

THE RED CROSS NEEDS TEN MILLION NEW MEMBERS TO HELP SUFFERING HUMANITY



AFTER DRAWING BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN OF THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE

By WILLOUGHBY LEE.

THE heart of America at this Christmas time is yearning toward the hills and valleys and mud flats of France, for thousands and tens of thousands and, for all we know, hundreds of thousands of our finest boys are over there with Pershing. And by another Christmas there may be 2,000,000 of them, and two years from now, so far as anyone can see, it may be nearer 5,000,000. For America has taken oath that not until Kaiserism has been blotted from the earth will the war end.

Those boys of ours who are over there, and the others who are going, need all the help and encouragement and aid the folks at home can possibly give them. That is why the Red Cross, instead of confining itself to giving them hospital treatment after they have been hurt or are sick, is giving them Christmas trees and comfort kits and doing everything possible to make Christmas enjoyable for them. Not a man in all "Black Jack" Pershing's army, will be without some reminder of the people at home for whom he is fighting. Not a man in any one of all the army and navy contingents scattered all over the United States will be without a genuine Christmas—even to a Christmas tree. The Red Cross has gone into the Santa Claus business wholesale, as it goes into everything it undertakes.

And that is why every man, every woman, every child, owes it to himself and to the soldiers and sailors to become a member of the Red Cross. A campaign is being carried on to enroll 10,000,000 new members of the American Red Cross, which will make it five times as large and ten times as rich and powerful as any other Red Cross in the world.

It is because of the millions and millions of American boys who are going over to France that the whole American people has got to join the Red Cross in helping care for them. A few hundred thousand can be looked after by the present membership; but multiply them by ten or twenty or twenty-five, and it takes a nation to back them properly.

It has been great sport this year to fix up the Christmas packets, and write the little personal note that goes with each one, and picture to one's self the pleasure with which the unknown soldier in France will hail the gift from the home land. For there has been no rest fighting—only a truce, and so, in which only a few lives were lost—fewer, in all likelihood, than would have occurred in the natural course of the war, so while there was sorrow for the brave fellows who went down fighting, and for those others who were slain in the submarine brush with the Germans, there was not the overwhelming grief that comes after every great battle.

Next year it will be different—so different. In the spring—and earlier point—Pershing will hurl his boys into the gap, and everybody knows what that means. There will be fighting of the kind that made a whole world admire the men of Bull Run, and Antietam, and Chancellorsville, and Chickamauga, and Gettysburg, and wherever Americans have fought. They will be pitted against a foe who, whatever he may say of his arrogance and cruelty, his disregard of the laws of humanity and the ordinary decencies of civilized life, is a hard fighter. That means that the hospital will be full of American boys whose lives depend on the work the Red Cross must do—for there is no other agency that can wait on them. It means bandages

literally by the million for their wounds. It means splints and wound pads and pillows and all manner of surgical dressings without stint. It means palanquins and bed shirts and surgical shirts—the kind that surgeons can open and reach wounds without handling buttons. It means bed socks and bath robes and convalescent robes and all the things that invalids need.

It means drugs and medicines and operating instruments and all the appliances with which modern surgeons are daily performing miracles in saving lives and restoring to usefulness legs and arms which under other methods would have been cut off.

American soldiers must not be for a single day without all of these things they need. The French have been, in the early days of the war—and it has been said in some later days—word went out that the French surgeons were operating without anesthetics because they had none. It is bad enough to lose an arm or a leg, but no one likes to think of being tied fast to a table and the leg or arm cut off with no chloroform or ether to give the sufferer unconsciousness while the knife is wielded.

Also, within the last year, word has come from the battlefields of France that the little Polius had to use old newspapers to stanch the blood from their wounds. That was because their supply of gauze had run out and no more was to be had. It meant infected wounds, gangrene, lockjaw, and the loss of legs and arms and lives that might have been saved.

All America will agree that none of these things must happen to Pershing's boys. But it will happen unless the American people get right behind the Red Cross, and make and ship those hospital supplies in a never-ending stream. The surgeons at the French hospitals say that sometimes it takes a whole box of surgical dressings—7,000 of them—for a single wounded man. They have been so short at the French hospitals that instead of throwing the dressings away after using, they have been driven to try to clean them and use them over and over.

That is what Maj. Grayson M. P. Murphy had in mind a few weeks ago when he called to the Red Cross that nothing on earth is now of equal importance to getting a big supply of surgical supplies into France. Unless we do, he said, disaster and disgrace are ahead for America—and the Red Cross and the American people cannot afford to incur that. No American soldier must lose a leg or an arm or an eye, or give his life, when it can be saved by anything the American people can do. Major Murphy is the Red Cross commissioner for France, and knows perhaps better than any other man in the world exactly what needs to be done for the army in a medical and surgical way. When he speaks America will do well to listen.

Money is not all the Red Cross must have for this work—money is not even the most important thing, though it will take millions of dollars. What it needs most of all is an immense number of members, and their personal service. It needs, and has to have, the whole American people, fathers and mothers, sisters and daughters, and the children, to back up the government and the Red Cross in this work. Take, for example, the recent call of Major Murphy for 6,000,000 warm knitted articles for the soldiers and for the destitute of France. If the money had been at hand to buy the lot, there were not that many knitted things in the whole world of the kind wanted. But the Red Cross appealed to its members, and asked each chapter for its quota, and the socks and sweaters and mufflers and wristlets rolled in by carloads, and are still coming. The mothers and sisters and daughters and wives went to knitting, and that answered the call in an amazingly short time.

The situation will be the same when the boys begin to need bandages and gauze dressings and hospital garments in great numbers. Not all the stores in all the land will have enough such things to fill the demand. But the American people are being enrolled as Red Cross members, and they are learning by tens of thousands how to make and pack and ship these things, and whatever the demand, they will meet it in full.

Looking Ahead.
Junior, with his playmate, had been given some candy by an old gentleman, and on being asked how they liked it replied: "Just fine! Will you get us some more when this is done? We're big eaters."

Injuries and Insults.
Injuries may be atoned for and forgiven; but insults admit of no compensation. They degrade the mind in its own esteem and force it to recover its level by revenge.—Junius.

Minister a Linguist.
Four languages were used last year in the preaching of Rev. Paul Burgess, Presbyterian missionary in the Quetzaltenango field of Guatemala, according to the Guatemala News. He spoke in Spanish, English, German and Cakchiquel.

Decolorizing Carbons.
English experimenters have at least partially discovered the secret processes used in the manufacture of German and Dutch decolorizing carbons for the sugar industry.

That is why the Red Cross wants 15,000,000 members. It is not so much the \$2 or the \$10 or the \$25 or the \$100 or the \$1 fee that membership costs, though that has its importance. It would be even more necessary if membership did not cost a cent. But in this case the fee is a small consideration. What is needed is an army of 15,000,000 true-hearted Americans who will stand back of the army and navy, and supply them with everything they need to keep them well and cheery, and to give them every chance for life if they get sick or are hurt. Confidence in his backing is a mighty factor in a fellow's spirit when he is fighting 3,500 miles from the home he is defending.

Now a word about the different kinds of membership: A patron member pays \$100 in one sum and the interest on that money accrues to the Red Cross every year. A life member pays \$25 in one sum, and the interest suffices to keep his membership alive so long as he lives. But the most stress is not to be laid on these forms in this campaign because, as I have said, money is not the chief object. Everyone who can possibly afford it ought to be what is called a "Magazine Member." It costs \$2, each year, but it brings with it the Red Cross Magazine, published every month with a wealth of pictures of Red Cross work, and inspiring articles telling what the Red Cross is doing all around the world.

For those who cannot spare \$2, the annual membership costs but \$1, and one who has this membership is just as much a Red Cross member as anyone else, the only difference being that he does not get the magazine. The great effort will be to enroll the \$1 and \$2 people, for it is numbers and not money at this time that the Red Cross wants.

When the membership has climbed to the 15,000,000 mark, then will come the call for members to help turn in supplies. There is no compulsion—nobody has to pledge himself to give any money except his dues, nor to give service nor anything. But of course you will want to help, and you will have a world of opportunity. Whether you can knit, or sew, or roll bandages, or run errands for gifts, or make up those things, or give money to help them buy supplies of yarn and muslin and gauze, you can help. It will be your part to do the biggest thing you can to back up the fighting boys over there.

The first thing is to become a Red Cross member. Take somebody in with you if you possibly can. Help the membership team that comes to you for your name and your dollar or two dollars. Remember, it is not in the final analysis, the Red Cross you are helping at all—it is the boys who are over there fighting for you. Nobody concerned with the Red Cross ever gets a penny out of anything given for relief, or from any garment made and entrusted to it. Every penny and every stitch goes to some American soldier or some destitute one whom the Red Cross is trying to keep alive.

You will hear—if you have not already heard—a dozen stories about graft in the Red Cross. They are lies, everyone of them. They were started maliciously, and have been peddled ever since by gossips, some malicious, some merely chattering with no sense of responsibility, who would in the same spirit repeat a slander about a good woman.

You have heard, or will hear, that the high officers of the Red Cross get most of the money given it for relief. Exactly the reverse is true. Every member of the war council, every head of every Red Cross bureau in Washington, every head of every bureau in everyone of the thirteen divisions of the Red Cross in the United States, is giving his time free, and is spending money of his own while he does the work.

In a recent public speech on this subject, Henry P. Davison, chairman of the Red Cross war council, declared that of every dollar given the Red Cross for relief, about \$1.02 is spent for relief. Not only are the expenses met from funds provided for that purpose, but the money contributed draws interest while in bank, and the interest also is applied to relief work.

The Red Cross is led by the biggest and brainiest and most unselfish men the nation could find. Trust them. They are doing the very best that brains and money and determination can do to prevent human suffering, and to take care of Pershing's boys. Help them. Your own may be there soon.

Idolatry on the Decline.
It is becoming a custom among non-Christian Chinese of Borneo to go to the Methodist chapel for their marriage ceremony. Because of the influence of the mission, idolatry among them has practically ceased.

Concrete Railroad Tie.
Italian steam and street railroads are experimenting with a concrete tie that rocks slightly, affording uniform elasticity and a more perfect alignment of track than wooden ties.

Sea Coast Sand Binder.
Californians say there is no sea coast sand binder that surpasses in effectiveness Ammophila arenaria, sea beach grass. It has done more to hold the shifting dunes of Golden Gate park, San Francisco, than any other agency.

Decidedly Unusual.
A Wisconsin man's dispute against his wife's divorce suit was of the ground that she refused to speak to him and compelled him to buy a phonograph for company.

GERMAN PRISON CAMP AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN

Connecticut Man Arrives Home After Escape Into Sweden on Fertilizer Boat.

WAS HELD IN THREE PRISONS

Lost 80 Pounds in Seven Months Before Aid Came—Guards Worse Off Than Prisoners and Glad to Get Scraps from Food the Y. M. C. A. Sent.

New York.—What is a German prison camp like, from the prisoner's viewpoint? What sort of food, treatment, comforts (if any) do the men receive who are captured by the Germans? How do the captives stand German prison conditions?

Americans are more than ever vitally interested in these questions, since some of General Pershing's soldiers were made prisoners a few days ago in a French raid in France.

Through the narrative of an American adventurer who less than a month ago escaped from a German prison and who had had experience with two other confinement camps, the New York World is able to give answers to the questions.

Captured by Moeve.
The narrator is Willet C. Smith of South Norwalk, Conn., who reached this country on November 6 from Sweden, to which land he escaped from Luebeck, Germany, by concealing himself in the hold of a vessel and existing six days without food or water.

Smith had been a prisoner, first aboard the German raider Moeve, then in camp at Duellmen, then at Brandenburg and finally at Luebeck, for seven months and one day. He fled on October 11.

Summed up, his testimony is this: There is no particular brutality, no clubbing with guns or stabbing with bayonets as long as prisoners remain orderly. But the food is insufficient—he fell away from 210 to 130 pounds—and long continued subsistence upon German prison fare alone has most grievous effects upon the health. Only the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. supplies are keeping the prisoners alive at some confinement places.

Brandenburg, where about 70,000 prisoners of allied nations were kept, was the worst camp Smith encountered. This is in Prussia, not far from Berlin. Duellmen, in Westphalia, was bad enough, although the treatment was better. At Luebeck, which is not a camp but a port where prisoners are worked on the waterfront, conditions were not bad at all.

Guards Worse Off.
The German soldiers guarding the prisoners were far worse off there than the captives, Smith declares. Relief organizations keep the prisoners supplied with enough food and clothes to get along with, and the middle-aged guards, half starving and in patches, beg supplies from their captive enemies.

"They're sick and disgusted with the war, these fellows at Luebeck," Smith says. "They would often say: 'Look at us, without enough to eat or wear! The Kaiser's no earthly good! He's crazy. Germany's starving and licked and yet he keeps on fighting!'"

Smith, a railroad brakeman by trade and a "boomer" by inclination, sailed from Newport News on January 28 for Liverpool as foreman of an American horse-wranglers. When his ship, the British-owned steamer Esmeralda, was on her return voyage in March she was captured, robbed and sunk by the raider Moeve, and her crew added to the prisoners of that adventurous craft, who numbered at the end of the Moeve's raiding voyage above 600.

How the prisoners were shut behind bars.

THE THINKER



An old Frenchwoman once in the midst of what was called her home. Hearing that the Germans had left her home town, driven back by the French, she returned, but to find the ancestral home a mass of ruins.

VIOLATES ORDER, LOSES CROP
British Farmer Also Gets Prison Sentence and Fines of \$1,000 Is Inflicted.
London.—The severest penalty yet given for violation of the farm cultivation acts has just been administered to Alfred White, a farmer of Maldstone. He was ordered by the authorities to cut down his acreage of hops to one-half. He paid no attention to the order, declaring that he would make a profit of \$50,000 out of hops, and so could well afford to pay a substantial fine. The court fined him only \$1,000, but ordered the forfeiture of the entire crop of hops and added a sentence of two months in prison.

Plans for a Fox Farm.
Butte, Mont.—Raising of silver foxes, whose pelts are selling for \$1,500 each, may become a new industry for this state. Fox ranchers from Canada were here recently with a view to

low, with no chance for their lives, whenever the Moeve sighted another vessel, has been told by others, and Smith's narrative of that need not be repeated. He arrived with the rest at Kiel, Germany, on March 21, and next day, with all the Moeve's prisoners, was sent to Duellmen, Westphalia, a town about ten miles from the Holland border.

Captors "On Leave."
"We were sent down there in three class cars," Smith said, "with one guard to each ten men. The guards were all middle-aged Germans who had been at the front and who were home on furlough. They complained bitterly because when they got a leave it wasn't really a leave at all. They had to do guard duty or work in a factory or on a farm. This trip lasted all night, but we didn't get a scrap of food till we had breakfast at Duellmen in the morning."

"The camp consisted of a lot of low, wooden, unplaned shacks, with plank floors. Around the walls ran bunks, one above another. Each bunk had a bag of straw for a mattress, and two medium weight blankets. There were four of these shacks in each inclosure at Duellmen. Each inclosure held about 1,000 prisoners, and had a 12-foot barbed wire fence around it, with the wire at the top bent inward so you couldn't get over. How many of these inclosures there were—each with its four shacks—I don't know, but I was told there were 50,000 prisoners."

"Then there was another barbed wire fence, higher and thicker, on the outside of a roadway which ran around the entire camp. Every 200 feet around this barrier was a sentry box and a sentry. Inside of each smaller inclosure there were two armed guards, marching back and forth.

Nationalities Separated.
The nationalities were all separated. The French prisoners were kept by themselves. They seemed to get the worst treatment. The Russians were by themselves and we Americans were kept with the English. Nobody got what you'd call good treatment."

"For breakfast every morning we got a piece of bread an inch and a half thick and about four inches square and one tincup of what they called coffee—but it'd call good water spoiled. I don't know what they made it out of, but it was rotten, bitter stuff and not even very hot."

"For dinner and supper we had the same thing every day—turnip soup, with mighty few turnips in it. We never had anything else. No meat, no potatoes, no bread, even, except at breakfast. You could take the turnip soup or starve. It was just about enough to keep you alive. Some of the fellows got so weak they'd have to be carried to the hospital. There they'd get nourishing food for a few days, but as soon as they were a little stronger they'd be chucked out of the hospital. There wasn't much of what you'd call real suffering at Duellmen—and the guards were decent enough—but it wasn't much of a life."

Sent to Brandenburg.
On April 3 Smith and his fellow captives of the Moeve were sent from Duellmen to the notorious camp at Brandenburg, which is on the Havel river, between Berlin and Magdeburg. Again they had an all-night trip without food and crowded into narrow wooden benches in the worst sort of cars.

"Here we had Prussians for guards, and they were wicked devils," Smith went on. "The camp was the same sort of a place as Duellman, with barbed wire inner inclosures, and then a roadway circling the whole camp and barred on the outside with wire."

"At Duellmen they would turn us out and count us only twice a day, but at Brandenburg they gave us the 'raus' a dozen times. They'd keep us standing barefoot in the snow for hours until some major would come up and verify the final count. By this time our shoes had worn out, and most of us actually were barefoot."

"The Prussians hauled and shoved us around like cattle, although I must say I didn't see any one struck or stabbed who didn't have it coming to him."

"At Brandenburg we got the same old food—turnip soup, with never a change. They made the strongest of us work on farms outside the inclosure, clearing the ground for the spring planting; but we got no better food than the rest."

"We nearly froze to death at Brandenburg. There were small stoves in the huts, but they didn't begin to warm them. The blankets—you could see through them! We were all full of insects and had to have our clothes fumigated every two weeks, but in a couple of days we'd be as bad as ever."

Gets Job on Docks.
"I was about ready to take a desperate chance for escape when on May 1 they asked for 300 volunteers to go to work on the docks at Luebeck. They said they'd give us boats, better clothes and a mark a day for wages. I thought anything was better than Brandenburg, so I volunteered and was taken."

"The clothes they gave us were black uniforms with a yellow stripe down the pants and a yellow band fitted into the sleeves, with our number and the word 'Kriegsgefangener' (war prisoner) on them."

"They did give us better footwear, but you were just as likely as not to get one boot and one shoe, and different sizes. And when they half-sole a shoe they did it with the upper part of an old boot. They had scarcely any leather at all. While I was working on

HERE IS "COLLEGEIST" PRIVATE IN U. S. ARMY

San Antonio, Tex.—The best educated man in the southern department of the army has been found in Private George B. L. Thornton. He was born in England, but now is an American citizen and enlisted man in the quartermaster's service. Here is his collegiate education: One year in College St. Servais, Liege, Belgium; one year in College St. Michael, Fribourg, Switzerland; four years in St. Bede college, Manchester, England; four years to graduation from the University of Oxford. He is getting \$30 a month.

the farms I managed to get a pair of wooden shoes to keep my feet off the ground.

"There had been promises of Red Cross packages and Y. M. C. A. boxes at Brandenburg, but they hadn't arrived when I left."

"At Luebeck everything was much better. They kept us in a big warehouse on the Hamburg-American quay, and made us load and unload ships. But here we had steamer bunks to sleep in and decent blankets, and it was luxury compared to the other places. We had the same old bean coffee and turnip soup—but our guards got the same. Then in the summer we began to receive some clothing from the International Y. M. C. A. and some food boxes from the American Red Cross through Copenhagen."

What Y. M. C. A. Sent.
"Every week we got a box that had in it 50 biscuits, some corned beef, one loaf, sweet pudding, condensed milk, one-quarter pound of tea, a slice of bacon, a can of fruit, 50 cigarettes and some tobacco. That saw us through. It was so good we felt sorry for the poor guards and would give them scraps. They offered as high as 50 marks for a pound of tea. And the bacon they would have given anything for."

In June, Smith made his first attempt at escape. He had been working in a shipyard distant from Luebeck and managed to elude his guard at nightfall. He struck out overland, but his prison uniform revealed him and two days later he was captured and returned. For the offense of trying to escape he was given 19 days in the "black hole," with only a piece of bread a day to eat. Also a big German guard "took a couple of cracks" at his face.

"The Spanish ambassador came to see us Americans on June 1 and promised to send us books and clothing, but I never saw any of them. They did begin to put a few potatoes into the turnip soup, and occasionally they put about five pounds of meat into the soup supply for 300 men."

Another Getaway Chance.
"In October I made up my mind to take another chance on a getaway. The ships we were loading were plying between Luebeck and Swedish ports, and I thought I might hide on one of these. They carried mostly salt fertilizer to Sweden, though sometimes some coal and coke, and they brought back pig-iron and ore. I never saw them bring in any foodstuffs. Sometimes the German ships would go out carrying barbed wire and iron rods for the trenches on the Russian front. They went to Riga, I believe."

"There was one boat, the Udnie, which traveled between Luebeck and a Swedish port named Norrkoping regularly. I got acquainted with a Swede on board her, and he told me one other fellow had made his getaway to Norrkoping by concealing himself in the hold."

"My scheme was this: Every morning the guard would get together an early working crew of 12 men at four o'clock. He would take them on board while it was dark, to get the hatches ready for the others. One morning when I wasn't in this squad I hid myself in the hallway where they always lined up. The guard counted his 12, and then in the darkness I joined them. As we climbed aboard the Udnie he didn't know he had 13, instead of 12. He was a benevolent German anyhow."

"I hid myself in the fertilizer—a combination of salt and sulphur. What it did to me was plenty. My feet are still full of holes and the nails are off my toes."

For six days then (an unusually long journey) Smith remained in the hold. When the vessel docked at Norrkoping and the hatch was opened he dashed down the gangplank to safety. The Swedish police gave him water and food; American consulate attaches clothed him and sent him to Stockholm and then to Christiania, Norway, and there he boarded the liner Bergensjord for home.

Adopted 22 Children.
Vineland, N. J.—William J. Purvis of Rosenhary celebrated the forty-second anniversary of his marriage the other day by coming to Vineland and visiting the old homestead on Oak road. Purvis was married in Millville and the next morning he and his bride adopted five needy children. The couple have kept that practice up until now they can point with pride to a family of 22 that they have raised and sent out into the world, all imbued with the Purvis spirit of America first. The foster father is a survivor of the Civil war and extremely patriotic.

Bear Too Familiar.
Conrad, Mont.—George Robinson has killed a brown bear at their home on Sheep creek. Old Bruin had been making regular visits this last summer, and in fact, was getting to be altogether too familiar with the surroundings. On the evening of his last appearance he was seen looking through the kitchen window.

establishing the industry, where they said conditions are admirably adapted to it.

Christ saw that men took life painfully. To some it was a weariness, to others a failure, to many a tragedy, to all a struggle and a pain. How to carry this burden of life had been the whole world's problem. It is still the whole world's problem. And here is Christ's solution: "Take any yoke and learn of me, and you will find it easy."

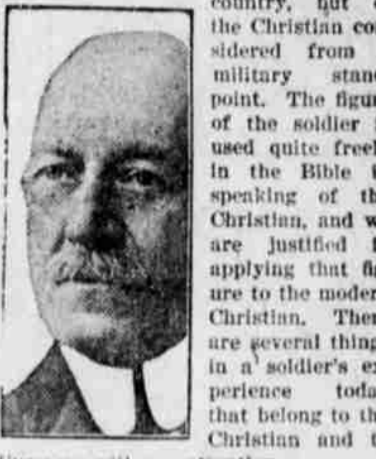
Proverbs.
Proverbs, it has well been said, should be sold in pairs, a single one being but half a truth.—W. Matthews

The Soldier-Christian

By REV. J. H. RALSTON, D. D., Secretary of Correspondence Department, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.

TEXT.—No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life: that so may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier.—1 Timothy 2:1.

This is not a consideration of the Christian as a soldier fighting for his country, but of the Christian considered from a military standpoint. The figure of the soldier is used quite freely in the Bible in speaking of the Christian, and we are justified in applying that figure to the modern Christian. There are several things in a soldier's experience today that belong to the Christian and to these we will give attention.



The Christian's Enlistment and Oath of Loyalty

Every soldier of his country must take an oath of allegiance to the government and the instructions of its authority is very great. The Christian who will not make a pledge to his Lord, ordinarily in a public way, lacks the first visible testimony that he is a soldier of the Lord. Christian profession is most important, and the exceptions to the rule but prove its importance.

The Christian's Equipment for Service.
The Christian must have his equipment for service as the government of any country must equip its soldiers, in which case clothing, food, shelter, arms, ammunition and other things are absolutely necessary. In the sixth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians this equipment of the soldier-Christian is quite fully given. That equipment is spiritual of course, but it will be noticed that it is both defensive and offensive. The enemy of the Christian often attacks, and the Christian must defend himself. The Christian must not make it a rule of his life however to await the attack of the enemy, but must attack as well. For attack is one weapon named, and that is the sword of the spirit of the word of God. Unlike human wars, the spiritual warfare has known no change through the ages. The Bible today is the best weapon and there are no Zeppelins nor other aircraft, nor submarines, nor mines, nor anything else that makes it obsolete. It is well to note that there is only the offensive weapon. Many have forgotten this; the Bible has been abandoned and the enemy has pressed the post of righteousness back. Courage, knowledge, faith and all other equipment will be furnished if the Bible is used faithfully. The weapon of offense needs emphasis.

The Christian's Training.
The Christian does too much unorganized fighting. His warfare is too largely a guerrilla warfare. In connection with the national army of the United States the training is most intensive, the results of which are astonishing to all beholding it. There are provisions for training the Christian. The old Methodist class-meeting, now showing innocuous decadence, was a splendid training school in the days gone by. Sunday schools, Y. M. C. A., young people's societies, etc., give fair training opportunity. For officers' training there are many theological seminaries, and a few of them turn out Napoleon and Grants and Pershings, but many of them are turning out officers with a very indistinct theory of real spiritual warfare and with very little knowledge of it practically. There are some great Bible schools where the training is intensive, largely so because the calls for workers must be promptly met and the time is short.

The Soldier-Christian and Hardship.
"Endure hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," is what Paul said to the recruit Timothy. Whatever may be done by the government or the people of the various countries for the comfort of men at the battle front, ultimately there is hardship.

The Soldier-Christian Must Fight.
"Fight the good fight of faith" is the Scripture exhortation and there is an escaping that responsibility. To fight is to oppose an enemy, to injure or destroy him, to gain the victory over him by contention. The old hymn gives the right idea:

"Fight on my soul till death shall bring thee to thy end; He'll take thee at thy parting breath Up to his blessed abode."

In Ephesians 6:10 the Christian is told that he fights against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Today there is an enemy in the form of false religious teaching that he must fight. The Christian must contend for the faith once for all delivered to the saints.

The Christian's worst enemies are those within his own bosom—his pride, unbelief, indifference, unholiness, evil heart, all active enemies every moment.

The bright ray of cheer that comes to the soldier-Christian is that ultimate victory is assured. He will overcome by the blood of the lamb. His crown will be given him by the righteous Judge in that day.

The Burden of Life.
Christ saw that men took life painfully. To some it was a weariness, to others a failure, to many a tragedy, to all a struggle and a pain. How to carry this burden of life had been the whole world's problem. It is still the whole world's problem. And here is Christ's solution: "Take any yoke and learn of me, and you will find it easy."