on everybody was in suspense—no one could tell when or where the enemy bomb might fall. During this night’s raid forty-nine were killed. A sad case was that of a French soldier—artilleryman. He arrived home next morning on a ten days’ leave, to find that during this raid his wife and two children had been killed. Some bombs fell in the suburbs but did not do much damage to property or to life. Soon the signals were given that the danger was past and people went back to their homes and hotels.

Those air raids always had a terrorizing effect

upon nervous people, the weak and the sick, and no doubt more people died through fear than were killed by falling bombs. Those air raids of the Germans reminded us of the Beast of Revelations 13:13. "He doeth great wonders so that He maketh fire come down from heaven on the earth in the sight of men." They reminded me, too, of the Judgment Day when woes shall break forth upon the earth and the stars shall fall from their sockets and all nature shall be in convulsions.

See the stars from heaven falling,
Hark, on earth the doleful cry,
Then on rocks and mountains calling,
While the glorious Judge draws nigh,
"Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and Mountains, from his eye."

CHAPTER IV.

MY FIRST RELIGIOUS WORK IN FRANCE.

My first assignment took me to a large Quartermasters Headquarters Camp at Gievres lying between Tours and Blois. It was what was known as an Intermediate Camp—between the base camps and the front line camp. The engineers had done a wonderful piece of construction here, and it was in this vicinity they were constructing the biggest ice plant in Europe.

The Y. M. C. A. hut here was in charge of Rev. Walter Murray, a Presbyterian preacher from Philadelphia. I continued here about two months. We slept in a tent during those winter months, but had a stove in it, and the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning we had a good fire going. Every morning we would rise at Reveille, before daylight, have mess with the engineers, then come back to the hut, get around the stove and have the Bible read, and pray together. Mr. Murray later joined a fighting division and met his death. One day in July he got under shell fire, two shells falling close to him and he was killed. They buried his body near where he fell. His wife and children lived in East Orange, N. J.

In one of my first Sunday services held in the hut here I preached from the text, Hebrew 4:12: "For the word of God is quick and powerful, and

sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." In this message to the soldiers I endeavored to show that if the word of God be so and the Bible be true certain things must inevitably follow.

1. If the Bible is true, sin cannot go unpunished. Be sure your sin will find you out. This is true of men and of nations. Germany for her high crimes against law and humanity and against God cannot go unpunished. The sins of Bismarck of 1870 against the French nation are bringing a terrible fruitage.

2. If the Bible is true man needs a Savior. He cannot save himself or take one sin away. He needs a mighty Savior and he must come to him in the terms of the hymn:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."

3. If the Bible is true God answers prayer. There are times in the life of every man when he feels he must pray. No human power can help him. The promise is that God is a rewarder of all them that diligently seek Him.

I set myself to emphasize the religious idea as soon as I got to work in France. I had been a preacher for twenty-five years and I felt that while many Y. M. C. A. men did not care for that

aspect of the work, yet some of us must hold fast to it. I found among some Secretaries a very cold disposition towards religious work, but some of us never wearied, and all through my fifteen months' service I took advantage of every opportunity to put in religious work and service.

Apart from preaching and public meetings I did some Bible class work. In our Bible class work we sometimes find some splendid fellows. I met a young man from Philadelphia who said that until their company got broken up and separated, a number of them used to get together out in the woods and have prayer meetings. Another fine young fellow from Michigan in my tent Monday night had a rich time in his soul as he found out our little meeting place, and two nights after I went with him about two miles up to his barracks where I met about forty other fellows.

In my Friday night tent Bible class and prayer meeting a young fellow from Philadelphia gave an interesting testimony. He had been going through a trial and was feeling quite dejected and discouraged all day. Toward evening the mail arrived and brought him, from some good friend, a beautiful Bible with this inscription upon it: "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." He said it seemed like a direct message to him. He got blessed. It was another proof of God's faithfulness that in the hour of trouble and trial He would remember us in great mercies. Isa. 54:7.

We went the other night to barracks of Company — of — to hold a Bible class with them. When we reached there I witnessed a most interesting scene. The mail had arrived and it had brought letters that had been looked for, for four weeks. Shall I describe the scene? The barracks was lighted only by candles and up against a wall elevated on some boards was the fellow who had the mail and another holding the candle over him so he could see to read out the names—what a shower of letters some boys from Michigan received! Well suffice it to say I had no Bible class that night, and no one could blame the boys. They wanted to read letters from mother and father, sisters and brothers and sweethearts.

CHAPTER V.

DOING FIELD WORK ON HISTORIC SOIL.

I was assigned by the director of religious work in Paris, to do some preaching and lecture work up the Marne where Joffre and Foch made history in 1914. On my way up by train, as we arrived at Chalons, I saw my first daylight battle in the skies. At London and Paris I had been thrust into air raids but it was night and there was nothing visible. Here at Chalons the enemy was visible and he certainly was given a race for his life by the French. Chalons is a famous old French city. Here the Huns under Attila, the "scourge of God," in the Fifth Century was defeated; 165,000 combatants lay dead on the field of battle and Attila was sent back into Germany.

It was close to here in the early days of our late war that the Germans suffered their great initial defeat and setback by Joffre and Foch. It was the first battle of the Marne and was fought out for seven days, Sept. 5-12. The Germans had 900,000, the French and British 700,000. The British forces only being one-thirtieth of the whole as their army at this period was a very small one.

On the night before the opening battle Joffre issued to his troops this message: "When the battle begins in which the fate of the country

begins, every man must be reminded that the time is past for looking behind. When a unit can no longer advance it must keep at all costs the ground gained and die where it stands rather than fall back. No flinching can be tolerated."

I was preaching at Mailly, also at Hausemuth, and in going between the two places I had to pass through Somme Sous. It was here I was told that Foch broke the backbone of the Germans in this great battle of the Marne. It was a death struggle. If the Germans had won here they would have captured Paris next day. Paris knew this and did a most extraordinary thing. The Governor of Paris, Gallieni, requisitioned every taxi cab, automobile and such like that he could lay his hands on—1,000 of them—and, contrary to orthodox military strategy, emptied his garrison of troops and sent them on to help Joffre win the battle of the Marne.

What saved the day for the French (and for the Allies) was Foch discovering a break in the German line and driving a wedge through it. After three days of terrific fighting in which he had been beaten back time and again, he sent this cheerful message to Joffre who was then in charge of the French forces: "The situation is excellent, my right is driven back, so is my left, I am pushing my center forward." It was by pushing his center forward that he won the battle.

As I rode through this piece of country, graves of French and German dead were on both sides

of the road, sad reminders of the bloody struggle. It was while preaching in this section that I met for the first time some soldier boys who were students at Taylor University. It was a delight to meet them and talk of old times. One young fellow, the son of a preacher out West, was especially desirous of meeting me and talking over some of his difficulties. We talked after the service. I counseled him as best I could, and then under the pine trees we bowed together in prayer to the Mighty God whom we felt to be as near to us in France as in America.

I remember my messages were based largely, during this trip, on Romans 1:16 and Acts 25:19. Before the evening service I took tea with the Major and Chaplain. Both of them were devout men. The Major was a constant attendant upon religious services and the Chaplain was a man who had the religious interests of the men at heart. The Y. M. C. A. Secretary at this hut was Mr. Fitt, son-in-law of the great Moody. It was just after Passion Week I visited this section, and all through Passion Week Mr. Fitt held nightly religious services.

CHAPTER VI.

THE STORY OF A LITTLE FRENCH VILLAGE.

It was the little village of Montribourg not far from Chaumonth, the headquarters of the American Army in France. Troops of the Third Battalion, Thirty-eighth Regiment, Third Division, arrived there from Brest in April. The village was in a pretty valley along the whole length of which ran a splendid stream of water. When we arrived there spring was just setting in and adorning the landscape with pretty colors, flowers were just peeping out of their places, birds were beginning to sing, the meadows were turning into a beautiful green and all around nature was doing her utmost to make things pleasant and pretty for the American soldier visitors. The villagers were not many; some were very old. There were no young men, they were away to the war. Of children there were only about a score or more, but a better lot of children could not be found in France. It did not take the soldiers and officers long to get fixed. I myself had my hut and headquarters and "sleeping apartments" in a big stone barn. I slept overhead on the threshing floor until the mice got too busy at night, and I found my bed elsewhere in one of the homes.

Soon the villagers and the Americans got to know each other and the most pleasant relations

prevailed—the French never attempted to take advantage of the Americans in prices, etc., and the Americans, from the officers down, never showed anything but the utmost courtesy to the men, women and children of the village. I became known in that village by the troops as “Holy Joe,” and by the children and the villagers as “Oncle (Uncle) George.” The nickname “Holy Joe,” was started by some “regulars” of the old army who had a certain chaplain to whom they gave that appellation. The boys generally took hold of it and as they found it sometimes difficult to remember my name they found “Holy Joe” quite handy.

I became “Uncle George” to the children because I grew so fond of them and played with them so much and always remembered them when apples or oranges or any other kind of goodies came down to my hut. One little girl by name Louise, five years of age and an orphan—her father was killed in the war—and I became fast friends. I grew very fond of that little child. She was very shy and at first would not come near a soldier, but eventually I won her and she would come to me and we would take walks in the flower-bedecked fields, and those two months I was in that little village little Louise helped me greatly to overcome homesickness. That little child seemed to feed my hungry heart. At night when at her mother’s knee she would say her rosary (she was a Catholic, as all the villagers were)

she would always remember to pray for "Uncle George."

The period we spent in this little French village was a period of training and preparation. Every day the soldiers would go out to the drill grounds. Their days were busy ones. They rose at 6 a. m. and had mess. Then at 8 they marched out to the fields above the village where they drilled and practiced all the varying arts and maneuvers of war as it pertained to the Infantry. The officers were a fine set of men—some from the East, some from the West, some from the South. Captain Nixon, the commanding officer, was a fine soldier. He was in the fight at Belleau Woods and was carried out blinded for life. Lieutenant Cramer, from Kansas City, was a bright young fellow. He was killed going into Fismes with a message. Lieutenant Johnson, from the South, came from a splendid home. His mother used to write him a letter every day. He was killed in the Argonne.

I was enabled in this village camp to carry out my own program of activities and made Sunday a day of worship as far as I could. We had two preaching services and Sunday school in the afternoon. Then once a week on Wednesday evenings, I held a service.

Very often the French people would come to our services. They liked to hear the Americans sing, though they could not understand the meaning. There was a French Catholic church

in the village, but it could not maintain a priest so the people who wanted to go to mass went to the neighboring village Company. Among those who always attended our religious services were some Catholics and Jews. I had a few Jewish soldiers in that outfit who were among the finest fellows I have met in the Army, and they were devout and thought of and prayed to God.

As Decoration Day approached we began to make preparations for a celebration. Captain McMillan was going to have the companies assemble in the morning and we were going to remember America even though we were in France, but to the surprise of everybody, orders came in from headquarters to move. Now up to this time I had not been near the front, but our Division Secretary, Mr. Danforth, told me one day that all Secretaries who were acceptable to officers and men, and who did good service would move with the troops when they went front. I was now equipped with my helmet and gas mask and other accessories and was ready to go along. My trunk and belongings which I could do without were to be left behind with other excess baggage—all that I was permitted to take was my bed roll and what things I could carry along in that.

The day we marched out of that little village was a memorable one in more senses than one. The village people hated to see us go; they said "au revoir" to us with tears in their eyes, and the children cried too. Lieut. Pitts was telling of one

good soul who had mothered quite a few of the boys, that she told him how sorry she was they were going. Oh, he said, other troops will be here after we go. "O, no," she said, "we don't want them, there will never be any like yours.

My little Louise clung to my neck and kissed me through her tears. We said "au revoir" and departed and went out from that little village where peace and quiet and contentment reigned, to be ushered upon another scene within a few days where the air was filled with booming guns, where war in reality was being waged, where there was hurry and confusion and congestion, and the voices of Captains giving orders, the whirling of the heavy wheels carrying supplies and guns and ammunition to the front, and the smoke of burning towns and villages, and the flight of their people with what they could carry away on their backs, in go-carts, in dog-carts, voitures, etc.

We had intended the last Sunday we were in our little village to have communion. The Chaplain and myself had planned a good program as we thought. The Sunday before I was preaching at night to the boys of two Companies on "Moses' Choice," and I was led to press the subject of personal decision for Christ preparatory to our Communion Service. When I called for those who would, four young fellows at once responded. The next day, after drill hours I met one of them and asked him how he had gotten on during the day,

and he said, "Fine. I got through today without any swearing." Alas, for our Communion Service and our plans for the same! The next Sunday we were traveling and no chance for anything like religious services.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STORY OF JOHN GRACE OF THE ARMY.

When the war broke out John Grace was in school preparing for his life work as a minister of the gospel. He was the only son of his mother and she was a widow, but she was a very devout woman and she sacrificed much to give her boy an education and fitness for life's work and battle. John was a good boy, he had experienced the saving grace of God in a great revival held in Philadelphia by a noted evangelist, and after his conversion John showed by his changed life to his comrades in the machine shop in which he worked after leaving school, that divine grace keeps a fellow clean and straight, makes him a good workman and a thorough man. John, sometime after his conversion, felt called to devote his life to the ministry and, though to obey this call meant the surrender of a good job and good wages, he yielded to his conviction and started in to prepare himself for the ministry, but very soon the war broke out and believing in the righteousness of the cause, he believed it was his duty as a patriot to offer his service to his country and not try to escape the draft under the plea that he was a divinity student. At the same time he felt that he could do more good if he should be attached to some branch of the army where he could aid the

sick and wounded, so he joined the medical department. He was resolved that he would not surrender his Christian principles in the army; that he would not hide his colors, that he would seek to be a true soldier of Jesus Christ as well as a good soldier for his country. So when he went into the camp he looked around for an opportunity to serve his Master's cause. The camp was situated at a place where there were no religious services as chaplains were very scarce and there was nobody officially present to look after religious matters. So he sought out a few fellows of like mind with his own and they thought out a plan for religious activities. There was an old church building up in the town which was not in use, and they went around and saw the trustees and secured permission to use this building for religious service. They then went to the commanding officer and secured his consent. The first Sunday the interest was excellent. Officers came, soldiers came and two splendid services were held, and thus for many Sundays John Grace brought to his camp and his comrades the gospel, and it proved a great blessing.

But the pathway of John Grace's soldier life was not always an easy one. He had to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and often was he subjected to the scorn and the scoffs of the scorner. On one occasion he had to undergo a very severe test. A number of fellows one night took the wrong direction, and upon evil bent

went into the forbidden house where bad women lure and destroy, and whilst there the military police raided the place and the soldiers found there were summoned to appear next morning before the Colonel. Some one in the crowd gave the name of John Grace and the next morning his Sergeant said to him: "Grace, you are wanted at the Colonel's this morning." Grace expressed his amazement by saying, "Wanted at the Colonel's? What for?" "What for?" said the Sergeant. "Weren't you with that bunch that got raided down town last night?" Grace's reply was, "Why, no, I was not there, I was in my quarters early last night. If I am to report at the Colonel's, I don't know what for, but all right, I will go."

The Sergeant looked at him square in the face, and to Grace's utter surprise he said: "Grace, you needn't go, I will go to the Colonel and will answer for you. I have been watching your life and I am sure that you wouldn't be found in such a place as that joint they raided last night."

The Sergeant was an old army man, not given to much indulgence with his men, gruff and stern, and this was the first time Grace had ever received any special favor at his hands, but it brought to John Grace fresh assurance that his life in the army was telling for God, and ever after this he and the Sergeant have been the best of friends.

A further evidence of the worth of Christian young men in the army is found in the fact that John Grace so conducted himself before his su-

perior officers and gave such repeated exhibition of manly and Christian conduct that he was granted some privileges commonly denied enlisted men. One thing, perhaps more than another, that ingratiated him with his chiefs was his unselfishness and his readiness to help the other fellow. For instance, when Private Johnson got badly hurt and laid in his billet where it was almost impossible for him to sleep John Grace, knowing his condition, reported as usual to his quarters and turned in but he was concerned about his suffering comrade and, unknown to those sleeping around him, he quietly crept out and went over and spent the night with the hurt soldier attending to his needs and alleviating his sufferings. Grace had no thought that anyone had observed this action of his, but someone had knowledge of it, because a few days after a sergeant remarked in the presence of some officers: "Well, if it hadn't been for Grace spending the night caring for Johnson he might have died."

Those repeated acts of kindness and unselfishness on John Grace's part and his all-round Christian conduct won for him the esteem of his comrades and the confidence of his officers. John had upon his heart to minister if he could, to the boys who were in the "Mill" or camp prison. There were not many, it was true, but Grace thought that perhaps he could do some good to them. So he applied for permission to visit them. He received the following written permit:

To the Officers of the Guard:

Private John Grace, A. C. No. 7, has the Commanding Officer's permission to visit prisoners in the Guard house in the performance of his duties.

L. F. F.,

First Lieutenant U. S. Police Officer.

Related as John Grace was to the medical corps he, of course, had duties to perform in connection with the hospital, but he was not satisfied with mere duty. He wished the privilege of visiting the sick in hospital when off duty and of doing some little acts of kindness as well as dropping a word of religious comfort or admonition or invitation, giving a Testament, a tract here and there, praying with some fellow who needed comfort and help. It was a question in John's mind as to whether he would be ganted this privilege or not and it was with some hesitancy he requested it, but it was readily granted as the following permit will show:

"Private John Grace, (M.D.,) has permission to visit the hospital wards from 7 to 7:30 p. m. whenever he desires.

Major C. M.

Surgeon."

When I met John Grace it was in camp where things were unavoidably crowded and the men were billeted in all kinds of places. I met John coming down the street with a bundle of hay under his arm and he remarked to me, "I am going to make me a bed. Come up and see my quar-

ters." I went in through a narrow door which led to a crooked stairway very dark. Up on the attic floor were the beds of some eight or ten soldiers and here was where John and I had a good heart-to-heart talk on religious matters and things of common interest. In that old attic room we bowed in prayer together and prayed for one another and the work of the Lord among the boys of the American Expeditionary Force.

I came from that room thankful that young men of John Grace's disposition are found in the Army. They are as salt, as exemplars, as lights. They have to stand much temptation. Of course, they have environments not at all conducive to religious life but it is often amid untoward surroundings that the strongest Christians are built.

CHAPTER VIII.

UNDER FIRE.

While on our way to the front the Germans were putting across another great offensive and Paris was once again put in great danger. Once our train was diverted and word came to us that we had to go to the defence of Paris. Once while the train was held for further orders word was passed on to the troops that we may have to go into action at once. War was coming very close to us now. But the enemy was held, and instead of going to Paris we were ordered on toward Chateau Thierry.

We derailed at Conde, and that evening the distant hills were covered with the smoke of bursting shells and burning villages, and towns. Just think, France lost 240,000 houses during the war. Conde was now being emptied of its inhabitants because of shell fire. Evidences were on every hand visible of the awfulness of war, bombers had done some deadly work here.

That night I slept under fire for the first time. Our battalion was located in the woods of a fine old Chateau. We slept on the ground, but though we could hear the roar of distant artillery that night, no harm befell us and I had my first night's rest under fire without any mishap or losing any sleep. The next morning all was hurry and con-

jection. The roads were lined with all kinds of traffic. The French and American troops were together. I ate my breakfast with a "merchant" Y. M. C. A. from St. Louis. Our "table" was a fence railing, but we ate our bacon and hard tack and drank our coffee with a relish.

We hiked that day towards Chezy, just over from Chateau Thierry, and I remember so well my first sight of the enemy observation balloon. Away over about five miles distant perhaps, there it was. Lieutenant Cramer said to us, "Men, you must keep out of sight. See over there is the enemy. You must not be walking about where you can be observed or we will have some shelling."

I recall several things about this day's hike. It was a warm day and the boys had heavy packs to carry. We halted at a certain point where was a farm house by the side of the road. The boys went in quest of water to fill their canteens, when an old lady with a sweet, motherly face came out with a big pail of water and two glasses and she took such delight in giving those thirsty boys drink.

When night came on and it was a question as to where we should sleep, the officers went into the town and were given beds in the houses now vacated by their owners. I was given possession of a whole house. I was expecting some of the officers to put up with me but they got fixed up elsewhere, so I was given this elegant house as mine. I thought much of the melancholy aspects of war

as I viewed this beautiful house left by its aged owner in the care of a French Major and of his turning it over to us of the American army for the officers' use. Here is a home having all the evidences of wealth, refinement, education and religion. Upon the door is a religious emblem bearing the words: "Car Jesu sacratissimum misere nobis." The furniture and furnishings are the very finest, room after room is just filled with the gatherings of years evidently and photographs upon the walls tell of grandparents, parents and children, and no doubt in this elegant home there were many delightful gatherings of children and grandchildren. The court is a thing of beauty planted with fruit trees and profuse with flowers of many varieties—here are poppies and primroses and daisies and blue bells and lilies and the white rose and carnations. And scattered beneath the cosy arbors are numerous seats and resting places.

Here, as I write, instead of the laughter of merry children and the young folks and old folks conversing 'mid happy scenes and surroundings, all is desolation. The piano in the parlor is unopened, the only music now to be heard is the roar and whiz and burst of the guns. Just a couple of hours ago, the enemy got the range on us and threw a few bombs near the church—it tore away the roof of yonder house, but more will be coming. Last night I went to sleep to the thunderous roar of the guns. I was tired, as the French would put it, "tres fatigue." We had marched quite a

stretch and one of the boys with bursting headache fell out and I took his pack (weighing only about 75 pounds) and carried it for him a distance of perhaps five miles and therefore it did not take long for sleep to come to me when I lay me down in a soft feather bed. And though the guns roared and the concussion shook the windows and doors yet I slept the sleep of the just and the unafraid and rose in early morn rested and refreshed.

That evening we had orders to move. We moved under cover of darkness, of course. None of us could tell where we were going. We went on and on till we were halted by a message from the front that we must proceed no further but return. For the first time I saw those night flares which the Germans threw up with such lightening effect. It seemed as though none of the allies had anything that could equal those German flares. They illuminated the country all around about and tend to give the enemy the location of their enemies.

We were hiked back to Chezy, and I went back to find my house occupied by officers and men of another outfit. A number of officers went in search of quarters and at length we came to a house that we had to gain access to through the windows. It was another splendid home with everything left in the most perfect condition. Evidently it was the home of a French officer who had spent much time in Africa with the French army. We found delightful beds and had a good night's sleep. It may seem strange to the civilian in

America that we should take possession of homes this way but let it be remembered that in the war zone everything is in the hands of the army and they may do with it as they deem necessary. Then again, we never can tell when a town or city in the "zone" might be completely destroyed by shell fire, and all those delightful rooms, beds, furnishings, etc., ruined. When passing through those deserted areas the laws of warfare permit the army to make use of things necessary. I have thought often of Chezy since that night. I imagine the frightful bombardment of that Saturday night, July 14th, which was kept up for ten hours must have wrought irreparable devastation to that town which was just across the river from Chateau Thierry.

CHAPTER IX.

CHATEAU THIERRY.

We have seen the army behind the lines in the great base camps where seldom a gun is heard and only rarely an aeroplane was to be seen. We have seen the troops in the camps where, after their arrival in France they were taken for special drill and training. Now we are seeing the army in real action and we write this within the fighting zone just a stones throw from the enemy, and as we write the boom, boom of gunnery and the buzzing of aeroplanes fill the air and every soldier is constantly on the alert not knowing the minute when he might be called to jump into the fray and fight for the cause which brought him here as well as for his own life.

SHELL FIRE.

To many of us shell fire had been a matter of newspaper and magazine knowledge only, we had seen pictures of the thing and had drawn up all kinds of imaginary notions of it, but to behold the real thing, to be into it, to be a dodger of the shells as they fall about you is another thing. I have been frequently on roads where the shells had been quite busy. The other day I had to go over to Y. M. C. A. supply headquarters on the front to look after some supplies for my companies, and

had to go by a road which every now and then had shell holes in it, and I could never tell when another shell might fall behind me or in front of me and one felt a bit as though he was pursued by an unseen enemy, and a feeling of comfort hardly came back till I was completely without range of German positions and could no longer be seen by their powerful field glasses. They have been known to shoot at individuals even with shells. Some engineers were telling me the other day they were engaged doing a piece of work when shell after shell followed them. Somehow when in the zone one learns the knack of knowing how to "duck" or dodge the shells when they come along, and thank heaven, as a general thing you can hear the whistle of the thing a few seconds before it hits the ground, and this gives you a chance, if you are quick, to jump into a dug-out or behind a rock or tree, or throw yourself prone on the ground, and yet this does not always insure safety. The other day a fine young fellow who had gone through the spring drive in safety lost his life just a little down the line from my dug-out, because the shell hit a little too close to where he had jumped. His chum got it likewise and lived only a few hours after, but it is surprising how coolly our boys take these things. It is a rare thing to find a fellow that is scared. Yesterday I was visiting various platoons and dealing out some Y. M. C. A. supplies to them when shells were screeching over our heads. Sometimes they came

a bit too close but through it all the fellows were as full of humor as though nothing was happening. I think it can be written down that the American soldier is not afraid of danger and as he nears the firing line the more nerve he seems to get. A Lieutenant said to me last night that it was a great surprise to him as his men came into real action to find some fellows who were, in ordinary times, considered no good that they proved to be fellows of courage and daring, and volunteered for the most dangerous service when occasion arose. I went down with a Sergeant to see a Lieutenant on the front. When I got there I met a number of the boys whom I had not seen for a week or more, the companies having been separated by several kilometres. They were glad to see a Y. M. C. A. man again, and then told me how much they liked the very front lines. They preferred it to the rear. Just across were the enemy positions, within a stone's throw almost, and the little, and once prosperous, happy town lay empty and dejected with its fine church a wreck and its people fled, no one knows where. Such is war! And I thank God that the one thing that is bringing Americans over here is to protest against this kind of thing and make it possible that Europe can, after this war is over, live without the fear that at any moment war lords who make war a business shall not project upon humanity another such calamity as world-wide war. Though, at the same time, I have my doubts whether wars will

ever be a thing impossible as long as sin is in the human heart and the devil is doing business. France has hardly known fifty years straight history without war. It is to be hoped she may go centuries without another, and England also, and America.

LIFE IN A DUGOUT.

To live in a dugout is an experience rather unusual indeed. One feels a bit of surprise at times at the way men take to this kind of thing when it becomes a necessity of war as well as a matter of safety and protection. I have seen men living in holes in the ground, in holes dug out of the side of the bank as well as in the larger dugouts capable of holding quite a number. A friend of mine, a professor of languages from down south, has his abode in a hole in the wall, and the captain has the same. I am with several Lieutenants, and a Captain in a large dugout. The advantage of a dugout is, you are protected from shell fire, and then the enemy aeroplanes cannot locate you and you can sleep free from the feeling that bombs might get you as you sleep.

I have thought frequently of those words of Jer. 49:8, "Dwell Deep," as I have come in contact with the dugout outfit. It is a good thing on the danger line to dwell deep. Spiritually it is likewise so. The soul that dwells deep in God may have a thousand enemies pursue it but is safe from the enemy. Moses dwelt deep in God, and Enoch and Elijah and Daniel and Paul. Though

all the world was against them and the "times" were opposed to them their refuge was in God and they dwelt safely. Life in a dugout is very simple. Lots of things you don't have to do; you don't have to sweep the floors or dust the furniture or be careful of the furnishings, and then you are not so very particular about the matter of attire. There are no tailors around the corner to press your uniform, and as you have to sleep with your clothes on ready to jump up and out in a moment if need be, you don't grow very particular, and then as you never meet any of womankind you don't mind being a bit rough in appearance for the time being. Then again, you don't have to be over careful about the dining-room. Your eating utensils are neither china nor glass, but tin or aluminum, and your dining table may be a box, or a rock, or a patch of straw. You have to forego napkins, etc., but invariably you have a good appetite and are always ready when mess time comes around.

The other night I had to visit a company quite a distance away, and in reaching them I had to pass through some very interesting bit of territory, and in returning had to meet many a guard who, in compliance with his orders, halted with bayonet fixed and pointed at everyone who came by. The important thing at a moment like that is to stand still and not move till told to advance with the countersign. I of course had the countersign and was permitted to pass, arriving back

at my dugout about midnight. I had no sooner laid down than the gas alarm was sounded and a Lieutenant rushed in and yelled "Gas." This is a cry often heard within the war zone, and woe to the soldier who neglects to heed the warning. Instantly I grasped my gas mask and put it on. Fortunately this was not a severe attack and none of us had to keep the uncomfortable gas mask on very long.

SOME MORE THINGS ABOUT THE WAR.

About this war there is not much of the poetical, it is nothing but practical drab war with no brass band attachments. Often we read of the soldier marching into battle with flags flying and bands playing, etc. Not so in this war. You never hear the band play within the war zone, and the musicians themselves are called upon to be stretcher bearers and perform other duties. There are no flags flying, because it is important that your positions should not be known by the enemy who has his aeroplanes flying all over, observing all movements, besides there are observation balloons constantly being employed and the man sitting up in that observation seat with his balloon attached to the ground can see for many miles with his all-powerful glass all that is going on. The other day I was passing through some country where the artillery was located. The men who operated those guns were far behind the actual scenes. They really knew nothing themselves as to how things were going, and every shot was

fired at the direction of the man at the telephone and he in turn got his instructions from the man at the observation point, and that may be in an aeroplane, a balloon, or some other vantage point. The gunner is an important factor in war, but one is struck by the fact that he does all his work unobserved and hidden in a place where it is impossible for him to make observations. To me this illustrates many points in religious warfare. Some of the most important work has to be done away from the limelight where the public eye cannot see and where there can be gotten no inspiration from the crowd. Many a saint on his knees unobserved by anyone except God, does a greater work for the kingdom than many a one who wins the plaudits of the crowd. Daniel alone in his secret chamber praying three times a day did more to promote religion in Babylon than all the lords and grandees in the kingdom. Father Nash prayed down more revivals of religion than a battalion of time-serving preachers could bring to pass in a thousand years. Then in gunnery I am reminded that all the directions come from someone above. The gunner does not act on his own initiative, but does as he is told to do by the one above—he is given the exact direction, the distance, the range, and away he sends the fatal bullet and it is wonderful to behold the exactness with which the gunner strikes his blows. I passed a big farm house yesterday which was literally hacked to pieces by artillery fire. It was an im-

portant point and its destruction was a matter of necessity.

Then I observe the artilleryman is required to be faithful unto death. Recently I passed an artillery embankment no longer in use but beside it was a grave and it bore a wooden cross upon it with the inscription in French, "Here lieth Bour-nard Pascal, 61st Artillery, who died for France." The date was also given and his soul was committed to God. A number of American artillerymen in the recent battle have been cited for bravery. One gunner is named especially—his whole gun crew had been wiped out and he himself was severely wounded by a shell, he crawled to his company commander and asked for other men to man the gun, and then crawled 200 yards to turn in parts of the gun he carried in his pocket. The gunner often takes his life in his hands—he consecrates himself to the very death if need be, and many seal their devotion with their blood. We are reminded just here of Rev. 2:10, "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life," which in the French Testament reads thus: "Sois fidele jusqua la mort et je te donnerari la couronne de vie."

CHAPTER X.

MOVING TOWARD THE BATTLE LINES.

After leaving Chezy we were marched into Courban where we tarried for over a week. It was here we had our first gas alarm. The enemy was shelling us with his long range guns, and every day his aeroplanes would fly over us and not infrequently did we witness a fight in the air between the Allies and the Germans. Several times also, did we see our observation balloons go up in flames from the bullets of enemy air craft sent out to destroy them. The observer in the basket, when he saw his balloon was doomed, would cut the ropes of his basket and his parachute arrangement would land him eventually on the ground.

One day I saw a poor fellow about to descend from his burning balloon when alas! his parachute caught an fire. Of course he descended to his death. Referring to the gas alarm at Cobourn, we had been warned that gas might come our way any day. On this particular night I was sleeping on the ground beside the Captain and was fast asleep when about midnight the dreadful cry "gas" was raised—the gas songs rang out. I awoke immediately and proceeded to put on my gas mask. Fortunately this alarm was not an attack. In a few minutes orders were given, "re-

move gas masks." I shall never forget that gas cry however! Many a time soldiers have been caught napping when the gas attack came on and they died before getting their gas masks adjusted. Some gas is more dangerous than others. Some will injure you but not kill. Some will work on you gradually—you take it in unawares. Its effects appear hours after when your lungs feel as though they would burn and burst. I have seen gas infected soldiers. They were unable to walk, they gasped for breath, they acted as though they were choking. Their sufferings rendered them unconscious of their surroundings. I can recall one of our own men who got gassed heavy at the Battle of the Marne. They brought him down to the dressing stations. He was crying like a baby and calling out for his Captain; crying plaintively, "Captain Smith, Captain Smith!"

While at Courbon one day the German guns broke loose on us and gave us another exhibition of the kind of regard the Hun has for the churches, for his gun evidently was trained on the church, and the shell struck the edge of the tower, but did not damage the building. A remark made by an officer set me to thinking: "When under shell fire keep away from the church because the Huns get their range on the town from the church." This was a very sensible remark, because generally in the French towns the church is located right in the center of things.

It led me to think away from immediate things

and to think of the Church of God. And true it is that when evil is raging, the church comes in for the heaviest shelling from hell's artillery, and particularly is this true when it is purposed to make the church the center of things and to put "Jesus in the midst."

From the days of Pentecost down to the present day, the Church of Christ has had to stand the heaviest artillery onslaughts of the Wicked One when she has been most devout, most prayerful, most zealous for righteousness and holiness. Hell tried to destroy the church in the days of the apostles, tried again in the dark ages, tried again in the age of Luther and Cranmer and Bunyan, in the days of the Inquisition and the Armada; but despite it all the church lives on and the words of the Master come back to us with enforced meaning: "I will build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

One day we got orders to move on closer to the lines. I remember the Captain saying to me: "We are going to a quiet place. It is in a fine woods which has not been shelled, I think, we are going to have a nice time there and you will like it." Little did any of us think that we were going up to the hottest place we struck during the war, and where we shall receive our first bloody baptism in this war. We moved always at night. In actual live warfare there is not much poetry. It is dreadful prose. I saw a picture in the "Literary Digest" last fall showing troops being led

up front headed by a brass band! Such a thing would be absurd and the man who put that thing together must have dreamed things, not witnessed them on battle fronts. Oh no, we are not led into front lines and into battles by bands of music. We march at night, and in the dead of night. This was a dark night when we moved into and up that hill between St. Eugene and Crezancy on the Marne. When we reached the woods it was so densely black that we could hardly see where we were going. Occasionally we caught sight of a French soldier—we were relieving the French that night.

When we got in the woods orders were given to lie down just where we were and make the best of it till morning. This was July, and fortunately the nights were not very long and the morning broke early. Numerous dugouts were in these woods and some of the stopping places of the French officers and men who held this place prior to our coming into it were artistically fixed up. The French are artistic even when it comes to war. They had all manners of rustic seats, tables, etc., located in pretty bowers. I had my canteen located in one of those bowers and slept on the ground. The days were delightfully summer like, the nights were short but noisy. Our hill was lined with artillery, and it was always particularly active at night. Some nights the guns did overtime and time and again the vibration from the guns would shake the ground upon which I was

sleeping and I would be roused from sleep. One gun, a naval gun, was particularly noisy. One night the noise became so suddenly terrific that I jumped up and ran over to inquire of the Lieutenant what was happening.

Days wore on till things began to assume a serious aspect. Orders went all over the camp to "dig in." The men were set to work at dugouts. Every man had to be provided for sleeping in a dugout. This was a very fortunate order as events proved. If we had not "dug in" our casualties the night of July 14 would have been immense. If I had slept that night on the ground instead of in a dugout I would not have been alive next day to tell the story. The place where my canteen was and where had been my former sleeping place had been hit by several shells and my goods were scattered pell mell.

An attack was expected Sunday, July 7th. There were many signs of activity among the Germans, and both French and Americans looked for the offensive on Sunday night, July 7th, but that night passed by, but in another week the battle raged in all its fury.

CHAPTER XI.

MY BAPTISM OF FIRE.

Since writing my last I have had an experience that will be engraven upon my memory as long as that faculty continues to exist. I have often read of battles and have imagined what they are like. I have thought at times that I should like to be a distant spectator of one, but I hardly thought so soon that I would be right into the heart of one, and endure shell-fire and all other things that go with it, and then through the good providence of God come out of it safely.

Yes, I came out of it whole, but considerably broken in strength and nerve, so much so that as a result of keeping on my feet in service during the first week of battle, I finally, on the second Sunday afternoon after being under heavy shell-fire again, had to give up and go to the rear and spend a few days in the hospital resting up.

The battle which may be known as "The Battle of Chateau Thierry," or otherwise spoken of as the "The Second Battle of the Marne," began Sunday midnight, July 14. This was the great French holiday—their Fourth of July. Possibly the Germans took advantage of that event, thinking that they might find the French off guard, but the fact was the French were looking daily, almost hourly,

for the attack. We all expected it July 12, our troops were ready and waiting for it. On the previous Sunday, July 7, we all felt it was close at hand, and preaching on that day to our men I used the text in Samuel, "Be of good courage and play the man," etc. Sunday evening of the battle I preached on "Proclaim liberty to all the inhabitants," etc. That was my last message to many Americans. Many died, many were wounded, a few were made prisoners.

I went to my dug-out about eleven o'clock Sunday night and laid down to sleep. I was all alone as the soldiers were busy at night in preparation for the impending attack. At midnight, all of a sudden, there was the roar of cannon on all sides. Cannon answering to cannon, and Germany put across on our territory and troops one of the most terrific bombardments known since Verdun—indeed some of the French officers who had been at Verdun declared that it was equally as ferocious as Verdun. For several days we had poured into the German ranks thousands of shells—one night 10,000 shells, and it was a matter of surprise to many of us that they had made no reply, but evidently the Germans saved everything for their one grand offensive of July 14 and 15. When they opened their batteries on the American and French positions that night it was something almost indescribably furious.

The Third Battalion, 38th Regiment with which I was connected were up on a hill. The Germans

evidently left no spot within a dozen or fifteen kilometers from their lines untouched, but the particular zone in which the troops and artillery were located was the place to which they paid special attention. They sent over little shells, big shells, gas shells, and all other kinds of things, while their aeroplanes bombed us from the sky.

What is a bombardment or barrage like, do you ask? Well, it is somewhat hard to describe it. This one was like a hail of iron. The shells came thick and fast. As I sat there in my dug-out all alone and for hours keeping my gas mask on because many shells were the horrible gas shells, I could hear the shells as they came with thunderous force and broke all around me. I could discern also from the sound that they were approaching my dug-out and soon they would be exploding all around me. That wonderful old hymn of Wesley's came to me with special emphasis and blessing—with little changes in the words.

“Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly.
While the nearer (terrors) roll
While the tempest still is high
Hide me O my Saviour, hide,
Till this storm (of shell) is past;
Safe into the (morning) guide,
O (protect) my soul at last.”

Then, as the thud of the shells fell close to me and I felt them coming closer to me, my prayer was,

“Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.”

At length some shrapnell hit the roof of my dug-out and the dirt began to tumble down. I drew nearer the entrance when another hit struck it on the edge. I then thought it was time to get out and seek some safer refuge if possible. So I climbed out and made the most rapid flight to the captain's dug-out, which was more solidly constructed. When I arrived there it was full and there were several wounded men in it. It was now morning and the shelling was subsiding just a little. As I sat there I saw and heard things which showed up wonderfully the American spirit in this war. I saw runners (despatch carriers from one point to the other) come in and go out in the midst of this hail of fire in fulfilment of their duty. Some were wounded, some were killed and some escaped unhurt. An officer came in and reported to our Captain that the enemy had crossed the river and were coming up our hill. What did the Captain say, think you? This is what he said, “We are here to hold this hill to the last man. Lieutenants, call out your men and get them to take up their positions.” Instantly the Lieutenants went out and blew their whistles and their men came from their dug-outs—those that escaped from being wounded—and I saw those American soldiers go forth to their trenches and positions in the teeth of one of the heaviest artillery barrages the Germans ever put across.

These men were a part of the 38th Regiment which did the heaviest fighting and contributed more to the undoing of the Huns in this offensive than any other troops on the battlefield. It is already said that the 38th Regiment is going to be awarded one of the highest war decorations of France for their brilliant services in this engagement.

With the Germans close at hand and I being no combatant and carrying no arms Lieut. _____, said to me, "Mr. Ridout, you have no means of defending yourself, so I think you had better go down to Battalion headquarters."

I at once proceeded to the Chateau where headquarters were, and in getting there it was almost a race for life through the roads and fields with shells whistling through the air and breaking all around. Every now and then as I would hear a shell coming I would prostrate myself flat upon the ground. At length I reached the stone wall of the Chateau, climbed over hastily and was soon under its shelter, but I was not there long before a sight met my eyes which was reassuring to our American side of the situation. There passed along a big procession of German prisoners. All of them had cast away their arms, some their helmets, and some were wounded. Many were very young boys and they were glad, most of them said, to be captured, as they were tired of war, and knew now they would not have to be killed.

The next thing that confronted me were the wounded being brought in to the first aid station

at the old Chateau in charge of the doctors and medical corps. Here was plenty of work for all, and that day and the next were days of unceasing activity among the wounded and suffering. I assisted in dressing wounded Americans, French and Germans, and after their wounds were dressed we took them to big cellars underneath the Chateau and provided beds and mattresses for all.

One American, I remember, had a shot wound that pierced his back and evidently passed through his lungs. I gave him drink and tried to quiet him as he cried out, "I can't breathe, I can't breathe." I put my arm beneath his head and tried to soothe him, and when I was called to attend to another wounded he would cry, "Don't leave me, don't leave me." It was not long before he slept the sleep of death, sealing with his blood his consecration to liberty's cause.

As for the German wounded I felt a great pity for some of them. They were mere boys, and were in the war as the victims of a horrible machine. They were glad, though wounded, to be in American hands. They told us they were surprised at our treatment of them—they had been told that the Americans would kill them if they made them prisoners, but how different they found things. I saw our American boys share their rations with those German prisoners. They opened their "bully beef" and passed it around among the German boys. They shared out their coffee, and when night came on and several of the

wounded were suffering considerably, we searched till we found bedding and made them as comfortable as we could.

The next day we saw them off in the ambulances taking them to a rear hospital. It is really remarkable the dispatch with which the wounded upon the battlefield are handled. Within a very few hours they are taken away back to the hospitals, and perhaps the same day or the next are on the train for some great base hospital, where everything is at hand from the most eminently skilled surgeon to the merest little detail.

Speaking of hospitals what a horrible commentary upon the unspeakable cruelty of the Germans is this constant habit of theirs to bomb the hospitals. Just close to where I now write—near the Marne River—a field hospital was bombed two nights ago, and five fellows were killed, and at a larger hospital farther back, where I went one day with a Y. M. C. A. truck with a load of wounded, they told me that for many successive nights the Hun bombarding aeroplanes had been at work there, as well as shelling from a long-range gun. Of course the daily press has been giving the details of this latest battle. It was unquestionably one of the most distinct victories of the war. I have suggested that this may be known as the Battle of Chateau Thierry, but to the Crown Prince, with his contemptuous notions of the American soldier, it may be best known as the Battle of Shattered Theory, because it was

here that the Crown Prince and his big Generals got all their theories knocked into a thousand pieces, and to save themselves they have had to put up one of the heaviest pieces of the retreating business in the history of the war.

I visited, some months ago, the spot where in 1914, at the first Battle of the Marne, General Foch, in a superb piece of strategy, broke the backbone of the German invasion of that time. Again, the Marne has led to Germany's undoing, and given her a humiliating defeat. General Joffre at Verdun uttered those notable words, "Ils ne passeront pas." (They shall not pass). Again we seem to hear those words voiced by the Marne, "They shall not pass." We hear it as it is echoed and re-echoed by over a million American soldiers in France, "They shall not pass." We hear it as the Allies take it up and utter it in many languages, "They shall not pass," and we seem to hear it coming forth from the bleeding heart of an oppressed and sorrowing and crushed Europe, "They shall not pass." And yet again, all that is good and pure, righteous and just in nations, in civilization, and in religion, cries out in thunderous tones, "They shall not pass."

CHAPTER XII.

THE SECOND BATTLE OF THE MARNE.

In the previous chapter I have described some thrilling experiences I had at the battle of the Marne, July 15th. At one time during that battle I was at Battalion P. C., that was almost surrounded by the enemy and as we sat in the big cave underneath the great Chateau we could feel the building tremble under the concussion of the big German guns that were pouring the iron on us at a ferocious rate, we could also hear the rattle of machine guns and the crack of the rifles as foe met foe, and at one juncture of the event I looked quite seriously at the question of how I would like to be a German prisoner and take a trip into Germany at the Kaiser's expense.

We Y. M. C. A. men, chaplains, Red Cross workers, etc., are not permitted to use arms, we have no means of protecting ourselves, and if the enemy got too close to us and there was no escape, the only thing we could do would be to surrender, and then—well it would depend a good deal on the temper of our captors whether we lived or died. At any rate I have found it a great comfort to be at peace with God and be ready for death or life in the war zone.

One thing I did. I had some notes and papers on me that I did not want to fall into the enemy's

hands if anything happened to me, so I did them up in a small package and tied them to the button-hole of a wounded American soldier who was going into the hospital on the Ambulance, with the instructions that they be handed to some Y. M. C. A. worker.

I also wrote a brief letter to my wife, that if she did not hear from me for a month or more to not be concerned, as it might be that I shall be taking a trip to Germany. This letter I sent out also by a wounded soldier who was going to the hospital. About 3 p. m. word came up to our Major that the enemy was coming up the road. The Major sent word back that he intended to hold the lines. However the enemy was held back by the brave 38th against tremendous odds. Soon a great counter attack by the French was brought on, and the tide turned against the Germans, ("The Stars fought against Sisera!") they were driven out, they retreated, they ran; they were routed, and the greatest victory was achieved for the Allies since 1914. I soon found myself on the victory side, got back my papers and instead of being a German captor myself, I had considerable work to do with German prisoners, helping the wounded, etc.

I remember how forcibly that Scripture came into my mind during those days that I ministered to them: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." I can recall

one nice looking young fellow about nineteen, his leg was injured severely and he was suffering greatly, he was very quiet but his face revealed his pain. When night came I hunted around till I got some bedding for the poor boy so that he could get some sleep.

On the morrow the ambulances managed to get through the shell fire and we sent all our wounded—American, French, and German to the hospitals in the rear, and let it be remembered, the German prisoners who are wounded, get just as good attention as any others.

During the battle I refer to we lost a lot of personal property. The German shells tore up my canteen, and I lost some most precious things, among them my handy Bible which had full line of helps, index, etc. It was a library in itself and so compact that I could carry it conveniently in my pocket. It had notes, etc., in it and I had preached much from it in France. It was like losing a dear friend. I had another Bible in my travelling bag in the rear, and lo! and behold that bag was lost also, containing not only my Bible, but a lot of valuable papers and other things including my dress suit—and so it goes when you get in the war zone.

But, in a bunch of mail there came to me a Bible—sent by someone whom I do not know, and I am real glad to have a whole Bible again—for several weeks I had been obliged to content myself with a pocket Testament.

CHAPTER XIII.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

The Battle of the Marne, or Chateau Thierry, of July 15, was unquestionably one of the decisive battles of the war. The 38th Regiment, during that engagement, held one of the gateways to Paris. If they had not held the lines the enemy would have got to Paris probably by Wednesday night, July 17, as the Kaiser had prophesied. The defeat they suffered at the Marne turned the tide which ultimately turned the whole current of the war, resulting in defeat and retreat all along the line, for the enemy and eventuating at Sedan, November 11th, with the signing of the Armistice.

Work in connection with this July 15th battle, together with the nerve-racking experiences I had gone through when on the eighth day going back in the lines where the shelling that afternoon was very heavy I got on a piece of road all alone when three shells—one, two, three, came right up the road, seemingly after me, it was the last kick. I felt my strength leaving me—tumbled into a cellar and there waited till the shelling subsided.

I just had to give up and go out to the field hospital where three days lying in a comfortable cot, getting good nourishing food and good sleep I felt myself again. The Surgeon warned me as I was

leaving that I had no business on the front lines because of my age. "Let the younger men go there," said he, "and you work in the rear." I did not take his advice however. In a few days I was back again in the lines and had many things yet to suffer and endure.

OTHER DRIVES.

After returning from the hospital I caught up again with my regiment at Crezancy. In a couple of days we were on the move again—where, we could not tell, but presumed on again toward the front. We moved out of Crezancy about 3 a. m. in the morning—this time in French trucks. I well remember how beautiful in the early morn it was to cross the Marne upon newly built bridges. We went on and on till we finally landed in a woods near where that big gun called the Bertha, which fired on Paris had been in position. The Germans, before leaving, tried to blow up the emplacements but failed because of their ponderous weight of iron. The woods bore many a mark of battle, here and there were French soldiers lying unburied—one poor fellow presented a never-to-be-forgotten expression. He was in a kneeling posture when the ball struck him in the head, he dropped upon his hands and there he was on hands and knees cold in death; his face was a striking one denoting, I thought, intellectuality and spirituality. Who knows but what he was one of France's favorite sons, now to be buried as common clay.

We had orders to move again that afternoon and we entered upon one of the most horrible hikes I think I ever experienced. When we started the sun was shining and the country looked pretty. It seemed glorious to be travelling over such splendid territory so long in the hands of the enemy, now set free. We hiked on till evening, and then rain came on, and with the rain of course we had mud—slippery, sticky mud. Still we hiked on. As we neared the front lines the enemy seemed to have got wind of our coming and began to shell us heavily, but thanks to a merciful Providence, the shells did not fall on the road but in the fields. As we got still nearer, shells came thick and fast and also some one-pounders. If these had fallen on the road where our Brigade was the casualties would have been awful that night. The rain continued to fall until many got drenched to the skin. I took a chill once during a hold-up that caused me to shake all over and it was some minutes before I got over it. It was a densely dark night making it difficult to keep formations when on the hike. At last the head of our Brigade reached the river to be crossed when alas! the bridge was blown up. What were we to do! We down in the center could not imagine what was holding us so long. At last I saw a bunch of men coming back. I called out, "What outfit are you?" They recognized my voice and said, "Co. M., we are ordered to the rear and you had better come along with us." I did not hesitate what to do, but

joined them instantly. We started back, we knew not where. Finally, Lieutenant White came along and took charge of us. We went on back perhaps two miles till we struck a woods. Tired, wet, worn, exhausted, I find my brain giving way to strange illusions. As I looked at the trees I thought the spaces between were the broken down walls of houses. I thought there were numerous cellars there, and never did an old cellar seem so good to my imagination as it did that night, but alas 'it was all an illusion. I was in a woods—nothing there but trees and bushes, and everything soaking wet. It was now about 2 a. m., Sunday morning, August 4th. I was so completely exhausted that I could have thrown myself down on the wet ground and gone to sleep but fortunately some of the boys had shelter tent. We rigged up a pup tent and I crept in with a couple of doughboys and slept soundly.

When morning broke it was raining a little but soon stopped. We were all wet but fortunately I had some dry socks in my pack. This helped my feet out. I got out first and then longed for a cup of coffee. I had some coffee and bacon and hard tack in my pack but the question was how to get a fire. It looked hopeless, but I persevered and got together some pieces of wood—an old German basket, (the Germans had been in these woods about forty-eight hours ago) and after many difficulties I got a fire started, got some water and soon had my cup of coffee, fried bacon and hard tack. I sel-

dom had a breakfast that tasted so good. I encouraged the other fellows to start their breakfast, and soon we had everybody busy cooking their bacon and boiling their coffee. It was well on to noon before "breakfast" was over.

It was Sunday, and now that the sun was out and the boys were feeling better I started in to remind the boys that it was Sunday by reading a chapter from my Bible and having family prayers, but this was a case where it was in order, and the most common sense thing to do was to put the natural first and then the spiritual. During the afternoon a friendly kitchen hove in sight and the boys got some supper. The call to move came and we marched on toward Fismes—that dreadful spot where so much American blood was spilled.

It was when in the Fismes region that I came nearest losing my life, and this led to my penning the following article:

SERVING GOD AMID SHOT AND SHRAPNEL.

The other day I was within a few miles of the firing line at a first aid station. The station was in a house very much battered by shell fire. I had reached the place after a walk from an adjoining encampment about two kilometres away. During my hike a lot of shells came shrieking through the air and hit away up on a high hill where artillery was placed. Some of those shells were gas shells, the wind carried the fumes down the valley and across the road and I walked right into it but fortunately the fumes were not of the ex-

tremely dangerous kind. I very soon got my gas mask on, and sat down on the side of the road with some soldiers who were waiting till the firing was through.

Arriving at the first aid station I found things had been very busy there as the action up the road had been quite lively, and many of our American men had been wounded by machine-gun fire, also by shrapnel. The doctor had his hands full all night and all day, but now the casualties were diminishing, and during our first night there we slept on a stretcher and had a fair night's sleep, but the morning brought some very painful and distressing experiences.

Some wounded men had been brought in and we had an ambulance ready to depart for the hospital when a shell came within six or eight feet in front of us, and the flying shrapnel damaged the ambulance so much that we had to remove the wounded and bring them back into the aid station.

No sooner had we done this than another shell struck right in front of the station and flung its iron fragments right into the midst of us all. For a few moments all was roar and confusion, and the cries and screams of the wounded men filled the air.

When things quieted down, and no other shells fell, we proceeded to pick ourselves up and attend to the suffering ones. That awful shell had killed two outright, and had wounded four. It threw the doctor to the ground, and a supply lieutenant

likewise, but through the good mercy of God I was spared any serious injury, though I had a slight hit on the back and one on the right cheek.

The fellow that was badly wounded in the leg cried piteously. I gave him a drink, comforted him, and told him of God who comforts us in our sufferings. Another poor fellow had a most grievous wound. I held him while the doctor worked with him, but death got ahead of the doctor, and I had hardly laid his head down before he was gone.

I noticed that he had his breast-pocket filled with letters and a book and a piece of shrapnel had hit that pocket, had torn into the letters, thus saving his breast from a bad wound. I have frequently advised our men to wear the New Testament in the pocket on the heart side, and many a time this precious little book has saved a life as well as a soul.

One of those whose life was so suddenly taken away by that fatal shell was an ambulance man, the son of wealthy parents of Patterson, N. J. Those ambulance drivers are brave fellows. They run great risks in going almost up to the firing-line and bringing the wounded out. In some cases those drivers are young women. They drive their cars through roads that are riddled with shell-holes, and many a car bears the mark of shrapnel hits.

The Germans seem to make special marks of hospitals, aid stations and ambulances. They shell and bomb these places at every opportunity.

It is a thousand pities that our German enemy should do such an inhuman thing as this, but I know from personal observation that such is true.

During the week of the battle, July 15, I had occasion to go down with a load of wounded to a big hospital at Colummiers. This is a large town. For many days it had been bombed from the air, and at night a long-range gun was being fired into it. It must be confessed that it is anything but a comfortable experience to hospital patients to think that at any moment a bomb might come their way. One of those bombs, however, worked fearful vengeance on the Germans themselves. They bombed a prison hospital and killed 79 German prisoners.

We were at rest for a few days at Crezancy, when the Brigade was ordered on to the Saint Mihiel Drive. It was one dreadful night when we started. The rain poured. Fortunately I found a place in the Regimental Ambulance. We were on the road all night and witnessed the opening of this battle. The following is a good description of this offensive:

At 1 o'clock on the morning of September 12, the artillery preparation began with one terrific burst of flame from many hundreds of guns, French as well as American, ranging in size from the 75's to the great seacoast guns, some as large as 400mm. in caliber, which, firing from railway mounts, carried harrassing fire to rail and road junctions as far behind the German lines as St.

Benoit, Mars-la-Tour, Gorze, Conflans and even Metz.

The stupendous bombardment shook the earth for hours, driving the enemy's troops into their dugouts, tearing up their trenches and demoralizing their communications of every description. Meantime, the hundreds of thousands of Infantrymen, the hundreds of machine guns, the scores of American and French tanks, and the greatest assemblage of American, British and French aviation ever employed for a single operation on the Western front all waited, tense and eager, for the word to sweep forward over the shell-torn fields and roads and trenches which a heavy rain that had begun in the evening was rapidly turning to quagmire.

ROLLING BARRAGE STARTS.

At 5 o'clock, which was still 20 minutes before daybreak of that wet and foggy morning, the bombardment of the German front lines in the sectors of the First and Fourth Corps suddenly changed to a rolling barrage, and behind it the Infantry jumped off, preceded by detachments with wire cutters and bangalore torpedoes to destroy the numerous successive belts of German entanglements.

Immediately occurred the first agreeable surprise. The enemy's wire was in very poor condition, rusty or broken. Little difficulty was experienced in passing it, some of the troops even being able to go over or through it without cutting.

It is well known that the Saint Mihiel was one of the most singularly successful campaigns of the Americans. Great gains were made at but little cost in casualties. I remember when we were about to move into action, we had only about started when word came from the front that the enemy had capitulated and that we had taken 13,000 prisoners. It was a time of great joy and exhilaration for the Americans. It was also the beginning of the end for the Germans.

After this came the Argonne. This proved to be one of the bloodiest battle grounds to the Americans because of the woods which abounded here and which the Germans were so well acquainted with and had invested so fully with machine guns. While my regiment was in action I stayed at First Aid Station at a point near Montfaucon, and just a couple of miles from Cierges. Here I had a series of unusual experiences. First was our baptism of fire the morning we arrived, first from avions and next from artillery. We had no sooner got our positions than a swoop of aeroplanes appeared in the distance. Our first thought was that they were our machines, but not so, they proved to be Germans. They came over us, turned their machine guns on us and threw out hand grenades. Our boys fired their rifles and also turned some machine guns on them and brought down one. Some of our men were wounded during the attack, but the worst was to come. The avions gave away our position to the enemy and

it was not long before the Germans poured on us many murderous shells. It was awful to witness shell after shell tearing right into the field where several companies were located. Fortunately our men had "dug in" and this saved many lives, but over one hundred were put out of commission by death, wounds and shell shock.

After the shelling was over, the wounded and shell-shocked were brought over to our dressing station, we had our hands full for sometime. I saw at this time many cases of genuine shell-shock. They shook all over; they reeled and staggered like drunken men; they startle and shook at the least sound, they cried, they stuttered and stammered. It was really pitiful to have to send most of them on foot to the ambulance station at Montfaucon about two miles away. We could not do anything else with them. Reaching there they were taken care of by the ambulance company which sent them into the field hospital.

When in the hospital myself after the Battle of the Marne, a lad was brought in suffering from shell-shock. In the morning he was walking around with no wounds or any signs of illness about him. I spoke to him. He stared at me and asked me: "When were you taken prisoner?" I said I wasn't taken prisoner. He looked at me in amazement. He was under the delusion that he was a prisoner in German hands. When the surgeon came round the boy tumbled into his bed and cried, "Don't kill me; don't kill me." He

buried his head in the pillow and cried out again : "Don't kill me till I write to my mother." Shell shock did it!

IN THE ARGONNE.

After the St. Mihiel was through with we wound our way along until eventually we landed in the Argonne. This brought us over the Hindenberg trenches, once thought so untakable. It also gave me a chance to see the awful havoc wrought by the Battle of Verdun in 1916. Passing along one of the highways which the engineers were repairing, I talked with one of the officers, who pointing to a certain hill said, "There is where the Germans lost 500,000 men." A terrible country was this, the fields were ploughed into shell holes as far as the eye could see. We landed at evening in what was once no doubt a splendid forest. It was melancholy to see the ruins of those great trees. Nothing but their ghosts remained. Our troops could hardly find room between the shell holes to erect their pup tents.

The battle was on and our regiment moved to the front lines. We established our dressing station near Montfaucon in several dugouts left in good shape by the Germans. I served with Dr. Lutz, of Second Battalion some of the time; also, with the Regimental Medical Corps. These were busy days. I started making hot chocolate at first for the wounded and the stretcher-bearers that bore them in from the lines. This broadened out to a kitchen. I would rise early in the morning,

make chocolate and coffee, and when I could get bread, bacon, rice, etc., I would serve it out to the hungry and wounded, the sick, the cold and the stragglers who came along. During the first few days the roads were so congested that it was impossible to get ambulances through, and for one day and night we had the ground literally spattered all over with the wounded. Among them were some German wounded, some of them young boys. One of them made me think so much of my own boy George B., that I did a whole lot for that German boy to make him comfortable. It was quite an undertaking to keep them warm through that cold night, and I hunted around till I found blankets, old clothing, some of it bloody it's true, and wrapped our boys up as well as the wounded of the enemy. During the night some of them died. Among them a German Sergeant and a German medical man, and one of our American boys.

It was in the Argonne that we had our heaviest casualties. Many of our companies went in in full strength and came out, some 80, some 70, some 60. All our Majors went to the hospital, nearly all our Captains also, and many lieutenants, and of the boys who came out most of them were sick due to getting gassed, and also due to having to eat so much canned stuff.

The German power was crumbling every day now and we felt sure of victory in the not distant future for the Allies. It looked to us as

though the war might be over this fall and yet it might go on till spring.

After we had come out of action and were going to the rear I decided to go out to Chaumont and adjust my papers, take examination, etc., for the regular Chaplaincy. There was quite a demand for Chaplains, so I made my application which was endorsed by the Colonel of the Regiment, the Major of the Battalion, and the Surgeon. I passed the examinations successfully and was practically accepted, but the commission had to come by wire from Washington, and while waiting this the Armistice was signed, which arrested all commissions for the time being.

Being now away from my regular troops I became temporarily attached to Chaumont Division and did lecture and preaching work among various units, but spent about six weeks with the 77th Division traversing their entire area, lecturing during the week and preaching three times on Sundays.

It was in the Argonne that I met with the Christian soldier boy who impressed me so much that it led to my writing the sketches, "The Story of Fletcher Benson," which appears in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIV.

FLETCHER BENSON.

Fletcher Benson was a good fellow, well built physically, strong in mind, had a tender heart and was whole-souled. He knew God in a sound conversion when quite a lad, and afterwards experienced a clean heart at Zion Hill camp grounds.

When war broke out he was studying for the ministry in college, but when the call for soldiers came he did not shirk his duty to his flag and country, but went and enrolled himself under the banner of Uncle Sam. He fully knew what it would mean to get in the army—going away from home and religious surroundings, and getting into an atmosphere where there would be great temptations, many hardships, much to endure on all hands and of all sorts, but he was convinced that there was grace sufficient for every need. After awhile training in a home camp he was shipped to France, and it was not long before he found himself as an infantryman in active service on the front line.

At the Battle of the Marne he passed through his first great fiery ordeal—the night of that dreadful bombardment he was down in the trenches and when just past midnight the Germans began to pour that rain of shell over on the American forces he was exposed to the fire with-

out a thing to shelter him but the walls of a hastily built trench. To him it was a terrible experience, but through it all he prayed to God in silent yet fervent prayer that he might pass safely through the awful night and see the morning break. Many that night about him were wounded by the flying shrapnel, and some were killed, but when morning came he was found without a scratch, yet his sympathies went out to the wounded in adjoining trenches and he willingly offered himself as stretcher-bearer to help take the wounded down the hill to the first aid station in the old Chateau. Many a comrade did he aid that day in getting to the dressing station, and he did all he could to get water for the thirsty, and in every way help the helpless and the suffering.

When the counter attack at the Battle of the Marne took place the next Tuesday night, his company had an exposed bit of the line to hold, but they held it through terrible odds, and Fletcher himself knew from real experience what it meant to engage in real soldiering, but through it all he was sustained by the conviction, in some peculiar way, the battle was the Lord's and it was his duty to be a real soldier—to be brave and courageous and do his full duty.

I met Fletcher about three weeks after the Battle of the Marne. I remember the meeting up there in that shack where he was put up. It was Sunday morning when I happened in on him. He was reading his Bible and he had a little army

hymn book opened before him. He said to me, "Just before you came along I was singing one of those hymns that seemed just to suit my experience. If you don't mind I will sing you a verse of it." And he began to sing:

"O Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou forever near me,
My Master and my Friend!
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide."

After singing the verse he said: "You remember the Battle of the Marne, Sunday night of July 14th. Well, all through that terrific barrage this hymn was singing through my soul and especially those words:

"I shall not fear the battle,
If Thou art by my side."

"I felt in a strange, peculiar way that there was One standing at my side and when the shells were bursting all about me I felt that He was shielding me from the shrapnel and comforting me so that all terror left me and I was not afraid."

I said to him, "Sing on, let me hear the rest of the hymn." And he sang:

"O let me feel Thee near me!
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;

My foes are ever near me,
 Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
 And shield my soul from sin.

“O let me hear Thee speaking
 In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
 The murmurs of self-will!
O speak to re-assure me,
 To hasten or control!
O speak, and make me listen,
 Thou Guardian of my soul!”

I must confess that this was a means of grace to my soul, to meet such a young fellow, far, far away from home, the product of one of our most spiritual colleges, the fruits of a revival meeting in a little Methodist Church down in a small town, and a by-product of Zion Hill camp meeting--to meet him here in France and in the war zone, and a soldier in Uncle Sam's army, and to find that through all the temptations and tests that had beset him he had kept unflinchingly true to God. It was encouraging and inspiring and I went out from his shack to my morning service to preach more vitally the saving and keeping power of the mighty Christ.

My next meeting with Fletcher Benson was over in the Saint Mihiel sector. Our division was ordered to relieve the attacking division. We got over in a country that was virtually ploughed up

by our own artillery preparatory to the attack upon the German strongholds. I had witnessed a great deal of the effects of German artillery but here I had the opportunity of seeing what our guns had done to the enemy country. Some of our large shells had made holes big enough and deep enough to suffice for the cellar of an ordinary sized house; great gaps and chasms had been made in the earth big enough to bury a family of elephants, and the German dugouts were played havoc with—dugouts which had endured for four years, and where the Huns had kept fairly comfortable had caved in under the American fire as though they were paper boxes. We had to put up a couple of nights in those woods. The first night the Germans threw a lot of shells over on us—they knew where we were—and some of their fire struck us bad. Two of our boys were killed during the night, several were wounded, and in the morning a soldier pointed out to me where a piece of shrapnel had struck the trunk of a tree right next to the pup tent where I slept, and he said: "It is a good thing for you that that trunk got that bit of iron; if it had hit your tent, good-bye."

Well, such are the mercies attendant upon us in the battlefields! The next day, knowing we would have to spend another night in that woods I went looking for a dugout, and in my search I was delighted to come across my friend Fletcher Benson again. It was a happy meeting. We went together in search of a dugout, and at length was di-

rected by my good friend, Major Mac, to a dugout close to his. We settled on it for the night. Now I must confess that those Germon dugouts always felt hideous to me, there was something uncanny about them though they were invariably built strong and substantial and comfortable. This one especially gave me strange feelings, but when night came on, and Benson came, we got in, lighted our candles and sat down to talk things over.

Since our first meeting Fletcher told me he had passed through some strange experiences. One thing he was glad to tell me was, that he had been promoted from Corporal to Sergeant, and that his company commander had shown him many favors. He said one day his Captain said to him, "Benson, I see you don't smoke, chew or swear." "No, sir, I don't do either. At home I was taught to avoid tobacco; at college it was prohibited, and as to swearing, I don't think any man can fear God and swear at the same time."

"Well, Benson," said the Captain, "You keep on. I myself am a preacher's son. My father taught me along the same line. I got away from his teachings some since getting in the army, but I hope to get back to them again some day."

Benson was known by some of the men as "Happy" Benson. He was never seen out of temper, nor indulging in anything coarse or doubtful. One day one of his comrades said, "Well, I should like to know what keeps Benson so happy in such

miserable surroundings as we have to put up with."

"If you would like to know," replied Benson, "I will tell you. This is what makes me happy. I try to keep the fear of the Lord ever before me. I am in France in the line of duty. I have a little book—my New Testament—which I read every day and I say my prayers regularly."

"Oh, there you go again Benson, with your religious business."

"Well," spoke up another comrade, "I think it is a good thing that in this man's army we have a few fellows like Benson, who have the courage to be religious; he helps make up for a lot of us who have not that kind of stuff."

Well, as we sat there in the dugout, Benson was telling me these little incidents, and then before we laid down on our German-made wire cots, I asked Benson to read something from his little Testament, and he read Ephesians, 1st chapter, and after he had finished he said: "I want to read from another little book which I have carried with me all through the war," and he pulled out from his pocket, "The Practice of the Presence of God," by Brother Lawrence. He said, "Let me read a couple of citations from this little book which has been a blessing to me often. Listen."

"There is not in the world a kind of life more sweet and more delightful than that of a continual walk with God; those only can comprehend it who practice and experience it."

And again: "To be with God, there is no need to be continually in church. Of our heart we may make an oratory wherein to retire from time to time and with Him hold meek, humble, loving converse. Everyone can converse closely with God, some more, others less. He knows we can. Let us begin then, perhaps He is just waiting for one generous resolution on our part; let us be brave."

In that old German dugout we knelt in prayer and we felt that God was as close to us there as on Zion Hill camp ground, or in the most sacred spot at home. We laid down to sleep, blew out our candles, and sang as our good-night lullaby, Lytes famous hymn:

"Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me."

After we had spent that night together in the German dugout in the Argonne, we had to make an early start for our next objective. Breakfast was eaten when it was barely light, and at six o'clock we were on the move. Fletcher was attached to Company G, of the Second Battalion, and my understanding was that the first and second battalions were to move immediately in on the line of attack while the third remained in reserve. I moved on with the Second Battalion Medical Corps, and we put up our first-aid station

as far up toward the front as we could go with safety.

It was not long before our wounded began to arrive, and one day we had to work continuously for about twenty-two hours. Some of our boys were terribly wounded, some hopelessly, but the surgeon gave them the best of treatment and hurried them on to the hospital as fast as the ambulances could take them, but, alas, the roads became congested. Everything was trying to get to the front where the fighting was going on—artillery, ammunition, rations, engineers, signal corps, etc., and between them all a jam occurred on the road, and for about ten miles for almost a whole day scarcely a wheel moved. Of course, one of the things which superinduced this condition was the dastardly trick the Germans played on us by mining the roads; and at one point where the mine went off one of the biggest of our army trucks tumbled over and it took the engineers nearly ten hours to clear things up and build a bridge over the chasm made by the Hun mine.

About two o'clock in the afternoon of the second day a captain was brought in on a stretcher severely wounded. He had been shot in both legs, also in the shoulder. He was in a desperate condition, but what added to his grief was the fact that four men had been killed in their effort to bring him in. They were bearing him along on the stretcher, when the German snipers picked them off one by one. Four other fellows volunteered

to take the Captain out, and one of them was Fletcher Benson. These last four succeeded in getting their Captain out of danger and bringing him safely to the first-aid station.

Night was coming on, and the stretcher-bearers concluded they would wait for morning before returning to the lines, and this gave me another chance to fellowship with Benson, and that night by our fire where we kept our chocolate and coffee hot for dispensing to the wounded and to hungry and thirsty soldiers we talked of many things.

"Well," I said, "Benson, what do you think of war by this time?"

"Oh," he said, "war is awful. I hope this will be the last war this old sin-cursed world will ever see. When I get home one thing I shall never do. I shall never glorify war. Now think of what I had to go through and see yesterday. When we got on the lines we were up against a nest of German machine guns—one pounders and snipers. I saw one of our Lieutenants shot in the head and fall dead instantly. Ten of my own platoon went down one after the other, and our company got so shot to pieces that I believe there are not more than sixty or seventy left out of 250. On our way out with the Captain the Germans were shelling everything in sight. One shell fell about fifty feet away from us and killed four of our boys and wounded eight others, and a fellow riding a horse was shot to pieces and his horse torn in two. I

have seen enough the past two days to make war appear to me the most horrible monster the devil ever invented. But the marvel is that I am alive. Bullets were flying all around me and shells burst close to me and yet through it all God has mercifully spared my life and I am alive to praise Him. These days I often think of those words in the 91st Psalm, "A thousand shall fall at thy side and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee," and then I think of that hymn we used to sing at Zion's Hill camp meeting, "God will take care of you."

I said, "It is several days now since I have had a sing, and I pulled out my little song book and together, Benson and I sang the first verse.

"Be not dismayed whate'er betide,
God will take care of you;
Beneath His wings of love abide,
God will take care of you."

The singing attracted many who were standing around, and we had quite a congregation as we sang the second verse.

"Through days of toil when heart doth fail,
God will take care of you;
When dangers fierce your path assail,
God will take care of you."

Then others joined us in the chorus, and we sang on until we sang the hymn through. I said, "When we have been having some close calls the

past few days, many of our comrades have gone, not to come back, we have been spared, I propose before we separate to go to our dugouts, that we have a bit of prayer. And I am going to call on Sergeant Benson to lead us in prayer." All heads were bared and as I recall it now, Benson prayed something like the following:

"Heavenly Father, we give Thee thanks that our lives have been spared during the awful fighting of those two days past. We have seen many comrades go down in battle, many others wounded and carried off to the hospital. We thank Thee for Thy loving care over us. We have not been worthy of Thy goodness, oh, God, but Thou hast been merciful. Bless my comrades here, oh God, forgive us all our sins, and don't let any of us go down to death without saving our souls. Protect us this night from the shells and from gas. Grant that soon the war might be over and peace shall come on the earth again. Bless our dear loved ones in America, protect them, and grant we may all meet again. For Christ's sake. Amen."

The next morning the glad news reached us that the Armistice had been signed and that tomorrow at 11 o'clock all hostilities were to cease.

Fletcher Benson went back to the lines and I saw no more of him till two weeks after the war finished up. I was preaching in the Y. M. C. A. hut out from the front lines and he found it out and came over. I was anxious to know what he intended to do when he got back home again, and

I was glad to hear him say that he meant to go back to school to prepare for the ministry. He said, "The war has taught me many things. I have had all kinds of experience but through it all God has kept me clean. There are a great many problems coming up before the country with our returning soldiers, and I feel as though I might be able to contribute a little to the church and the ministry from the many experiences I have had in France. I know one thing, I feel more deeply settled in God and the old gospel than ever before in my life and I want to live to preach a free and full salvation and to testify to the wonderful grace of a mighty Savior."

And now, dear reader, I have set forth this sketch purposely to show that thousands of splendid youths have been in Uncle Sam's army in France and have been kept true in the midst of all the tests to faith and manhood. They have lived the praying life, they have kept the faith and will be returning home the brighter and stronger for the many things they have passed through. And don't forget this also, that with the return of the soldier boys there will come a splendid opportunity to win them to Christ. Many of them will be hungry for church, and the old-time home preaching again—they did not get much of that here in France. Let our returning soldiers have the warmest kind of welcome, but don't neglect the opportunity of winning them for Christ and the Church.

CHAPTER XV.

PEACE.

When I left home Christmas day, 1917, I thought I was going on a two years' service. The great German offensive and success of March, 1918, indicated that the war was not going to end that year. Things looked black in the spring.

Time fled fast. The weeks and months have gone by rather fast because the year was one of ceaseless activities and a goodly portion of it spent on battle fronts. Often have I longed for home and loved ones and have had that which the Germans call "Heimweh" which translated means "ache for home."

Often on the long hikes with the army in the dark, rainy nights, have I longed for the lights and comforts of home. When our sleep would have to be on the wet ground or in murky dug-outs or trenches, and our "eats" would be coffee without any "fixings," and dry bread, sometimes "hard tack;" when for days no kitchens could accompany us because of shell fire and we had to subsist on reserve rations, I would cast longing eyes towards the homeland and the cosy kitchen and dining-room and the well-prepared meals, and the family circle.

But we all felt it was war! From the Colonel

of the Regiment down to the humble private they all took their share of the hardships without grumbling. But oh, the joy, the unspeakable joy that comes to us these days, when we think of it—the war is over. We say it to one another. It seems almost like a dream—almost too good to be true.

I remember we were on the Argonne front when the first gleams of peace began to break upon the dismal horizon, and day by day all kinds of reports came across. We heard of Bulgaria's surrender, and then of Turkey. We knew if Austria gave up it would be good-bye to Germany. I was so sure of it that my over sanguine nature gave way, and with Austria's surrender I predicted Germany coming across and the cessation of hostilities in forty-eight hours. I had to revise that and, to be on the safe side, I put it that the war would be over by Thanksgiving. Well, I was on the sure side this time, and hostilities ceased Nov. 11 at 11 o'clock. That eleventh hour was hailed with feverish expectancy by our troops. Sad is it not that in the very last hour of the war one of our preachers met his death by an unfortunate shell!

By a strange range of circumstances Sunday, Nov. 10, found me in Paris, preaching in the morning at an Aviation Encampment, and my evening appointment brought me to Versailles where I preached. This visit to Versailles was very interesting to me of course because the Al-

lied Supreme Council was then meeting there to determine the question of Armistice, etc.

On Sunday afternoon I took a walk through the Palace Gardens, made famous by the brilliant King Louis XIV, and his dazzling Court. Voltaire estimated that Versailles cost Louis XIV \$100,000,000, Mirabeau said it cost \$240,000,000, Volney put the figure at \$280,000,000. You can take your choice or believe the more popular tale that the Great Monarch was himself frightened when he saw the bills and tore them up, so that no one would ever know what it cost. Twenty thousand workmen and 6,000 horses were put to work creating the great park and building the chateau where the delegates of democracy are to assemble. The task took a long time. In 1685 a courtier wrote in his diary: "There are more than 36,000 peasants now at work for the King in or about Versailles. These half-clad and half-starved wretches die by the dozens under the strain of the cruel tasks imposed upon them. And when one of these workmen died in the King's service his family received \$2.50.

The Hall of Mirrors, where the Peace Conference held its sessions, is 242 feet long and 33 feet wide and measures 43 feet from floor to ceiling. On one side of it seventeen large mirrors look out upon the stilted artificial gardens which were designed by Lenotre under the personal supervision of Louis XIV. On the other side of the gallery seventeen large mirrors reflect the splendors of

the stately room. Paintings representing scenes in the life of Louis the Magnificent ornament the ceiling, sides and every available vacancy not filled by a mirror.

As I walked through its parks with the trees dressed in their autumn glory, the sight was indeed entrancing, yet the fading leaves spoke to me of the fading qualities of human glory. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth," so do kings and empires! Think if you will, of nations and thrones that have faded out. Egypt gone, Assyria, Chaldea, Persia, Rome and Greece and now we see the fading away of Austria as an empire, and Germany too. Thrones have tottered, crowns have gone to the scrap-heap, kings and queens into exile, and Europe is like an old house that has got to be torn down to its very foundations to make room for something new and different.

But oh, the joy of peace! I was in a great city where are the headquarters of the A. E. F., when hostilities ceased, and at once the city was decorated with the tri-color of France, the Union Jack of Old England, and the Star Spangled Banner of U. S. A. French people were wild with joy and as the band played the people exulted so as to get beyond themselves.

And now the war is over what of conditions religiously. A friend writing me from New Jersey thinks that the churches need to be aroused to meet "conditions that will be upon us after the war is over. Our soldier boys should be met by

the church, not simply by giving out flowers and refreshments, but by offering a Christ who satisfies." "I do not know," writes my friend, "what will be the conditions of the soldier boys' conscience when they return, but I do know what should be the attitude of the church in receiving them After the war is won for democracy shall it produce pride and self-conceit?" Well, as I see it when the boys come marching home the church should meet them with a vital gospel because, to be perfectly frank, they have not had much of that in France. My own conviction is that the only thing that will meet the case will be the old gospel and the full gospel.

I have heard men talk about the war giving us a new theology, a new gospel, a new vision of God, a new pulpit. I have heard them say that after the war men will no longer stand for the kind of gospel that the preachers have preached for so long a time. When you first hear that, you may be carried away with the novelty of it for the present and you might find yourself yielding a kind of assent to it, but let me advise you to go slow in changing your point of view or trading away your old faith for the new.

Bear in mind that the Christian faith is not a bit of machinery that is subject to so many improvements that a thing a couple or three years old is thrown on the dump heap as useless since the newest thing has come out. Bear in mind that the Christian faith is the best thing that has ever

been found to bless the human soul—to heal its wounds, to wash away its guilt, assuage its sorrows, cleanse its defilement, illuminate its darkness and bring it back to its God, its Saviour, its Refuge, its Home, its Heaven.

Now the war is over, the paramount question is, "When are we going home?" Before the Armistice the question was, "When will the war be over?" I have had to answer those questions times without number, as best I could. The other night in the Y. M. C. A. hut I got myself in quite a fix with a big audience of New York troops who are longing to see the Statue of Liberty again as soon as possible. I told them that at the close of the program I would try and tell them when they would be going home. I afterward saw that I had involved myself into quite a task. At the end of the program it came on me like a sort of inspiration, "Valentine's Day," so I told them they might expect to be home by Valentine's Day, 1919. I hardly think I was far astray. The troops long for home now that the war is over.

Talk all you might about "LaBelle, France," to them, it has no attraction for the bulk of them—they are longing for "home, sweet home," longing for mother's touch, and sister's love, and wife's embrace, and children's kisses, and the old homestead or farm; and the little church by the cross roads, and the school-house where they attend the country Sunday school, and the boys from the city long for Broadway and

State Street, and the park and the city crowds. One boy in the hospital got so homesick that he could not eat, and there seemed but little prospect of his getting better, till one day one of the good nurses thought of something, and she made a pie like "mother used to make," and brought it to the sick boy. It aroused his appetite, he ate it with great relish, and soon he was on the mend, and will see mother and the old home again. The coming back of the boys from France will mean a great home coming.

Many of the boys will come home out of "great tribulation." They have been in the trenches and dugouts, and out at the battle front where they have fought the enemy and seen war in all its hideous realities. Some of them will never get over the shock of war. One boy, in the insane hospital, was talking to the Chaplain. He looked all right, and, for awhile, talked all right, then he said "Chaplain, I am not crazy, I am all right. I tell you, Chaplain, how it was; me and my chum were marching along when a shell came across and just cut my buddie's head clean off. I went over where he lay and picked up his head and put it on again and said, 'Buddie, come along now with me,' and I tell you, Sir, he wouldn't come along."

The shock, the sight, the horror of the thing was too great for that poor soldier boy; his brain turned, and it is a grave question as to whether he ever will get his mind back again. Yet, there is a possibility because he is young.

Last Sunday I was preaching at an encampment, when the Y. M. C. A. Secretary said to me: "Could you stay over and conduct a funeral service?" I said I would. The circumstances led me to change my subject and to preach to the soldiers a sermon on heaven. Would the readers like to know what the sermon was like? Well, I think I will put down some notes of the message. The text was Rev. 21:2: "And I, John saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." I said in part, "We are indebted to John, for the fullest description of heaven we have in the Bible. Jesus told us about the many mansions in John 14, but here in this chapter we have heaven described to us as a city. Now what is there about a city that distinguishes it from all other places?"

1. A city is a place of mansions and homes. People crowd in the cities and make them their homes. Heaven is a home city. It has many mansions.

2. A city is a place of many people. So is heaven. John saw multitudes there which no man could number, and they were of all tongues and races and nations and families.

3. A city is a place where there is much beauty and music. Some cities are renowned for their beauty, like Paris, or Venice, or Los Angeles. They have beautiful avenues, parks, statuary, pictures, etc., and in the city there is much music.

So with heaven; beauty is there—there the trees of Paradise grow, and the trees of life beside the River of Life. I expect there are flowers there—the lily and rose, and daisy and daffodil, and as for music, there will be abundance there. John, in Rev. 14: “I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps and they sung as it were a new song before the throne.” John heard the angelic choir singing around the throne: “The number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands,” and the song they sang was:

“Worthy is the Lamb that was slain,
To receive power and riches,
And wisdom and strength and
Honor and glory and blessing.
Blessing and honor and glory,
And power be unto Him
That sitteth upon the throne,
And unto the Lamb,
For ever and ever.”

Music hath charms, and in heaven we shall be charmed with its music. David will then play on his golden harp, and the sweet singers of Israel will chant God's praise whilst the redeemed from all the earth shall shout aloud redemption's song.

Today the land is being filled with music, because the war is over. Our Regiments carry with them their bands, and when the bands play the soldier's heart beats fast with a new joy. Music has often inspired the troops when weary

with the march, and we are told of one Scottish musician who, during the battle, played his bag-pipes to encourage his fighting comrades, while the shot and shell fell thick and fast. He played on and on while they fought, until he himself got a fatal shot and death silenced him.

4. Heaven is the home of the soul. Home never felt sweeter to us than now. We dream about it and the loved one there. We are all longing for the time when the ship hauls into the pier and we get on board and then say good-bye to France, and face the western sky and our homes. So after life's battles are fought we want to make heaven at last and go to the home of the soul.

5. We must remember next what it means to get to heaven. We must be a candidate for it and run for it. We must let the world know that we are heaven-bound. We must be sure to have things so arranged that we shall not be disappointed. If I desire to go to Paris I must get my ticket and get on the train that goes that way. So we must take care that we are headed right for heaven if we want to make that city our heavenly home. Then we must remember the mark to be borne by those who come up to heaven's gate. John indicates, in Revelation, when the question was asked about the great company, "Who are these arrayed in white and whence came they?" The reply was, "These are they that have come up out of great tribulation and washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb."

Note two things here, "They have come up out of great tribulation." Many of our soldier boys are going back home out of great tribulation. They are going to bear wound marks and they are privileged to wear "wound stripes." I remember the doctor who got wounded when the Huns shelled us at our dressing station at St. Giles. He went to the hospital, got well again, but when he returned he was wearing a wound stripe on his arm. Those wound stripes are honorable—they testify that the bearer was in battle or in the war zone where dangers abounded, he endangered his life for his country's sake and gave up all. So with regard to heaven. When we get there we shall bear the marks of battle, and remember we have an enemy to fight more dreadful and powerful than the Hun—that enemy is the world, the flesh and the devil.

In our conflicts with this triple foe we shall suffer bruises and wounds, but may come off more than conqueror through Him who hath loved us. Then we must bear the blood mark. When we get to heaven's gate we shall not get through because we are Protestant, Catholic, or Jew—we shall not get through because we have fought on the battlefields of France; the rich man shall not get through because of his money, nor the learned man because of his culture, nor the great man because of his renown—there is just one condition, "we must be washed in the blood of the Lamb."

CHAPTER XVI

PREACHING THE GOSPEL IN GERMANY.

At this writing I am in Germany working with the troops of the Army of Occupation. For a few days, including Sunday, I was with the Rainbow Division. At the present I am with my old Division with which I spent seven months, including the five months I was on the battle lines with them. I am particularly pleased that on the home stretch I have been put with the famous Third again. It was my old Regiment, the 38th Infantry, that Pershing in his report said, "Wrote one of the most brilliant pages in military history." It was my lot to be with them when they were writing that chapter. It happened July 15-16, and looking at it now it looks like a perfect miracle how that one Regiment held the Germans as they attempted to cross the Marne—held them after the 125th French had retired; held them through terrific odds and succeeded in throwing three German Divisions into confusion (about ten times their number). I remember what a time we had down at the old Chateau where Battalion Headquarters were attending the wounded as they were brought into us from the nearby hill and the river bank where the German hordes were trying to break loose upon us. I remember Captain

Burleson in charge of our defences at the Chateau that day and night, how he told me that he had the place bristling with machine guns and every man at night standing with bayonet fixed. I can recall his expression as he said, "We were to fight to the last man," and I can recall, too, how he shook his head in doubt as to the final issue when I asked him "How things were looking." It must be confessed that for twenty-four hours, at least, things did look rather black for us. If the Battalion had not held the lines the Germans would have got us—there would have been no help for us, as our retreat would have been completely cut off. That was one time when I looked either death or capture right in the face. It all depended on into whose hands we fell if the enemy got us. Some officers would have commanded the wiping of us all out. Red Cross or Y. M. C. A. insignia did not count for much with some Germans, when things fell their way, but thank God, the 38th Regiment did not know how to retreat or run away and they determined to stick it out and they did. They held the lines! They held all day and all night. They held until reinforcements came. They saved the situation!

I must confess that it is a genuine pleasure to get back to that 38th Regiment. At present I am with the 4th, but next week I shall move up to headquarters of the 38th. I expect to have a good time preaching the gospel to them. At one time last August this Regiment was out to rest for

nearly three weeks, and during that time on Sundays we had intense religious interest. Sunday nights we had old-fashioned evangelistic meetings and the interest was so keen that I felt if I could open a protracted meeting for ten days there we would have had hundreds turn to Christ—the fact was the battle they had been in had brought them face to face with death and eternity and they remembered God and began to pray. A Hebrew Sergeant said to me one day: “I tell you a lot of us have prayed more the past few weeks than ever before in our lives, and, as for me, I am a different man.” Strange, too, to relate that this man, a Jew, came to all our religious services and requested the privilege of joining our Regimental Church! In the 38th Regiment I met an Asbury student—Benson by name—a good fellow and a true-blue Christian soldier. He had been studying for the ministry when the war broke out but did not play the shirker—he made a good soldier. Many talks did we have together, and it was a great pleasure to have him in the services to lead in prayer and otherwise help. I believe Benson came out of the fight without injury. The last time I was with him he and I were dodging German shells up the Argonne as we went in search of Regimental P. C. to see Colonel Adams. I hope Benson will get back to Asbury to finish his studies and I am sure his experiences on the battlefield will make a stronger man and preacher out of him.

Well to return to Germany! I came from Paris to Metz and then into Coblenz, the headquarters of the American Army of Occupation. I stayed over a Sunday at Metz to preach at the Y. M. C. A. In the morning I went to the service at the Cathedral. It seemed a pity that such a magnificent church should not be devoted to real religion instead of religious mummery. As I sat there I thought of Martin Luther coming back and ascending that old pulpit and preaching to that crowd of hungry, needy people out of the blessed Word of God the unsearchable riches of Christ. I could almost hear him rebuke the priests adorned in their gaudy glittering robes and saying: "Here! here! Give this people bread, not stones; give them the gospel, not Latin phrases; give them real prayers, not mummery. Lift up your voices, O ye priests, and declare comforts to the mourners, consolation for the sorrowing, cleansing for the unclean, pardon for the sinning through a Savior crucified and risen again for our justification! Away with your empty forms and lip service; rend your gaudy garments in sincere repentance, turn your hearts toward God and lead the people to the 'Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world.'"

The land that gave Luther birth needs his life again to turn the hearts of the people in these days of their defeat and misery and sorrow over millions of their fathers and sons slain in battle, to-

wards the God whom Luther knew and preached as the Mighty Savior and Justifier.

Outside of the Metz Cathedral, close to one of the entrances, is the statue of the Prophet Daniel, but the hideous feature about it, it has the Kaiser's head on it—upturned moustache and all. The story is that the Kaiser had poor Daniel's head taken off and his own placed there instead. Think of the monstrous travesty! What a piece of monumental assumption! And what a libel on beloved Daniel! I presume the French who now are in charge of Metz will let that thing stay there as a testimony to the crazy William, who assumes at times, to be the special ambassador of the "Most High" whilst he was engaged in the most murderous business that the devil ever put a potentate to do.

After leaving Metz I came next to Coblenz, the headquarters of the American Army of Occupation. This great German stronghold, with its immense fortress across the River Rhine, is now in full charge of the Americans. Whilst at Coblenz I had a singular experience. There came on my soul a great agony of prayer, and in order to get alone where I could talk to God, I went down one night and there on the banks of the Rhine I had one of the most gracious seasons of prayer I have had since I came in the army. I felt that over in the homeland somebody had been praying for me and God had turned the praying now into my own soul, and my soul was refreshed and comforted

and strengthened as I breathed out and talked out to God my yearnings of soul for myself and for the soldiers among whom I was going to put in a month of special work.

Last Sunday I preached to troops of the Seventh Regiment, morning and night. Especially at the night service did we have the gracious influence of the Holy Spirit present and I felt my heart go out very freely as I preached Christ and salvation through grace Divine.

During these days of the Occupation the army is giving a great deal of attention to the soldiers' recreation, entertainment, education, etc., and we have many more opportunities of meeting the men in groups and assemblies. The men seem hungry for the religious services when Sundays come and we are putting much more emphasis upon the religious program.

LAST DAYS IN FRANCE.

After coming out of Germany, having finished my itinerary lecturing and preaching to my old Third Division along the Rhine, I came back to Paris to arrange my affairs preparatory to going home. While in Paris I met Bishop Anderson, who is the Bishop in charge of the French work in connection with our Methodist Episcopal Church, American-French work. I also met Bishop Harris, of Korea here—the old missionary veteran of the cross, was now on his way to Jerusalem. His face was lighted up with holy gladness as he talked of Palestine being now free and the

holy places no longer under the Turk. He reminded me some of old Simeon of the gospel who when he saw the Christ child was satisfied and said: "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

General Allenby and the British Army seemed to have been God's chosen instruments to bring about this event of world-wide religious significance—the deliverance of Jerusalem and the setting free of the land made sacred by a thousand Biblical events and the life and ministry of our Lord Himself.

Another man I met in Paris was Rev. E. W. Bysshe, D.D., who is superintendent of our Methodist work in France. He has been in France over ten years during which churches and orphanages have been planted in many parts of France. Dr. Bysshe will be known to many of the old friends of Taylor University and also Peniel, Texas. Bishop Burt sent him to open up work in France over ten years ago, and now the work under him has grown so that he must have several men come to his rescue and help superintend and push the work of Methodism in France. A great door of opportunity is opening up in France for the spread of the gospel. France has had Protestant churches for centuries, but the work has become formal and cold and the great need now is for a movement with the old-time power and the fire of Pentecost about it.

After getting my clearance papers in Paris, I came down to Marseilles and spent a couple of weeks in the Riviera—that portion of France where possibly that much misunderstood term (among our soldier boys at least) “Sunny France,” originated first. Washed by the azure waves of the Mediterranean and sheltered by the mountains and hills that come down from the Alpine ranges and smiled upon by the cloudless skies and sunned nearly all the year round, this section of France is where nature exhibits her charms in beautiful flowers and foliage, her bounties in luscious fruits and the exquisite and picturesque in landscape, coast and sea. “Tres joli” is the favorite French expression for the beautiful. We would say all this country of the Riviera is indeed “tres joli”—very beautiful indeed—truly, I think, as beautiful a bit of country as can be found in Europe or anywhere upon the earth. All this section had been opened by the American Army as a leave area to our soldiers and it has afforded thousands of them the opportunity of their lives to visit this part of Sunny France and to visit historic spots where the great Cæsars and Hannibal, Constantine and the latter kings and conquerors, including Napoleon, fought some of their battles, overcame their enemies, conquered territory, hung out their banners, built their towers and strongholds and lived out their short days.

Nice is a city famous for its beautiful situation on the Mediterranean, for its flowers and gardens

and villas, its vines and palm trees, and its tiled houses of yellowish white. It is famous in history. It dates from B. C. 530, so that it was a city many centuries before Christ was born. It was here, A. D., that the great council of Nice was held and the Nicene creed formulated by which the Divinity of Christ was made an important and emphatic article of the Christian confession of faith.

I spent just a day or two at Nice as I felt I was on duty, and with Sunday so near I moved on to Monte Carlo where the program for the Sunday was completed and I went on to Mentone where I preached in the Theatre of the Casino to our soldier boys. I continued at this place over two Sundays as Religious Director. It was a matter of great interest to me to be located at Mentone for more than a week. I had read of this place a great deal in connection with the great Spurgeon's life. It was at Mentone he used to come when tired and ill—he was a great sufferer as well as a great preacher, and it was at Mentone that he died. Frequently he preached when at Mentone. At his hotel he would hold morning prayers for those who wished to attend, and frequently as many as forty would be in attendance. Sometimes he held parlor services which brought, of course, always a capacity audience. One evening in one of the homes they held a reception for him. It was attended by people of all creeds—high church people and low. During the evening exercises Spurgeon was called upon to speak a few

minutes. He told very simply the wonderful leadings of the Lord in regard to his Tabernacle work, his orphanages, etc. His hearers were deeply moved and at the close of his address a high church clergyman with tears in his eyes exclaimed, "Let us pray," fell upon his knees and gave forth the most hearty thanks to God for the message they had heard.

Mentone was also a place of great interest to me because of an orphanage there which is being carried on under the auspices of our American Methodist Episcopal Church. Before arranging for my hotel, I made a call at the orphanage and met the Directress, a very devout, educated Swiss lady of the Swiss Protestant Church. She addressed me first in French and then dropped into English. She was pleased to see an American preacher and took pleasure in showing me through the orphanage. Before leaving I said something about securing a hotel and then she said they had a room fitted up for visitors, and if I chose I could hold that room during my stay in Mentone. I was delighted because there is nothing that gives me more pleasure than to be with the children. I had a good time there with those French boys and girls and became known to them as "Uncle George." Some of the children were war orphans. One little fellow, Emile, was one of five children in a family up in Alsace whose home the Germans destroyed and killed father and mother. I took the children out on several excursions to the great

amusement of the soldiers who would remark as I passed by with my children, "You have a large family, sir." To be sure the children had some extras while Uncle George was there, and when I left them and said "au revoir" for the last time some of them clung to my neck and wet my cheeks with their tears. They wanted to sing at evening prayers, "God be with you till we meet again," but I restrained them from it. I did not want to make my going away too sad for them. Two of those children, George and Suzanne, must be sent away to a Sanitarium in Switzerland if we will save them from tuberculosis. I have partly promised to raise \$300 each for them. One year there will probably dispel the danger that now awaits them. Their poor mother died of tuberculosis while their father was at war.

While on the Riviera I visited Monte Carlo—Europe's famous gambling resort. This place and Monaco is a little principality all of itself, separate from France, though in France geographically. The Prince of Monaco owns and controls the place, but they all say his rule has been most kind and generous. He is a noted scientist and navigator. On his yacht, the Princess Alice, he has gone around the world time and again and has contributed immensely to scientific knowledge in the realm of navigation—the deep seas, currents, etc. He has built a wonderful museum at Monaco in which the wonders of the great deep are repre-

sented by all kinds of specimens—possibly this is the finest aquarium in Europe.

Both Monte Carlo and Monaco are wonderful beauty spots, veritable gardens of paradise with associations, however, of the most wicked, because here amid all this beauty of shining shore and gardens gorgeous and palm tree and foliage superb there is carried on one of the most seductive and nefarious occupations—the gambling business. It attracts people from all parts. Ladies adorned in their silks, gentlemen in their broadcloths, the rich with their expensive liveries, come here to try the sport, and then some come here with dreams of riches under cover of a few hundred or a few thousand francs. They enter the game, the wheels go around which bring to them loss and disaster, and sometimes suicide. There is a point which we passed up on the high wall which is known as “suicide point.” You look from the dizzy heights below to jagged rock and ocean. Many a poor soul who tried the wheel of fortune only to find misfortune, ended it all, as they say, by throwing themselves into the sea from this and other suicide points.

I had the pleasure of meeting a couple of Methodist pastors (French) on the Riviera, Rev. L. D. Martin, at Cannes, and the pastor at Grasse. A very interesting Protestant work has been in progress at Cannes under the direction of Pastor Martin. He is a Swiss minister and married a good woman with consecrated money. This gave

him the chance to do lots of good. He built and maintained largely at his own expense, a fine tabernacle for evangelistic work at Cannes, where he has preached to large congregations. He has been feeling the need of giving up the responsibility of the work with his declining health and recently turned his three churches over to the Methodist Episcopal Church of U. S. A. The Conference was held there in March with Bishops Anderson and Henderson in attendance, and some who were there told me that many a meeting was of the old-time Methodist kind in which many rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Coming back to Marseilles to take my steamer to America, I found that I would have to wait patiently my turn, and this held me here for over ten days more. Marseilles is the second city in France; Paris stands first. It is also the greatest seaport on the Mediterranean. The very ends of the earth come together here. It is the gateway to the East. All nations seem to be represented here. There were many soldiers of France here waiting to go back to their homes in Morocco and Algiers, in French Africa and China, in Madagascar and other French possessions to the ends of the earth.

In 1721 a terrible plague broke out at Marseilles carrying off half of its population. It was during this plague that a noted doctor in order to give science some new facts on the symptoms and nature of the disease voluntarily contracted the

plague, and as long as consciousness lasted he noted down his symptoms and data. Through his sacrifice the doctors were enabled to better combat the disease.

I spent Good Friday at Marseilles. In the afternoon I went up to the Notre Dame-de-la-Garde Church which is a church built upon a rocky promontory south of the harbor entrance. It is Catholic and dedicated to the Virgin. An immense gilded statue of the Virgin surmounts the belfry and this tower is the last thing visible to the sailor as he puts out to sea and the first thing he sees as he comes into port. The church holds special interest to the sailors who frequent Marseilles. Many of them in return for escape from the perils of the deep when they return to port, send some token of gratitude to the church—sometimes it takes the shape of a miniature ship, and many of these are seen suspended from the ceilings.

From this church a wonderful panorama opens before you. The great city lies beneath you; its red tiled roofs on yellowish white houses give a pleasing variety of color and makes a striking picture. To me the sight of that great city with its sins and wickedness made me think of Jesus as He beheld Jerusalem and wept over it. I have walked the streets of Marseilles and saw its teeming multitudes. I have seen its gilded saloons filled with drinkers; its brilliantly lighted theaters, alive with people and its churches shut up tight at

night—its Protestant churches shut tight nearly all the time, except for its formal services once or twice on the Sunday, and I have thought what a city to have a live central gospel mission in, brilliantly lighted every night, open all day long for Christian service and every night the year round for wide-awake gospel meetings!

At last the day arrived for boarding ship. I was slated to go by the S. S. America, a large ship carrying 2,500 troops, but they needed a transport secretary who could also be a Chaplain for the S. S. Sophia, which was to sail with 1,200 troops. She was a smaller and slower steamer, but duty before pleasure has always been my motto, so I consented to change to the Sophia so as to help out the transport work. We had a very fine company on board made up of casuals largely who were excellent people to work with.

After a sail of over two days we came to Gibraltar, that wonderful Rock which guards the gateway to the Mediterranean, and that great British Citadel. We tarried there three days, then we sailed again and in twelve days we arrived in New York, May 9th. Oh, it was glorious to see the U. S. A. again. Glorious to see home again and family and loved ones. After our sixteen months' absence, thank God, we are safe home again!

CHAPTER XVII.

SOME MESSAGES OF THE WAR.

“Besure your sin will find you out.” Num. 32:23.

The nation that is proving this text true today in terms of suffering, sorrow and bitterness, is Germany. Nearly fifty years ago (it was in 1870) Germany through the wicked manipulations of her man Bismarck, worked up through a forged telegram a declaration of war upon France, and followed it up by an onslaught upon the French that eventuated in its total defeat. The victorious Prussians marched into Versailles and took possession of it, and would have set up themselves also in Paris had not the French begged them off. At Versailles they not only had their headquarters but it was here they created formally the German empire and here in the Hall of Mirrors on January 18, 1871 William I. was crowned German Emperor. Now in the very room where that happened the Peace Conference has been meeting and it will be in the same room that Germany will have to sign the Treaty of Peace which seals her doom as a great nation, and means the loss to her with a thousandfold interest of all that Bismarck gained in his wicked war upon France in 1870.

It will be God preaching a sermon to all the nations and to all peoples. “Be sure your sin will

find you out." "Whatsoever a nation soweth that shall it also reap."

A few weeks ago I was in Cologne, Germany. It is a great and wonderful and beautiful city on the Rhine. One of the great sights of the city is its great Cathedral which stands as a wonder of the architect's and artist's genius. I spent a little time in the Cathedral, and attended one of the services. It has some great bells. Two of them are the products of the war of 1870, and one is called "The Emperor," the other "Gloriosa." "The Emperor" bell is specially in honor of William I, who had it cast, and it bears the following inscription: "William, the Most Illustrious Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia, in pious remembrance of the heavenly aid granted him in the fortunate course and conclusion of the last French war, has ordered, after the restoration of the German Empire, a bell to be cast from captured cannon, of the weight of 50,000 pounds, which is to be suspended in the house of God, now nearly completed. In accordance with this pious desire of the victorious prince, the society formed for the completion of the cathedral has caused it to be cast, under Roman Pontiff Pius IX. and the Archbishop of Cologne, Paul Melchers, in the year of our Lord 1874."

One of the peculiarities of this bell is, that the six arms that form the crown are decorated with angels' heads above and end where they join the bell in lions' feet. Angels with lions' feet! What

a contrast, and what a commentary on the German nature as shown in this war! The saintly and the beastly! Angels with lions' claws! Certainly as a roaring lion, Germany went forth to devour France, Belgium and England in this war.

"Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad" is an old proverb and certainly it would seem to be so in German's case in this war. She became mad with learning and philosophy and false culture, mad in her negation of God, mad in her rejection of the Bible of Martin Luther, mad in her rejection of Revelation and Reason, and mad with war lust—lust for power, lust for world dominion, and a place in the sun!

It was the boast of Bismarck, that the war he brought about in 1870 had paid a thousand per cent. The big war indemnity imposed upon France then and so speedily paid Germany used to start building up a great army and a great navy wherewith to conquer the world. The Kaiser in his insane ambition to be lord of all creation time and again uttered blasphemies and imagined himself to be peculiarly a Regent of God Almighty having power to smite and blast and destroy everything that opposed his will, but again the words of the old Bible ring out "Be sure your sin will find you out."

The Palace Royal where the ex-Kaiser used to delight to speak from to his devotees, and where, from the upper balcony, he made a memorable speech to a great multitude of war intoxicated

people in the opening day of the great war, is now little more than a wreck. The Kaiser's own subjects have done the bombing and they have smitten the palace unmercifully. Its royal gates are nothing but twisted iron, its doors are crushed, its windows smashed, and the place once so revered and honored as the habitation of royalty is now a wreck and the object of contempt.

The Emperor who destroyed palaces and churches and sacred shrines without compunction, who dealt out ruin and death to innocent thousands is himself today a refugee in a foreign land, his palace a ruin, his family scattered, his home destroyed and his name dishonored. God is preaching to the Emperor: "Be sure your sin will find you out."

When God preaches His sermons He puts His arguments in concrete form and all His propositions become requirements. God preaches in terms imperative and His every word becomes a law. God speaks not in the abstract, but the concrete, and in preaching to Germany in this war and her defeat, God has said not only your sins are found out but you must return the stolen goods and make restitution for the wrongs you have done.

I have seen the sermon work itself out on this wise. Germany marched into France and Belgium and everything that she wanted she took. She robbed their railway stock, carrying off locomotives and carriages and freight cars. I have

seen the work of restitution taking place. I have seen long trains of cars with German marks all over them filling the tracks in France. I have seen locomotives coming through—it was a case of returning stolen goods! Then the gold she stole from Belgium and Roumania and Russia she has had to send back, and now Belgium is demanding the sending back of stolen machinery, and France is making the same demand, and the great art centers from which Germany stole priceless art treasures are putting up a plea for the return of them, and on every hand Germany is finding out that the way of the transgressor is hard.

Again, "Be sure your sin will find you out" was emphasized at Sedan in November, 1918. It was with our troops in the Argonne—our last desperate fight, and I heard much about an oncoming onslaught of the enemy if the war kept up much longer. Foch was preparing for a consummate blow which would have resulted possibly in completely smashing what remains of the German Army. The armistice happened just in time to witness the complete collapse of the enemy at Sedan! Remember it was at Sedan in 1870 that Bismarck made Napoleon III capitulate to him and surrender all!

Now—forty and nine years after—seven times seven—Foch, the Frenchman, was at Sedan with his victorious army ready to deal a death blow to Germany in one final and terrific blow, but the wily foe knowing what was coming, cried "Kam-

erad" and exchanged the sword for the pen and signed up under Foch's dictation, an armistice that broke the despoiler's power and ended the worst war of all the ages.

Sedan 1870, Germany in triumph!

Sedan, 1918, Germany beaten, humiliated, crushed. "Be sure your sin will find you out."

UNDER FIRE.

(Address delivered at Marseilles, France, at religious service, Y. M. C. A. Hall, Wednesday night, of Passion Week, April, 1918.)

I would like to remind you of one very special thing tonight and that is, this is Passion Week. Friday coming will be Good Friday in which we will celebrate the death of our Lord. Tonight I want to speak to you on the subject of "Under Fire," and base it upon the words of Luke 4, where we read of the temptation Jesus suffered during those forty days in the wilderness. Of course you will remember the significance of the forty days of Lent. They are forty in recognition of Christ's forty days of fast and temptation as recorded in the gospels. Now speaking of "Under Fire" some of you know what it has meant in this war to be under fire. I myself was under fire nearly five months and know what it means in all its awfulness and peril. I think possibly the most perilous time I experienced under fire was once when I was assisting the wounded at St. Gilles just a little outside of Fismes. We had our dressing station in

an old house on the main road, and unfortunately we were under German observation. Away in the distance yonder we could see that tell-tale observation balloon and we knew the fellow up there had our number. In a little while shells came screaming our way. We had several ambulances at the station to carry out the wounded. One shell fell within about fifteen yards from us and the shrapnel came back on the ambulances, putting two of them out of commission. In a few minutes another shell came whizzing through the air and it fell in front of our station and the shrapnel flew right in on top of us killing two and wounding four, including the Surgeon, and giving me a bit on the cheek and the back. For a few moments the place was a screaming, howling station of dead, dying, wounded, scarred set of men, and we did not know but that in another minute another shell might hit us and finish us all, but thank God the other shells fell in another direction and we were enabled to attend to the screaming and suffering wounded. That was an awful morning, and I thank my God that my life was spared and that I am alive to spend a few more years in preaching the gospel.

Now there are some of you who have not been under shell fire, but there is this that must be said. Every man of us knows what it is to be under fire of temptations fierce and long since we have been in the Army. I suppose also, that many of you have suffered forms of temptations over here in

France altogether different from any that you had to undergo when at home, and where you had religious environments that shielded and sheltered you.

From the story of the Temptation of Jesus as recorded in Luke's gospel, we notice that Satan tempted Him from three angles:

(1) He tempted Him along the lines of the appetite.

(2) He tempted Him to doubt, "If thou be the Son of God."

(3) He tempted Him along the lines of ambition.

I suppose the most common forms of temptation you have suffered in the army have been those of the appetites and senses. Here is where you have had your fiercest tests and trials. Then you have suffered along the line of your faith. The most fatal thing that can strike a man is when he begins to doubt God, his Savior or his Bible. Oh, I plead with you to stand by your faith and at all costs keep a steady faith in God, your Bible and in Christ, the mighty Savior. Then there is ambition, which someone speaks of as "that last infirmity of noble minds." This was the fatal blunder of Napoleon—ambition. He wanted to have the whole world fall down and worship him. And this also was the fatal crime of the Kaiser, he wanted the whole world to bow to him and acknowledge him supreme lord, and in consequence the whole world has been plunged into an abyss

of sorrow and suffering without parallel in history.

Now in conclusion. How shall we best overcome temptation? Well, think of how Jesus resisted the tempter. By saying, "Thus saith the Lord" His appeal was to God and to the word of the Lord. I have known what severe tests and temptations are in France. I have had them rage in the arena of the soul, but this I have found an effective remedy: I have gone out somewhere in the woods alone with my little Bible and there with my Bible and my God I have fought the battle till I got victory.

Men, we shall have lots of heroes going home. Many from the battlefields, but we shall have some going home who have never been at the front but they shall be heroes nevertheless because some of the greatest battles have been fought, not on the Marne or Argonne but in the arena of the human conscience and the soul.

I will finish this with those words which have been circulated in our Reading Rooms in France:

What will you say, Sonny,
What will you say
When the troopship brings you home—
Kneeling at last by your mother's chair,
You and your mother alone?
What will you say, Sonny,
What will you say,
As She searches your face to see

If the boy She gave to the Country's call
Is still her Sonny—free?
Free of the taint of lust and drink,
Free of all hidden shame,
Free of the bonds that slave the soul—
Her son—in heart and name?
What will you say, Sonny,
What will you say?
Will your heart be full of mirth—
Holding her close in your strong young arms,
The Mother who gave you birth.
What will you say, Sonny,
What will you say
As Her dear eyes turn to you—
The Mother who guarded your boyhood years?
Say, was *She* ever untrue?
And now what answer have you for Her,
Her fair regard to win—
That for the faith She placed in you,
You fought your fight with sin?
What will you say, Sonny,
What will you say?
Will you answer—"Mother of Mine,
Look in my eyes, look in my heart,
Yea, read them line on line?
Days of fighting in field or trench,
Nights mid the city's lure,
Battle by day, or battle by night—
I kept your son's heart pure!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

JOAN OF ARC.

On a beautiful August afternoon while our Division was out at rest after going through the Marne campaign, I went in a Ford through the Joan of Arc country and visited her home, her church, and the beautiful Basilica built on the hill overlooking the charming Valley of the Meuse. The route out from Gondrecourt was charming. We went by splendid roads along the ridge of the valley for many miles. At length we came into the village of Domremy where in 1412 Joan of Arc was born in a humble home of humble parents, her father being a peasant farmer. Joan was brought up to sew and cook, tend sheep, attend mass and pray. She had little or no schooling. As a girl she was like other girls, light-hearted and merry. Around that old majestic beech tree which was known as the "fairy tree" by the village, she used to join other children in summer days in making wreaths of flowers and hanging it on the tree and then gleefully dancing around it. There is a story that when about twelve years of age she was playing with other children and then finished up with a race in which she ran so swiftly that her feet did not seem to touch the ground. It was that day she

heard a voice that she thought was her brother's calling her. It was not her brother's but the "Voice" that was to be heard by her in later days so often and which was to make known to her, her duty as the Lord's chosen one.

To walk in the grounds once trod by the pure feet of this wonderful maid was like treading upon sacred soil. We went through the house where she was brought up and through the little church where she delighted to go and pray. As we went up towards the altar to view an old tablet to the memory of Joan's ancestors a soldier asked me: "Where is Joan's tomb?" I said to him: "Joan of Arc has no tomb, she was never buried, they burned her to ashes at Rouen."

Afterwards I thought I had hardly spoken correctly because while Joan has no tomb she has monuments all over France, and shrines innumerable, but above all is she enshrined in the hearts of the people of France. You seldom go into a French church without seeing a Joan of Arc monument, and many an altar is dedicated to her memory, and the Catholic people have prayed very much to Joan of Arc during the war. They still think she helps them. A good old French lady who gave a beautiful statue of the maid to a certain village said to an American visitor who was lecturing to the American soldiers there on Joan of Arc: "Will you tell the American soldiers wherever you go that the good women of France are praying to the good God and to Joan

of Arc for the protection of the American soldiers. We cannot talk English and can do little to show how much we appreciate their coming to France to fight with our sons and husbands in the cause of right and liberty. We are praying every day for the safety of the American soldier, for to us he is the answer of the call of France to our own Joan of Arc for help."

The most magnificent monument to the maid is the Basilique on the hill where, during the tending of the sheep Joan had her wonderful visions and heard her voices most. The Basilique is built on the site once occupied by a little chapel where tradition says Joan used to retire to pray when she became seriously affected by the condition of France and her voices came to her. This building occupies a charming view point. From the steps one looks out upon the wonderful valley of the Meuse where green meadows and lovely gardens and red tiled houses in the villages and the serpentine river and away in the distance the Vosges hills with one very pronounced bluff. The view is transporting in loveliness on a summer evening. It conduced to meditation and devotion. No wonder the maid came here so often; no wonder that it was here she used to hear her voices.

Southey, the poet, depicts the maid 'mid those scenes in the following lines:

"Here in solitude and peace
My soul was nurst amid the loveliest scenes
Of unpolluted nature. Sweet it was

As the white mists of morning rolled away,
To see the mountain's wooded heights appear
Dark in the early dawn, and mark its slope
With gorgeous flowers glowing, as the rising sun
On the golden ripeness pour'd a deepening light
Pleasant at noon beside the vocal brook."

Going in the Basilique one is met at the outset by a superb bronze statue by Allarn "Joan of Arc hearing the voices." The edifice is modern having been begun in 1900. One became enamored by the mural paintings of M. Charles Lorin which are executed upon the walls. Each panel depicts some notable scene in Joan's wonderful career. You see Joan listening to her voices, Joan going forth to the relief of Orleans, Joan attending the coronation of Charles at Rheims, and Joan being burned at Rouen. One more picture is needed if it were possible to paint it, Joan among the glorified because if ever there lived a pure soul, if ever a virgin served God and loved Him and obeyed Him and at death went to God, I am sure Joan of Arc was that one. "She feared no danger for she felt no sin."

Joan of Arc symbolized the spiritual and the prophetic. She was brought up in tumultuous times when France was torn asunder by discordant parties. The Burgundians controlled a portion of it. The English other parts. The French, as represented by their weak and uncrowned King Charles VII, were at the end of their resources

and were powerless to drive out the enemy, unite the contending forces and to put an end to ceaseless strife and warfare. Joan had a burning pity for poor France and the King. She pondered much upon the sufferings and distresses of her country. A legend has it that France would be saved some day by a woman of Lorraine.

In her twelfth year her first vision appeared and her first voice was heard. She tells about it: "About midday in summer in my father's garden I heard the voice from the right side toward the church and when it came I usually saw a great light on the side from which it spoke. The voice told me to be a good girl and go to church and to save France. I said, I am only a poor peasant girl who could not ride or lead armies in the wars. The voice said, 'Saint Michael and Saint Catharine will help thee.'"

For four years nearly the voices continued to speak to her, and she became at last convinced that God was calling her to save France. At last she feels commanded to present herself to the King. This she seeks to do, first by way of Sir Robert Bandricourt at Vaucouleurs. She is presented to him only to be rebuked. He laughs at the story of her visions and voices and advises that she be spanked and sent home to her mother, but she perseveres and gives a sign to Sir Robert that she is no impostor. The sign comes true and he consents to send her to the King at Chinon. She meets the King engaged with gay company. This

was how he spent his time usually fritting it away with frivolous courtiers while his country was fast going to ruin. The King in order to deceive the man was dressed up in common attire—nothing to denote royalty, but Joan picked him out immediately she went into the room. She went up to him and told him God had sent her to him to lead his army to victory and to lead him to his crowning at Rheims. The King at first was unwilling to give her a place at the head of his army. He first subjected her to a close examination before the Church Council of Poitiers. They reported in Joan's favor and gave the maid the blessing of the church saying: "To doubt the maid would be to resist the Holy Spirit."

Joan now sets out to the relief of Orleans which was in the hands of the English. Their strongholds were the towers of the city. Joan boldly announced that she would take the towers. She said: "My voices have spoken, they promise us the victory. We shall take the fort when my standard touches the walls." She carried with her a wonderful banner of white which had embroidered upon it "Maria Jesus." There seemed to be something magical about that banner. Where that banner went the troops followed with daring and courage. The banner touched the walls of the towers, the soldiers pressed on to the final struggle, the victory was won. Orleans was relieved, the foe was driven out. The great city was made to rejoice as it has ever since on the 8th day of

May of every year when the victory of the Maid or Orleans is celebrated mid great rejoicing.

The next great triumph in Joan's career was at Rheims Cathedral, July 17, when Charles VII was crowned King of France. Remember that this wonderful Cathedral has been the pride of France all down the centuries because it was here her Kings were crowned. No wonder that the brutal destruction of this splendid edifice by the Germans has aroused such feelings of grief and bitterness among the French. Today it lies in ruins—a Cathedral of magnificence and beauty and a shrine of priceless memories to the French.

With the crowning of the King Joan felt her work was finished and she wished to go back to peaceful Domremy and again tend the sheep and worship in the little chapel and live the simple life of the peasant girl, but the King would not listen to it. He urged her on to other campaigns, which resulted eventually in Joan's death and martyrdom. It was in her Champagne Picardy campaign that she was taken prisoner by the Burgundians and by them sold to the English for 10,000 livres. The English, of course, reckoned that she had a bewitching effect upon the French army, that if her spell were broken the soldiers would lose their spirit, so they proceeded next to try her, and to do that they had to engage the services of the church. They charged her with uttering blasphemy, with presumption, with witchery, and through the efforts of the unspeakable

Cauchon—Bishop of Beauvais—she was tried. Her trial lasted many months during which she was subjected to the most searching examinations by the doctors of the church. To all of their questions she answered with matchless wisdom. She, a young, untrained, unschooled girl of seventeen, matched the learned doctors in one of the most unusual trials history records.

She was asked: "Do you know you are in a state of grace?" She replied, "If I am not in a state of grace may God bring me thither; if I am may God keep me there."

"Have you assurance of salvation?"

She replied without a moment's hesitation, "I believe in my salvation as firmly as if I were in heaven already."

They replied: "Your answer is very weighty."

"I hold it for a great treasure," she says.

"Do you believe you have wrought no mortal sin?" they ask.

She replied: "I do not believe I am in mortal sin, and if I have sinned it is for God to know it and for confession to God and the priest."

At length they condemned her to be burned at the stake. Oh, the horror of it, the inhumanity of it! But so it seems every holy cause and every human Savior as well as the Divine One, has got to have a Good Friday when the soul cries out in agony: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me." Joan forsaken by the King whom she led to his crowning, forsaken by the army whom

she had led on to victory, forsaken and condemned by the church in which she had been brought up, is led out of her prison on that May morning in the city of Rouen to mount a high scaffold to listen to a sermon by one of the learned doctors, in which she is denounced as a liar, impostor, heretic, blasphemer, witch, and then to be burned alive.

She cries for a cross and it is given her. She is heard to say as the smoke envelops her beautiful pure form, "My voices have not deceived me," and then in her last expiring gasp she is heard to cry "Jesus!"

So awful was the sight that one of the men responsible for her being burned said, "We have burned a saint." The man who lit the fires was seized with remorse and spent the rest of his life in penitence for his crime. The English who were guilty of it were driven out of France the next year.

But well for France that Joan burned. That fire has lit a thousand, yea, ten thousand fires of devotion in France since that day. That pure maid burning there has been the patron saint of thousands of pure French women since that day, and has demonstrated to the maidenhood of France, that in the midst of the most ignoble and distressful and wicked conditions, God is able to raise up a maiden fair, with heart pure and hands clean and spirit undefiled in the temple of whose soul He has a dwelling place.

God's greatest gift to France was Joan of Arc. Her pure spirit has come down the ages as a rebuke to the carelessness of her people. Her godlikeness has been a lasting reminder to France in her wanderings 'mid the morasses of infidelity and atheism that God still lives and sitteth in the heavens. Her inspired soul lit up by holy vision and spoken to by voices divine announces to France that God hath yet His prophets and seers.

And what message has Joan of Arc to us all—American, French and otherwise? This. The maid teaches us again that there is a Spirit above and behind all things, and that Spirit is God—that He communicates Himself to those who will listen and hear; that this God is the same God who spoke to Abraham and told him to go unto a land that he knew not of but which the Lord would show him—the same God who spoke to the prophets sending them forth to say: "Thus saith the Lord;" the same God who wrought in John the Baptist, in Paul, in Peter and John.

I would put Joan of Arc among the prophets of God. I would put her among the saints of all the ages, and God on that May morning in Rouen chose to elect her to the noble army of martyrs where she has won the undying affection and adoration of all who loved sweet innocence, spotless purity and beautiful sanctity.

CHAPTER XIX.

CONSECRATION—AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE WAR.

Romans 12:1.

The war has preached a powerful sermon to us on the subject of Consecration. Millions of men have come up to the altars of patriotism and dedicated their all to the cause of country. The rich have come with their millions, the merchant with his stores, the banker with his money, the scholar with his learning, the professional with his art, the poor in their penury—all have come and dedicated their lives and blood to the cause of humanity and liberty, and they have—thousands of them, sealed their consecration with their blood upon the battlefields of the Marne, the Vosges, the Meuse, the Argonne.

I think one of the most remarkable cases of Consecration the war has revealed is seen in the remarkable sacrifices made by Paderewski—that man of Poland, who, in order that Poland might be set free from the yoke of the Hun and be restored again to her rights as a free and independent nation, gave himself without reserve to his country's cause. Paderewski was the world's greatest pianist. His earnings became enormous. All Europe and all America clamored for his recitals. In one engagement in this country for

just a month or two his income was near the \$150,000 mark. He travelled in private car and in state, servants in livery waited upon him. He and his wife enjoyed all the luxury and comforts that royal heads could command. It took over thirty trunks to carry his wardrobe and treasures. A secretary and treasurer travelled with him everywhere. But everything became changed when he thrust himself into his country's cause. He gave up all that his country might be made free, and might be made contented and prosperous and happy again. When he arrived in Poland he bore no trunks, no luxuries; a handbag was sufficient almost to carry just his necessary toilet articles. When he came to Posen and Warsaw and Cracow, he was hailed by the Poles as liberator and savior, but his life was hourly in danger from enemy bombs or bullets. At Posen his hotel was attacked by Germans, five bullets entered his room. He has to be guarded constantly from the assassin's attack.

He came to Paris the other week to plead before President Wilson and the others for fair play for Poland. This is how one of the Paris papers describe Paderewski:

“One morning he simply walked to his piano and shut the lid. It was a symbolic gesture—the closing of one side of his life, the side which, with the strength and nerve-power of every day for thirty years he had been building up, the deliberate killing of every artistic urge within him, and his

self-consecration to the dream, born in his youth, of a Polish State. Since that time those amazing fingers of Paderewski, which even in their smallest movements fascinate one, have not touched a keyboard; and in the almost tawdry hotel rooms in Warsaw where he now finds a home, there is a gray line of unbroken dust along the crevice from which the great instrument, crowding one corner, opens. Briefly, in 1916 Paderewski renounced art. And in renouncing art then, renounced all the leisure and ease, all the homage and acclaim that went inevitably with such a success as his had been.

“He began work. Three years followed in which hundreds of hopes proved vain, in which one bright hour was succeeded by ten desperate ones, in which friends failed and faith wavered, in which ignorance, callousness, blindness, stupidity, malice, enmity to be combated were daily potions, in which the very fibre of the man was strained almost momentarily to the breaking point. Then that period ended, and thanks to British courtesy, it became possible for him to come to Poland. He landed from a cruiser at Dantzic, with his wife was machine-gunned in a hotel, ran countless perils, but at length reached Warsaw. The arrival in Warsaw marked a new epoch—an epoch a part of which it has been my privilege to be able to observe.

“In Warsaw M. Paderewski lives in three very modest rooms in the Hotel Bristol—shelter for

fabulously-rich Ukrainian refugees who keep treasure-chests of cash under their beds, pest-house of German and Bolshevist intrigues, spy-ground for a small army of international agents, a veritable babel of the tongues of the world, and there he has toiled for something like eighteen hours every day for three full months."

It is true Paderewski's consecration is patriotic and political, yet nevertheless it serves the purpose of illustrating some of the important elements that enter into real consecration, which I think, resolve themselves into the following:

1. Possession of a great ideal.
2. Passionate devotion to it.
3. Answering its call and meeting its claim.

I wish we might have as full a dedication to God and His cause of our lives and powers and all we have and are as we have witnessed in this war business. When I got ready to go to France in December, 1917, I made my will. I made out all necessary papers to my wife pertaining to any property I had. I fixed up all my affairs as though I was never coming back home again. I was giving myself without reservation to France. I was going to New York and then sail out on the ocean which had perils great and perils many in it. There was the unspeakably dangerous peril of the submarine added to all the other dangers of the sea. I was going to France where dangers stood thick. In Paris there were the bombing planes in the heavens above and in the war zone there was

the constant menace of gas and shell attack. One's life was never safe. So the best way to live was to be ready for any emergency that arose. It was a good thing to have all your affairs adjusted, your will made, and above all to be at peace with God and to be able to read your title clear to mansions in the skies. Now this was consecration in a certain sense, and yet it was possible to do all this without entering into Paul's idea of consecration to the Lord Jesus.

I believe the present situation is calling for a special kind of consecration of the Pauline type. This old world has gone far astray and this war in many of its aspects only goes to illustrate the wickedness of humanity, how Christless has been our much-boasted civilization and how far we have gone away from the mind of Christ.

The consecration that our times demand and the church requires shall include:

The Consecration of Intellect.

The Consecration of Heart.

The Consecration of Purpose.

1. The Consecration of Intellect must mean the bringing of every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ or in other words thinking in terms of the mind of Christ. It will mean a constant seeking to know the mind of Christ and thinking things out as He would if He were in our place.

This will mean the rejection of Rationalism, that evil thing which had no small effect in bring-

ing on the war, because it was Rationalism in its schools and Rationalism in its pulpits that led to the collapse of moral judgment in Germany, swept away all allegiance to the God of the Old Testament and the ten commandments and rushed it over the abyss.

The intellect consecrated to Christ will think in His terms and will make faith not reason its final court of appeal. It will put the emphasis on the supernatural instead of the natural. The consecrated intellect will be needed greatly after the war to bring us back to Biblical and Christian thinking. It will be needed in our schools and colleges because there is a frightful amount of infidelity. One of the most emphatic infidels—shall I say? I met in France, was wearing the uniform of a Christian organization. I met him on the train and for a couple of hours we talked together. I was glad to inform him that after seeing war in all its aspects I had found no reason to throw overboard any of the traditions of a lifetime. We must learn a lesson from Germany, whose schools corrupted the nation and robbed it of the glorious gospel which its Martin Luther proclaimed to the world in the Reformation. And above all must we have this consecration in the pulpit. Too long has the pulpit been giving out an uncertain sound and telling things born more of rationalism and doubt than of faith and reverence and revelation.

There will be a tremendous need now that we

shall settle down to normal life again to have a pulpit after the mind of Christ when the preacher will preach Christ's gospel and not the shifting gospel of the times. Again do we need a pulpit like Spurgeon's where always and without fail Christ's gospel was preached, a pulpit such as Methodism produced in those days of great revivals, crowded churches and prayer meetings—a pulpit such as Moody's was in Chicago, Inskip's in Brooklyn, Cookman in Philadelphia, and a pulpit such as John S. Jowett's is today in London where the preacher knows no one save Christ and Him crucified, and whose great consecrated intellect devotes itself to setting forth unceasingly the unsearchable riches of Christ.

2. There must be a Consecration of the Heart. Religion that is of the head only becomes superficial and artificial. What is needed is more heart. As the heart is the seat of the affections a consecration is called for that makes for a stream of affection with Christ as its object of devotion. This will make such affections as Love, Pity, Compassion, Admiration, etc., shine forth in the life.

3. Then there must be Consecration of Purpose. The question actuating the true Christian should be, To what am I devoting my life? What is the one dominating purpose of my life? A great man once said when asked the secret of his power as a Christian that he had but one passion and that was Christ.

We have to admit that we have today many

Christians, so-called, without any definite purpose, and in consequence lacking the fire of real devotion. It was his purpose firm that made a Daniel that produced a Joseph. It was their high purposes that made the martyrs. The kind of purpose I speak of is that which will be willing to suffer and risk all for Jesus' sake trusting the consequences to God. I think possibly I can illustrate this thought with the following incident from history :

In 1799, when the armies of Napoleon were sweeping over the Continent, Massena, one of his generals, with an army of 18,000 men, suddenly appeared on the heights above the little town of Feldkirk, on the frontier of Austria. It was Easter Day, and as the morning sun glittered upon the weapons of the French, the town council hastily assembled to consult what was to be done. Should a deputation be sent to Massena with the keys of the town and an entreaty for mercy, or should they attempt resistance? Then the old dean of the church stood up, and said: "This is Easter Day. We have been counting on our strength, and that fails. This is the day of Christ's resurrection. Let us ring the bells and have service as usual, leaving the matter in God's hands. We know only our weakness, and not the power of God." Then all at once from the three or four church towers the bells began to chime joyous peals in honor of the resurrection, and the streets were filled with worshippers hastening to

the house of God. The French heard with alarm the sudden clangour of joy bells, and concluded that the Austrian Army had arrived in the night to relieve the place. Massena soon broke up his camp, and before the bells had ceased ringing not a Frenchman was to be seen.

CHAPTER XX.

SOME INTERESTING PEOPLE I MET DURING AND AFTER THE WAR.

First let me mention my friends Crawford and Skinner, who were fellow travellers on the same steamer with me in crossing the Atlantic. Mr. Crawford was a wonderfully redeemed man from New England of Scotch-Irish extraction. He was full of life and had the root of the matter in him. He has been engaged for some years in boys' work and out of his own deep experience has developed a very interesting lecture on "Educated Iron." Mr. Skinner comes from New York where he has been in the construction business. He is a foremost Christian worker and has been closely identified with the John Street Noonday Prayer Meeting. He was the kind of man that the Y. M. C. A. could have used to great advantage in their religious department but he was given work in the construction line and fell into the hands of a divisional secretary who cared comparatively little about the religious side of the work. Many a valuable man like Skinner was taken no advantage of, but was sidetracked to jobs that men with no religious talents could have carried

Mr. W. H. Danforth, a big business man from St. Louis, Mo., had charge of our Third Division

Y. M. C. A. work; in fact, he organized the work and went with the Division through the three fronts—the Marne, St. Mihiel and the Argonne. He was a prominent Christian worker of St. Louis and superintendent of a big Sunday school there. He came to France and worked and toiled night and day to put things through. He paid his own expenses and did not take a dollar for his services. He knew how to handle his men, and the Y. M. C. A. work in his division was one of the best organized in France. I said good-bye to Mr. Danforth in the Argonne just as we were about to move on to the front line. He had to go back to the U. S. A., to engage in the November drive for money. I am sure the experiences in France will make him of still greater use to the church in St. Louis, especially in his relations to the boys who come back from the army.

The man next in command of our Third Division Y. M. C. A. was Richard C. Shreve, of Rochester, N. Y. Shreve was a big-hearted and big-handed man. He also gave his services without expense, paying his own bills. I think he was without doubt one of the bravest, most courageous and tireless workers I met in my travels. I have seen Shreve on shell-torn roads at night with shells shrieking through the air, in his Ford going on up front delivering goods to his men for the "boys." I have seen him on the roads, driving on when it looked positively suicidal for a man to risk his life so, but Shreve knew no fear and

never seemed to get tired. He snatched sleep when he could and ate when he found time. I think one of his most heroic acts was at the Battle of the Marne. No ambulances could get up to us Monday of the battle because of the shells that kept coming all day, but on Tuesday morning Shreve was up to our dressing station first thing with his Y. M. C. A. truck, for the wounded. In one of his trips back to Courban he was told of over forty American wounded who had been captured by the Germans. They had also captured two ambulances and carried off the drivers. Shreve volunteered to go in and bring back the wounded if he could get some soldiers to go with him. Several volunteered, including Captain Daniel (Surgeon). When they came close to where the wounded were the Captain and soldiers did the shooting—the German guards disappeared. Shreve loaded up his truck and the two captured ambulances with the wounded and brought them all back to safety and to the hospital.

Another man of fine parts was Mr. J. R. Simpson, of United Presbyterian Church, Pittsburg, Pa. He was a man of strong Christian principles and stood by them. To him the Sabbath, even in the army, meant something, and he didn't believe in running his canteen open wide Sundays as well as week days. He was a good personal worker, a man who read his Bible and prayed but at the same time stood good with his men and never spared himself in serving them.

He went all through the war with the Third Division, also went into the Army of Occupation with them. I spent a Sunday with him in Germany. On Sundays he put through a good religious program and in every way was serving his country and his God faithfully.

Another man who helped me a good deal in my work with the Third Battalion was Joe Ferry. He had been a Lieutenant in the Salvation Army in Boston and when he joined the army he took a job as cook with Company M. Joe was a good singer and was just full of Salvation Army songs. In my services Joe would always be on hand to lead the singing. Sometimes Corporal Wade, Joe and myself would sing together in the meetings. Wade was a good, solid Christian fellow and kept his testimony true all through the war.

Another fellow was Benson, who studied for the ministry at Asbury College. He came later in the Second Battalion where I got acquainted with him. He was a good, earnest Christian fellow, not ashamed of his Lord, and I was always glad to see him in the meetings. In my last talk with him in Germany I urged him to get in the way of going back to College to finish up his preparation for the gospel ministry. His war experience will make him all the stronger preacher I believe.

A Chaplain that I grew very fond of was my dear friend and brother, Dr. George P. Horst, pastor of Presbyterian Church, Portsmouth, O.

He was a Princeton man and held a prominent pulpit in Ohio. I seldom enjoyed fellowship with any man more than with Horst. He came to the Regiment just the day before the Battle of the Marne broke out, and therefore had his baptism of fire all of a sudden, while others of us came to it gradually. We were together right up to the Argonne. For a while we shared our pup tent together and very often at night as we laid down to sleep we would sing together some good old hymn. Dr. Horst never failed to preach the real gospel every time he held services. At De Mange for three Sundays we carried on real, old-fashioned evangelistic campaigns and on the last Sunday night before going into the Argonne front we held a communion service in an old French school-house and Dr. Horst baptized twelve men.

When down in the Riviera I met a most interesting character. He was certainly a great mixture. He was born in America of Greek parents, was a Greek by nationality, he lived in Constantinople for many years and knew Turkish thoroughly; he had been a soldier in the British army in the capacity of interpreter. So he was American, Greek, Turkish, British, all in one and was then living in Nice, France, and knew French. Thus he could speak English, Greek, Turkish, French, and I don't know what else. I got into a most interesting conversation with him as we waited for our train. He was thrilled with admiration for Constantinople, which was to him al-

most the same as his native city as he had been practically brought up there. He gave me the story of his nation—the Greek's entrance into the war over the head of the King Constantine and his Pro-German Queen, but he was especially charmed at what the British had done in setting Constantinople free.

"What is going to become of Constantinople?" I inquired.

"Oh," he said, "It will be an International city." Then he expatiated upon the charms of that city. Especially was he charmed at the prospect of the Cross taking the place of the Crescent on St. Sophia. He was a Greek and belonged to the Greek church. It is to be hoped that when the change comes something more evangelical than the Greek church will take hold of that great church.

My conversation with my Greek friend accentuated my interest in Constantinople and St. Sophia, that great church, and I read with renewed interest some facts about the city.

Napoleon, when considering the question of giving Constantinople to Alexander of Russia, exclaimed, "Constantinople! Never, it means the empire of the world. It has a history as wonderful as Alexandria, Carthage, Athens, Rome. It stands with Jerusalem unique in history and destiny. She has been called the "Queen of Cities." Emperors lavished their wealth upon her. Dean Stanley, writing of the city, says: "It is impossi-

ble to look down from the Galata Tower on the complication of sea and land, island and mainland, peninsula and promontory strait and continent and not feel that the spot is destined to be what it seems more and more likely to be both historically and politically, the Gordian knot of the world.

Constantinople is called after Constantine the great Christian Emperor who founded it after the Council of Nice in 326. Tradition says he was mysteriously guided in marking out the limits of the city. He said: "I must follow till He who leads me stops. He replaced the heathen temples with Christian churches, Saint Sophia being the chief and greatest. Constantine's purpose was to make Constantinople more imperial than Rome, more brilliant than Athens, more Christian than Alexandria and Ephesus. Upon a lofty column he inscribed these words of dedication:

"O Christ, Ruler and Maker of the World, to Thee have I now consecrated this obedient city and this scepter and Power of Rome. Guard it, Deliver it, from every Harm."

The golden age of the Byzantine Empire continued from 530 to 1453 when the Turk and the Mohammedan seized the city. But the Mohammedans however, did not destroy the beautiful St. Sophia; they simply washed it all over with rose water and then dedicated it a Mosque. Beautiful beyond description is this church. It has precious relics from the Holy Land, ivory doors,

priceless mosaics, colored marbles and columns from the temple of Ephesus and from Rome, flashing jewels, crystal carbuncle, sapphire, costly stones, porphyry bronze, gold and silver Stamped on each brick were the words, "God is in the midst of her."

And now, thank God, the British having set free Jerusalem, have set free Constantinople. Where the Crescent and the bloody sword of the Turk predominated now will the Cross and the gospel have free course and be glorified.

War is horrible! It is to be hated and driven from the earth, but it seems at times as though the great God employs such a dreadful instrument as war to break chains of oppression, to burst fetters with the rust of centuries upon them, to open doors of truth and freedom and righteousness and to bring on a new day and age to oppressed peoples.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE HAVOC OF WAR, AND AFTER.

I hate war! Be it far from me to glorify it. War has been responsible for the greatest calamities that have befallen humanity. War has brought more cries and tears, more heart-breaks and agonies, more sorrows and griefs, than pestilence, famine, fire or flood.

Well has an English writer said: "War involves moral degradation not only because of the deeds it demands for which man has to call up his savage and animal instincts, but because of the hate, trickery and false witness without which it cannot be conducted. War dethrones reason and makes religion sheer hypocrisy, and the best thinkers of our times have done their best to devise schemes to banish this disgrace from the world; so far all in vain."

Walt Whitman was right when he said: "Wars are hellish business—all wars. Any honest man says so—hates war, fighting, blood letting. I was in the midst of it all. Saw war was worst—not on the battlefields. No—in the hospitals, there war is worst!"

I hate war. I have seen, while on battlefields and in the devastated territories of France, a thousand things to make me hate war! O war, I hate thee for cities bombed by the aircraft, and

pierced by the long-range guns. I hate thee for slaying the mother and her helpless children, and destroying defenseless homes; I hate thee for destroying cities and towns and villages by gun and torch and gas and sword. I hate thee for thy work of ruthless violence upon the innocent and the weak. I hate thee for human habitations turned into slaughter-pens. I hate thee for battle-fields 'mid whose smoke and carnage fathers and sons, husbands and lovers go down to dreadful deaths, or to sufferings unspeakable. I hate thee for destroying the wheels of industry, turning aside the streams of progress and human happiness and making the world a dreadful morass in which are found no paths of peace, no resting places.

Think of the awful waste of human life this war has brought: Battle deaths of thirteen nations in the world war, according to figures compiled and announced by General Peyton C. March, Chief of Staff, U. S. A., totalled 7,354,000. The figures include only men killed in battle or who succumbed to wounds received in battle. The losses by the various nations were as follows: Russia, 1,700,000; Germany, 1,600,000; France, 1,305,000; Austria, 800,000; Great Britain, 706,000; Italy, 460,000; Turkey, 250,000; Belgium, 102,000; Bulgaria, 100,000; Rumania, 100,000; Serbia and Montenegro, 100,000; United States, 50,000. The number of men in the American Army transported up to the day of the armistice

was 2,500,000. The total discharges from the United States Army to date number 1,300,000. Orders issued to date call for the demobilization of a total of 1,500,000 men.

“Christ dies before us in the war;
The wounded show His mangled hands,
We plant His crown in many lands
And all the weapons of our pride
Are piercing the Savior’s side.”

One has said of war that “it’s heroisms are but the glancing sunlight on a sea of blood and tears.” Yet after going through it on three battle-fronts I cannot see that America could have done anything else but engage in the strife against the greatest menace of our age. I cannot conceive how we Americans could have kept out of it and look a Frenchman or an Englishman in the face again if we had permitted them to keep on unaided in their struggle till their strength was completely gone, and the foe had conquered, and the mailed fist had beaten them into despair and submission. I cannot conceive how we could have maintained a decent self-respect if we had indulged ourselves in a smug, self-complacency and folded our arms and said to England and to France, “It is none of our business.”

I cannot reconcile the two—hatred of war and recognition of war—as a necessary measure. Yet I find myself in that dilemma. America in entering the war did it not for her own sake; did it not

for a dollar of gain or an acre of territory. She went into it as a righteous and honorable measure, and by America entering the strife the day was saved! England and France, Belgium, Italy, the Balkans, Jerusalem—the whole round world has been benefited, humanity and civilization and freedom has been protected, and the stream of human progress has not been turned backward for perhaps a thousand years.

What shall bring an end to wars? Let us not be deceived, let us not look in the wrong direction for hope of relief from the power of this fell destroyer! I think Dr. Jefferson, of New York, has put it right when he said: "Science cannot kill war, for science has not the new heart, and whets the sword to a sharper edge. Commerce cannot kill war, for commerce lacks the new heart, and lifts the hunger of covetousness to a higher pitch. Progress cannot kill war, for progress has no heart at all, and progress in wrong directions leads us into bottomless quagmires in which we are swallowed up. Law cannot kill war, for law is nothing but a willow with the tied round the arms of humanity, and human nature when aroused snaps all the withes asunder and carries off the gates of Gaza. Education cannot end war, and if by education you mean the sharpening of the intellect, the drawing out of the powers of the mind, the mastering of formulas and laws and dates and facts, education may only fit men to become tenfold more masterful in the awful art of slaughter.

Who will end war? The world has had three historic scourges: famine, pestilence, and war. Each one numbers its victims by the tens of millions. Commerce killed famine. By her railroad and steamship she killed it. It lies like a dead snake by the side of the road along which humanity has marched up to the present day. Science killed pestilence. The Black Plague, the Bubonic Plague, Cholera, Smallpox, Yellow Fever—all have received their deathblow. Science did the work. These foes of mankind lie bleeding and half dead by the side of the road along which the world presses on to a higher day. Who will kill war? Not Commerce, and not Science, not both of them together. Only Religion can kill war, for religion alone creates the new heart. Without religion we are without hope in this world. Without God we are lost.”

AFTER THE WAR—THE GOSPEL.

While the war was in progress I wrote an appeal to hold fast the old faith. In that article in *The Christian Witness*, I said:

I hold that it will take more than an European war, more than artillery and trenches and aeroplanes and millions of soldiers armed to the teeth to give us anything better in the way of religion than the old-time religion, or anything better in the way of faith than the Christian faith. My own conviction is that at the end of the war we shall find ourselves in greater need of the Christian faith and the old-time religion than we ever

do now, for war brings sorrows, wounds, disappointments, and grief inconsolable. It likewise brings in its train vice, insanity, lawlessness, immorality and numerous other ills, and the people who have to bear these will need more than human support and sympathy. They will need God and the consolations of religion and, I should not be surprised if the experience of our people after the Civil War will be repeated when deep called unto deep—the deeps of human sorrow and need cried unto the deeps of God's compassion and mercies and there was a great turning unto God through the preaching of the old, old gospel.

At all costs let us hold first to the faith because if we let that go we shall be lost in a wilderness of doubt, dismay and despair. Philosophy cannot take its place. Science has added length to our arms so that we can hurl a cannon ball three score miles and ten. It has added to our sight so that we can see through a powerful telescope into limitless space. It has given volume to our voice so that we can talk to one another three thousand miles away. It has given us wings so that we can fly in the heavens, but science has no consolations for the broken heart, no solace for the grief stricken. It has no healing for the wounded soul. It cannot speak pardon to the guilty or wash away the soul's pollution or bring it into tune with God and into accord with heaven's music. Science is demonstrating itself in this war. The science of gunnery has laid cities waste and dealt out

destruction to countless thousands. The Science of Chemistry has produced gases which poured out upon the clouds have enveloped armies and caused pains and pangs and horrors indescribable as they have burned up lungs and tissues and made the human body a furnace of fire and death, the most horrible of monsters. The science of aviation has caused cities to shake with suspense and alarm as the dreadful aircraft has dropped bombs that have broken on the heads of the innocent and swept fire and dealt out destruction on houses, churches and marts. Germany today stands as a living monument and example of what a false philosophy can do and what war as a science can bring to a whole world—of upheaval, distress, famine, destruction, wreckage and human misery and woe. The whole world is today in its bitterest travail and pain and sorrow because a Nation chose philosophy and kultur as its God, and war as its science, and to get back to normal again and to reconstruct human affairs and to put civilization again upon a livable basis where happiness and contentment can again be pursued without molestation, we shall have to get back to a New Testament basis and bring back again the ark of the Lord which for a long time now has been in exile.

In connection with this subject of the crying need of the gospel after the war, I was moved to write the *Christian Herald* an appeal on this line, and I said, in part:

The Church after the war? Well, let me speak as one who has preached the gospel twenty-five years at home and a year in the army in France; as one who has seen war in all its frightful actualities and who for five months lived and suffered and wrought under shell-fire, and who knows by a bit of real experience what officers and men have to go through and have come out of.

First. Let the Church present a live, vital gospel. I mean the kind that is found in the New Testament. Don't let the pulpit spend its precious time on such secondary matters as "reconstruction," "expansion," the "new social conditions," etc. The press, the magazine, the forum, the lyceum, the lecture hall, etc., can better handle a lot of those questions than the average preacher. That was a good reply of Henry Ward Beecher, while lecturing at Yale, when he was asked if the preacher should devote some time to lecturing on various subjects other than religions. "What's the use," said Beecher, "of having two nozzles to your hose, when you have only water enough for one?" Exactly! I believe the Church and the pulpit that "after the war" build on the same old gospel that Wesley, Spurgeon, Talmage, Simpson and Moody preached will be the one that the soldier boys want to go to, and that will best meet the new conditions brought upon us by the world war. Remember, it was after the Civil War that Moody's mighty work took place, and no man clung to the old, old gospel like Moody. Remem-

ber also that the man to whom England is listening to today is John H. Jowett, whose message is always and only that of the New Testament gospel.

Second. Let the churches drop all denominational rivalry; let all petty bickerings be cleaned out; let even theological hair-splitting be done away with, and let the Church settle down to the main proposition: that of promoting the interests of the Kingdom of God. Let there be a settling down to that business chiefly—all other things, all other questions, all other activities being secondary.

Third. Let the Church guard sacredly the things handed down to her, and let not war conditions and their cessation bring on a hysteria of liberality by which the golden law of Moses might be exchanged, for expediency's sake, for something brassy, and the "old faith" substituted by a program entirely human.

War has a tendency to produce a short memory for the Ten Commandments. Peace must needs improve that memory. The Church must apply herself to this important bit of business. The old Decalogue has had some rough usage the past year or more. America must look out here!

Then there has been a lot of wild talk about a new gospel coming from the trenches and battlefields. Well, I have been through the thing, and have been associated with thousands who have been through the thing, and we have found no

new gospel in the trenches or dugouts or battlefields of France. Oh, no! We have seen blood there and demons. We have wrestled with the powers of darkness there, and have seen suffering men cry in their agonies to God. We have met all kinds of things in the trenches and dugouts and battlefield, but have failed to find any gospel there better than the gospel of our childhood, the gospel of our youth, the gospel of our manhood and ministry, which is the good old gospel of the New Testament. And let it be remembered that the boys, as they march out of the trenches and battlefields on their way home, will carry with them the same New Testament that they bore upon the battlefield, because they have failed to find anything any better.

Let no one be deceived by a spurious cry of a new gospel. And now that the war is over, just let the churches do what old Peter Cartwright, of early Methodist history, said when dying: "Give the old gospel a chance."

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