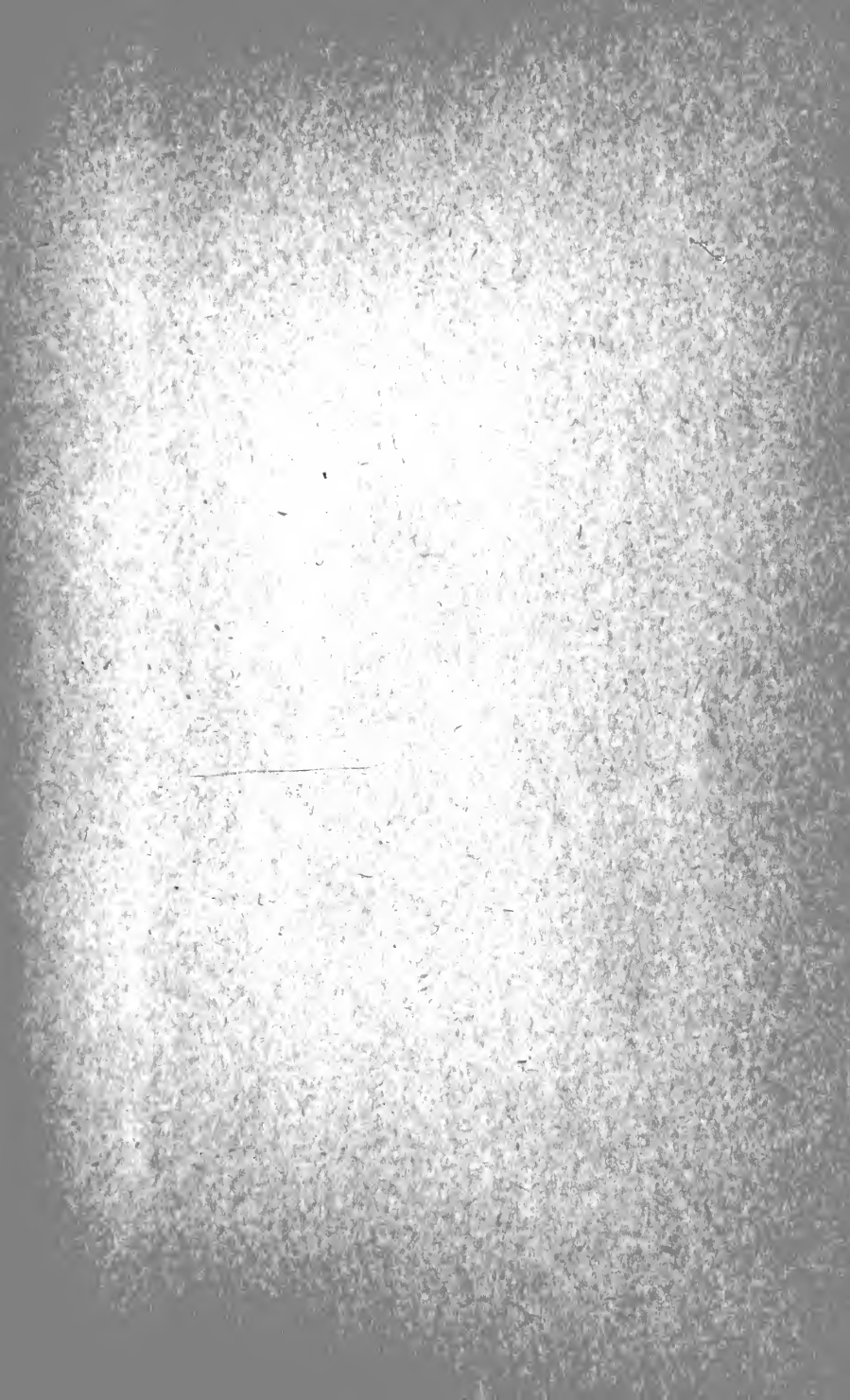


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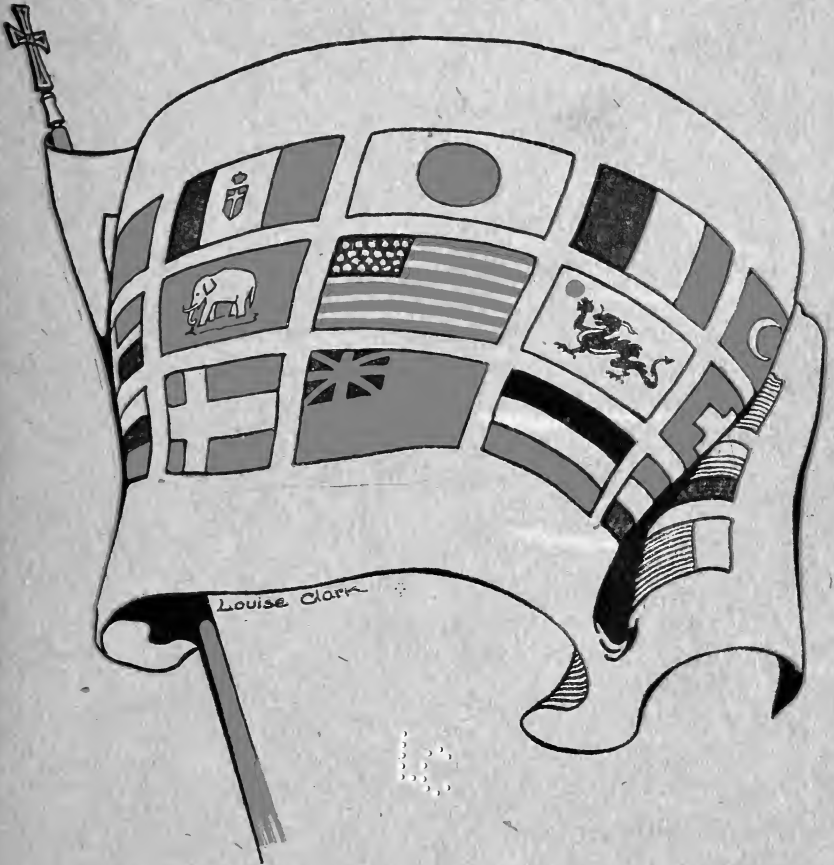
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
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SOLDIERS OF THE PRINCE

A Story of Missions and Peace

By

REV. CHARLES E. JEFFERSON, D. D
Pastor Broadway Tabernacle
New York City

“Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And men at war with men hear not
The love song which they bring.
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.”

Issued by

The Central Committee on the United Study of Foreign Missions
West Medford, Massachusetts

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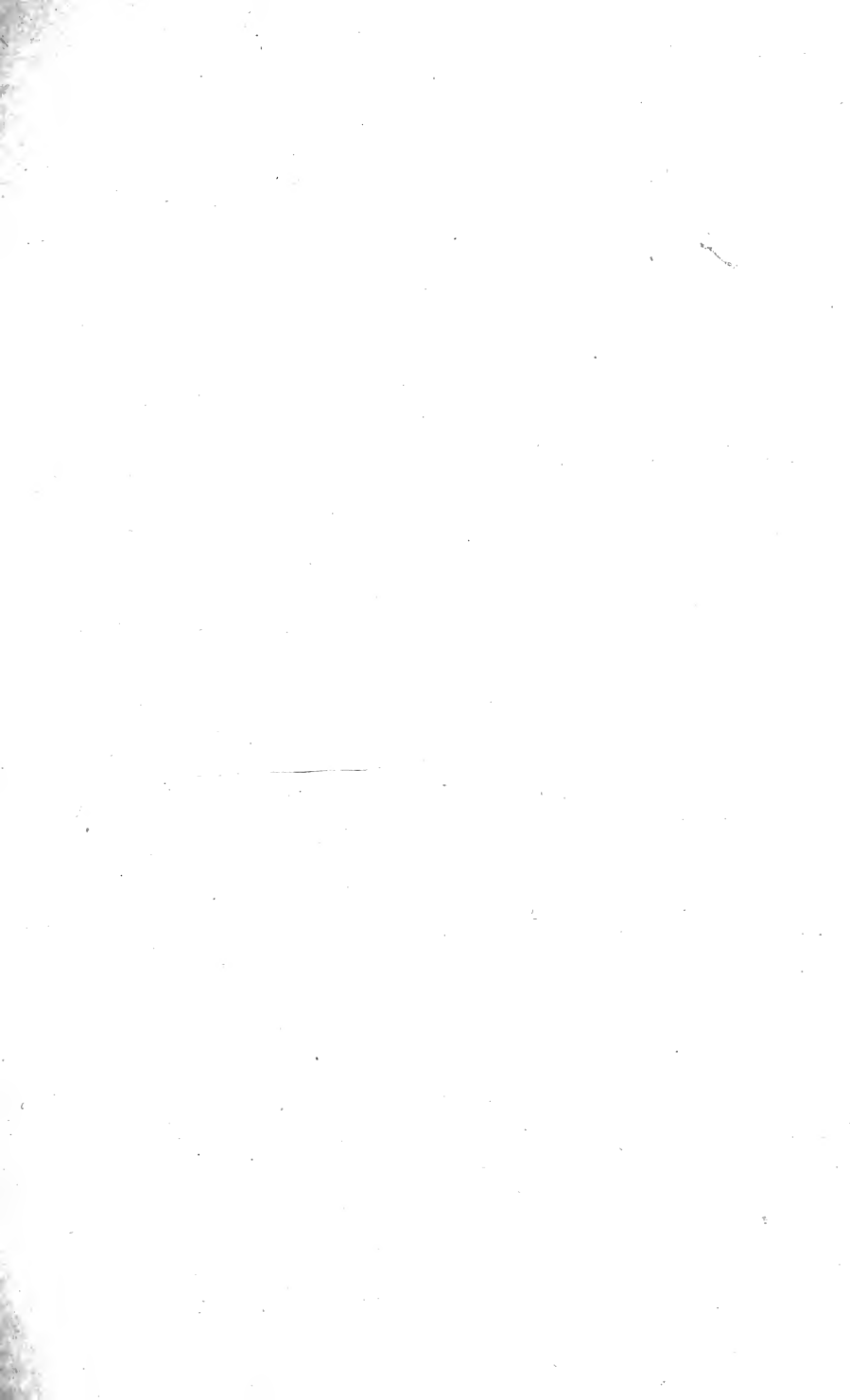
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Little Sufferers from War.

Alone in the world, but sister takes care of baby

IN this year of war, 1916, we ask the boys and girls of America to study this book written for them. Soldiers must all go through their drill—these are first lessons for recruits. May all who learn them be faithful soldiers in the Army of the Prince and become Heroes of Tomorrow.

CENTRAL COMMITTEE ON THE
UNITED STUDY OF FOREIGN MISSIONS
West Medford, Mass.

A Parable of War

I dreamed I was at a child's May-day party, in which every means of entertainment had been provided for them, by a wise and kind host. It was in a stately house, with beautiful gardens attached to it; and the children had been set free in the rooms and gardens, with no care whatever but how to pass their afternoon rejoicingly. They did not, indeed, know much about what was to happen next day; and some of them, I thought, were a little frightened, because there was a chance of their being sent to a new school where there were examinations; but they kept the thoughts of that out of their heads as well as they could, and resolved to enjoy themselves. The house, I said, was in a beautiful garden, and in the garden were all kinds of flowers; sweet grassy banks for rest; and smooth lawns for play; and pleasant streams and woods; and rocky places for climbing. And the children were happy for a little while, but presently they separated themselves into parties; and then each party declared, it would have a piece of the garden for its own, and that none of the others should have anything to do with that piece. Next, they quarrelled violently, which pieces they would have; and at last the boys took up the thing, as boys should do, "practically" and fought in the flower-beds till there was hardly a flower left standing; then they trampled down each other's bits of the garden out of spite; and the girls cried till they could cry no more; and so they all lay down at last breathless in the ruin, and waited for the time when they were to be taken home in the evening.—*Ruskin.*

World Conquerors

I.

COME, boys and girls, and let me put the world in your eye. Do not be afraid that the world is too big. You have no idea how large the eye is and how much it will hold. You could get a hundred worlds into it if you tried, but I want to put in only one. Did you ever shut your eyes and imagine you saw the world hanging in space? It is only a big ball, as you know, turning on its axis and traveling round the sun, and on its surface there are oceans and continents and islands, and on the islands and continents hundreds of millions of human beings are living, and it is a good thing always to carry this big ball in your eye. Some people carry their back yard in their eye, others carry their town, a few carry their nation, but every boy and girl ought to learn early how to carry the whole world.

One of the best ways of getting the world in your eye is to draw maps. How many of you like to do this? It is great fun to do it, and if you once begin you will not want to stop. Begin with North America, and then try South America, and then all the other continents, one after another, until you have completed a map of the world. Do not forget to put in the islands, for they too are important, and human beings live upon them, and it is because of human beings that I want to get the world in your eye.

After you have learned to draw a map of the

world, then begin to save your pennies to buy a globe. Every boy and girl who wants to get the world in his eye ought to own a globe. He ought to turn it round and round until he knows just how every continent looks, and how every inhabited island looks, and all the time he ought to keep thinking of the men and the women, and the boys and the girls who live upon these pieces of land.

For if in this way you get the world in your physical eye it will slip gradually into the eye of the mind, and you will be able to see the world even when you are not looking at the map or the globe. You can look at it when you are walking along the street, and you can see it even after you go to bed and shut your eyes. If you do not believe this, try it this very night.

After the world has slipped into your mental eye, you will find after a while that you are carrying the world on your heart. The old Greeks used to believe that there was a Titan by the name of Atlas who because of a wrong deed, was condemned to stand on the western edge of the world and hold up the heavens with his shoulders and his hands. I am sure that even a Titan could never do a thing like that, but every boy and girl can carry the world on his heart. We carry the world on our heart when we are interested in it, and concerned about it, and want to make it happier and better. You have no idea, yet, how wicked and miserable the world is, and if you once get it in your eye, you cannot very well help getting it on your heart.

I have read somewhere that when Oliver Crom-

well was Protector of England he always kept a big globe in the council chamber, his idea being that English statesmen ought to keep their eyes not simply on their own little island but on the whole world. And it was because Englishmen, hundreds of years ago, trained themselves to carry the world in their eye, that the sun today never sets on the wonderful British Empire. They say that an English shoemaker by the name of William Carey used to keep hanging on the wall of his shop a map of the world, and that he made a globe out of pieces of leather and always kept this globe on his bench. In this way he carried the world first in his eye, and then on his heart until at last he gave up shoe making and went all the way to India in order to help the people who were living there.

Both Cromwell and Carey were soldiers of Jesus, and I like to think of Jesus as the Prince. That was the name given to him by a prophet a long time before he was born, and I cannot think of a better one. He is the Prince of Peace. He always carried the world in his eye and on his heart. He never went out of Palestine, and Palestine, as you know, is a little country no larger than the state of Connecticut, but he was interested in all the nations, and was always dreaming of ways of doing them good. Men in his time were narrow and bigoted. They did not like any nation but their own. They looked down upon foreigners, and never tried to help them. But all this was very distasteful to the broad minded, big hearted Prince, and he used to say to his friends—"The field is the world." He was so generous in his

thoughts and feelings that most of his countrymen disliked him. They thought he could not love his own country truly if he did not despise all others, and that he was not loyal to his fellow citizens if he was friendly to foreigners. Their dislike of him deepened into hatred, and then hatred led them to think of murdering him. This did not frighten the Prince, for he was not afraid of death, and he knew that if a man has a true idea it will live long after he himself is dead. You can kill the body of a man but you cannot kill his spirit. If his spirit is beautiful and loving like God himself, then his spirit will live on, and he will accomplish more after his death than he did when he was alive. His enemies decided that they would have him crucified, but even this did not daunt him. Crucifixion was the most horrible of all punishments and was reserved for only the vilest and lowest criminals. The name of a man who had been crucified was hateful to everybody, and nobody could speak it without a shudder. But the Prince knew that it would be different with his name. Even though men crucified him he knew that his name would be more glorious after his death than before, and so one day he said: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." It did not at that time seem possible for him to do a thing so wonderful, and yet today in all parts of the world men and women are singing:

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear."

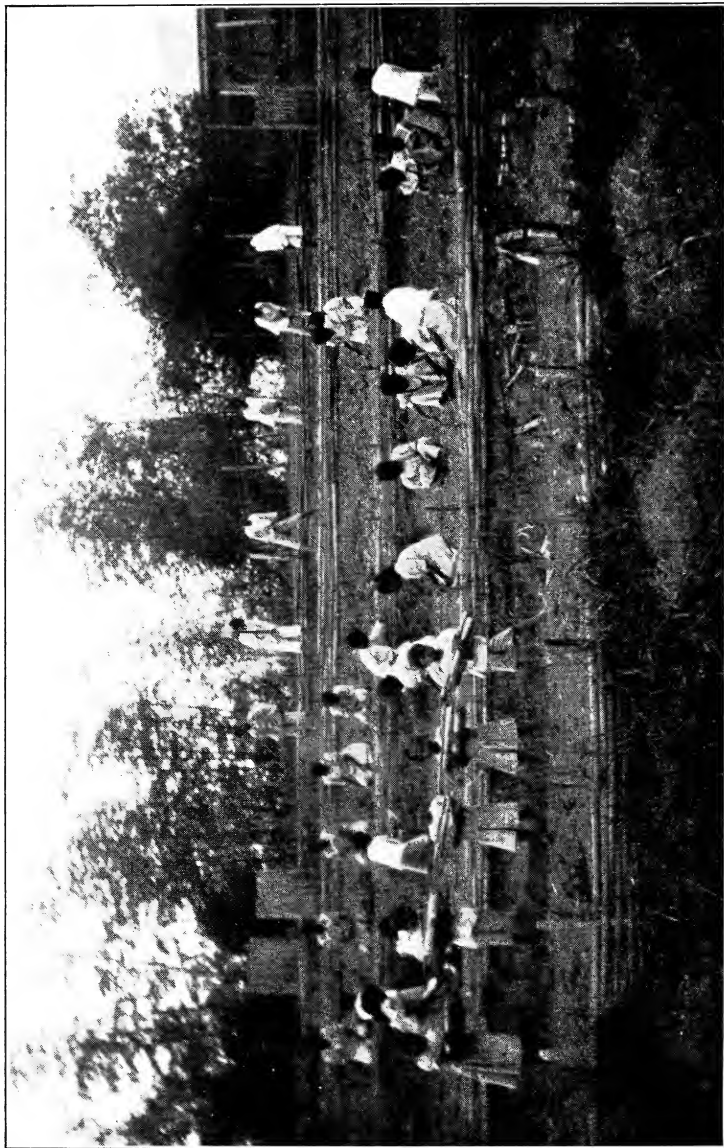
Surely he is a mighty Prince, and it is worth while to pay attention to everything he said. The last thing he said before he left the world was this: "Go and make disciples of all the nations. Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to the whole creation." Of course we must obey, and we must begin early to find out just what this command means.

It covers all the world. The Prince holds the world in his eye, and he intends that the world shall be in our eye too. He carries the world on his heart, and he rolls the world on to our heart also. We are to carry his ideas to the end of the world. We are to establish his ideals in the hearts of the nations. We are to persuade all human beings no matter who they are or where they live, to think as the Prince thinks, to feel as he feels, and to live the kind of life which he lived in Galilee.

Was ever a bigger job than this given to mortals? Think of what it means. This world does not like Jesus. It does not want to accept his ideas or to feel as he feels. It does not want to obey him. It wants to do as it pleases, and it gets angry whenever it is asked to do what the Prince says. The nations do not want to go to school to him. They think they know better than he what they ought to do. They have their traditions and customs, and it provokes them when anybody suggests that these shall be given up. Some nations are so opposed to the Prince that they have killed men who have attempted to carry out the Prince's orders. Other nations pretend to obey him, but they keep right on trampling upon his wishes. The fact is, the Prince

has millions of enemies and they are found in all parts of the world. They have built forts for the defense of their kingdoms. They have dug trenches and it is hard to drive them out. They are determined never to accept the ideas of the Prince, and they propose to resist all of his servants. The Prince wants to set up a kingdom of goodwill, a kingdom in which everybody will love everybody else and try to help everybody as much as possible, but the enemies of the Prince do not believe in goodwill. They like to be suspicious and to hurt and to hate. The empire of hate is very old and very strong, and it will take a mighty effort to pull it down. The Prince has set his heart on a kingdom of justice, a kingdom in which everybody will do what is fair, nobody cheating anybody or doing anybody a wrong, but the foes of the Prince have a different ambition. They want the privilege of lying and stealing and taking advantage of others, and they say all the time: "We will not have the Prince to rule over us!"

He wants to establish a kingdom of peace, a kingdom in which there will be no war or getting ready for war. In his kingdom men will no longer fight but work. They will live not to kill but to save. They will find delight in helping human beings instead of hurting them. Everybody will have a heart filled with feelings of goodwill toward all the world, and the will of God will be done upon earth as joyfully as it is done in heaven. But this is a kind of kingdom which many men do not want. They like to fight. They are like wild animals, they love to



A useful, peaceful army of Filipinos, who love their school and work.



kill. Others do not like to fight but they like to think of fighting. They like to fight sham battles. They revel in war games. They do not want to kill anybody but they love to practice the art of killing. They love to play with guns. They like to talk of battles. They carry battle fields in their eye. They like to read of slaughter. A book is not interesting to them unless a lot of men are killed. These men are enemies of the Prince. He was so gentle hearted that it pained him to have one man hurt another man even with a word. He believed that men ought not to harm one another, but that their chief business in this world is to help one another. He is the Prince of justice, and goodwill, and peace.

Since the world is what it is and the Prince is what he is, you can see that his followers must be soldiers. Did you ever think of a christian being a soldier? A soldier is a man who is enlisted in an army, and who obeys a commander, and who fights for the rights and principles of his country or King. Now every christian is enlisted in an army, for that is what the church is. It is sometimes called the church militant, and by that we mean that it is a fighting church. A christian is under a Commander—Jesus Christ the Prince of Peace. He is a great fighter—the greatest the world has ever seen. He is always making war on injustice and cruelty and greed and falsehood and every kind of wickedness. He does not fight with guns. He fights with ideas, arguments, pleadings, and chiefly with love. Every christian fights for his country and King. His real country is the kingdom

of love, and God is his King. Every christian therefore is a soldier.

Why do we not think of christians as soldiers? I presume it is because they do not put on a uniform, and march behind a fife and drum and carry muskets and swords. Some people think that there is no way of fighting except in war, that there are no weapons except those made of steel, and that the only way to be really brave is to put on a uniform and follow a fife and a drum.

But this is a mistake. Christians are genuine soldiers, and they are enlisted in a long campaign. They have a strong enemy to conquer, and they cannot conquer him unless they are as brave as any general who ever died upon a battle field.

One of the Prince's bravest followers in the first century was Saul of Tarsus, whom we call Paul. He loved to think of himself as a soldier, and he called his fellow-workers fellow-soldiers. There was a young man named Timothy of whom he was specially fond—and when Paul was in prison doomed to death, he wrote a letter to Timothy, saying: "Suffer hardship with me as a good soldier of Christ Jesus." The world was full of the soldiers of Caesar, and Paul loved to think of himself as a soldier of Christ. He held his head as high as any soldier of Caesar. He believed that he was engaged in a far fiercer war than any in which Caesar ever fought. He did not feel that the soldiers of Caesar were a whit braver than he was or that they were called to endure greater hardships and privations than he endured. And, moreover, he was not ashamed of his Com-

mander. Paul believed that Jesus Christ was far greater than any Caesar, and that in comparison with Jesus the Head of the Roman Empire was a pigmy and weakling. Even though he did not cover himself with armor after the fashion of the Roman soldiers he was sure that he wore armor just as real as theirs. They wore their armor on the outside: he wore his on the inside. Their armor was made of steel: his was spiritual. Their armor was complete, it protected the whole man. His also was complete, for it covered every part of him. He never coveted the beautiful and shining armor of Caesar because he knew that his own armor was infinitely finer.

Do you remember the names of the pieces of armor which Paul says a christian soldier must put on? He must have a belt, and his belt is truth. He must have a breastplate, and this is righteousness. He must have sandals, and his sandals will carry him on errands of peace. His big shield will be faith, and his helmet will be hope, and his sword will be the Word of God. What a wonderful picture of a soldier that is. You could not photograph him or paint him, for the camera cannot get on the inside of us and take snapshots of our tempers and dispositions. These are the armor of a christian. We do our fighting by certain dispositions and we get those dispositions from the Prince. He had them and used them and the enemy was never able to wound him. If we use them too, we also shall come off victorious.

Yes, our weapons are partly dispositions and partly ideas. We overcome by the things which we

think. If we take the ideas of the Prince, his ideas of God and man and duty and character, we shall not be overcome by other ideas belonging to some other prince not half so wise or good as the Prince of Peace. That is why Paul says that the Word of God is a sword. The Word of God is made of ideas. We must know how to use those ideas if we are to prevent other ideas from getting possession of the world. Ideas are mightier than dynamite, and it is wonderful what they can do. A good idea can light up the mind and brighten the home and strengthen a nation, but a wrong idea can do more mischief than anybody can measure. The Prince himself once had a fight with his greatest enemy, and in that fight the Prince used again and again the Word of God. Some day you ought to read again the account of that wonderful battle. It is called "the temptation" and all soldiers of the Prince ought to be familiar with it.

The soldiers who use swords and guns spend much time in studying the campaigns of Alexander and Caesar and Napoleon, for it is by the study of the methods of great commanders that other soldiers learn how to conquer. We ought to study constantly the methods of the Prince as they are written in the gospels, for if we adopt his methods we are certain to win the battle. And then action is also a christian weapon. We must use our feet as well as our lips. We must go where we are needed. This is why Paul speaks of the sandals. We must travel. Some of us need not travel far. Many soldiers never go outside their own town. Others must go a long

distance. They must go hundreds of miles from home, it may be half way across a continent, in order to please the Prince. Others must cross the ocean and make their home in far distant lands where they cannot at first understand the language, and where everything is entirely different from what they have known at home. These christian soldiers who go so far from home are known as missionaries. A missionary, as you know, is one who is sent. Another name is apostle. An apostle also is one who is sent. The one word is Latin and the other is Greek, but they both mean the same thing. In our country we do not call christian soldiers apostles, we call them missionaries.

Did you ever think of missionaries as soldiers? Did you ever think of how much courage it takes to be a missionary, to say goodbye to all one's friends, and all one's relatives, and to give up all the good things at home, and to travel thousands of miles across land and water, and to settle down among people whom one does not know, and get accustomed to their queer ways of living, and learn to like the things which they eat, and to master the language which they speak, and to be patient with their stupidity and ignorance, and to put up with all their disagreeable ways, and, it may be, to be opposed and threatened and imprisoned and beaten and possibly killed? Some people never think of these things at all. They suppose that only soldiers in uniform behind a fife and drum do brave things. When soldiers in uniform start out to war there is a great commotion in the town. Everybody is ex-

cited, and everybody talks. There is music, and there are flags, and possibly speeches, and boys and girls stand round gazing with wide open eyes, and old folks look out of the window, and the biggest men in the town hurrah, and it all gets into the papers, and everybody thinks that those soldiers who are going out to kill men are the bravest men in all the world, but when soldiers of Christ start out for some far off battlefield where they are to be on the fighting line not for a few hours or days but probably for years, the town pays no attention to them at all. The reporters are not on hand. There are no bands playing. There are no processions, no applauding crowds, no adoring boys and girls, no eulogistic speeches from the Mayor and the congressman. Possibly not a dozen people in the town ever give a thought to the wonderful courage of these departing soldiers of the Prince.

They are going forth to conquer the world. There are four classes of world conquerors, and with three of these, most people are well acquainted. First of all, come the warriors, the men who have demolished cities and made the earth run blood. Next the explorers, the men who have roved over the seas and roamed over the lands for the sake of excitement and adventure, and sometimes with a desire to add to the stock of the world's knowledge concerning the planet on which we are living. After these, come the traders, the men who have gone to the ends of the earth in order to make money. There is no region where they are not found. The story of their exploits and successes stirs the heart. But the

greatest of the world's conquerors are the soldiers of the Prince. None can match them in heroism or in perseverance, in the magnitude of their achievements or in the permanence of the results which have followed their efforts. If you want something more fascinating than stories of war, then read about the battles of the soldiers of the Prince. If you want something more thrilling than fiction, read the lives of these soldiers. If you want tales of adventure which will make your hair stand up, then read how North America and Africa were explored by soldiers of the Prince. If you admire men who are not afraid of wild beasts or serpents or deadly insects you will adore these soldiers. If you love men who are not afraid of anything at all, and are ready to plunge into vast forests where no one has ever ventured before, you will love these soldiers. If you want to read about men every whit as brave as Hannibal or Horatius or Leonidas or Marshal Ney, then read the story of these soldiers' deeds. You will find in them every trait which you admire most, and every quality which you picture in your favorite hero.

These men have not gone out to kill, but to save, and it is harder to save men than to kill them. They have gone out to make war upon ignorance, and it is easier to rob men than to instruct them. They have made war upon disease, and it is easier to kill giants than it is to kill microbes. They have waged war against superstition, and nothing is so hard to kill as a superstition which is thousands of years old. Blowing up forts with explosives is child's play compared with blowing to pieces old superstitions by

ideas furnished by the Prince. They have marched out to pull down abominable institutions such as slavery. An institution is an idea which has become so big and strong that it rules not only the thoughts but the lives of men and nations. Of all bad institutions slavery is one of the worst. The soldiers of the Prince have been obliged to fight it in many lands, and many soldiers have lost their lives in the long war, but who would not be willing to lose his life if only millions of men and women might be set free? They have made war on foolish and demoralizing customs. A custom is a habit which has gotten in its grip not only one man or woman but a whole multitude of people. Some savages have the custom of eating one another, and some barbarians have the custom of burying sick people alive, and some civilized people have the custom of throwing babies into a river to be eaten by the crocodiles, and nearly all nations, whether civilized or barbarous or savage have had the custom of settling disputes by killing men. This is the stupidest and most ludicrous and most tragic custom of all. The custom of settling disputes by killing men is called war. Upon this wicked custom the soldiers of the Prince of Peace make uncompromising warfare. They have fought it all the way around the world, and they are going to keep on fighting until they win the victory. War is a sort of demon which must not be allowed to stay on this planet. There is no room for it here. We want the world for other uses. So long as war stays, people cannot be happy, and they cannot have those dispositions which God wishes them to have.





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War drives people out of their homes to sleep in ruined churches.

War breaks down in the human heart all the beautiful things which God loves to see there. In time of war men tell lies, and steal, and burn, and kill. War is more cruel than any monster you ever read about in the story books. It has no mercy on anybody. It crushes old men and women who are tottering on the edge of the grave. It burns the roof over the head of invalids who are too weak to walk. It drives poor people out of their homes in winter time into the fields to freeze and starve. It makes holes in the bottom of big steamships so that a thousand human beings are drowned at once. It blows poisonous gases over the fields so that every living thing lies down and dies. It blows to pieces the most beautiful works of art, and leaves nothing but ruin where before there was loveliness and plenty. It drops bombs from the clouds blowing mothers into shreds of bleeding flesh, and tearing to pieces babies in their cradles. This you see is a bloody monster, and the Prince of Peace hates it with all his heart. He wants this monster killed for he cannot set up his kingdom until it has been destroyed. The only reason the tyrant has lived so long is because the soldiers of the Prince have not fought him with all their might. They have been too much afraid of him, and other princes have hoodwinked them into thinking that maybe war is not so bad after all. But the soldiers of the Prince ought to be deceived no longer. The war in Europe has shown everybody that war is just as bad as it can be. It has thrown off all its false faces, and we can now see just what it looks like. It is the most hideous

of all the enemies of mankind. We must get rid of it, and the sooner we do it the better.

How can we abolish war? There is only one way—by love. Nations must be taught to take the christian attitude to one another, and that is the attitude of goodwill. They must be trained to live peaceably together. They can do this if they only try. They must be given the ideas of patience and forbearance and forgiveness. A nation ought to be as patient as a mother is with her children. They must adopt the christian method of overcoming evil by good. A great many big folks laugh at all this and think it very foolish, but you must pay no attention to them, for the Prince of Peace pities them and longs to see them come into a better frame of mind. They think and talk as they do because they do not know the Prince. They may know his name, but they do not know him. To know him is to have his spirit, and his spirit is sweet and friendly. He is everybody's friend.

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER ONE

- 1. What does the author mean when he says that he wants to "put the world in your eye"?**
- 2. How did William Carey get the world in his eye and what happened then?**
- 3. Who is called the Prince of Peace? Why?**
- 4. Repeat the command which the Prince has given to us.**
- 5. Describe the Empire of Hate. Where is it found?**
- 6. What are the duties of the soldiers of the Prince?**
- 7. Give three reasons why Paul proved himself such a brave soldier of the Prince, and describe his armor.**
- 8. Name the four classes of world conquerors. Why is the last class called the greatest?**
- 9. Why has war earned the name of "bloody monster"?**
- 10. How may war be abolished?**

Thou hast multiplied the nation, and not increased the joy: they joy before Thee according to the joy in harvest, and as men rejoice when they divide the spoil.

For every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood; but this shall be with burning and fuel of fire.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this. *Isaiah 9*

Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might.

Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand.

Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;

And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;

Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. *Eph. 6:10-17*

Why Men and Nations Quarrel

II.

NATIONS quarrel for the same reason that men quarrel, and men quarrel for the same reason that children quarrel. If we can find out why boys and girls quarrel, we shall know why there are wars. A boy holds in his heart the secret of all history. Did you ever ask yourself why it is that boys fight? Some boys seem to fight without any reason whatever. It is their nature. They fight because they are full of fight, and it has to come out. It is as natural for them to fight as it is to breathe or eat or sleep. Not all boys are equally pugnacious, but all human beings have in them a good deal of the stuff of which quarrels are made. It has often been said that man is by nature a fighting animal. He certainly often acts like an animal. Animals fight and kill one another, and in some way or other the disposition of animals seems to have gotten into human nature. The first reason, then, why boys fight is because there is so much of the animal in them. They are bundles of appetites and instincts and impulses, and the reason has not gotten firmly established on the throne. Reason is always opposed to fighting, but instinct is sometimes stronger than reason, and human beings act as though they had no reason at all.

Now men are only children of a larger growth, and in many of them the animal remains strong.

They do not develop their reason. They make no earnest effort to curb their appetites and passions. They remain creatures of instinct and impulse, and when things do not go to suit them, they fight. Some men are naturally quarrelsome. They snap and snarl and bite like animals. They wrangle and brawl and make themselves a big nuisance. Such men are called rowdies, and if they are always picking on somebody smaller than themselves, we call them bullies. They are not much above the level of a bulldog, and it is hard to get on with them. There have been nations which were much like an animal. They did not care to think and so they fought. They had no taste for high and beautiful things, but took delight in shedding blood. Such nations are now called savages, and all men who have developed their brain and heart pity them.

It is the nature of an animal to think only of himself. He wants the best of everything and he wants it for himself. When you see the animals fed in a zoological garden you notice that every animal looks out for himself. Every bear grabs all the bread that he can get his big paws around, and every lion and tiger snatches the biggest piece of meat within its reach and rushes off with it. The wolves and hyenas do the same. And if there is not enough meat for all, then there is sure to be trouble, for the animals fight over it furiously and the strongest of them always gets it. If you cannot go to a zoological garden to study animal nature, you might experiment some time with two pigs. Put down some corn in front of them, and see what happens. Neither pig

will wait for the other, for pigs do not know the meaning of politeness, and the bigger pig will shove the weaker pig aside. Or if you do not live in the country where pigs grow, then you can experiment with your dog and cat. A dog always looks out for himself, and it makes no difference to him whether the cat gets anything to eat or not. We cannot help pitying the cat, but she has the same selfish nature. She always looks out for herself. She wants the warmest place in the sun, and she would never think of giving up that place in order to accommodate another cat. When she catches a mouse she does not divide it with a neighbor cat, but devours it all herself. All animals are selfish, they look out solely for themselves. This is why they fight.

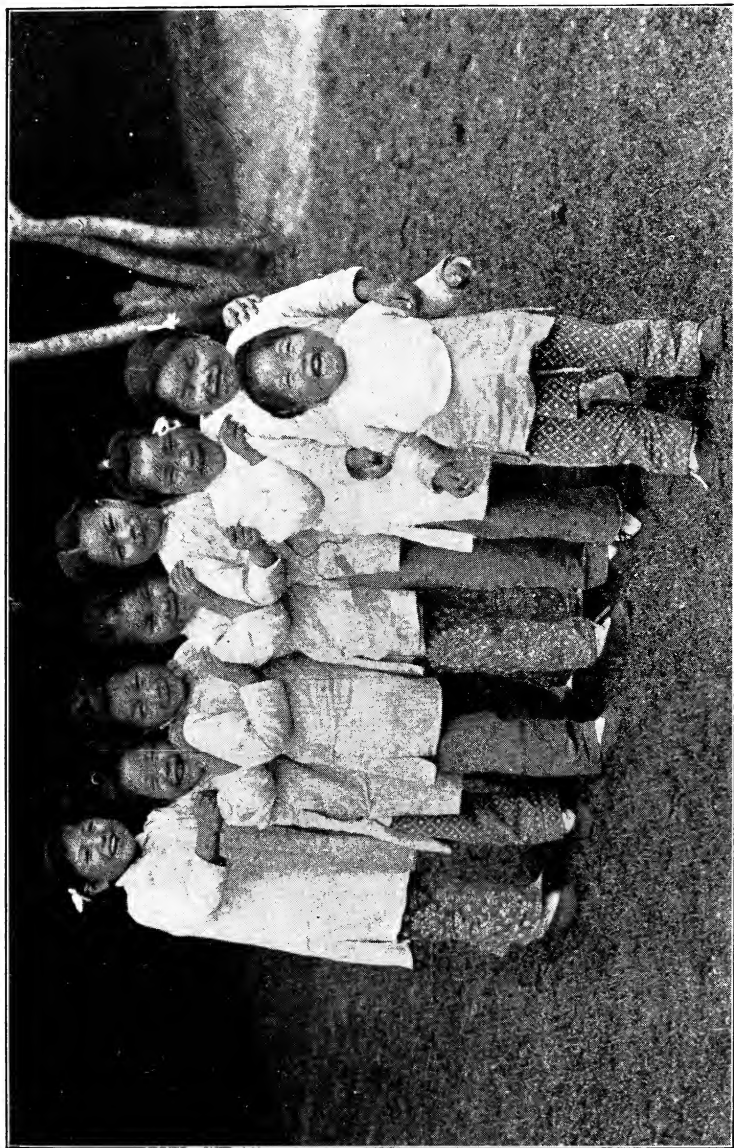
When boys and girls fight, it is because they are selfish. They look out for themselves. They want all the good things they can get hold of, and if they cannot get them in any other way, they will fight for them. There has been many a quarrel in the home because two boys wanted the same thing at the same time. Both could not have it, and so there was a fight. If a boy is greedy he is sure to be envious of the boy who has what he wants. When he becomes envious, it does not take long for him to pick a quarrel. Some boys are always squabbling. One day it is for one thing, and the next day it is for something else. They meet other boys just as selfish and greedy as themselves, and then there is a clash. They give one another a tongue lashing, or if they are very coarse and rude they use their

fists. Girls do not use their fists, and so they use their tongues.

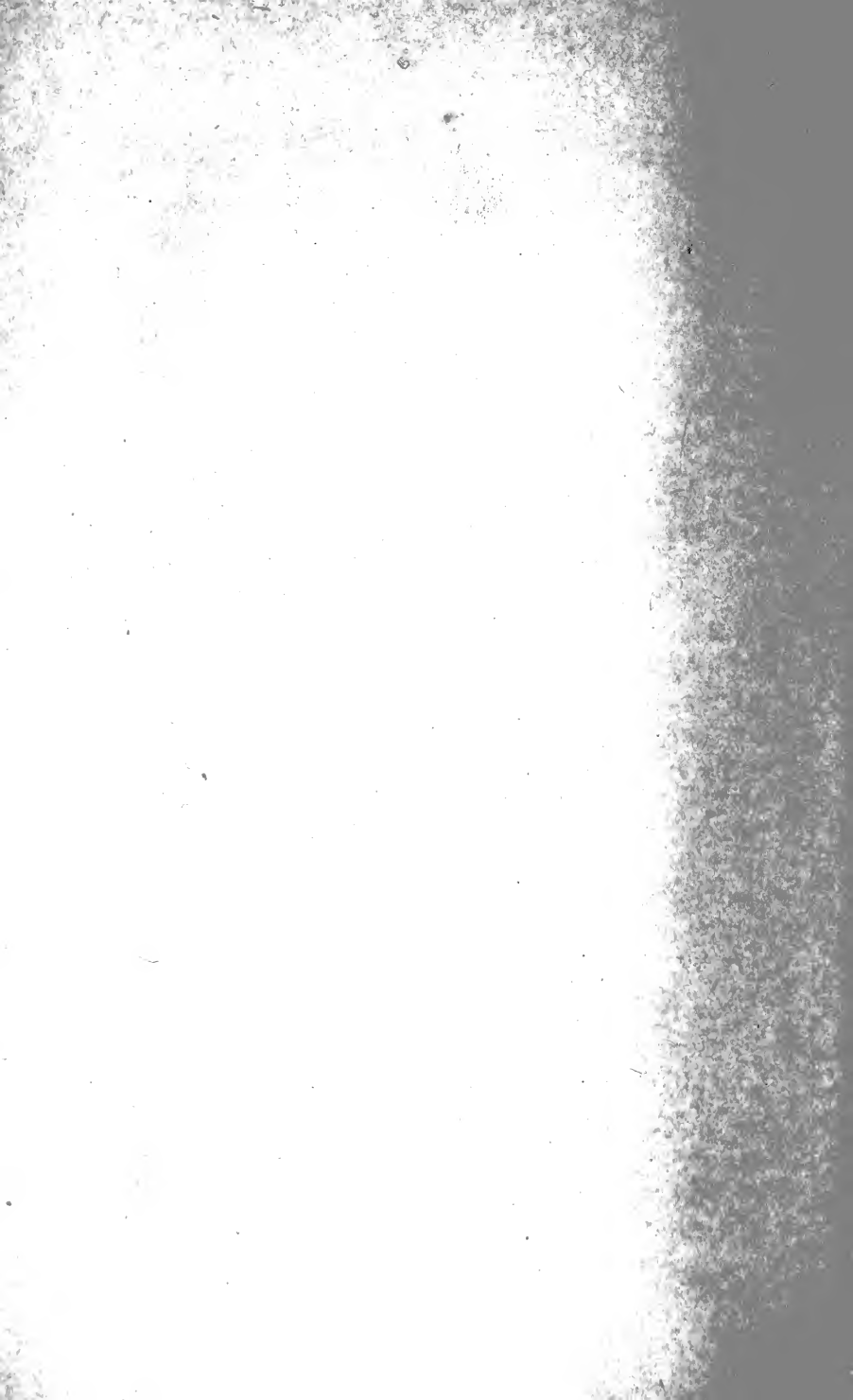
Men fight because of their enormous selfishness. Selfishness is a disease which grows on one as he grows older, and unless prompt measures are adopted to cure it, it is certain to ruin one's life. Business men are often as selfish as hyenas, and have no more pity for one another than hyenas have for the hyenas of another pack. They grab everything they can get their hands on, and they trample on their rivals without mercy. There is almost as much cruelty in the business world as there is in the jungle. Men struggle furiously for the big prizes, and some of them do not hesitate in order to get what they want, to trample upon all the laws both of God and man. Business men do not often kill one another, but some of them become enemies of one another, and do everything in their power to ruin one another. The competition which goes on constantly in the business world is a kind of war, and in this war thousands of hearts are embittered, and many homes left desolate and sad.

If men are so greedy and envious, it is not surprising that nations occasionally quarrel. For a nation is made up of men, and no nation can be better than the men who make it. If the men are greedy, then the nation will be greedy, and if the men are all the time shoving and jostling one another, then nations will also do the same thing, and now and then the world will be deluged with blood.

It is not uncommon for two nations to want the same harbors, or the same gold mines, or the same



Jolly Chinese children saved by the Soldiers of the Prince.



forests, or the same markets, or the same influence in the councils of the world. Wanting the same things they come to dislike one another. The nation which lacks what it wants becomes envious of its neighbor, and this neighbor knowing that it is envied, becomes suspicious, and out of this envy and suspicion comes war.

There are other bad things in this world beside greed, and suspicion is one of the worst of them. No boy can be happy if he suspects that the other boys are his enemies. Life is scarcely worth living to a girl who thinks that all the other girls are against her. It is only as we are able to trust those around us that the heart is able to sing. There is nothing that so darkens the sky as suspicion. People who have a suspicious disposition are the most miserable of all mortals. The fearful thing about suspicion is that it runs into something else. If we suspect a person we come soon to fear him, and if we fear him, it will not be long before we hate him, and when hate has once taken possession of the heart, all bad things are possible. Boys and girls cannot live peaceably together if their hearts are torn by suspicions. Nor can men and women. The ties of friendship are snapped the moment a suspicion is allowed to build its nest in the heart.

Thousands of years ago when the world was young and men did not know one another beyond the locality in which they lived, they took it for granted that all men who were not like them must be their enemies. Every foreigner no matter who he was or where he lived was put down in the list

of foes. It was a foolish notion, and one wonders why it did not die out long ago. It still lives on, and will continue to live until it is crushed by the soldiers of the Prince. There are so-called christian nations which imagine that all their neighbors are their enemies. Assuming this, they go on to think that their neighbors will break in and rob them unless they have thousands of men on guard with guns. They say in a loud voice that they themselves do not intend to attack anybody, or to do anybody the slightest wrong, and that the only reason they have so many men with guns at their doors is because their neighbors cannot be trusted. Their neighbors are villains and cut-throats and must be watched day and night. Of course this makes these neighbors feel uncomfortable, and seeing so many men with guns, they too feel that they ought to have armed men on guard, and so they endeavor to have more guns than anybody else. It is in this way that the world came to adopt the policy known as armed peace. It is built on the notion that nations are the natural enemies of one another, and that one nation is sure to rob and kill another nation unless it is beaten off with clubs. This was the notion of the savages who used to live in caves, and it is held still by men who consider themselves civilized. So long as the policy of armed peace is the accepted policy of nations, it will not be possible to rid the world of war. Big armies and navies breed suspicions, and these suspicions create armies and navies still bigger, and this goes on until at last the nations are

so nervous and ill humored that there is nothing left for them to do but to fight.

Indeed when one gets to rummaging in search of the reasons why we have such a quarrelsome world, he finds that wrong ideas have as much to do as anything else. The world's head is full of foolish notions, and until these notions can be driven out the nations will not sheathe the sword. Many a boy fights not because he wants to fight, but because he thinks it is manly to fight, and that if he does not fight he will be considered a coward. Every boy wants to be brave, and nothing hurts him worse than a taunt from some other boy that he is lacking in courage. Almost any boy would rather fight than be counted a coward. He prizes his honor above everything else. He wants to be a man, and do what a man would do, and he has been told that it is a manly thing to fight. Fighting, he thinks, is a proof of heroism. All the heroes he has read about were great fighters. He does not like to fight but he would rather fight than lose the good opinion of the other boys. His ideas of manliness and honor and courage are all wrong, and so is his idea of patriotism. He has never heard the word patriot except in connection with a gun. There are no patriots so far as he knows except soldiers. Patriotism means willingness to fight. A genuine patriot is a man who is ready to kill men belonging to another nation. This is the common idea of patriotism, and the idea is not confined to boys. It is the idea of multitudes of men. If men accept such ideas and act on them, we must continue to have wars.

What we need most of all is to learn the ideas of the Prince. His ideas are entirely different from the ideas of many of the men who have a reputation for being wise. He was the bravest man who ever lived, but he never struck a man with his fist. He never tried to scare a man by brandishing a sword. When men threatened to stone him he did not pick up a stone to throw at them. He refused to do this not because he was a coward, but because he was a hero. He had such a high sense of honor that he would not stoop to do an unmanly thing. Men did their utmost to insult him but he never allowed himself to be insulted. He was so far above the men around him that it made no difference to him what they said. If a king riding through the street had a face made at him by some little six year old urchin, do you suppose he would feel insulted and order that the child should be spanked? If the President of a great university should be called a hard name by some loafer on the street corner, do you think the President ought to stop long enough to knock him down? Nobody can stain our honor but **ourselves**. There lives not a man on the earth who can stain the honor of another man. If coarse and stupid men say things about us which are not true and do things to us which we do not like, we show our strength and manliness by going forward and paying no attention to them. When a silly king one day said foolish things about the Prince, the Prince held his tongue. When the king asked a question the Prince refused to answer. When the king requested him to do a certain thing, the Prince declined to obey

him. Only a brave man could have held his tongue, and only a strong man could have controled his temper.

There is much foolish talk about national honor. Generals and Admirals talk about it often. They talk sometimes as though they were the only custodians of it, and that they alone could tell when it has been insulted. Such men are sometimes cocky and imagine insults when there are none. They have the superstitious notion that you can wipe out an insult with blood. It is a queer theory. An officer of another nation refuses, let us say, to salute our flag. He is told to fire a certain number of guns in front of it to prove that he is respectful toward it. But he refuses. An officer of our nation then decides that our Republic has been insulted and that the insult must be washed out in blood. In whose blood? His own? Not at all! In the blood of the man who refused to fire the salute? By no means. Nobody who has had anything to do with the matter is to lose a drop of blood. The blood is to be shed by young men who are altogether innocent. Our young men are to go with rifles and shoot down as many young men as possible of this other nation, giving them a chance to shoot down our young men too, and in this way our flag will be exalted, and the insult will be washed away. Can you think of a notion more silly than that? What do you suppose the Prince thinks of such conduct? Do you not think that he must be sad of heart to find that nearly two thousand years after he first proclaimed his gospel, grown men in America should be so stupid as

to think that you can wipe out an insult with blood? No insignificant little official of another nation can insult our great Republic. His bad manners may annoy us but they should not induce us to kill him, much less should we hasten to tear boys from the arms of their mothers and send them off to shoot other boys whose mothers think as much of them as your mother thinks of you. Much of this talk of a nation's honor is only a kind of nonsense which is kept alive in barracks, and which is handed from one generation to another by soldiers who do not know the Prince of Peace.

We must go to the Prince for lessons in the meaning of patriotism. He was a patriot, but he never allowed his patriotism to lift his country so far above all others that he had only dislike and contempt for them. He carried his nation in his eye as every patriot always does, but he carried all the other nations also. He carried the whole world. He saw that the whole race of men is nothing but one big family and that all men are to love one another no matter under what flag they live. And so he was always talking not about his own country but the kingdom of God, the kingdom of righteousness and peace and joy, the kingdom of faith and hope and love. He loved to believe that all men are related to one another, because they all have the same father, and having the same father, they are really and truly brothers. Brothers are not good brothers unless they are friendly and kind to one another. If they are suspicious of one another, or envious of one another, or try to injure one another, then all God's

plans are upset, and he cannot make this world the kind of world he wants it to be.

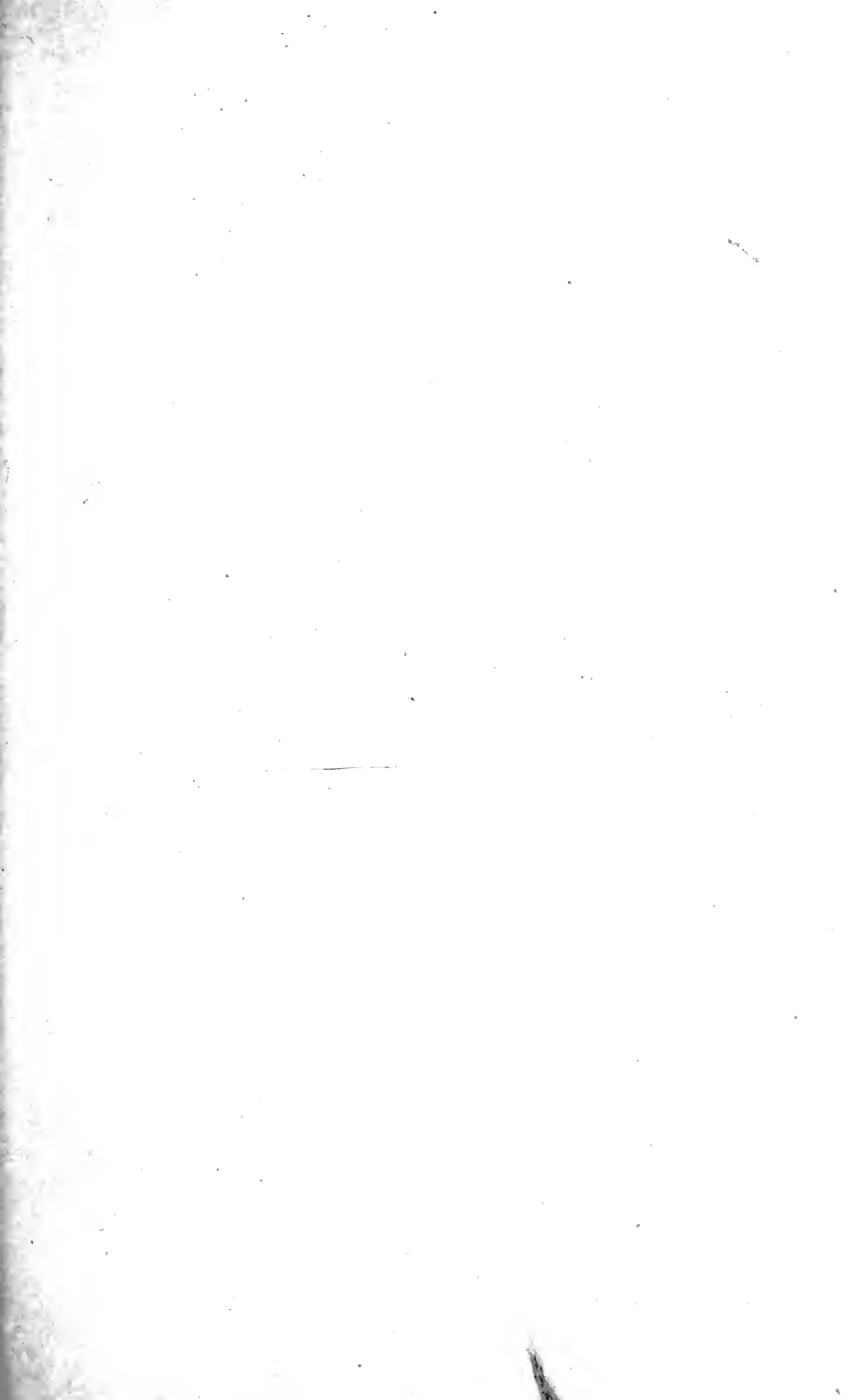
If then you ask me why men and nations fight, I should say first of all, it is because of bad dispositions. They have ugly tempers. They are selfish, and suspicious, and greedy and envious. Sometimes they are vain and haughty and domineering. Sometimes they are cruel and revengeful. These dispositions are the roots of war, and there is no hope of lasting peace until these roots are destroyed. I know of no one who is able to destroy them except the Prince. He said one day to an old man in Jerusalem—"You must be born again!" He meant by that, I suppose, that this man would have to change his life from the foundation up. It would be necessary for him to have a different disposition, a higher and nobler spirit. The old man was surprised and somewhat discouraged, but the Prince assured him that a man's nature can be completely changed. We cannot understand how the change is made. We only know that it is possible to make it. It is brought about by God with the assistance of the Prince.

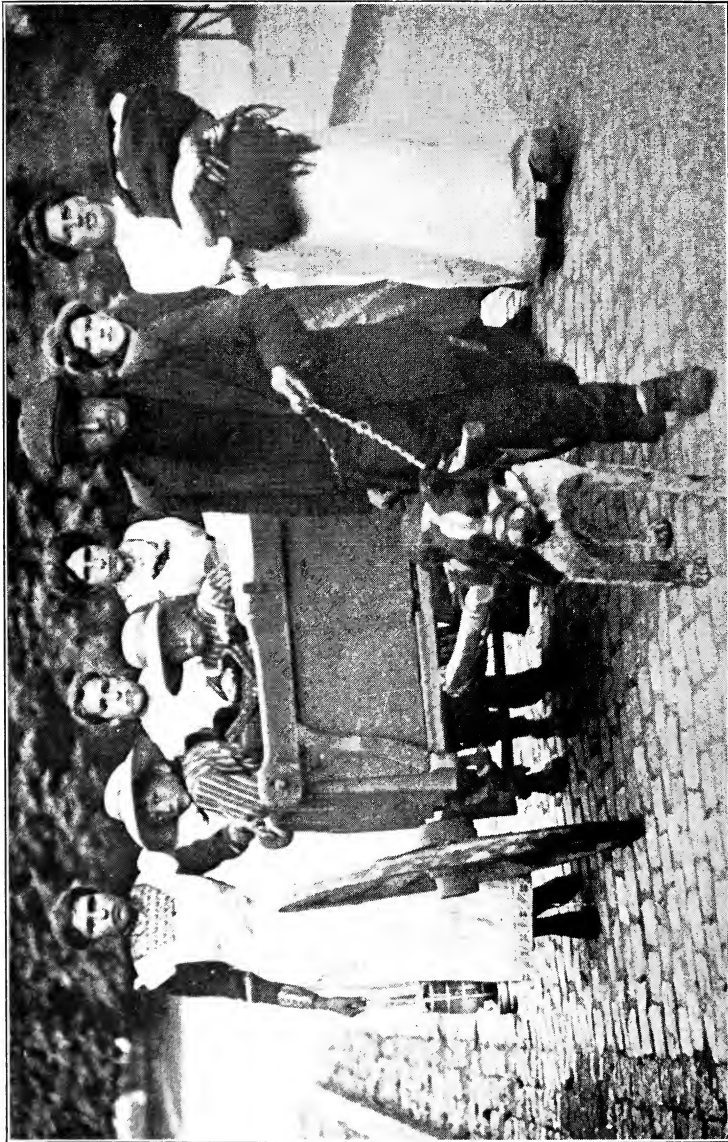
In the second place men and nations quarrel because of false ideas. They have wrong notions of the human race, and they do not understand the possibilities of human nature. They have mistaken ideas of manliness, and perverted notions of courage, and false views of patriotism. The very things which are counted wise by other princes are considered foolish by the Prince of Peace. In order to secure the progress of the world we must listen to the

Prince. His first great word is Repent. To repent means to change our mind. To change our mind is to change our ideas, our notions, our ideals. It is not easy to do this but it can be done. It is our duty to do it. We should set about it without delay. Wars come out of an ugly heart and a darkened mind. The Prince is able to light up the mind and to sweeten the heart.

In the third place the reason why men and nations quarrel is because they do not know any better. They are ignorant. Men may go through college and still be ignorant. When the Prince was hanging on the cross he prayed: "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." That is what he prays all the time. Men would not do the things they do if they only knew what they are doing. No man would drive toward a precipice if he knew the precipice was there. The nations of Europe would not for forty years have run races in increasing armament if they had known they were all to plunge at last into a sea of blood. It is because of the world's ignorance that millions are miserable and sad.

The only way out of all our troubles lies in listening to the Prince. He is the great teacher. When he was alive in Galilee even his enemies confessed that no other man had ever spoken as he spoke. When he talked to a great crowd on a mountain every one was astonished because he spoke as though he meant every word and knew exactly what he was saying. His mother one day said to some servants: "Whatsoever he saith to you, do it." That is a good word for us to remember.





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Driven from home by War, with no place to go.

This matter of obedience is one of great importance. The Prince insisted on it more than on anything else. He asked one day why men should give him high sounding titles if they did not do what he said. He told his disciples that they were his friends only if they kept his commandments. He said that a man who heard his words and did them, was like a wise man who built his house on the rock. No matter what storms might come, the house would stand. Whereas a man who listened to him and did not obey him, was like a dunce who built his house on the sand. The first freshet would sweep the house completely away. This is the way a general always talks. His first word is obedience. A soldier has not learned the A. B. C.'s of his calling unless he obeys. Everything, the Prince says, depends on our obedience. If we do not obey him, we cannot know him or understand what he means. It is only as we obey that we come to know. The more we obey the more fully we know. We know so little because we obey so little. We need to remind ourselves all the time that we are soldiers, and that our supreme duty is to obey our Commander. His first command is: "Love God." His second command is: "Love your neighbor as yourself." These have been the great commandments from the beginning, and they will remain the great ones to the end of time. The Prince said one day that everything hangs on these two commandments.

But how can one be sure that he loves God? By loving God's Son—the Prince. How can one be sure he loves the Prince? By doing the things which he

says. What is the first thing that the Prince says— Love! Whom are we to love? Everybody! Our friends? Yes. Our enemies? Yes. But what is it to love? To serve. We serve when we help. When we do good to anybody we serve. The more we serve the more closely we resemble the Prince. He liked to call himself a servant. He said he came into the world not to be served, but to serve. He said that his followers ought to be like him. They ought to desire to be like him. They ought to be happy to be like him. He said also that he would rank every man according to the measure of his service. No man in the Prince's army is promoted unless he serves. The more he serves the more rapid is his promotion. The man who gets the highest place is the man who serves the most.

All of this is written in plain words in the gospels, and we ought to read it again and again. The Prince says that love is the mightiest force in the world. If men believed that, they would quit fighting. They do not believe it, but believe that gunpowder is mightier, and that dynamite is still mightier, and that lyddite is mightier still. The Prince says that men who are gentle are going some day to possess the whole earth, but most people do not believe this. They think that rough and cruel men with big howitzers and machine guns are going to get the biggest slice of the earth. That is what the Assyrians thought, and the Babylonians, and the Egyptians, and the Persians, and the ancient Greeks, and the Romans, and the Spaniards of the sixteenth century, and they all turned out to be mistaken. We may

be quite certain that the earth will never stay very long in the hands of a nation that uses weapons which kill men. Men are made in God's image, and he does not want them to be slaughtered. If nations persist in making instruments with which to kill men, then there is nothing for God to do but to get rid of such nations and make room for others. He got rid of all the warring nations of the ancient world, and he will get rid of all the big-armament nations of our modern world in his own way and in his own time. Nations sometimes think they can do as they please, and so they can for awhile, but by and by they must pay the penalty. No nation can make itself permanently great by war. The Prince says: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the sons of God." For a long time the Generals and Colonels, the Admirals and Captains will be counted the biggest men in the world, but their names will at last fade, and only the men who have toiled and suffered to establish the ideas of the Prince will be enrolled among the mighty.

To get acquainted, then, with the Prince is our very first business. It is because men do not know him that they fall so often into the ditch. Anybody who looks upon the world today can see that somebody has blundered. We know it could not have been God. It must therefore have been men. The men who have committed the most costly of all blunders are the men who have refused to believe that love is at the heart of the universe, and that love is the mightiest thing in the world.

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER TWO

1. What is the difference between instinct and reason?
2. In what ways are men like the lower animals?
3. What is meant by a "business war"?
4. How is it true that "no nation can be better than the men who make it"?
5. What do we mean when we talk about armed peace?
6. Find as many reasons as you can why nations fight.
7. What does the Prince of Peace teach about patriotism?
8. Why must a good soldier obey his commander?
9. Find the exact words of the Prince of Peace where He commands His soldiers to love and to serve.
10. What has happened to all the nations that waged war hundreds of years ago?



The Son of God Goes Forth to War

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save:
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valliant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame:
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bow'd their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed:
They climbed the steep ascent of heav'n
Thro' peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be giv'n
To follow in their train.

Heber

Being a Soldier Every Day

III.

DO you suppose that such a thing is possible? Some boy says that one cannot be a soldier without a uniform, but I suspect he is mistaken. A uniform does not make a soldier. Anybody might put on a soldier's suit, but the suit would not convert him into a soldier. The uniform catches the eye but it does not get hold of the memory. The world does not remember the uniform of soldiers but the things which soldiers do. Who thinks of the uniform which Leonidas wore at Thermopylae, or the suit of clothes which Sir Philip Sydney had on when he lay dying on the battlefield of Lutzen. It was because Sydney refused to take a drink of water which he said another wounded soldier needed more than he did, that the world will remember him forever. A man could do a beautiful thing like that without any brass buttons on his coat.

But another boy says that one cannot be a soldier without a gun, and it looks as though this were so. For all soldiers you have ever seen have had guns, and when soldiers march through the streets they carry their guns, and when boys play soldier they always have toy guns or something which they pretend are guns. It is hard to think of a soldier without a gun. And yet a gun does not make a man a soldier. When a man takes a gun into the woods

to shoot crows or squirrels he is not a soldier. Or when a rowdy carries a gun in order to scare people, nobody considers him a soldier. Being a soldier, therefore, means more than wearing a uniform and carrying a gun.

A real soldier is first of all a fighter, but not every fighter is a soldier. A man may fight half his time and be no soldier at all. A genuine soldier belongs to an army—he fights along with a lot of other soldiers like himself, and he always does his fighting under a commander. Now the Prince is a commander, and every one who fights under him in company with other followers of his is a soldier, and one can be his soldier every day. Every day there is a lot of fighting to be done, and every day the Prince gives commands which must be obeyed.

If you ask me what it is you are to fight, my answer is you are to fight two big armies, one of them inside of you, and the other outside. The army inside is made up of mean thoughts and ugly feelings, and the army outside is made up of lies and wrongs. I do not know where all the mean thoughts come from, but it is surprising how many of them there are. They rush sometimes into the mind with the fury of Indians, and it is hard to keep them from sweeping us away. And there seem to be even more feelings than there are thoughts. Did you ever try to make out a list of them? Let me begin the list, and you may add to it as many others as you can think of. There are angry feelings, and envious feelings, and hateful feelings, and revengeful feelings, and peevish feelings, and despondent feelings, and



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A little neutral.

Boys and girls must help to open the Peace Palace at the Hague

ever so many others, and against all these evil feelings one is obliged to carry on a continuous fight. Sometimes we win and sometimes we are conquered, but whenever we are conquered we must at once prepare to fight again. No boy or girl of pluck and grit will ever allow himself to be whipped by his feelings.

The army outside is fully as large as the army inside. The world is full of false notions and wrong doings, and against these every boy and girl must set his face like flint. There are ever so many kinds of lies and they must all be attacked and overthrown. There are hundreds of bad habits and foolish customs and wrong deeds which will never disappear from the earth unless the soldiers of the Prince wage war against them. They must fight them every day of their life. Some of you have worked sometimes in the garden and you know how hard it is to keep out the weeds. Weeds are very industrious. They have never heard of the eight hour day and so they work all the time. One must get after them with the hoe again and again, or they will completely ruin the garden. It is not possible to have a nice garden filled with vegetables and flowers unless one is willing to fight for it against all the enemies which are determined to destroy it. Lies are like weeds, they spring up everywhere. Wrong actions are like thistles. They grow in every field. If we start out to fight all the falsehoods and injustices in the town, we have a job which will call for not only all of our own strength but for all the strength also which we can get from the Prince.

There is a curious notion abroad in the world, and some of you may have heard it, that war is necessary in order to keep men manly. Unless men fight on the battlefield—so some people say—they will lose their mettle and backbone, and become a lot of sissies. This is one of the most ridiculous ideas in all the world, more ludicrous than the idea that the earth rests on the back of an elephant which stands on the back of a tortoise, more monstrous than the idea that women can be witches and ought to be hung. The idea that men are made manly by killing one another is an old superstition which came out of the heart of the poor savage who used to live in a cave, but no sensible person in the twentieth century ought to believe it.

Another queer idea is that soldiers with muskets are braver than any other men, and that only on the battlefield can a man be truly heroic. All healthy boys want to be heroic, and the reason so many of them think they would like to be soldiers is because they imagine that the life of a soldier gives one a better chance to be manly and courageous than any other kind of life. This also is an old superstition which the soldiers of the Prince must endeavor to kill. Soldiers with muskets are not a whit braver than thousands of other men, and war gives no finer opportunities to be courageous than peace. One can be a coward in peace and grow mushy and flabby, and so also can one be a coward in war. But if we are good soldiers of the Prince we are fully as heroic as any man who ever marched up to the mouth of a gun.

Did you ever think of the heroes of peace? Everybody admires the heroes of war. We like men who are willing to endure hardships and face dangers, and carry their life in their hand. But men do all this who never carry a gun. The world could not get on a single day if it were not for the heroism of a multitude of brave men and women. Thousands of men every day carry their life in their hand. They do not know in the morning whether they will ever come home again alive. The engineer on the locomotive never can tell at what instant he may be obliged to face death, nor can any of the brakemen on the long freight train. Did you ever think of these men as heroes? They do what soldiers do. They risk their lives, and they do this every day. Men who dig in the coal mines are never certain of coming up again. Men who work down under the water, laying the foundations for the huge piers on which the bridge is to rest do not know what moment may be their last. The next time you see a man at the top of a high steeple painting it, say to yourself, I have seen a brave man! Did you ever go through a big factory or mill where men are working in the midst of dangerous machinery where if they make a single false move they will be torn to pieces by the revolving wheels? Is this not as dangerous as carrying a gun? Everybody knows that a fireman has to be brave, for in time of a great fire he may be obliged to climb to the top of a tall ladder, and plunge into rooms filled with smoke, and drag out women and children who without his help would be burned to death. Only a courageous man could ever think of

becoming a fireman. But a policeman is just as brave. No man can be a policeman who is not ready to arrest dangerous men carrying revolvers, and to go down into dark cellars where burglars are hiding, or to rush into the street to try to stop a runaway horse. Have you not read how policemen have been pounced on and beaten by rowdies, and how other policemen have been killed? And women are just as brave as men. There is nothing in any town which women ought to do that some woman is not willing to do. What should we do in our hospitals without nurses? But no one can be a nurse who is not ready to lay down her life. There are diseases which are loathsome, and the nurse cannot run away from these. To nurse day after day and week after week a patient afflicted with a horrible disease requires as much bravery as is needed to lie in a trench on the battle front. There are contagious diseases which are as merciless and deadly as shrapnel, but a nurse cannot run. She must stand at her post no matter what the danger is. She is one of the greatest heroes of peace.

But there are other heroes than those who run the risk of losing their life. It takes a deal of courage sometimes simply to live. Many are born blind, others are born cripples, others are born with such frail bodies that they are invalids all their life. There are multitudes of men and women lying on beds of sickness where they have lain for many years. How would you like to fight despondency and despair lying on your bed? To be sick and yet keep cheerful, to be weak in body and yet strong in spirit, to

be deprived of many blessings and yet to be grateful, this is a great victory and only a brave soldier can win it. Men and women have won it and so have boys and girls. It is one of the greatest victories which a mortal can win. Robert Louis Stevenson was a famous novelist and through a large part of his life he was an invalid. Sometimes he suffered all day and at night could not sleep at all. One morning he was feeling especially depressed. It was a dingy, rainy morning, and life hardly seemed worth living. Suddenly he met a boy, with chalky cheeks, and spindling legs, coming through the rain without an umbrella, and whistling. The cheery whistle of that poor sick boy caused the great novelist to take heart again. The boy had not only fought his own battle but he also helped Stevenson to fight his.

Many people are very poor. The wolf is always at the door. Their life is one long, long struggle. Just to get enough to eat and wear and a place to sleep in is all that they can do. Sometimes they cannot do that. There are men so sick that they ought to be in bed who go to their work and stand on their feet all day, just because they want to earn bread for their wife and children. They do this until at last they can stand up no longer, and then they lie down and die. To work when one is sick for the sake of others, is not that a brave thing to do? There are also women who are so weak in body and so full of pain that they ought not to be asked to hold up their head, and yet for their children's sake they drudge day after day and never so much as murmur.

When the big books of God are opened on the last great day we shall be surprised to read the names of heroes and heroines who never got into the daily paper.

The world would make no progress without reformers. There are men who attack things which are wrong and try to lift the world out of ruts into which it has fallen. The world never likes reformers. The world does not want to change its ways. It wants to go on as it has gone on always. It does not like to be criticised and condemned. It objects to anybody pointing out its blunders and sins. It wants no new ideas. It prefers to go on thinking the old ideas no matter how foolish and false they may be. Reformers therefore always have a hard time. The Prince one day told his countrymen that they had always persecuted and scourged and killed the men who had tried to make their country better, but that after these reformers were dead, then monuments were erected in their honor, and their tombs were covered with flowers. So it has been in every country. No great reformer is ever popular, and many a reformer has been lied about and hated by the very people he was trying to help. William Lloyd Garrison was a reformer. He was in every way a noble and useful man, but one day a mob put a rope round his neck and dragged him through the streets of Boston. Often when he attempted to speak at meetings the crowd jeered so loud that his voice could not be heard. He was not killed. It is not necessary to be killed to be a hero. Most of the heroes of history were never killed. It would be

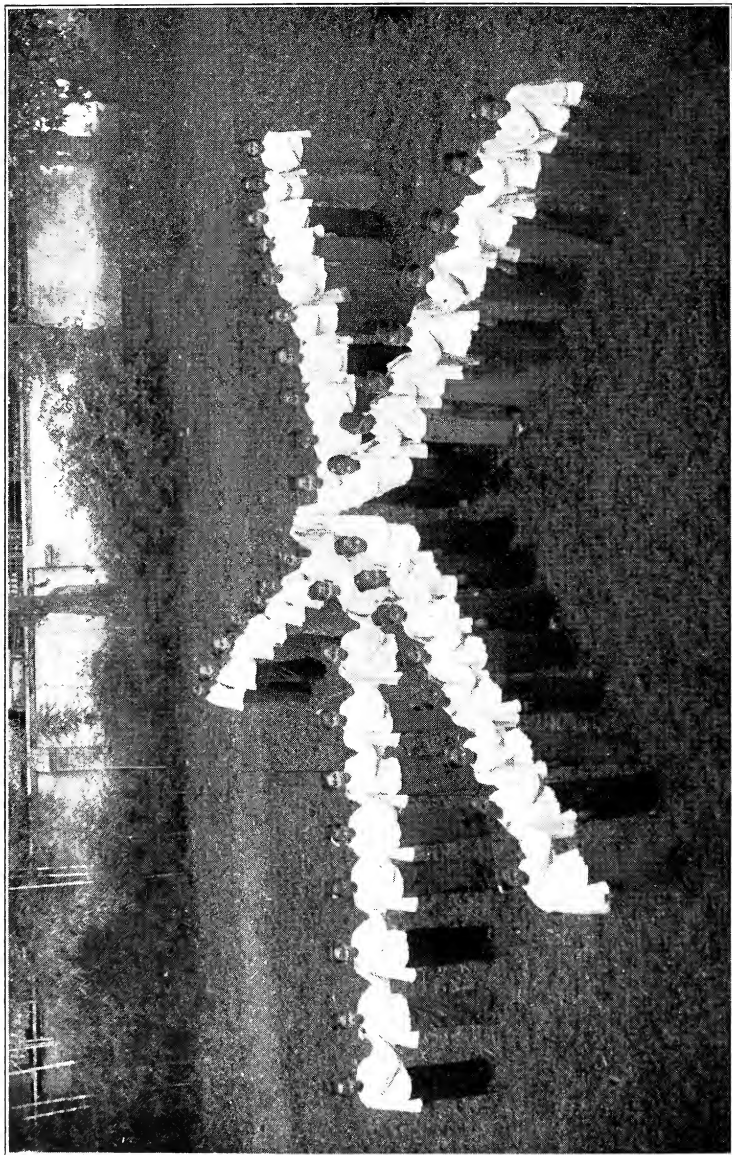
interesting for you to make out a list of all the heroes you have read about who were killed, and then another list of the heroes who were not killed. I can think of a great many. For instance, Paul was killed and John was not. Savonarola was killed and Luther was not. Hampden was killed and Cromwell was not. Lincoln was killed and Beecher was not. Do not imagine that it is necessary to be killed in order to prove that one is really brave. Do your duty wherever you are, and let the Prince decide whether you are to be killed or not.

But suppose one is not a great reformer and that it is not possible to be courageous in any of the ways which I have mentioned, is there any chance for him to show what is really in him? Yes, there is a chance for everybody. One cannot live a single day in a world like this without having a chance to show courage. A dozen times every day we can tell a lie if we wish. Sometimes it requires great grit not to tell a lie. If by telling the truth we get ourselves into trouble, or offend someone whom we are very fond of, it is a strong temptation to tell a lie. The reason why there are so many lies told is because there are so many cowards. There are men brave enough to carry a musket on a battlefield who are too cowardly to speak the truth. It is easier to kill a foreigner than to offend one of our friends. When it came to telling the truth our Prince was simply wonderful. He told it to the mob even though the mob howled and gnashed its teeth in rage. He told it to his dearest friend, Simon Peter, even though the truth cut Peter to the heart. He told it to his own

mother although it made her sad. When he stood before the Roman Governor Pontius Pilate, the Governor thought he could scare him by making a show of power. But Jesus remained as calm as ever, saying, "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth." Had the Prince ever told one lie, he could not have been the commander of the men who are going to conquer the world. Every soldier of his who lacks the courage to speak the truth everywhere and always, handicaps the army in its advance, and makes it harder for the Prince to win.

Soldiers with guns have many things to help them do brave things which the soldiers without guns do not have. They have excitement. War is always exciting. It is full of movement and commotion and passion. When we are excited we can do things with ease which we can hardly do at all when we are cool. But there is seldom any excitement in our everyday life. When we speak the truth we must do it when everything is calm. When we condemn what is cruel or mean we must do it in cold blood. When we perform a disagreeable duty we must do it not because we are enthusiastic about it, but simply because we are sure it is our duty: soldiers march to attack, whereas we attack while standing still. It is easier to jump when one is running than when he is standing. The soldiers of the Prince always fight standing.

Soldiers with guns fight in companies and regiments. It is easier to do hard things along with others than to do them alone. Courage is like mea-



Girls on Dress Parade in Kemendine School, Rangoon.

sles, we can catch it. Almost any one can be brave when he is in a brave crowd. One has no time then to be afraid, he is swept along by the others. War makes use of men in crowds. It masses together hundreds and thousands and millions. He is indeed a feeble creature who can be a coward on the battle-field. But in peace each man fights his battle alone. When he fights his own lower self, there is no one by his side to fight with him. When he is trying to get out of his mind a thought that is mean, or out of his heart a desire that is low, he must struggle in solitude. When the time comes for him to decide whether he shall tell a lie or speak the truth, do an unselfish thing or a selfish one, he is as lonely as Robinson Crusoe was on his Island before he found the man Friday. To be courageous in the battles of peace requires every bit of pluck we can muster. Indeed we do not have enough of our own. We need a little of what belongs to the Prince. I have spoken of every soldier of the Prince fighting by himself. This is true in one sense, and in another sense it is not true. One can be alone, and yet have somebody with him. There may be nobody present in the body, while there is somebody present in the spirit. The Prince one day said: "Men have left me alone, and yet I am not alone, my Father is with me." The Prince knew from his own experience that no soldier can fight successfully alone, and so he said to his soldiers just before he left them: "Lo I am with you always, even to the end of the world."

But there is still another reason why it is easier to do brave things in war than in peace, and that is

because in war men are punished physically if they do not obey. If they are told to do a certain thing which is hard, and do not do it, they are taken out and shot. No soldier is allowed to remain in an army unless he does everything which the commander tells him to do. If he even hesitates, he is publicly disgraced, and held up to the scorn of all the army. It is easier, sometimes, therefore, for a soldier in war to do a heroic thing than not to do it. But in the battles of peace one can shirk and receive no physical punishment. No one will whip him, or put him in jail, or stand him up against a wall and shoot him. He can run away when he ought to stand firm, and he can act most disgracefully when he has a chance to be a man. When therefore a soldier in peace does heroic things, it is because the spirit of heroism is really in him. He fights courageously not because he is afraid of getting shot, for the Prince never shoots his unworthy soldiers. He simply looks at them reproachingly, in mingled anger and pity, just as he looked one time at Simon Peter when Peter had shown himself a coward. Did you ever feel uneasy and uncomfortable, and perhaps miserable after you have run away from a duty, or have done something contemptible and mean? I think you feel that way because the Prince is looking at you. He does not whip us with a whip. He punishes us with his look. He does not order us to be killed. He lets us live on, hoping that we shall do better.

There is no virtue developed by war which is not more fully developed by peace. What do you think

are the military virtues? Here they are: Obedience, and courage, and sacrifice. No one can be a good soldier in an army without these three virtues, nor can any one be a good soldier of the Prince without them. Loyalty to the Prince comes first of all. We must do what he says. It may be disagreeable, but we must do it. It may cause us pain, but that does not matter. It may lead to death, but even that should not hold us back. We are to obey the Prince no matter what it costs. He used to say to his followers: "Do not be afraid of men who kill the body. They can never kill your soul. Keep your soul clean and brave and true and you have won the victory."

He expects us to be courageous. He can do nothing with soldiers who are cowards. Bravery is a virtue which is called for every day. It is needed in the home. Without courage boys and girls cannot tell the truth at all times to their parents. Without it one cannot do his duty in the school. There lived once in England a boy called John Coleridge Patteson. When he was old enough he went to school at Eton. He was a wonderful athlete and became the finest cricketer in the school. At an annual dinner a boy got up and began to sing a song which was not nice. What would you have done had you been there? The easiest thing to do at a time like that is to sit still and say nothing. And that is also the cowardly thing to do. John Patteson did not keep still. He spoke right out loud. He said: "If that is not stopped I am going to leave the room." The song continued, and he left. The next day he wrote a letter to the captain of the cricketers, saying

that unless an apology was offered by that boy who sang the song, he would resign his place on the cricket team. I am glad to say that the apology was offered. John Patteson was a soldier of the Prince every day, and like the great Admiral Nelson he was not acquainted with Mr. Fear. When John Patteson finished his studies at Eton, he went to Oxford, and having completed his course there, he went as a soldier of the Prince to help some poor ignorant savages on a few islands in the Southern Pacific. He was just as courageous there as he had been in Eton. He taught the savages to read and write and count. He taught them also some of the English college games. It must have been tiresome sometimes for an Oxford graduate to teach little boys how to add and subtract, and little girls how to make beds and sew, but he was a hero and he always obeyed the Prince. I know you will be sorry when I tell you that one day when he went to a neighboring island where the people did not know him very well, some bad men fell upon him and killed him, and put his dead body in a canoe and sent it drifting out to sea.

And that reminds me of the third of the military virtues—sacrifice. We sacrifice when we give up something which we like very much. A soldier makes many sacrifices, and this is the chief reason why painters have loved to paint him, and poets have loved to write about him. There is something in us which thrills at the sight of sacrifice. Even if we are not willing to make sacrifices ourself, we like to see others make them. Indeed the world could not get on without a lot of people sacrificing them-

selves every day. A soldier gives up many things he likes. In time of war he leaves his friends behind. He would rather stay at home. He lives in the open air. In winter he nearly freezes, and in summer he nearly melts. He would be far more comfortable at home. He marches in the day, sometimes in the rain and mud without umbrella and overshoes, and at night he sleeps upon the ground with nothing but a blanket. He would be far cozier in his bed at home. He has only a few things to eat, and those few things are not cooked so well as at home. At home he can have salads and plum pudding and cake, but in war men have to give up the luxuries and live on bread and meat. He is obliged to march often when he does not feel like it, and he must keep on marching after he is tired; and when he comes at last to the line of battle he must make his home in a hole in the ground. He may be covered all over with mud, and he may not be able to wash his face for days, and all the time he is in danger of being struck by a bullet or having a big shell explode over his head shattering his home to pieces. A soldier does not wince at sacrifice, for sacrifice is part of his calling.

The Prince makes the same severe demands on his soldiers. He plainly says: "Unless you take up your cross every day, you cannot be my followers." By cross, he means something we do not like to do. A cross is an act of sacrifice. The life of a soldier of the Prince is a life of sacrifice. His soldiers have to give up everything which stands in the way of their conquest of the world. He never asks us to

give up things simply for the sake of giving them up. We are to give up things simply for a purpose. We sacrifice only when by our sacrifice some good can be accomplished. The Prince does not want us to suffer more than is absolutely necessary to win the victory. But we must be ready to sacrifice everything—our time and our money, and our comfort and our reputation and even our life itself. That is what the Prince himself did. He gave up everything. He gave up his home, and his early friends, and his time, and his strength, and the good opinion which men had had of him, and his comfort, and at last his life. If he had not been willing to give up everything, he could not have been the conqueror of the world. Only those who are willing to give up everything can follow in his train.

Begin at once, then, to play soldier every day. Obey, be brave, give up. The Prince gives some of his orders to us through his subordinate officers. Our parents are his officers, and so also are our teachers, and our Pastor. What they tell us to do we are to do.

If you have not yet enlisted in the Prince's army, enlist today. It is not necessary to wait. Every boy and girl can become a soldier of the Prince whenever he decides to be one. Today is the best of all days for such a decision. And where shall you fight? Where you are. You are always on a battlefield, for life itself is one long battle, and you are never beyond the fire of the enemy. Fight in the home! Fight in the school! Fight on the playground! Fight in your town, and it may be that

some day the Prince will want you to fight for him at the other end of the world. Do you know who said this:

“Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war.”

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER THREE

1. What is a genuine soldier?
2. Describe the two armies that every genuine soldier must fight.
3. What queer ideas have people held about war and soldiers?
4. What is a “hero of peace”? A reformer?
5. What are some heroes of peace doing this very day, that makes it possible for the world to continue?
6. Make a list of all the heroes of peace whose names are given in this chapter.
7. Why is it so much harder to do brave things in peace than in war?
8. Mention the virtues that are required in both war and peace.
9. Describe a way in which a school boy can be courageous without fighting.
10. What sacrifices must a soldier of the Prince be ready to make?

The United States of Europe

By Victor Hugo

A day will come when you, France,—you, Russia,—you, Italy,—you, England,—you, Germany,—all you nations of the continent, shall, without losing your distinctive qualities and your glorious individuality, blend in a higher unity, and form a European fraternity, even as Normandy, Brittany, Burgundy, Lorraine, Alsace, all the French provinces, blended into France. A day will come when war shall seem as impossible between Paris and London, between Petersburg and Berlin, as between Rouen and Amiens, between Boston and Philadelphia.

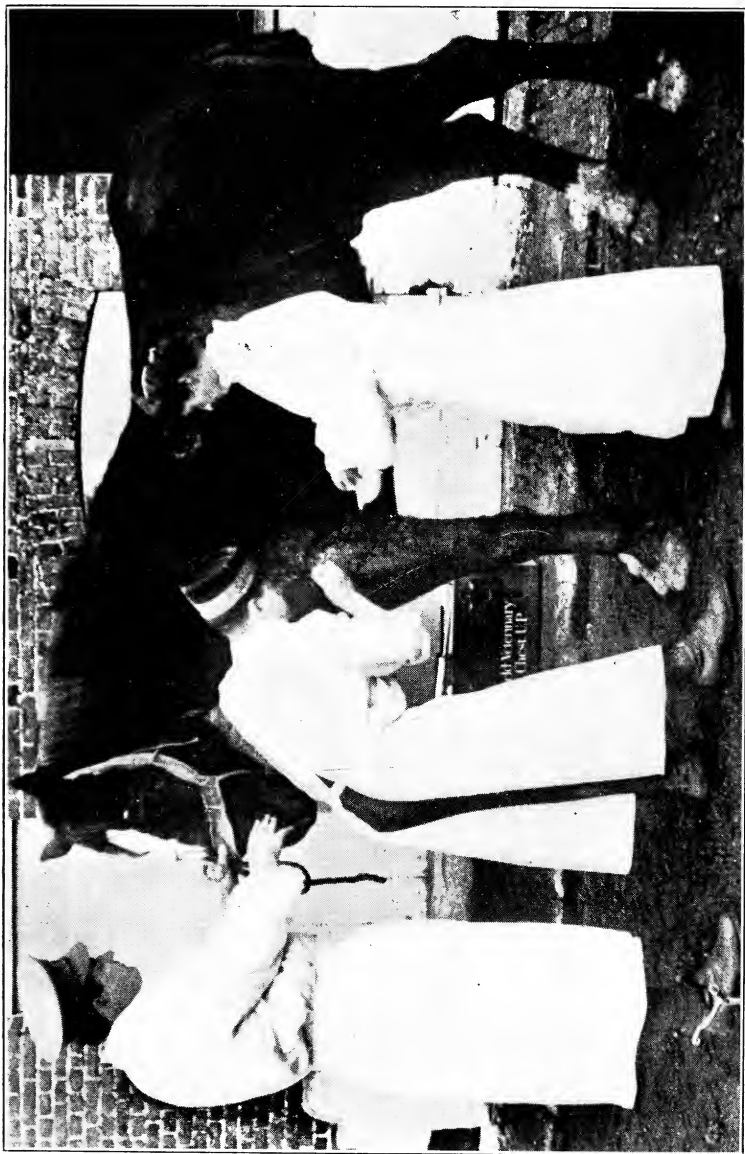
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A day will come when a cannon shall be exhibited in our museums, as an instrument of torture is now, and men shall marvel that such things could be.

A day will come when we shall see those two immense groups, the United States of America and the United States of Europe, in face of each other, extending hand to hand over the ocean, exchanging their products, their commerce, their industry, their art; their genius clearing the earth, colonizing deserts, and ameliorating creation under the eye of the Creator.

To you I appeal, French, English, Germans, Russians, Slavs, Europeans, Americans, what have we to do to hasten the coming of the great day?

Love one another!



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Caring for a horse wounded in battle.

The Russians have a prayer for the horses which go into battle to be hurt and killed. War is cruel to animals as well as men



Famous Soldiers of The Prince of Long Ago

IV.

THE first one I happen to think of is Paul. He was a Jew who at first did not like the Prince at all, and did his utmost to bring the Prince's wishes to naught. But when Paul once got acquainted with the Prince and came to understand his plans, he became one of his most enthusiastic soldiers. No braver soldier than he ever lived. In the first place he carried the world in his eye. He was always thinking of people he had never seen and wishing he could do something for them. One of his ambitions was to get to Rome. It was the biggest and wickedest city in the world, and Paul felt sure that if he could get to Rome he would win victories there for the Prince. But after he had gotten to Rome he was not satisfied. He wanted to go to Spain. Now when Paul lived Spain was the western end of the world. Nobody at that time knew anything about lands on the other side of the Atlantic. Beyond Spain everything was hidden in deep darkness. But Paul wanted to go as far as it was possible for anybody even to think of going. He was a wonderful traveler. In those days it was not easy to travel. One had to walk or ride on the back of a donkey, and if he traveled on the water it was in a miserable little boat that most of us would be

afraid to get into today. The result was that sometimes he nearly lost his life in the sea. One day he told some friends of his that he had been shipwrecked three times, and that on one occasion he floated on the water for a whole night and day. I wish he had told them how he kept himself from sinking, and also how he was rescued. You may be certain he was not afraid. Near the end of his life he was shipwrecked again. He does not tell us about it, but his dear friend Luke does. Luke says that when everybody on the wrecked vessel was afraid and had lost hope, Paul remained calm, and said to them: "Be of good cheer!"

But he had a worse time on the land than on the water. On the land there were wild animals, and still wilder men. Wherever he went men tried to overturn everything he was doing, and in many places they tried to kill him. In one place they were so mad at him that they stoned him, and everybody thought he was dead. If they did not try to kill him they hurt him just as badly as they could. In five places they caught him and beat his back with a big whip until the blood ran; and in three other places they beat his back with rods. And when they could not beat him they cast him into prison, and it was always into the very worst prison they could find. That was the sort of prison into which he was put, in the very first city of Europe he came to, but he was not at all down hearted. He surprised all the other prisoners by singing. He suffered all the hardships which soldiers who fight with guns experience. He was often hungry and thirsty, and sometimes he

was nearly frozen. Many times he was sick and weary, but he never lost heart. When men go to war they always have behind them millions of people who are friendly to them and wish them success. They march with friends, and when they fight, friends stand by their side. When they are wounded friends carry them to the rear and dress their wounds. But Paul had little assistance of this kind. Most people were indifferent to him. They paid no attention to him. They did not care whether he lived or died. Many people hated him and wished he was dead. But he still kept up his spirits and was able to sing. When his few friends tried to persuade him not to go into a place especially dangerous, his reply was: "None of these things move me," and one day he exclaimed: "I can do all things through the Prince who strengthens me." Nothing was too hard for him. Nothing broke down his courage, or caused him to run. At last his enemies caught him and gave him to Nero, and Nero ordered that his head be cut off. But a man like Nero could never frighten a soldier like Paul. Before he was beheaded he wrote a beautiful letter to his dear friend Timothy, and in this letter he said: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith, and henceforth there is laid up for me the crown."

Everybody calls Alexander, a king of Macedon, the great, but I never hear anybody call Paul the Great. I wish you would measure the two men and then tell me which you think is the greater. Alexander was so foolish that he fancied himself to be a god. He was so hot tempered that he thrust a

pike through the body of one of his friends. He was so cruel that he tortured another of his friends and then laughed at his cries of agony. He had so little control of himself that he drank and drank until he made himself sick and died at the early age of thirty-three. Do you know who said: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city?" Compared with Paul, the man who was complete master of himself, and who went all over the world trying to do people good, this Macedonian King looks about as small to me as one of those little men on the island of Lilliput, and I am surprised that anybody should think him great.

There is another famous soldier you ought to know. Ulfilas is his name, and the meaning of the word is "Little Wolf." He was a Goth, and he has been dead more than fifteen hundred years, but he ought never to be forgotten because of one splendid thing he did. He translated the Bible into Gothic. You must remember that in the fourth century the Goths were very ignorant and warlike. The more ignorant men are the more they like to fight. These Goths were so ignorant that they had no books at all. Their language was as wild as themselves. They made sounds with their lips but they had no alphabet, and no grammar. And so when Ulfilas began to try and induce them to become soldiers of the Prince he found it would be necessary for the people to be able to read what the Prince had said. The first thing he did was to make an alphabet. Did you ever think how difficult it must be to make an

alphabet. An alphabet is one of the most wonderful inventions in all the world—far more extraordinary than an aeroplane or a submarine. But Ulfilas made one. He got a few hints from the Greek and some more hints from the Latin, and still other hints from other languages, and at last the alphabet was made. And then he had to make a grammar. You know how hard it is to learn a grammar. It is ever so much harder to make one. Ulfilas made a Gothic grammar—the first one ever made. After he had invented his alphabet and his grammar, he went on to translate the Bible into Gothic. Nobody now reads the Gothic Bible of Ulfilas, but it is one of the most famous of books because it lies at the foundation of all the Bibles of the great Teutonic race. Because Ulfilas made his Bible, it was easier for other men to make other translations, and by and by Martin Luther made his. It takes just as much courage and patience to conquer a language as it does to conquer a tribe.

Soon after Ulfilas died there was born a man named Attila. He was a Hun. He was not interested in the Prince and his ideas, for he had a passion for fighting, and his whole life was spent in war. Wherever he went he destroyed men's property and lives, and the world breathed a sigh of relief when word came that he was dead. Most of the Huns, I imagine, thought him a great man, but he was only a pigmy compared with Ulfilas. He was nothing really but a big butcher, and the world shuddered every time it thought of him. He became known as "The scourge of God." In one of his wars

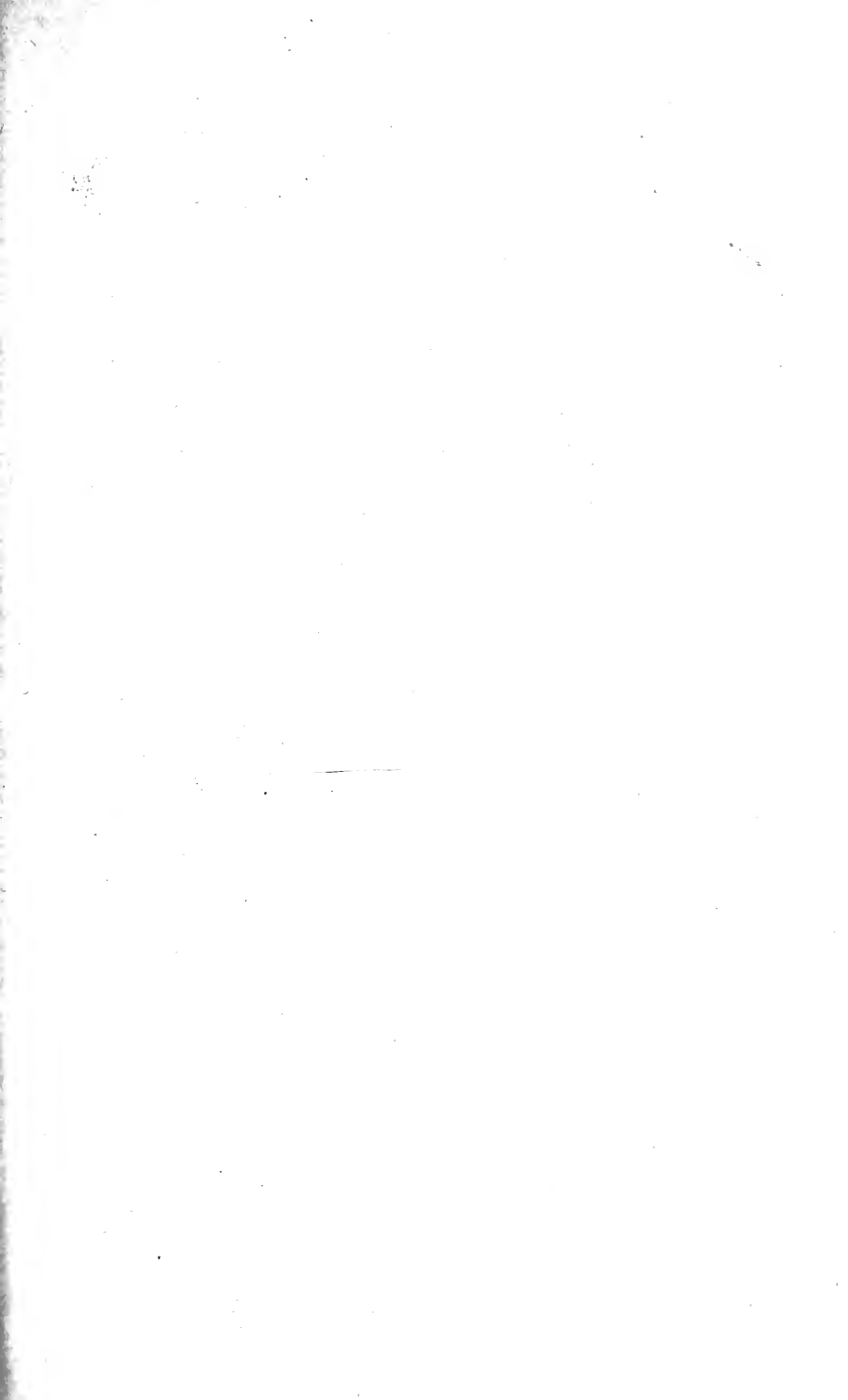
he compelled another king to pay him six thousand pounds of gold, but I am sure the money did him no good. He claimed at one time to be master of half of Europe, but one night a little blood vessel burst and the mighty warrior laid down his arms. No boy or girl is ever likely to want to throw a flower on the grave of a monster like that.

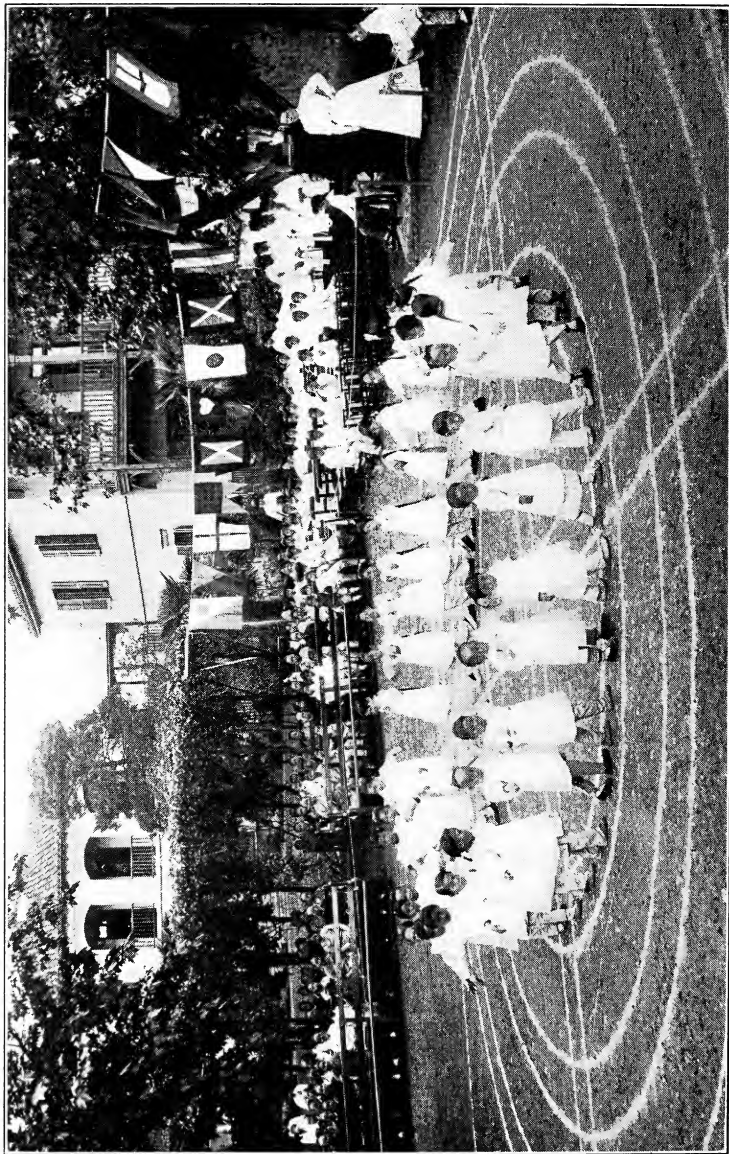
Everybody has heard of Columbus, but how many of you have heard of Columba? He was born in Ireland in the sixth century and lived there until he was over forty years old. One day he decided he would spend the rest of his life on the continent of Europe, trying to convert the descendants of his ancestors into soldiers of the Prince. Just why he came to do this I do not know. It is said that one time he encouraged a clan in Ireland to make war on some other clan, and that in the war so many men were killed his conscience greatly troubled him, and that in order to quiet it he decided to save as many men as lives had been lost in the battle. But whatever it was which started him, we know that one day he and twelve companions got into a little boat of wickerwork covered with hides and sailed across the Irish Sea to a little island called Iona, about two miles off the coast of Scotland. Here Columba built his home. From Iona he sent out soldiers to fight for the Prince. To Iona men in search of light came from every direction. Columba converted Iona into a fountain of light. You have all read of Treasure Island, but how many of you have heard of Iona? The second is far more wonderful than the first. Columba was an untiring worker. He aimed to do

something useful in every one of all the twenty-four hours of every day. He was always reading or writing or praying or working with his hands, and he kept this up right to the gates of death. On the day before his death he was at work translating the thirty-fourth Psalm. When he reached the words: "They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing" he was so tired that he could write no more. Early the next morning they found him lying on the floor before the altar, and in a few moments he was dead. For more than thirty years he had been a soldier making war from his island on the darkness of Scotland, and scattering the ideas of the Prince wherever he went. After his death men could not think of him without feeling braver, and for a long time kings and princes were carried after their death to Iona and buried at Columba's feet. Who would you rather have been—Columba or Tamerlane? Tamerlane was a Tartar and for thirty years his soldiers overran the provinces of Western Asia, killing men wherever they went. He was a great robber and murderer. You cannot read his life without feeling sick at heart. He stole land from the Mongols and Persians and Turks, and butchered people from the Ganges to the Hellespont. In his day men counted him great, but to me he is a miserable little dwarf. He had a shriveled soul. It is not helpful to think about him, and so let us hurry on and think of some one better and greater.

In the very year in which Columba died there landed on the coast of England a soldier of the Prince who is known to history as Augustine. He

was a monk and he came all the way from Rome. He brought forty other monks with him, and they came to teach the ideas of the Prince. It was a long journey in those days from Rome to England, and only brave men were willing to undertake it. Augustine and his forty men were brave but they were not brave enough to get to England without assistance. Before they had gotten half way to England they had heard so many horrible stories of the ferocious inhabitants of England that their courage oozed out, and Augustine went back to Rome to get permission to give up the undertaking. Fortunately for us all, there happened to be at that time in Rome a Bishop whose heart could not be daunted. It was he who had sent Augustine out, and he was not willing to surrender to difficulties. For years it had been his dream to send the ideas of the Prince to England. Before he was chosen to be Bishop of Rome he had seen one day in the market place a lot of merchandise which had just arrived from the far west. Among the bales of goods exposed for sale there were three boys with fair complexions and light flaxen hair. He asked a bystander where these boys had come from, and was told from Britain. Not much was known about Britain in those days, and the monk began to make inquiries. When he found out that the people in Britain had not become soldiers of the Prince, he wanted very much to carry to them the Prince's message. It was not possible at that time for him to go himself or send anybody else, but a few years later he was chosen Bishop of the whole church, and he made up his mind that





Happy little soldiers of the Prince drilling in China.

somebody should go to England. Through all these years he had been haunted by the sunny faces of those fair haired boys. When at last Augustine consented to go he was glad. When Augustine returned discouraged, the brave Bishop encouraged him and sent a letter of cheer to the other monks, and thus heartened Augustine and his companions resumed their journey and in due season arrived in England. You will want to read some time how Augustine was received and how Bertha the wife of the King of Kent opened the way for him. She had been a christian in France before she had gone to England, and it was through her influence that her husband and then all his people became soldiers of the Prince. All English history is different from what it would have been had Augustine never gone to England.

When Bertha, daughter of the King of Paris, went to England to marry the King of Kent she was only a young girl. She did not want to leave her home but she said "I will go if I may continue to be a christian." Because she was faithful the King received Augustine and became a christian too.

Several hundreds of years before the time of Augustine, Julius Caesar, a Roman General, had landed in England with his army. He lived before the Prince of Peace was born, and therefore we must not judge him too harshly because he went to Britain not to do the people good, but to find out what kind of people they really were and make them subjects of the Roman Empire. They did not welcome his arrival, and they fought so hard against him that he returned to the continent, getting ready for an-

other visit the following year. This time he killed many men and pushed far into the interior, but the natives were so brave and fought so furiously that the great Roman withdrew before he had conquered them. He had overcome many other tribes. The Belgians went down before him, and so did the Nervii, and so also did the Germans, but the Britons were unconquerable. Caesar was a mighty general but he was not great enough to conquer Britain. He used all the latest weapons of the Roman army but they were not sharp or strong enough to overcome these half civilized people who lived in their island home. Britain was conquered later on, not by generals with spears and swords but by the soldiers of the Prince of Peace. They came with gentle words and gracious thoughts and great ideas and shining ideals, and before these one tribe after another went down. When you think of Julius Caesar you will remember that to the people of his day he was what Shakspeare calls him "the foremost man of all this world," but you will not forget that he failed to make as deep and as lasting an impression on the people of Britain as was made by Augustine and his forty monks. No one of us has any reason to be ashamed of the Prince of Peace. He is able to win victories where the greatest of the warriors have been defeated.

There are few boys and girls who have not heard of St. Patrick, for there is a day every year set apart for his special honor. He never called himself a saint, and the Pope has never called him a saint either, but he was so brave and true and good that

the people formed the habit of calling him a saint and that is what they will call him, I suspect, forever. Some men are so wonderful that after they are dead everybody talks about them. When everybody talks about a man you may be sure that many things will be said which are not altogether true. It is hard to keep from exaggerating when we talk about anybody whom we admire very much, and wonderful stories spring up about dead men, nobody knows just how. And so it has come about that there are so many stories about this man Patrick it is impossible to say how many of them are true and how many are false. About all that we can be sure of is that he was born in Scotland and that when he was a boy of sixteen he was kidnapped and carried to Ireland where he was held as a slave for six or seven years. Finally making his escape to the coast, he fell in with some pirates who carried him to the continent where he remained nobody knows just how many years. Through all these years he carried in his eye the country in which he had lived a slave, and in his heart he carried always a deep desire to go back to that country and tell the people about the Prince of Peace. It is a wonderful fact that when one wants very much to do a thing which God also wants done, there is almost certain soon or late to come a chance of doing that very thing. Patrick dreamed for years of going back to Ireland, and at last his dream came true. The people did not give him a very friendly reception, for it is said that they met him with a shower of stones, but a reception like that does not chill the heart of a soldier of the Prince.

Patrick showed the people that he was not afraid of them and wanted to do them good. He went from place to place, telling people about the Prince. In many places he was persecuted and he had no end of hardships and trials. But he had a stout heart and nothing could break down his courage, and before he died he had succeeded in bringing almost the whole of that island under the dominion of the Prince. It is amazing what one soldier can accomplish if he is only brave and wise enough. We do not know in what year Patrick was born, nor do we know the date of his death, nor do we know all the things which he did. He lived so long ago that he is hidden in the mists. In his day there were no daily papers or magazines, and it was so difficult to write a book that very few were written. Much of what Patrick did therefore is known today only in heaven. We know enough however about him to convince us that he was one of the bravest soldiers which the Prince ever had.

Did any of you ever hear of Jenghiz Khan? He was a Mongol emperor of the thirteenth century. If you had lived in that century you would have wanted to get your eyes on him for he was counted one of the greatest men alive. His name was known everywhere and there were millions who were ready to praise him. The chief thing he did was to make war. He liked to turn his soldiers loose in a city that they might pillage it, and then set it on fire. When he was not plundering he was killing. It is said that in one day he left one hundred and sixty thousand dead men on the battlefield. There was a

city which did something which displeased him, and so he captured it, and butchered—so historians tell us—over one million of its inhabitants. It is not worth while to read the life of a man like that. Some people might even now be willing to call him one of the world conquerors, but I am sure you are not. He succeeded in getting a large part of China under his heel, but he soon died and then his big empire faded away. If you stand up a man like this Mongol butcher by the side of a man like Patrick, one looks like a savage and the other a saint. Do you know who said that the name of the wicked shall rot? The name of Jenghiz Khan is one of the names which the world does not care to remember.

I should rather remember a man like Winfried. That was his first name, but when historians now write about him they always call him Boniface, which means Benefactor. That was what Winfried truly was. He was a great doer of good deeds. He was an Anglo Saxon and was born in England, and there is where he lived until he was over thirty. His life there was comfortable and safe, but he could not get Germany out of his mind. He knew that the Germans knew little or nothing about the Prince, and he longed to cross the channel and teach them his message. We must remember that in the days of Boniface the Germans were worshipers of idols and that the Pagan priests hated the name of Jesus. One of their gods was called Thor, and in one part of Germany there was a huge oak sacred to this god. It was the chief object of popular worship, and Boniface having arrived in Germany, decided to cut it

down. It was a dangerous thing to attempt to do, but Boniface did not shrink. On a day appointed Boniface went out with an ax and proceeded to cut the tree down. Thousands of the people had gathered around the tree expecting to see Boniface fall dead for attempting to do such a wicked thing. They were sure that their god Thor would never allow a stranger like Boniface to cut down his most sacred tree. But wonderful to say, a thunder storm came up, and while Boniface was using his ax, a stroke of lightning tore the tree to pieces. Thousands of Germans then and there became convinced that the God of Boniface was greater than any of their gods.

I cannot begin to tell you all of Boniface's adventures, or relate all of the things that he suffered. No soldier with a gun ever had a harder time than he had. When he was an old man of seventy-four he took fifty soldiers of the Prince with him and made a journey into a part of Germany where the name of the Prince was specially disliked. One night a crowd of Pagans swooped down upon him and his companions and killed them every one. It is said that the old man, seeing he must die, quietly laid his head down upon a Bible, and in that position received the blow which ended his life. To die on a Bible is surely as brave as to die on a field of battle.

Who do you think was the greater man—Boniface or Napoleon? They call Napoleon the great, and great he certainly was in the art of digging graves and piling burdens on the backs of men which they have been compelled to carry to the present hour. Napoleon was a great general, but he was not

great as a man when measured by the standard of the Prince. The Prince said that if any man wants to be really great he must serve. That is something which Napoleon did not try to do. Like an animal he looked out for himself. It was his ambition to compel others to serve him. He liked to get men under his thumb. He wanted to lord it over all Europe. It is said that his ambition cost the lives of three million men. He was such a pest that at last they caught him and shut him up on an island, and kept him there till he died. On his island he used to think of himself and the Prince and he confessed that his own life had been a failure.

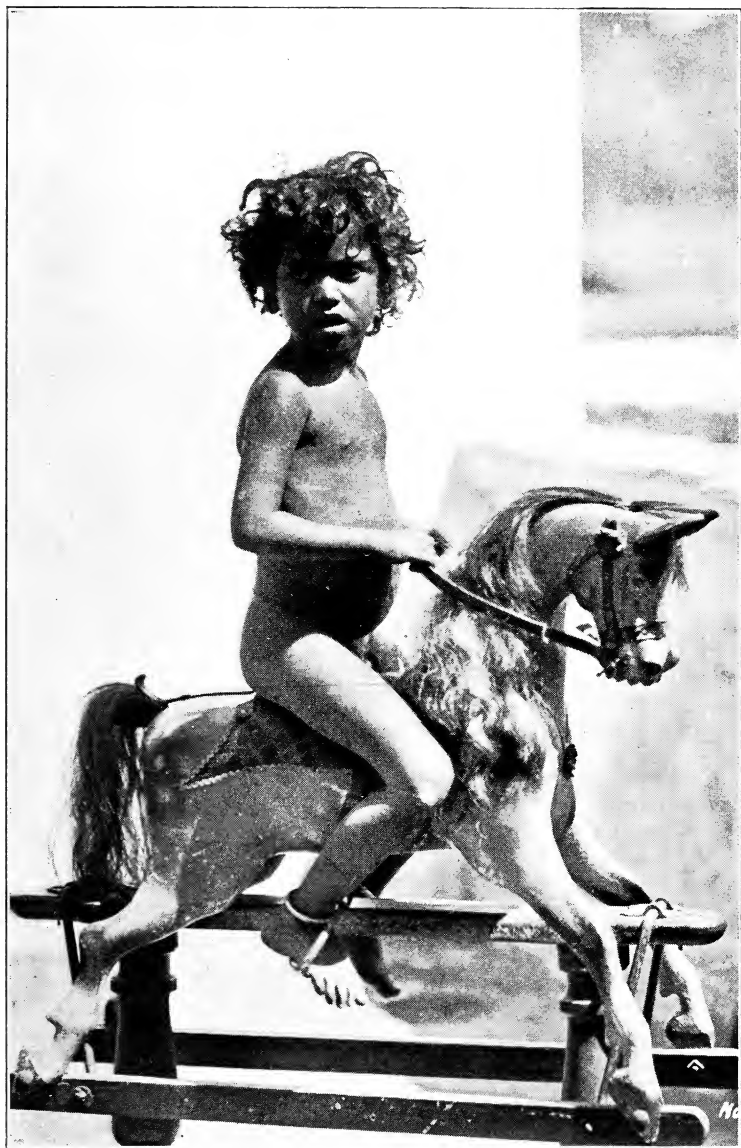
Boniface lived only to serve. His ambition was not to kill men but to kill foolish ideas and savage customs, and to establish the reign of love. He was as courageous as Napoleon and far more manly, and whereas the splendor of the name of Napoleon is slowly fading the name of Boniface will shine like a star forever and ever.

We now see the difference between the soldiers of the Prince and the soldiers of Mars. Mars is the god of war, and Jesus is the Prince of Peace. The soldiers of Mars never stay at home. They go abroad to win glory. Their ambition is to subdue their neighbors. They want to steal what their neighbors possess. If their neighbors object to giving up what the warriors demand, then they are killed and their cities are looted and burned. All the famous soldiers of Mars whom I have mentioned were big burglars and butchers. The world is not

likely to forget them, but it is impossible for the world ever to love them.

Only soldiers of the Prince are loved after they are dead. Like the soldiers of Mars they do not stay at home, but when they go abroad it is only to do good. They do not go to get but to give, not to gain power but to serve, not to have a comfortable time but to win glory for the Prince. Paul could not stay at Tarsus. When he met the Prince he felt he had gained something which he owed to all the world. He could not stay even in Asia. One night in his sleep he seemed to hear a man in Europe calling to him again and again: "Come over and help us!" Patrick could not stay in France, and Columba could not stay in Ireland, and Augustine could not stay in Italy, and Boniface could not stay in England. They all had to go among strangers because these strangers needed them. The soldiers of the Prince pay no attention to boundary lines: they step right over them as though they did not exist. Warriors of Mars drive nations apart, whereas the soldiers of the Prince knit nations together.

Soldiers with guns cannot be called world conquerors. They make a great stir and seem to be subduing the world, but their work does not last. The empire of hate soon crumbles: only the empire of love endures. Soldiers of Mars destroy. It is not difficult to do that. Babies can do it, and bulldogs, and monkeys, and savages who do not wear clothes. The soldiers of the Prince build. They build the city of God. Its foundations can never be shaken. The nations are going to walk amidst the light of it, and



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A small soldier in India.

He has fought sickness and poverty, and rides to victory on this prancing steed.
Don't shoot him—Feed him

the Kings of the earth are going to bring their glory into it. Of its beauty and dominion and power there can be no end.

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER FOUR

1. Prove that Paul had the world in his eye.
2. Where is the island of Lilliput? Why does the author mention it?
3. Look in the dictionary for the words Goth and Hun. What do you find?
4. Make a list of the heroes mentioned and divide them into two groups. What different title do you choose for each group?
5. Explain the words—pagan, pigmy, Tartar, Mongol.
6. What three difficult things did Ulfilas accomplish?
7. In what ways was Columba a soldier?
8. Why is English history different because Augustine went to England?
9. What happened because St. Patrick carried Ireland in his eye?
10. Why was Winfried called Boniface? How did he earn the name?

From

The Arsenal at Springfield

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts;

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred;
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

* * * * *

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace!—and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies;
But, beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

Henry W. Longfellow

Soldiers of Yesterday

V.

BY yesterday I mean the nineteenth century. It has been called "the wonderful century" and that is a good name for it. It was wonderful in many ways and for many reasons, and one of the reasons is the remarkable record of heroic deeds which was made by the soldiers of the Prince. They went everywhere. It was the first century in which it was possible to travel swiftly and with ease. There was no part of the whole world which was not visited by the Prince's soldiers in the wonderful century. It was the first time in the history of the world when the doors were all open. At the beginning of the century many doors were closed. They were locked and barred and nobody could get in. But when the century closed, every door was open. The Prince's soldiers had knocked so long and so patiently that every door had swung on its hinges, and there was no continent or island into which they could not go. The Prince one day said to his soldiers: "Knock and it shall be opened unto you." His promise was marvelously fulfilled yesterday. The world has now become one big house, and we can pass from one room to another without delay. The soldiers of the Prince had a lot to do with bringing this to pass.

Some people think that to find anything really ex-

citing you must go back thousands of years. They imagine that all the heroes died long ago. Every boy likes to read of Hercules, the most famous hero of the ancient world. According to report he did the most amazing things. He strangled a lion with his own hands, he killed a monster that had nine heads, he caught a stag with nine antlers and brazen feet, he caught a boar in a net and carried him for miles to a city, he cleaned the stables of the king of Elis, he fetched the golden apples of the Hesperides, and brought Cerberus from the lower world. These are only a few of the extraordinary things he is reported to have done. But the soldiers of the Prince have done things fully as remarkable and far more useful, and they did many of them yesterday.

It is often supposed that if you want to read about things which will make your heart jump you must read books about war. In war men often show wonderful daring, it is true, and we cannot read of these deeds without feeling a thrill in the blood, but books about the soldiers of the Prince are just as exciting as war books, and the courage of the Prince's soldiers is not a bit less than the heroism of the soldiers of Mars. It was only day before yesterday that North America was explored. It was a wild and unknown continent, filled with dangerous beasts and dangerous men. But soldiers of the Prince plunged into the great forests, afraid neither of the beasts nor the men, and in order to find out how America came to be known to the world you must read where three soldiers went and what they did. I shall mention just one of them—Jean de Brebeuf—a man who

was as brave as Hercules. Generals have made themselves famous by long marches, but no general ever made a more difficult march than Brebeuf's march of nine hundred miles up the Ottawa river into the frozen north. Soldiers have met death without flinching on the field of battle, but no soldier ever met on the field of battle such a hideous death as that of Jean de Brebeuf. The Indians caught him and tortured him. They cut off his lips, and burned with red hot irons his mangled mouth, and hung hot hatchets round his neck, and cut off his scalp while he was yet alive, but he never murmured, and like the Prince he prayed while he was dying—"Father, forgive them."

It was only yesterday that the big continent of Africa was opened to the rest of the world. It was opened by soldiers of the Prince. It has been called the Dark Continent, and it certainly deserved the name. The people of Africa had dark skins but their minds were darker than their bodies. It was a dark continent because it was unknown. No white man knew about its lakes and its rivers, its forests and its mountains. White men sailed round the edges of it, but they dared not venture into the interior. In the interior were venomous serpents, and poisonous flies, and ferocious wild beasts, and deadly fevers, and because of all these enemies, white men allowed Central Africa to remain unknown. But by and by a soldier of the Prince—David Livingstone—arrived on the coast of Africa and plunged into the interior. His friends begged him not to go but he refused to listen to them. Almost at the start he

was attacked by a lion. The beast sprang upon his shoulder sinking eleven of its teeth in his flesh, crushing a bone into splinters, but Livingstone escaped and the lion was shot. One day he said to a chief on the edge of a desert that he wanted to carry the gospel to regions beyond. The chief told him that the desert could not be crossed because it was impossible even for black men to cross it except in certain seasons. But Livingstone was never daunted by the impossible. He remembered that the Prince had said that with God all things are possible. His journey across Africa was the most wonderful journey made by any man in the nineteenth century. Think of traveling two thousand miles through an unknown country in the midst of wild beasts and fevers and savages! Livingstone kept a journal every day, and American boys and girls ought to read it. No one can read it without being braver.

At one time Livingstone had not been heard from for so long that all his friends in England and America became alarmed. At last a newspaper reporter was sent out to find him. Think of trying to find a man in a big continent like Africa! The attempt was made and it succeeded. Livingstone was found. The newspaper reporter was so impressed by him that he became a different man. He changed his ideas completely of the soldiers of the Prince. You will be glad to know that the black men of Africa did not kill Livingstone. It was a cruel African fever which at last took his life. He kept on traveling, no matter how sick he was, and one morning

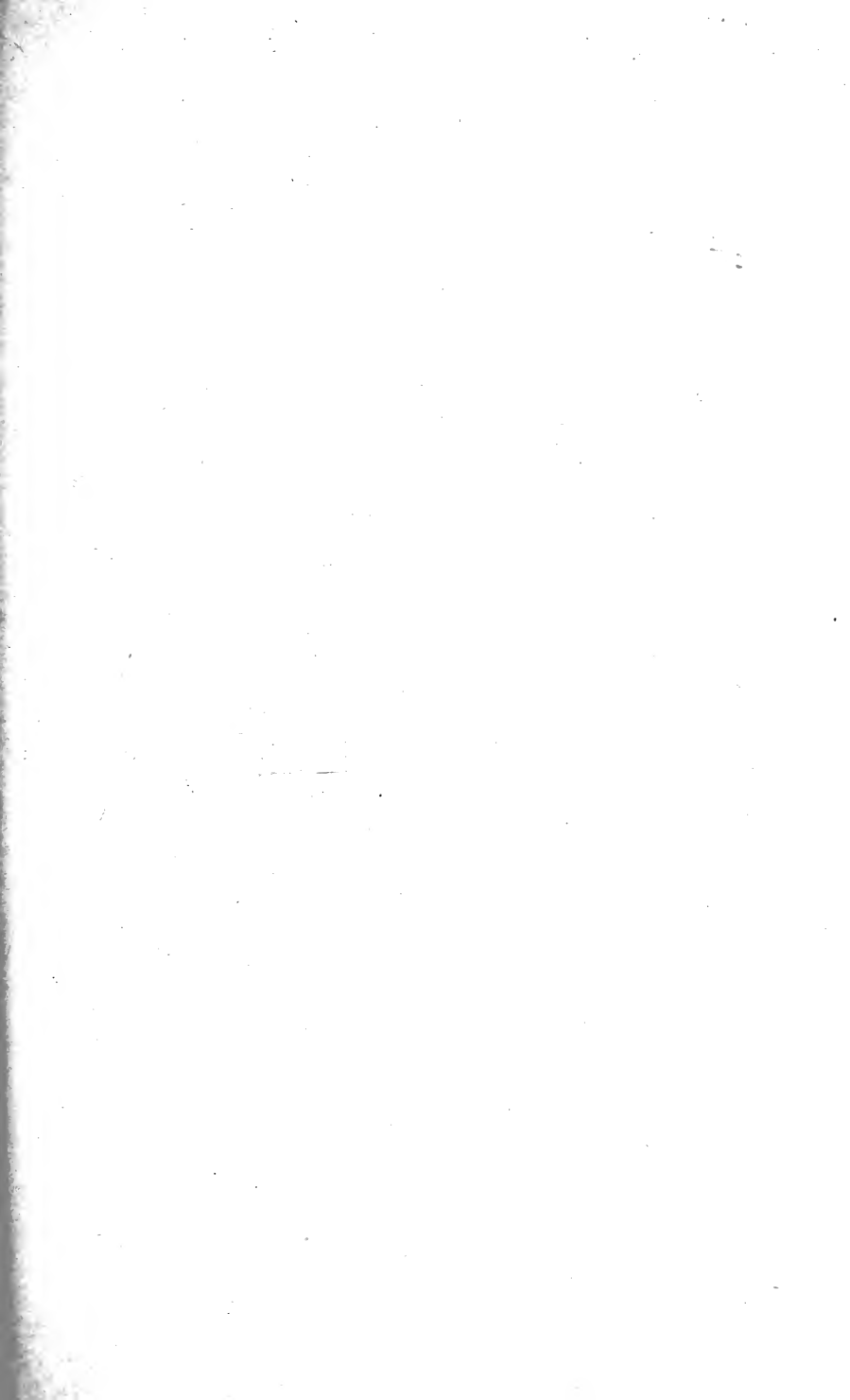
when a black servant went into his tent he found Livingstone kneeling at the side of his bed, with his head buried in his hands upon the pillow, dead! He had gone out of this world praying. The black men who had traveled with him cut out his heart and buried it at the foot of a big tree, and some of them then bound up his body and carried it more than a thousand miles to the coast whence it was sent to England, where it now lies among the great men of the British Empire in Westminster Abbey. When you go to London you will not fail to visit Livingstone's grave. On the stone they have inscribed a sentence which he wrote at the end of his life in Central Africa: "All I can say in my solitude is, may Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one—American, English, Turk—who will help to heal the open sore of the world."

Livingstone fought slavery. That to him was the open sore of the world. Scores of other brave soldiers of the Prince have fought African slavery, and the diabolical institution has almost completely passed away. It is hard to believe that human beings can be so heartless and cruel as these black men of Africa were before the soldiers of the Prince found them. Their kings thought nothing of burning their subjects alive, or cutting off their hands and their feet, or burying sick people alive, or killing women just because their husbands had died. To put an end to such abominations and atrocities, is both difficult and dangerous, just as risky as it is to march up in front of a howitzer, or to live in a submarine. The first great soldier of the Prince—

Paul— once said to some of his friends who had been giving him reasons for not running the risk of losing his life: “None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I may accomplish my course.” That is the way all brave soldiers feel. They do not count their life dear. They are ready to give it up for others.

I have not time to tell you about all the soldiers who have laid down their life for Africa. The fact that soldiers are killed never keeps other soldiers from volunteering. In 1878 there were two soldiers of the Prince murdered in Central Africa, and the report of their death was published in the English newspapers. An Englishman about thirty years old—James Hannington—read the report, and it made him long to go to Africa to take the place of one of the two soldiers who had fallen. Four years later he was permitted to go, but his health broke down and he had to return to England. As soon as he got well again, he started for Africa. He knew all about the forest fevers and the game traps and the robbers and tsetse flies, and the cobras and the lions, and none of these made him afraid. When he reached the country of Uganda the chief of that country seized him, and a week later he and all his companions were put to death. He went to the place of execution singing.

But Africa is not the only dark continent. All continents are dark until the ideas of the Prince are carried there. He is the light of the world, and until he is known men live in darkness. China is one of the oldest of all countries. Nobody knows just how





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She rescued her doll.

It was damaged in the siege of Antwerp, but is dear to her heart

old China is. Men have been working and thinking and studying there for thousands of years, and yet it is a country of great darkness. People are ignorant of the very simplest things. They do not know anything about the human body, or how to cure any of the body's diseases. How would you like to live in a country where they grind up snakes and wasps and centipedes and scorpions and toads and mix them with honey and roll them into pills which you must take four times a day? How would you like to have a doctor who thinks that he ought to stick a needle into you in order to let out the disease? There are Chinese doctors who think there are three hundred and sixty places in the body where needles can be stuck in with safety, and one of these places is round the eyes. How would you like to take ground up tiger's bones in order to make you strong? Would it not be distressing to live in a country where people believe that diseases are caused by evil spirits, and that these evil spirits must be driven out by charms and incantations? But China is no worse than India, and India is no worse than many another country. It is only where men know about the Prince that the body is understood, and that pain can be lessened. The nations which try to obey the Prince receive many blessings, and one of the greatest of them all is a knowledge of medicine and surgery. Of course these blessings are not for ourselves alone. They are given to us that we may pass them on to others. All men and women are brothers and sisters, and they must be willing to share every good thing which comes to them. All the nations

are members of one big family, and if one member of the family knows something very important it must tell it to all the rest.

Whenever you hear of a medical missionary, remember that he is one of the bravest of all the soldiers of the Prince. He is going out to fight something far more dangerous than the lion which Hercules strangled. He is going to fight a microbe. His labor is far more dangerous than that of slaughtering a monster, for it is his work to conquer a bacillus. In the early days men had to fight giants and huge monsters, but now they have to fight enemies so small you cannot see them even with a microscope. It is these tiny enemies which cause most mischief on the earth. Attila killed thousands of human beings, but there are microbes which have killed hundreds of thousands. Napoleon killed millions but there are bacilli which have killed tens of millions. The soldiers of the Prince are enlisted for the purpose of fighting physical disease. The Prince himself cured men's bodies as well as their minds. His soldiers must do the same.

Can you think of a war so glorious as the war against disease? Look at those Generals who must be crushed—General Bubonic Plague, General Cholera, General Leprosy, General Tuberculosis, and a hundred other Generals whose soldiers torment and torture our poor helpless human race. When God makes out the roll of his greatest heroes, I am sure that Attila and Tamerlane and Napoleon will not stand at the head of the list. I think that the most prominent names will be soldiers of the Prince, men

like John Kenneth MacKenzie, who having saved the lives of thousands in China by his medical skill was finally killed at the age of thirty-eight by small-pox.

Everybody is today proud of the courage of the soldiers of Belgium. The men who fought and died at Liege and Namur will never be forgotten. We should not forget either the name of another Belgian soldier—Father Damien—who died a few years ago on one of the Hawaiian islands. Father Damien was a soldier of the Prince, tall and strong and fine. When a young man he decided to leave Belgium and go to Hawaii on an errand for the Prince. After living there a short time, he heard of an island near by on which lepers were kept. No leper was allowed to live on any other island than this. State officers went from island to island looking for lepers, and whenever they found one they hustled him to this leper island. The husband had to leave his wife, the wife her husband, the mother her child, the brother his sister. It was a miserable, forlorn, hopeless crowd of people who lived on the leper island. Nobody cared for them. Everybody was afraid of them. They had not a friend in all the world. One day Father Damien said to his Bishop: "I am ready to bury myself alive among the lepers of Molokai." And he did. For sixteen years he lived there. What a brave fight that was! At last he became a leper himself. He died a leper. He shut with his own hand—as Robert Louis Stevenson said—the door of his own sepulcher. There are many other mission-

aries as brave as he working today for the lepers in India and China and Japan.

There was another pest house in which a brave soldier shut himself up to die. This pest house was at Mukden. Five hundred Chinese coolies were working in the bean fields of Manchuria when a pestilence broke out and the men were obliged to start for their homes in South China. The Pneumonic plague broke out among them while they were on their way and they were stopped near Mukden and huddled into five small buildings. There was near there a young doctor, A. F. Jackson—who volunteered to go into quarantine with them. He was the only white man there. Eighty of the coolies died, and then Dr. Jackson himself died. He laid down his life for others. Men who go into the trenches in time of war are counted brave, and so they are. So also are the soldiers of the Prince who go into the chambers of sickness and death and sacrifice their life not for their country but for humanity and the Prince.

Besides the great continents there are small bodies of land called islands, and these also are the home of human beings. On some islands men and women sank so low that they became cannibals, that is they ate their enemies after they had killed them. Of all the savage islanders in the world none were worse, they say, than those on the Fiji islands. If you will look at the map you will find those islands in the South Pacific over one thousand miles north of New Zealand. While you are looking at them it would be well for you to notice how many islands there are in

the South Pacific. I am sure there are more of them than you ever imagined. You cannot afford to remain ignorant of those islands, for upon many of them have lived and died some of the bravest men and women whom the world has ever known. A man can live a great life on a small island. Never get discouraged because you do not have a large sphere. Remember that the Prince one day told a story about some men who because they were faithful in doing what they had a chance to do found themselves at last to their great surprise rulers over great cities. Of all these South Pacific islands, none are more beautiful than the Fiji islands, and none were inhabited by a worse set of people. They were abominably brutal. Men sometimes murdered their relatives in order to eat them. The man who got the highest reputation was the man who had eaten the largest number of his fellow men. Men were often buried alive. When a chief died his wives were strangled and buried beside him. Babies were taught to strike their mothers in order to teach them to be brave. Boys and girls were tied to trees in order that men might throw spears and knives at them, to see how close they could come to their head. How would you like to go to an island thousands of miles from your home peopled by human beings like that? Nobody but a soldier of the Prince is brave enough to do such a thing. A soldier of Mars can take a gun with him, and savages are afraid of a gun, but a soldier of the Prince carries nothing in his hand but a Bible, and what can a man do with a Bible among a lot of murderous cannibals? Let me tell you what

James Calvert and his wife did. They heard of these savages and of the abominable things that they did, and so they decided that they would pick out twenty-five of the islands and tell their inhabitants about the Prince. Not at all afraid they landed on one of the islands and began to work. Of course the work was discouraging and Mr. and Mrs. Calvert risked their lives every day, but they never retreated, and by and by they succeeded in winning the heart of the old King Tanoa, one of the most ferocious man-eaters who ever lived. It took seventeen years more to win his cruel and stubborn son, and when this son became a soldier of the Prince, he handed his old war club to the British Envoy, and some of you, I hope, will some day look at it when you visit the British Museum in London. Do you think that Alexander or Caesar or Napoleon ever had a soldier braver than James Calvert and his wife? The first thing they did on landing at their new home was to gather up and bury the skulls and hands and feet of eighty men and women who had been eaten at a recent feast. Nearly every day for a long time they saw sights which froze the blood. A thousand times there was only a short step between them and death, but the Prince always shielded them, and before they left the islands, there were on them hundreds of churches and Sunday Schools, filled with happy and obedient soldiers of the Prince.

Before we leave the South Pacific, I must ask you to look on the map again and see those dots of land between the Fiji islands and Australia. They are worth looking at a long time. Most of them are

little, but mighty deeds have been done upon them, and heroic souls have gone up to God from every one of them. Look at Erromanga. That is where John Williams was clubbed to death by savages in 1839.

Now look at the little island called Tanna. On that island there landed in 1859 John G. Paton and his wife. Do not forget that women are just as brave as men. They are willing to go anywhere that a man is ready to go, and a man is ready to go when and where the Prince sends him. Some day you will want to read the autobiography of John G. Paton. You should not read it if you do not want to cry, and if you object to having your hair stand on end. If you want to find a novel more exciting than the life of Paton you must seek a long time. Soldiers of the Prince had never visited Tanna before Paton and his wife arrived there. The natives were fierce savages. On the very first night, six men were cooked and eaten not far from where Paton and his wife slept. On the next night they heard the wild cry of a widow who was being strangled to death that she might accompany her dead husband into the other world. In a few months Mrs. Paton died, and then their little baby died, and Mr. Paton was left alone on that awful island. He had to dig a grave with his own hands, and there were no sympathizing friends to attend the funeral. After some months he was greatly cheered by the arrival of two other missionaries, Mr. Johnstone and his wife. But one night two savages tried to kill Mr. Johnstone, and in three weeks he was dead. Mr. Paton had to make the coffin and dig the grave.

One day a band of savages came over from Erromanga announcing that they had killed Mr. and Mrs. Gordon who had come to tell them about the Prince, and urging the men of Tanna to treat Mr. Paton in the same way. Just at this time a British warship sailed into the harbor at Tanna, and the Commodore urged Mr. Paton to leave the island at once. Mr. Paton said, No. He had worked more than three years for these savages and he was not willing to leave them yet. They were all the time trying to kill him, and yet he loved them and was always talking to God about them.

But in the end he was obliged to go. The savages became worse and worse, and one night they burned down the little church, and would have burned down the mission house too, had not a fearful rain storm arrived at just the right moment, and put the fire out. "This is Jehovah's rain," cried the savages in panic, and suddenly they disappeared into the darkness.

Mr. Paton was now compelled to leave Tanna, but he did not go back to Scotland. He went to another island, Aniwa, where he won amazing victories for the Prince which every boy and girl in the world should read. Mr. Paton had hundreds of hairbreadth escapes, and was permitted to live to be an old man, dying in Australia at the age of eighty-three. Why Mr. Gordon was killed and Mr. Paton was not killed, is one of those secrets which the Prince keeps to himself.

Of all the bad customs in the world none is worse than the custom of fighting. It is a universal cus-

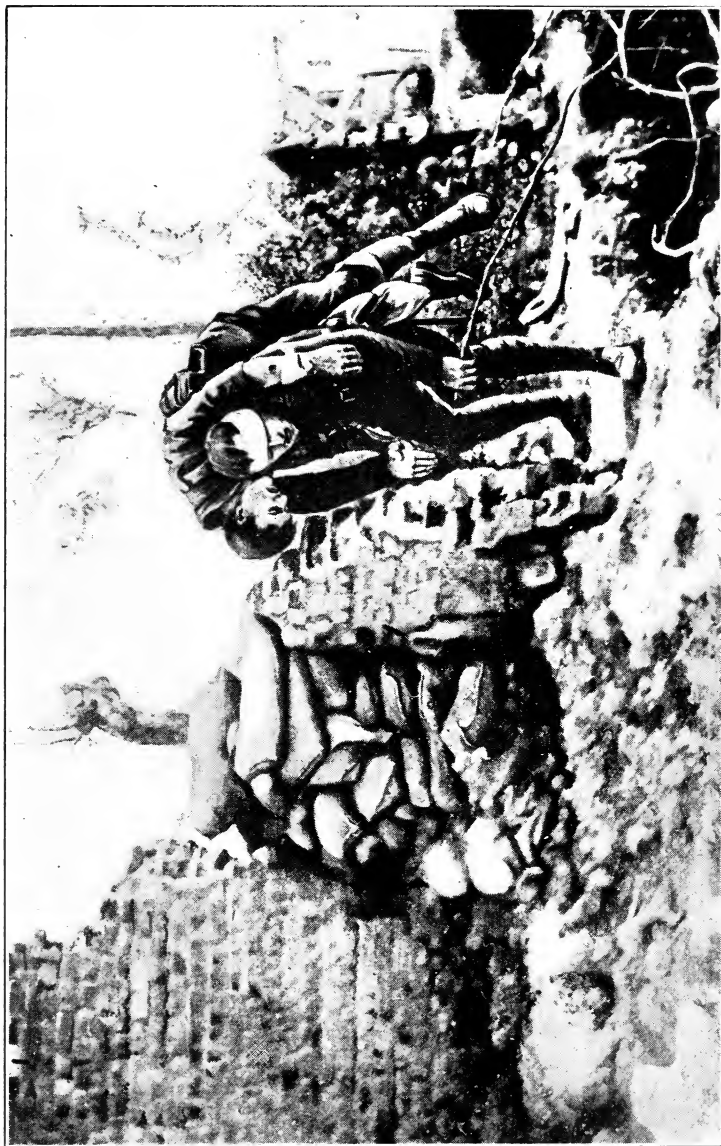


Photo by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

A Hero of War rescuing a wounded comrade.



tom, and started so long ago that nobody can find out just when it began. Savages fight more than any other kind of men because they have the least sense. The nearer a man is to the animals the more he likes to fight. When he gets as low down as a hyena or a wild cat he wants to fight all the time. One of the great tasks of the soldiers of the Prince is to induce men to stop fighting. When men fight only a part of the time they are called barbarians, and when they fight only now and then they are called civilized. When they become truly christian they will not fight at all. Nations which are controlled by the spirit of the Prince do not make war, nor do they get ready for war, nor do they think about war. There are certain things which are so bad that we ought not to think about them at all. War is one of them. It is like cannibalism, and slavery, and widow strangling, and other vile things which every soldier of the Prince must hate with all his heart. Boys and girls should abhor it, and they are certain to detest it just in proportion as they understand the mind of the Prince. He was kind and gentle, and if we are to be christians we must be like him. When nations fight it is because one or more of them are not ruled by the spirit of the Prince. The Indian chieftains were always proud of their clubs. That is because they were Indians. The Fiji islanders were also proud of their clubs. That was because they were savages. Big armies and big navies are nothing but big clubs, and when nations become really acquainted with the Prince they will

throw away their clubs, and spend their money in making people good and happy.

One of the most notable traits of the Prince was his attitude to women. He always spoke of them with chivalric respect, and stood up for them when they were treated unfairly. While he was on the earth, women did for him and his cause all that they could, and ever since he went away, they have stood side by side with men in fighting pain and falsehood and wrong. The army of the Prince is the one army in which men and women have equal privileges and honors.

I do not know what Adoniram Judson would have been able to do in Burmah had not a New England girl—Anne Hasseltine—been willing to go with him as his wife, or what Robert Moffat could have accomplished in South Africa without Mrs. Moffat, or how James Chalmers could have succeeded in New Guinea without Mrs. Chalmers, or how James Calvert could have gotten through the horrible experiences in Fiji without his wife, or how John G. Paton could have won his victories in the New Hebrides without the assistance of Mrs. Paton. It is brave women who with their husbands have established christian homes in non-christian lands, and it is through the refinement and beauty of these homes that the Prince has been able to reach the heart of great empires which did not know him.

But women are able to fight for the Prince alone. I have read of widows who carried on the work of their husband for ten and twenty and even thirty years after their husband was dead. Some women

never marry at all, and fight the battles of the Prince without the help of a husband's love and care.

Melinda Rankin never married. When only a girl she dreamed of doing something extraordinary for the Prince. For a long time there was nothing extraordinary which she could do, and so, like a sensible girl, she did things that were ordinary, such as teaching district school, and conducting a class in the Sunday School. When she was twenty-nine years old, a call came for soldiers to fight for the Prince in the Mississippi valley. It was in the year 1840, and the Mississippi valley was at that time much farther from New England than it is now, but Melinda Rankin cared nothing for distance, or hardship, and so she said goodbye to her friends, and went to tell people first in Kentucky and then in Mississippi about the Prince. It was while teaching in the latter state, that she heard of the awful need in Mexico, and she immediately decided to go thither. The doors into Mexico however were all closed, and so she got as close to Mexico as she could. She opened a school in a town on the American side of the Rio Grande. It was not a large school. It started with just five Mexican children, and all these were girls, but the school grew, and the teacher was happy. She was not permitted to cross the river, but she could send Bibles across, and so every Mexican she met, carried a Bible home with him in his pocket. Like all good soldiers she did what she could. By and by she was permitted to open a school on Mexican soil. Of course she was persecuted all the time, and once she was compelled to

return to the United States, but at the first opportunity she went back to Mexico again. In spite of numberless difficulties and discouragements, she kept on working until she was over sixty years old, and then her health breaking down she came back to her own country to die. She is famous as the first Protestant missionary in Mexico.

And now let me tell you about an Iowa girl—Eleanor Chesnut. When a little girl she was very poor, for her mother was dead and nobody knew where her father was, and she lived with an aunt in the backwoods in Missouri. It was here that she heard of a college, and although she had no money and no influential friends she decided to knock at the college door. She was admitted. Later on she became a christian. A little later she decided to go as a soldier of the Prince to the distant East. She wanted to study medicine. She had no money and no friends to assist her, but she went forward. She lived in an attic, cooked her own meals, and a part of the time nearly starved. But nothing could daunt her. She completed her course in medicine, took a course in nursing, and then a course in a Bible Institute. In summer vacations she worked as a nurse. She nursed Oliver Wendell Holmes in his last illness. At twenty-four she sailed for South China. On arriving she found herself face to face with many problems. They did not abash her. She converted her bathroom into an operating room until she could get a little hospital building erected. She loved sick people. To heal them was her joy. For twelve years she had this joy, and then a horrible thing hap-

pened. A mob of ruffians decided they would put an end to the Prince's work in China. They seized Dr. Chesnut, dragged her to the river, threw her in, and then one of the villains jumped in and stabbed her three times. Shortly before the end she was allowed to sit for a moment or two at the foot of a tree, and while there, she noticed a boy in the crowd with an ugly gash in his head. Calling him to her she tore off the hem of her dress and bound up his wound. That is the last thing she did on earth. She saved others, but herself she could not save. She was like the Prince.

A long time ago a man began to write a list of the people who had done wonderful things, and after he had mentioned a few, he became discouraged and said that the time would fail him to tell even of some of the very greatest heroes and heroines who ever lived. I should love to tell you of Sara C. Seward, and Sarah F. Norris, and Caroline H. Daniels, and Meta Howard, and Fanny J. Butler, and Isabella Thoburn, and Charlotte Tucker, and a hundred others, but you must read all about them for yourselves.

I can tell you about only one woman more. You will not forget her because she has such a peculiar name—Kapiolani. She lived in Hawaii, and was the ruler of the district around Kilauea, one of the world's most famous volcanoes. The crater is a big hole in the top of a high mountain. The hole is eight miles around and nearly one thousand feet deep. In the middle of the hole is a lake of melted lava always burning. A famous fire goddess—Pele

—was supposed to dwell in this region. All the people were afraid of her and worshiped her and gave her costly presents. Now Kapiolani was a savage, ignorant and superstitious and bad. One day she heard about the Prince, and decided to be one of his soldiers. She began at once to tell her people about the God of love, but they would not listen to her for they were afraid of Pele. She then did this: She walked up to the top of the mountain, taking eighty of her subjects with her, and right down into the crater, and close up to the lake of fire, and threw stones into the fire, just to prove that she was not afraid of Pele. As she threw the stones she kept saying: "Jehovah is my God! He kindled these fires. I fear not Pele." The people all thought that the earth would open and swallow up Kapiolani, or that Pele would spurt burning lava over her, but Pele did nothing of the sort, for there was no such goddess as Pele, and so all the people decided to become worshipers of the Father of Jesus. Nobody knows what one girl or one woman can accomplish if she only gives her heart to the Prince.

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER FIVE

- 1. Give the dates for the nineteenth century. Why has it been called "the wonderful century"?**
- 2. How has the world "become one big house"?**
- 3. What dangers does a soldier of the Prince meet when he explores a new country?**
- 4. Who was the soldier of the Prince who fought against African slavery? What weapons did he use?**
- 5. Name some of the strange ideas about our bodies believed by ignorant people.**
- 6. Why is a microbe more dangerous to fight than a lion?**
- 7. Name some of the great battles in the War against Disease.**
- 8. Where is the island of Molokai? Who lived on the island?**
- 9. Describe a real savage.**
- 10. Name three soldiers of the Prince who lost their lives in the South Sea Islands.**

“For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be.
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales.

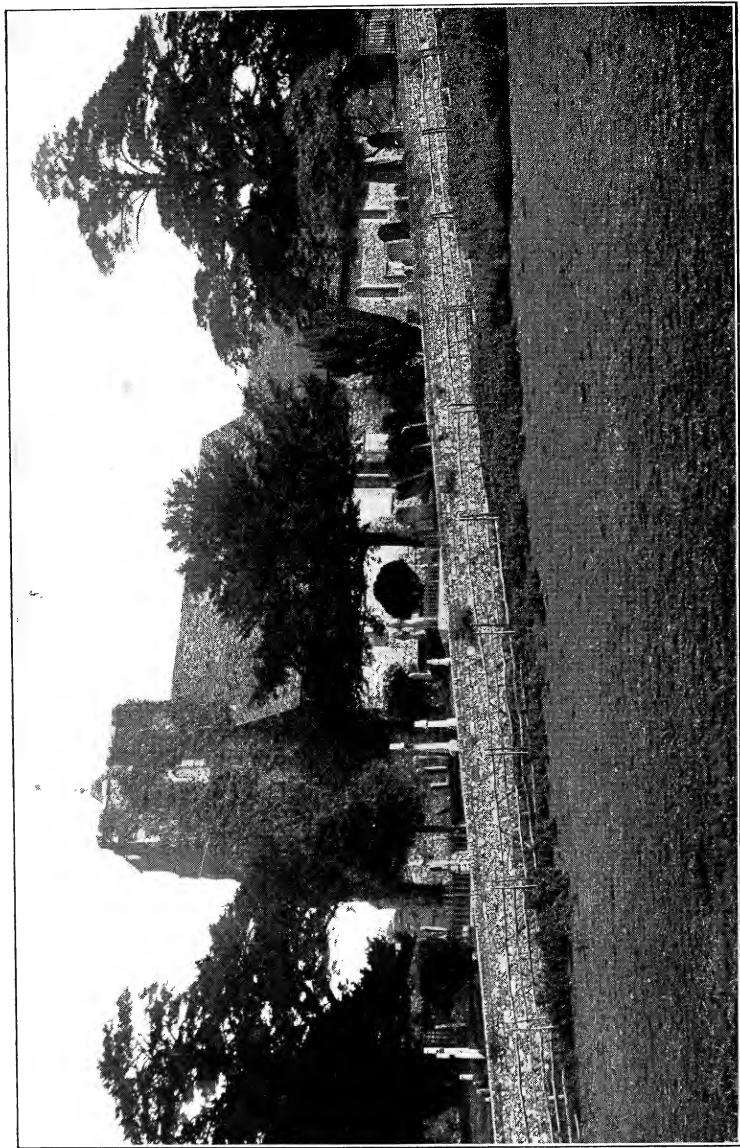
“Heard the heavens fill with shouting and there rained a ghostly
dew
From the Nations’ airy navies grappling in the central blue:
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing
warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-
storm,

“Till the war-drum throbbed no longer and the battle-flags were
furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the World.
Then the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber lapt in universal law.”

Alfred Tennyson

A Prayer for Peace

Unto Thee, O Lord, we cry in the night of the world’s darkness
for the coming of the dawn of peace. Is not the earth Thine?
Are not the hearts of all men in Thy keeping? Remember the
desolated homes, the long suspense of waiting, the sorrows of the
exiled and the poor, the growth of hate, the hindrance of good,
and make an end of war. By the love we bear toward fathers,
brothers, lovers, sons; by the long agony of trench and battle-
field and hospital; by the woe brought home to the hearts of
mothers, and by the orphaned children’s need—hasten Thou
the coming of the ages of good will. Raise up leaders for the
work of peace. Show us our part in this redemption of the
world from cruelty and hate and make us faithful and courageous.
In the name of Christ, whose kingdom is our hearts’ desire and
whose will for men is love. Amen.



St. Martin's, Canterbury.

The first Church in England—where you may see today the remains of Queen Bertha's Chapel

What Boys and Girls Can Do For the Empire of Love

VI.

YOU may call it an Empire or a Kingdom or a Republic, but they all mean the same thing—a society in which everybody will be controlled by the spirit of good-will. The first famous soldier of the Prince liked to think and talk about the Kingdom of God, and he said this means righteousness and peace and joy. A society in which everybody is fair, and nobody does anybody else an injustice, that comes first. Unless you have justice you cannot get peace. Just so long as men are unjust to one another, just so long will there be hard feelings and quarreling. But if you can establish justice, then you can have peace, and if you obtain peace then joy comes also. But you cannot have joy without peace, just as you cannot have peace without justice. If you get the first you get the second, and if you get the second you get the third.

Now the way to get justice is to get a loving heart—a heart like the heart of the Prince. When our heart is full of good-will we do not want to wrong anybody. We want to do to each person as we should like to have that person do to us. That is the kind of disposition which the Prince likes to see in all his followers. When we act that way, we are said to keep the "Golden Rule." The Prince was

always loving, and hence he was always just, and being just, he never threw stones or used a sword, and having always a peace-loving and tranquil heart, he had a happiness which was so wonderful that his followers could not understand it. Even when wicked men had decided to nail him to a cross, he did not become gloomy, but his heart continued to sing, and he promised to give his soldiers the very same kind of joy which he himself had.

And so we may say that the Prince came into the world to establish the reign of love, and that his soldiers are enlisted in a long campaign, the object of which is to extend the practice of justice, and the blessings of peace and joy. What can boys and girls do in this great campaign?

At first it might seem that they can do nothing at all. In the first place, they must stay at home. That is where boys and girls are supposed to belong, and it is not permitted them to go out of their own town. In the second place, they are not old enough to do important things which big folks are able to do. They cannot make speeches or write for the magazines and papers. They cannot talk to a congressman or a member of the President's cabinet. Nobody seems to care what boys and girls think, nor does the world pay attention to what they say. They can do a few chores around the house, and they can study their lessons at school, but beyond this what is it possible for them to do? The case seems to be hopeless.

But we must not come to conclusions too quickly. Situations are not always so dark as they look.

There is a boy mentioned in the Old Testament who once had nothing but a sling and a few pebbles, and all the men felt sure that he could do nothing for his country. But he did. In the New Testament we are told of a boy who had nothing in his basket but two sardines and a handful of crackers. Nobody knew that this boy was in the crowd, but when by and by the Prince wanted to accomplish one of his big works, this boy gave him the very assistance which he needed. We must never get discouraged because we are little, and because it seems that there is nothing important which we are able to do. If we only use what we have, there is no telling what the Prince may be able to do through us.

War is one of the mightiest enemies which the Prince has ever fought. It is the Goliath who has strutted up and down the lands defying everybody and bragging. Men have fought him with all kinds of weapons, but thus far they have failed to kill him. Possibly the tallest and strongest of all the giants will finally be overthrown by the boys and the girls. The Prince one day said that there were things which are hidden from the wise and prudent—I think he must have meant the big folks who think they know everything—and are revealed to babies. By babies I have no doubt he meant humble-minded human beings who realize that they are weak and ignorant, but are willing that God shall use them in carrying out his plans. The Prince was one day greatly cheered by some boys who sang for him in the Temple. He is always glad to have boys and girls stand

up for him, and let the world know that they are on his side.

Here then is the first thing that they can do for world-peace. They can enlist in the army of the Prince. They can let everybody know that they are on his side. They can sing hymns of praise to him in the church, and can fight for him in the school and on the playground. They must fight for him first in their own hearts. Everything in this world begins in the heart. That then is the first fort to be captured. If this fort is in the possession of hateful feelings and spiteful thoughts, these must be driven out. Only a friendly disposition must be permitted to make its home in the heart. Each one must cultivate a neighborly feeling. Every day a little time must be given to feeding the feelings of friendliness and good-will. So long as we have a quarrelsome disposition, we can never fight successfully on the side of the Prince. Our own heart must be conquered before we can hope to conquer the hearts of others.

If our own heart is friendly and sweet, we can go out and kill feelings which are hateful and bitter. Some boys like to go out into the woods to kill snakes, and others like to hunt for gypsy moths. It is far more fun to hunt for grudges and quarrels and drive them out of the town. In every town there are dozens of bitter feelings, and scores of hateful criticisms among the boys and girls, and upon these the soldiers of the Prince ought to make war. Some boys and girls like to stir up trouble. If two boys are threatening to fight, other boys will stand by and

cheer them on. They want to see them fight. No good soldiers of the Prince ever want to see a fight. If one girl does not like another girl, some of her friends are likely to tell her all the mean things they can hear, and in this way push the two girls farther apart. When they do this they are not loyal to the Prince. The soldiers of the Prince are peacemakers. Their business is to bring human hearts together. They wage war on all suspicions, and misunderstandings, and insulting words, and backbiting, and talking, and spying, for these are the enemies of peace and good-will, and it is only by hard fighting that they can be overcome. But to do this kind of fighting you must have a disposition that is friendly and gentle, for we cannot give to others what we ourselves do not possess. Having caught the spirit of the Prince, we are able to give it to those around us. This is the kind of work which boys and girls can do, and there is no more important work in all the world. Boys and girls cannot do the work which is reported in the papers. They cannot call Hague Conferences, or build Peace Palaces, or adopt Peace Resolutions, or sign Peace Treaties or frame Arbitration Policies, but these things are not so important after all as the spirit of the Prince. For unless men have the spirit of the Prince, then all the arbitration treaties and Hague Conferences and Peace Palaces amount to little. So long as men have the spirit of Mars, they will fight even on the front steps of the Palace of Peace. If they do not have the disposition of the Prince, they will, when they get excited, trample all these arbitration treaties under

their feet. The most important work to be done in this world is the creation of the spirit of good-will, and the spreading of it through the hearts of larger numbers of people. Without this spirit, then everything else is useless. Now boys and girls can do this indispensable work as well as anybody else. They can radiate good feeling wherever they go, and scatter kind words, and sow beautiful ideas, and in this way lay the foundations of world-wide peace. Those who work on the foundations of a big building are not seen by so many people as are the men who work on the tower or the steeple, but without this work on the foundation, we could never have either steeple or tower. We can never have a glorious Empire of Love unless boys and girls lay the foundations. Every boy and girl lives in a little world of his own. The big world is made up of millions of little worlds. The way to make the big world what it ought to be is to begin with the little worlds. When the little worlds are filled with good-will, then the big world will enjoy everlasting peace. Every boy and girl can contribute a little world which has been brought under the dominion of the Prince.

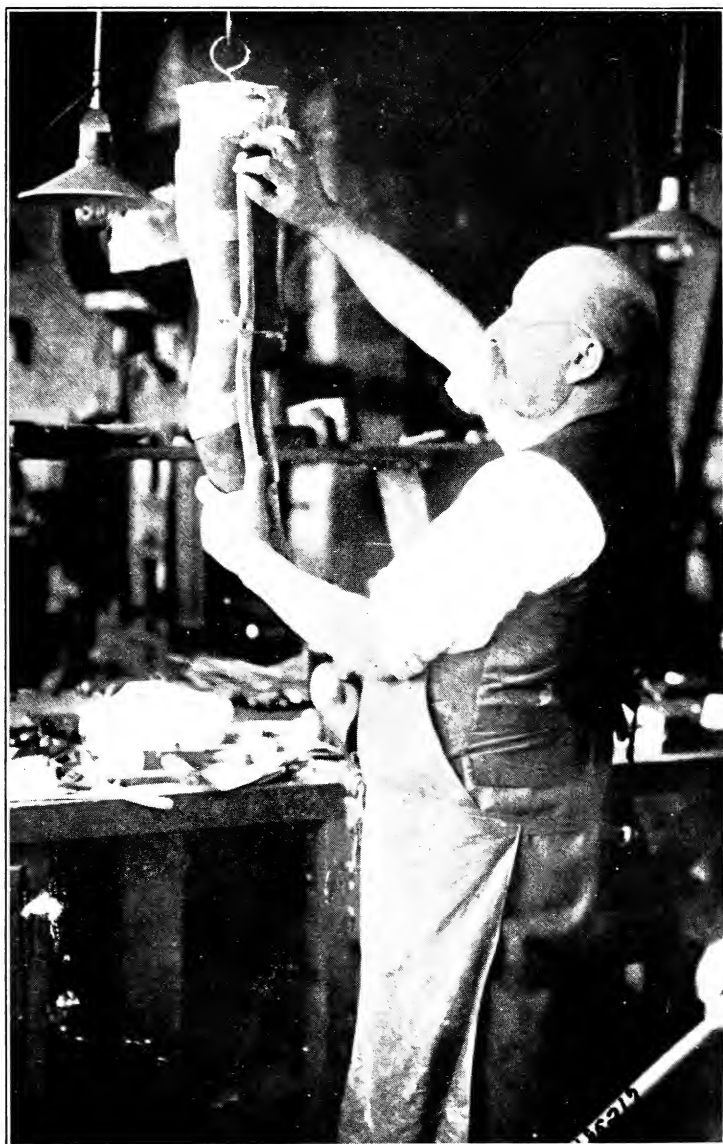
You have all heard of race prejudice. It is one of the most mischievous of all the demons. It is a feeling of dislike and contempt for people who do not belong to our race. When we dislike people we cannot think of them fairly, and we cannot treat them kindly. Race prejudice gets one into the stupid notion that all other races are inferior to his own, and fastens upon him the silly idea that other races do not have the same rights which his own race en-

joys. There are millions of grown men and women so bigoted and conceited that they look down on men and women of a different color who were born under a different flag. They feel this way because when they were boys and girls they allowed race prejudice to spin a web around their heart. Always think of race prejudice as a huge spider catching human beings in its web, and killing in them all those feelings of friendliness and good-will which the Prince loves to see. If the spider catches a boy it is hard for him to get out. Did you ever watch a fly trying to escape from a spider's web? Poor fly, what an awful time it has! The web was made of very delicate threads, but the fly was not able to break them and never got free again. The feelings of race prejudice are so slender at first that many persons do not know how strong and dangerous they are. One of the first enemies for a boy and girl to fight is this feeling of superiority toward boys and girls of other races. Whenever you notice that feeling springing up in your heart, attack it at once. Race prejudice gets into the world through the hearts of boys and girls, and if it is ever to be kept out it will be through their determined and heroic action. When American boys and girls laugh at Italian and Russian boys and girls, or make fun of boys and girls from China or Japan, they show bad manners and make sad the heart of the Prince. He was especially kind always toward foreigners, and was careful not to hurt their feelings. Foreigners have feelings just as we have. When we are nice to them they feel happy, and when we wound them by our sharp words or sour looks they

bleed. If there are foreign boys or girls in your school, and your companions sneer at them because of the way they look or talk or dress, you have a fine chance to prove that you are soldiers of the Prince. His true soldiers always stand up for human beings who are mistreated, and he said once that at the end of the world he would not forget those who had been good to strangers.

If you are kind to foreigners when you are young, you will not be likely to say hateful things about foreign nations when you are grown. There are many bad mannered writers in America who are always saying mean and sarcastic things about other nations. The Prince, I am sure, is ashamed of them, and you ought to be ashamed of them too. They would not behave now so abominably if they had only been properly brought up! Wolves belong to their own pack, and savages belong to their own tribe, and barbarians belong to their own clan, but the soldiers of the Prince belong to the whole world, and they carry all the races in their heart.

This then is one of the things which boys and girls can do; they can stretch their hearts wide enough to take in all their brothers and sisters all the way around the world. They can form correct ideas of patriotism, and fix in their minds right notions of manliness and courage. True patriotism is love for one's country, but that love should never prevent our loving all other countries too. When we love our own home we are not expected to hate the homes in which other boys and girls live. The more we appreciate our own home, the more likely we are to ap-



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Helping the cripples made by war.

This is one of the new trades in war countries—making legs and arms



preciate other homes. When we love our own home dearly, we understand better how dear are to others their homes. The patriotism which brags about one's own country, and sneers at all other countries is only a counterfeit patriotism. It is a demon which has dressed itself up in beautiful patriotic robes. Beware of it! As soldiers of the Prince we must love all the nations on the earth, and try all the time to do them all the good we can. The higher other nations rise and the more they prosper, the better it is for us. Greediness and envy are awful things in a family of children, and they are still worse in a family of nations. Patriotism and guns, then, do not always go together. You can be a true patriot and never fire a gun. You can enroll yourself among the world's heroes and never march to the field of battle. To be true and just, to be generous and kind, to be cheerful and patient, to do one's duty without flinching, and to endure whatever sufferings may come as the result of one's loyalty to the truth, that is heroism of the loftiest type. The courage that struts and blusters, and makes a great commotion in the world is often only the courage of a bull dog. What the world needs more than anything else is the courage of the Prince. He dared to defy the opinions of the leaders of thought and action, and to resist the fanaticism of the mob. He stood out against the attacks of his enemies, and refused to fall in with the wrong wishes of his friends. He was loyal to the truth even unto death. He never killed anybody, but he was the bravest of the brave. Above the

names of all the heroes of human history, God has written the name of Jesus.

But you can do more than have kind thoughts about foreign nations: you can do practical deeds. You cannot go to these foreign nations, but you can help to send somebody else. You can give at least a little of your money every year for the work of the Prince in distant lands. There are always many things which we want for ourselves, and we never have enough money to buy everything on which we have set our heart, but the soldiers of the Prince are ready to sacrifice, and they are willing to give up things which they want for themselves in order that they may help others. Of course no boy or girl can give a great deal, but there are millions of boys and girls in America, and if each one of them gives only a little, all of them together can give an enormous sum. Suppose that there are a million boys and girls of just your age in North America and that each one of them should give one cent a year for the support of the work of the Prince in foreign lands, how much would that be? If each should give two cents, five cents, ten cents, what would it amount to? Count it up for yourselves, and then begin to calculate how much it is going to be possible for you to give during this next year. If you have an allowance, how much can you spare from it without hurting yourself too much? If you have no allowance, how much can you earn? Every boy and girl can earn a little if they only set about it, and it is ever so much more fun to earn money if you know that a part of it is going to the Prince. When you read

the life of John G. Paton you will learn of his ship the "Dayspring." I do not know what he could ever have done without that ship, and I do not know how he could have gotten it without the boys and girls. There is a great need of more beds in the hospitals of Africa and Asia, for the doctors are not able to attend to half the boys and girls who are sick, and I do not know how these additional beds are going to be paid for unless the boys and girls of America make up their mind to give more money. When you give money to help people far away, the place in which they live immediately begins to shine on the map. You cannot look any more at the map without seeing that place first of all. If you do not believe this, try it. If you send even one cent to help cure sick people on some Island in the Pacific ocean, the next time you look at the map this Island will jump up to meet your eye. If you want to like foreigners more and more, then you must help them. The more money you send abroad the easier your thoughts will travel, and the more eager will your feelings be to gather round the spot in which your money is working. The Prince never said a truer thing than this: "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

There is still another thing which boys and girls can do. They can read about what the soldiers of the Prince have done in many lands. Some boys think that there are no thrilling books but war books, and some girls think that there are no books which are really interesting but love stories. They think this because they have never read the books which tell

of the soldiers of the Prince. Every boy and girl ought every year to read the life of at least one of these famous soldiers. There is no telling what might happen if every boy and girl would only do this. If you cannot get a book of this kind out of the library, then I should buy it. I should hint to my parents that I should like it for a present at Christmas. If any of my friends ever offered to give me a book, I should say, "Please give me the life of some great soldier of the Prince." Every boy and girl ought to have a little library of his own, and if you have not yet begun to build one, now is the time to start. Make up your mind that before twelve months have passed you will have one book in your new library, and if you add just one book each year, when you are forty years older you will have forty books. That is more than most people have at the end of forty years, and the reason is that they did not begin to build a library when they were young. No library is complete which does not have in it a few lives of the Prince's bravest soldiers.

William Carey went as a soldier to India because when he was a boy he read the account of Captain Cook's voyages around the world. It was that book which put the world in William Carey's eye, and with the world once in his eye, he began to dream of fighting for the Prince on the other side of the globe. When David Livingstone was a boy he read about the wonderful work done for the Prince in China. It kindled in him a fire which never went out. An Ohio boy, James Thoburn, read a sermon one day about Mills and Judson and Newell, and a

few years later this young man was a soldier of the Prince in India. If you have not heard of this Samuel Mills and his companions and of the wonderful Haystack prayer meeting they held one day in the rain near Williamstown, Massachusetts, you will want to read all about them as soon as you can.

When Henry Martyn was young, he read the Life of David Brainerd, an American who spent his life among the Indians, teaching them the ideas of the Prince, and his heart was so stirred that he resolved to give his life to the Prince to be used in foreign lands. If it had not been for David Brainerd, Henry Martyn might never have gone to India. I do not know what David Brainerd might do for you if you only came to know him.

It is wonderful how one person starts another to fighting for the Prince. Brainerd started Martyn and Martyn started Reginald Heber, and I do not know how many Heber has started. You all know the beautiful hymn: "Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!" a hymn so nearly perfect that the great Alfred Tennyson wished he could have written it. That hymn was written by Reginald Heber, so also was the hymn: "The Son of God goes forth to war," a hymn which every boy and girl in America ought to tuck away in his mind, and so also was "From Greenland's icy mountains." What music may come into the world as the result of your reading about the soldiers of the Prince I do not know.

There is a little island in the West Indies on which a long time ago there fought a brave soldier of the Prince. A book telling about this soldier and about

a furious hurricane which once swept over his island fell into the hands of a little English boy—John Paterson. John was greatly excited by the story of the soldier and the hurricane, and rushing to his mother he exclaimed: "Mother, I will be a Bishop, and I will have a hurricane, too." When that boy grew to be a man he could not forget the book he had read years before, and before long he was a soldier of the Prince on another island in the far off South Pacific.

The boys and girls of today are going to be men and women pretty soon. When they are grown, many of them will have boys and girls of their own, and what those boys and girls are going to read and do, will depend largely on what the boys and girls are reading now. You cannot tell, therefore, what you may do for the Prince, by reading now the lives of some of his soldiers. Who was it said:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime."

It is certainly true, and there are no greater men than the great soldiers of the Prince.

One more thing you can do, you can pray. You can talk to God about people you have never seen. You can talk to him about people you do not like. You will like them better after you have talked to him about them. You ought to talk to him often about the people on the big continents where the Prince is little known, and of course you will always speak a word for the people on the islands. More things are brought about by prayer than any of us

imagine. We cannot see just what is accomplished, but it is not important that we shall see. We must do what the Prince says, whether we see the use of it at once or not. The Prince always prayed himself, and he requested every soldier of his to pray. He begged them not to faint. The first great soldier of the Prince—Paul—after he had named all the pieces of armor which a christian soldier must put on, added prayer. He saved it to the last because it is the most important. Unless we talk to God earnestly and often we cannot be victorious soldiers of the Prince.

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER SIX

1. What does the author mean by an "Empire of Love"?
2. What should be the motto of this Empire?
3. How did boys and girls help the Prince when he lived in Palestine?
4. What is the first fort to be captured by the soldiers of the Prince?
5. Find five important things that boys and girls can do to help establish an Empire of Love.
6. What is race prejudice? Why is it an enemy in the Empire of Love?
7. How can you use your money to help get the world in your eye and in your heart?
8. What books ought you to have in your own library on the Soldiers of the Prince?
9. What did David Brainerd lead two other soldiers of the Prince to do?
10. Why ought soldiers of the Prince to form the habit of talking often with God?

NOTE. These pages which follow are to serve as a chart and compass to the Juniors in their journey among the Soldiers of the Prince. It will help them to find the real heroes of the world, to know what they have done to make them worth remembering and more than all else it will help the Juniors to take their stand firmly on the side of

PEACE



Cathedral of Canterbury, England.

A work of Peace like some of those destroyed by War. The first soldiers of the Prince in England came to Canterbury

CHART AND COMPASS FOR THE JUNIORS

By Nellie G. Prescott

My dear Junior: You have just returned, I suppose, from your trip around the world with Jack and Janet. Everytime I have heard from you this last year you have been having a most delightful time. Not one single word have I received that you were seasick or homesick or, for any reason, wished that you had not taken the journey. I am glad of this, because I want you to start immediately on another trip which is very much more adventurous than the first one.

With Jack and Janet you visited many delightful cities, were guests in the homes of our missionaries and made the acquaintance of many of the boys and girls of the Orient. This year you are going as soldiers many times, perhaps, around the world, in the army of the most wonderful Prince that has ever lived. How proud you must feel to be invited to go on such a journey! You will have no time to visit, but must always be looking for more soldiers of the Prince.

You will need to travel very much faster than you did last year and to use aeroplanes, wishing caps, broom sticks and every other kind of rapid conveyance in order to go quickly from place to place and arrive on time. Why, sometimes, you will need to travel 12,000 miles in an hour and that is faster than we are in the habit of travelling even in 1916-17.

"Why are we going on this very remarkable trip?" I hear you all asking. Well, I will leave you to find out and tell me when you come back. I am very sure that you will have no difficulty in discovering the reason.

I hope you will have a happy journey, that you will prove loyal soldiers and that you will come home determined to love and serve the Prince of Peace as long as you live.

Your friend,

Nellie G. Prescott.

The Prince and His Soldiers

WHAT TO DO WITH CHAPTER ONE

1. Read the chapter.
2. Answer the questions at the close of the chapter.
3. Draw an outline map of the world, make it just as large and clear as you can, and color the countries with different colors, if you own a paint box or set of crayons. Print on the map the names of the countries, oceans, important rivers, etc. Hang the map on the wall of your own room.
4. Save up your money (going without gum, candy, etc., is an easy way to save) until you have 25 cents. Then buy a globe of the world and put it on the table in your room. If you can save more than 25 cents you can buy a larger and a better globe.
5. Locate on your map and globe the country of every one mentioned in Chapter I:

Oliver Cromwell	Timothy	Hannibal
William Carey	Caesar	Leonidas
Jesus Christ	Alexander	Horatius
Paul	Napoleon	Marshal Ney

Make sure that you know exactly why these men are mentioned.

6. Organize the Body Guard of the Prince of Peace for the journey in search of soldiers.

Buy several sheets of card-board Boy Scouts—one cent each, 12 on a sheet. Cut them out and fasten a strip of stiffer cardboard on the back so that each boy scout will stand erect and alone. On the end of the gun which rests on his shoulder glue a very narrow piece of white paper on which you have printed what this soldier in the Body Guard of the Prince fights with, as for instance: *patience, loyalty, justice, truth, friendship, work*, etc. How many soldiers do you need in this Body Guard? That is the *first* thing for you to settle in this journey.

Arrange these soldiers in orderly rows and at their head place one soldier who has fastened over his gun a flag of the world which you have made, using the design on the cover of your book as a pattern.

7. Make the acquaintance of William Carey and find out how many of these weapons of peace he used and what he accomplished with them. This will take you to England and to India.

Was William Carey a soldier of the Prince of Peace?

This is the *second* thing for you to decide.

8. Buy a set of paper dolls, illustrating the children of the War Zone.

There are five boys and five girls in the set, from Bulgaria, Russia, etc. Ask your Junior Leader to order a set for you—25 cents and postage—or send to M. H. Leavis, West Medford, Mass.

Cut out the dolls and the costumes. Write out a story of each child, describing how the war has changed the lives of these boys and girls. Write from 100 to 200 words. Make an attractive cover for them and exchange these stories with those that other Juniors write.

WHY MEN AND NATIONS QUARREL

DO YOU?

1. Read the chapter.
2. Answer the questions at the end.
3. Locate on your map and globe the countries of the Assyrians, Babylonians, Egyptians, Persians, Greeks, Romans and Spaniards. Is it easy to find them all? Why not?
4. Increase, if you can, the number of soldiers in the Body Guard of the Prince.
5. Print neatly on a card the reasons why men and nations quarrel.

Make a frame for the card of cardboard or wood and fasten it to the wall in your room. Take another card and print on it:

Soldiers of the Prince

A brave soldier holds his tongue.

A strong soldier controls his temper.

A manly soldier does not strike with his fists.

A loyal soldier obeys the orders of the Prince.

6. Go at once to Turkey and find a brave man who lived there from 1839 to 1888, during a great war, and, without striking a blow, won a great victory. Know this man, so that he will always be your friend. This is the *third* thing for you to do.
7. Make a flag to be used by all the nations of the world when quarreling and war have ceased.

Buy a set of the Flags of the Nations—25 cents a set, with postage, 5 cents—4 sheets—96 beautifully colored flags on perforated, gummed paper. If your Board has not ordered them, you can order from M. H. Leavis, West Medford, Mass.

Make a large flag of the world, using as your pattern the design on the cover of your book. Cut out the flags from the sheets and stick onto the World Flag, arranging them in as artistic a manner as you can. Keep this flag in a prominent place in your room and take it with you when you go to your Junior meetings. When you are not using it, you might lend it to the deacons or pastor for use in the prayer meetings or to the president of the Woman's Missionary Society.

BEING A SOLDIER EVERY DAY

WHAT THIS MEANS TO A JUNIOR

1. Read the chapter and answer the questions at the end.
2. Find the country where the following soldiers of the Prince lived, and locate on the map.

Robert Louis Stevenson
Wm. Lloyd Garrison
Savonarola

John Hampden
Abraham Lincoln
Henry Ward Beecher

Martin Luther

3. Tell from memory to some one who has never heard it, the story of John Coleridge Patterson.

4. Make a list of 50 nameless Every Day Soldiers who are doing brave, useful things that really count, as for instance: policemen, firemen, etc. Fasten this list in your room where you can see it every day. When you hear, see or read of something that one of them has done, fasten a small gold star opposite the name.

Boxes of Dennison's Stars may be bought at any stationer's—10 cents a box.

Add your own name to the list and see how many stars you are able to win.

5. Go over the world until you find a quiet everyday soldier who has the three virtues that all the soldiers of the Prince must possess and whom you choose for your *hero*. You may wish to stop with Mary Reed in India, Dr. Hoskins of Beirut, Syria, or Dr. Mary Niles of Canton, China. They are all worth knowing and are good soldiers of the Prince.

This is the *fourth* trip you are asked to take.

6. Organize a company of Every Day Soldiers—from the sheets of Boy Scouts—putting the name of each soldier on the piece of white paper glued to the gun. Form them in line behind the Body Guard of the Prince.
7. Either buy a book for kodak pictures or make as attractive a one as you can. Into this paste the pictures of as many soldiers of the Prince as you can find. Under each picture write one sentence to tell why you consider that he or she is a soldier.

Perhaps you would prefer to have two books of Kodak Snaps, one called Famous Soldiers of the Prince, and the other, Every Day Soldiers.

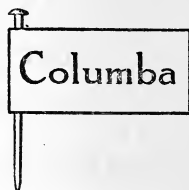
8. Make a Soldier Puzzle as follows:

Paste the pictures of peace soldiers on to cardboard, printing the name under each. Then cut these into all sorts of queer shapes and put three or four together, nicely mixed, into a box. Bring this game to the meeting of the Junior Band and exchange with some other Junior. If all the boys and girls make one or more, you might have a Soldier Puzzle Party, some afternoon.

FAMOUS SOLDIERS OF THE PRINCE OF LONG AGO

HOW TO GET ACQUAINTED

1. Read the chapter and answer the questions at the end.
2. Make little cardboard flags, and print on each the name of some famous soldier of the Prince of long ago. Use red cardboard for the soldiers famous in war and white for those famous in peace. Fasten the flags to your map with colored pins in the proper position. Add to the list given in the chapter until the map is covered with the flags. You might also indicate the position of the soldiers on your globe by sticking white and red-headed pins in at the proper places.



3. Which one of the six soldiers of the Prince mentioned in this chapter do you adopt as your hero? Find all you can about him and write it out on the blank page at the back of the book.
4. Travel over the world of long ago and find six more soldiers whom you consider worthy followers of the Prince of Peace. Make them your friends. Be sure to add their names to your map.
This is your *fifth* long journey.
5. Organize a second company of soldiers of the Prince, calling it the Ancients, and bring them into line behind the other company.
6. Matching Soldiers—(to be played with other Juniors).
Choose sides and a leader. The leader calls upon one side to give the name of a soldier of war, then upon the other side to give the name of a soldier of peace. Immediately the first side gives the reason for its choice and the other side follows. If either side fails, the other side wins a Junior.
7. *Spelling Match*. Choose sides and leaders. The leader of one side opens the game by giving the name of a soldier of the Prince, the first letter of which is A, and begins at once to spell it. Before this is finished, the other side mentions

a soldier whose name also begins with A, and begins the spelling, whereupon the first side gives another. This continues until either one side or the other succeeds in spelling a name without interruption. The successful side thus wins a point and immediately mentions a soldier whose name begins with B. The game proceeds in this manner throughout the alphabet, the side that gains the larger number of points winning. Each leader may receive suggestions from his or her side in writing.

THE SOLDIERS OF YESTERDAY

FOR THE SOLDIERS OF TOMORROW

1. Read the chapter and answer the questions.
2. Add to your map the names of the ten soldiers of Yesterday mentioned in the chapter and as many more as you can find.
3. Study this famous War against Disease and become acquainted with

General Bubonic Plague,
General Cholera,
General Leprosy,
General Tuberculosis,
General Ignorance of Hygiene,
General Blindness,
General Neglect of Little Children.

What climates and countries seem to agree with these generals? Hunt the world over for the soldiers of the Prince who have fought these generals. Make a note of those who have lost their lives in the war.

This is your *sixth* journey.

4. Organize a third company to be called the Medical Corps, including all of the doctors and nurses who have fought in this war against Disease.
5. Make a journey to Allahabad, North India, and become acquainted with Mr. Sam Higginbottom who is in charge of the lepers. Find the Missionary of your own Board who is working for lepers.

This is your *seventh* trip.

6. *Soldiers Up-to-date.* Cut fifty pieces of cardboard $3\frac{1}{2}$ x $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Make a list of one hundred soldiers of the Prince, and write out two or three questions about each soldier. Print the names and questions on the cards placing two or three soldiers on each card with the accompanying questions, as follows:

Rules for the game; to be played with other Juniors or with the family. Divide the cards among the players. The dealer asks the Junior on his left a question from one of his cards. If the Junior answers correctly he takes the card from the questioner and lays it aside. If he is wrong or does not know, the questioner takes a card from him, lays it aside and the question passes to the next Junior. This continues until the question is answered. The questioner then loses his turn which passes to the next player. The one who lays aside the largest number of cards wins the game. You might arrange

the cards in books of four, as in the Game of Authors, and play it, using the same rules as you do for that game.

You and some other Juniors may be able to prepare this game in such good style, using attractively colored cardboards and dainty boxes, that children and even older people may be anxious to buy. You may be able to make some money for your missionary box in this way.

7. *Impersonations.* You, with four other Juniors, may take the parts, relating in the first person some of the most interesting experiences in the lives of five soldiers of the Prince.

You might dress in costume to represent the period and the country in which each lived.

You will probably wish to make your own choice of soldiers.

Cyrus Hamlin

1.

2.

3.

Mrs. A. T. Mills

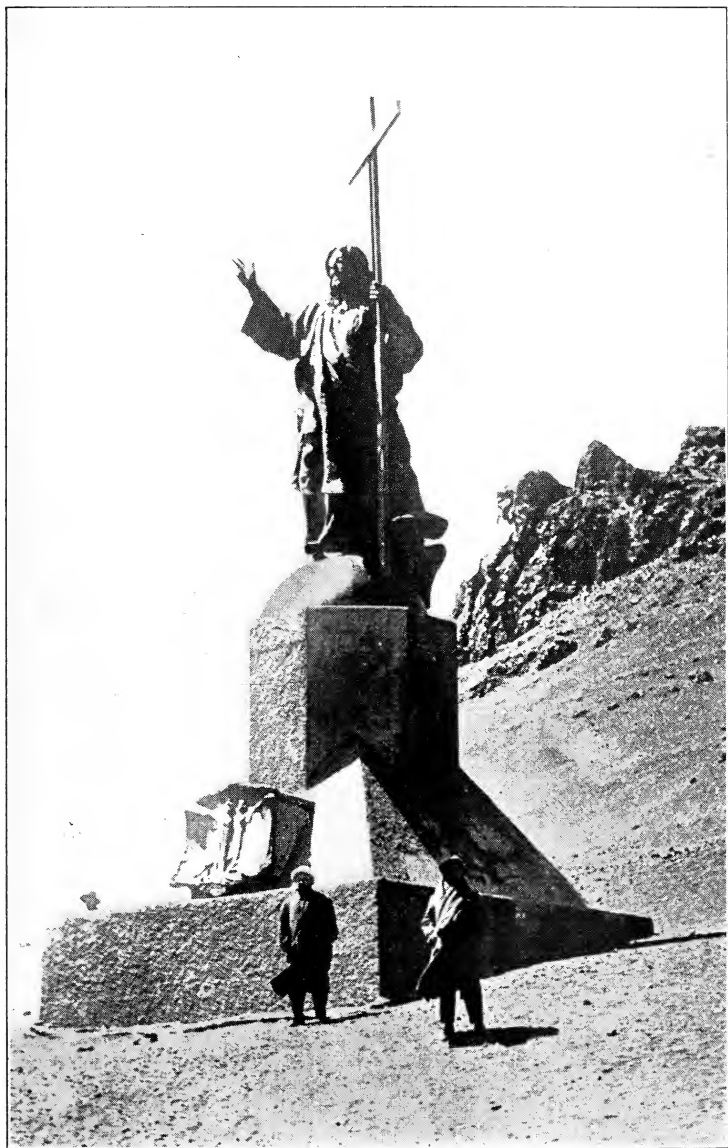
1.

2.

John Paton

1.

2.



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The Christ of the Andes.

After many wars this beautiful statue was raised on a high mountain between the Argentine Republic and Chile as a pledge that never again would they fight each other

The names given here are only suggestions.

- P.....St. Patrick,
E.....John Eliot,
A.....Augustine,
C.....Columba,
E.....Jonathan Edwards.

Try spelling out the words Hero and Soldiers with other names.

WHAT BOYS AND GIRLS CAN DO FOR THE EMPIRE OF LOVE

THIS MEANS YOU

1. Read the chapter and answer the questions.
2. Take account of stock.
What different countries have you visited in your search for soldiers?
How many have you found? Are they all worth knowing? Have they done more for the world than the soldiers of War of whom you have heard?
What was the motive in the hearts of all of these soldiers of the Prince?
3. Organize a club for the Soldiers of the Prince; Be a charter member; Buy a *Peace Button* to wear every day; Choose the Golden Rule for your motto; Adopt the following for your Rules of Conduct:
 1. I will keep my own heart friendly and sweet.
 2. I will be a peacemaker.
 3. I will be kind to foreigners.
 4. I will be interested in people all around the world.
 5. I will give my money that boys and girls may learn about the Prince.
 6. I will form the habit of talking every day with the Father of the Prince.

4. Read the life of one of the Soldiers of the Prince:

John G. Paton	David Livingstone
James Calvert	James Hannington
Dr. John MacKenzie	Dr. A. F. Jackson
Cyrus Hamlin	Mary Reed
Pundita Ramabal	

When you have read one I hope you will want to read them all, just as fast as you can.

5. Start a Club Library (see list of books and prices given below). Each member of the club might contribute a book. If this is impossible, ask your Sunday school superintendent to have the books added to the S. S. library. Keep asking until he does it.**6. Adopt for your own special hymn as a Soldier of the Prince:**

“True-hearted, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.
Under the standard, exalted and royal,
Strong in Thy strength we will battle for Thee.” Etc.

7. Add as many to your club as you can, asking each new member to wear the Peace Button, accept the Motto and the Rules of Conduct. Perhaps you and some other Juniors might have the Rules of Conduct printed on a card, so that you could have them ready to give to new members. It would not cost very much. A friendly printer might make you a special reduction if you should show him your Rules. He would be almost sure to approve.

Library for the Soldiers of the Prince

COLPORTAGE LIBRARY,
PUBLISHED BY FLEMING H. REVELL CO.,
156 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

15c. a copy—8 for \$1.00

Life of William Carey.
Life of Alexander Duff.
Life of Adoniram Judson.
Life of David Livingstone.
Life of Henry Martyn and Samuel Mills.
Life of Robert Moffat.

* * * * *

Winners of the World—Gardner—60c. Pub. by Revell.
Fifty Missionary Stories—Brain—60c. Pub. by Revell.
Pioneer Missionaries of the Church—Creegan—\$1.25—Am.
Tract Soc., N. Y.

* * * * *

The following may be obtained by your Junior Leader through
denominational headquarters: 60c. cloth—40c. paper.
Uganda's White Man of Work (Alexander MacKay).
The Black Bearded Barbarian (George Leslie MacKay).
Livingstone the Pathfinder.
Under Marching Orders (Mrs. Gamewell of China).
Ann of Ava (Ann Hasseltine Judson).
Judson the Pioneer.
Servants of the King.
Comrades in Service (in cloth only) 60c.
The Cobra's Den—Chamberlin—\$1.00. Pub. by Revell.

* * * * *

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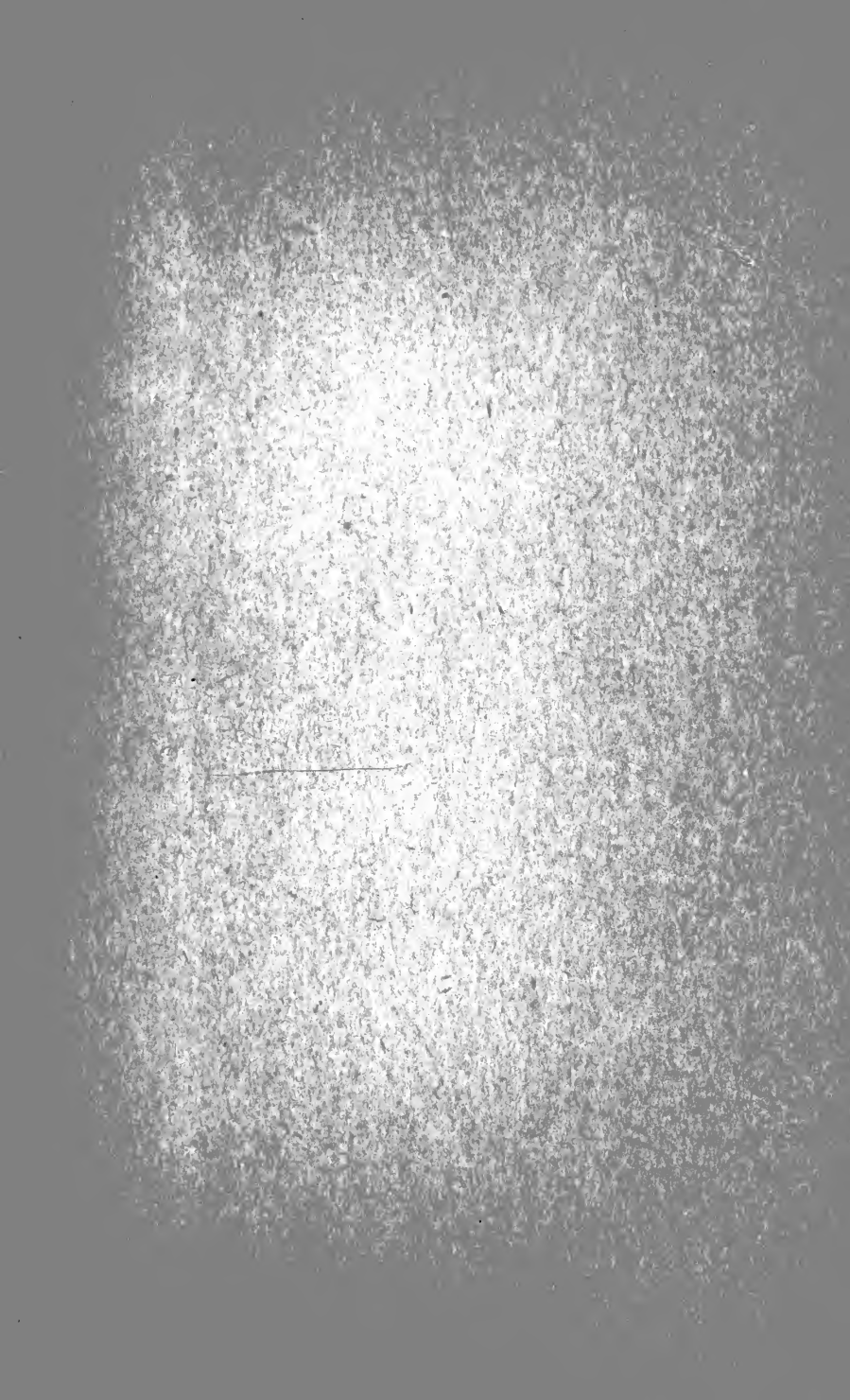
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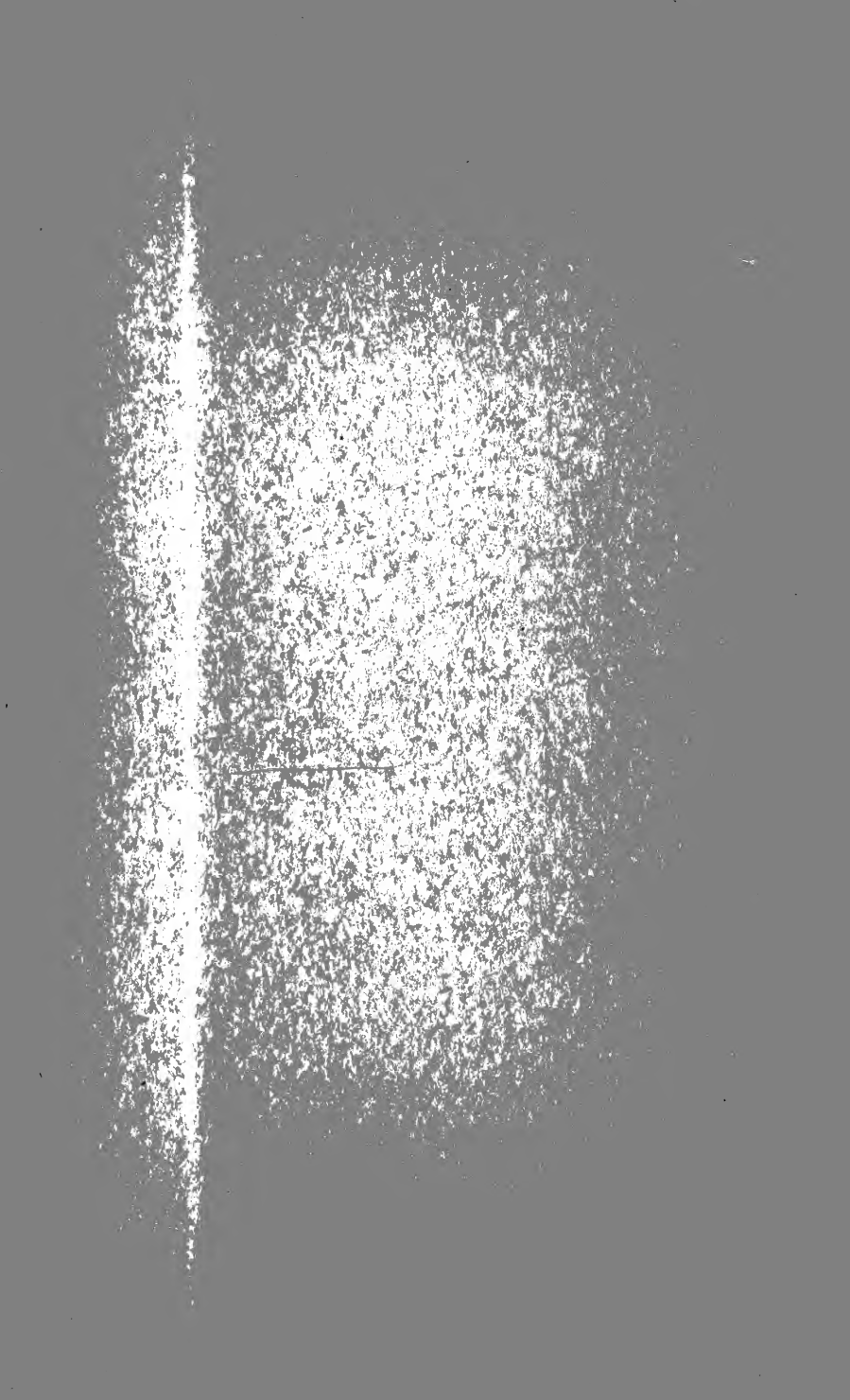


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