

## FIRST WORLD WAR

Advertisements from

*The Methodist Recorder,*  
AND  
GENERAL CHRISTIAN CHRONICLE.

# 1916

## The Articles



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January 6, 1916 (p9)



## Compulsion

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A column for young men and young women.

Dear Young Methodists, -

By the time you read this letter you will know for certain what was the number of single men who did not attest, and you will probably have the Prime Minister's analysis of the figures, his comments thereon, and the proposals of the Cabinet. At the moment when I am writing there is serious talk of resignations of Ministers, division in the House of Commons, and possibly a General Election. It is to be hoped most earnestly that a way will have been found for avoiding all these disasters, and in any case it is certainly not our business as yet to consider them in this place.

But we may take it as certain that we have been driven at last to compulsory military service. There is no reason why anyone should hesitate to say that his is a cruel disappointment. At the same time, the one thing we have to do is to win the War, to do it decisively and finally, and to do it as soon as possible. We who had proclaimed in season and out of season our hatred of War, our steadfast hope that the civilised and Christian nations had banished it to the limbo of the discredited past, and our unbending opposition to the dominance amongst us of militarist ideals, long since accepted as a dire and awful necessity this hugest of all Wars. Not impulsively and in any fit of slap-dash heroics, but slowly, reluctantly, step by step, we were

driven back by remorseless logic to the unhappy but sure conviction that in no other way could we be at peace with the stern judge Conscience, and with God. This War came to be for us righteousness. Even now – and indeed, as time goes by, more than ever – we are filled with a shuddering and amazed horror that it should be so; but nothing has made us doubt the reasoning, everything has made us trust it and feel sure of it, - the reasoning which brought us to this melancholy but inexorable resolution. Well, then, having been constrained to say that this was the steep and thorny road, and that our feet must tread it, we shall go on, cost what it may. It has already levied a heavy toll, but its exactions are not at an end. There is much we shall yet be compelled to forgo. The day comes steadily nearer when our spending on pleasure and on luxury must cease. It has not yet reached the point of compulsion, and very many of us see, determined we will not meet it voluntarily. But there can be no escape. Before the War is ended, and for as long after it as some of us shall live, the order of the simpler life will be one as to which we shall have no choice. Necessity will be laid upon us.

To have to submit to the raising of soldiers by compulsory enlistment is an instalment of our sacrifice. It is much too late to dispute about it. For a day or two our quarrelsome newspapers took off their jackets and squared up to one another like boy pugilists as to whether the Prime Minister was to keep his word like a gentleman. What nonsense! Long

ago we committed ourselves to any and every step, no matter how alien to our history and traditions and prejudices, that might become necessary in order to win the War. We hoped, of course, that we could do it under the banner of voluntarism. We have found we can't. Very well. There is nothing for it but to set our teeth and go ahead, and win it by compulsion, conscription, martial law, or anything else. The one sole thing is to win.

But now that compulsion has come, there are one or two things not to be forgotten.

First, we Christians must still be careful not to judge. Suppose there are half a million, more or less, of young men who have not attested; against the half million I the mass I may feel I have a grievance, because they have robbed us of the proud honour of going through till we were conquerors with a willing Army. But I have no right to glower at every unarmed young fellow I meet, as though he personally were a slacker. Amongst the half million there will be a great many who knew they were no good. They ought still to have attested and been officially declined, like a limping friend of mine did, bitterly bewailing his lameness. They ought to have done, but perhaps it was only stupidity that led them not to. Then there are the sons who support a family, and they are in the same case. Then there are the Quakers, and all others who quite honourably and conscientiously think it wicked, under any circumstances whatever, to go to war. A very religious man told me seriously he would rather be shot than be attested. Then, after all these and other deductions have been made, come the men who are frightened. Now personally I don't think I know what it is to be frightened. I have wished many a time I was twenty-five or thirty years younger

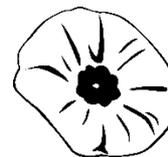
than I am. But as to these frightened people, let us be as tender as we can towards them. And last of all come the brutally selfish, the men who don't mean to get hurt, who would rather anybody should suffer but themselves. They are despicable. But how do we know who they are?

Then, when the pressed men come along I hope they will be given a chance. Our brave fellows who have left all, our wonderful soldiers at the Front, have a nobility which has fresh surprises in store for us. But it seems to be at least conceivable that they should slight and harry the late arrivals, the eleventh hour men, those who have had to be fetched. But what a triumph of chivalry it will be if they crush this very natural temptation. In this day of judgement should we not all desire earnestly to be delivered from all pettiness of spirit? We cannot feel the same pride in the reluctant captive of compulsion that we have done in those who have been willing in the day of power; but let us try to keep our hearts unsullied by bitterness, and our lips clean of scorn. The New Testament was conceived and written in days of gloom and peril fit to be compared with these days of ours, and is therefore a very sure guide to us. Remember then that great argument of the second Epistle of Peter: "The day of the Lord will come as a thief; in which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall be dissolved with a fervent heat, and the earth and the works that are therein shall be burned up. Seeing that these things are thus all to be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy living and godliness"! The days are too solemn, too near the end, for the indulgence of small and unworthy passions.

Yours affectionately

C. W. Andrews.

January 6, 1916 (p10)



## Come on Boys and Girls

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“Come, Boys; Come, Girls! Won’t You Volunteer?”

Girls and Boys, -

This is the first week of a New Year, you know, and as I take up my dear old fountain-pen, with which I have written you hundreds of letters in the past, I can’t help wishing you a very happy year once more. But there is another thing I can’t help doing, either, and that is remembering how I first came to be the letter-friend of so many of you, years and years ago. I think our friendship has been a very happy one, at least it has been to me, and just as the cruel War makes gaps in the ranks of our brave soldiers, so it has made gaps, and other things have made gaps, in the long and happy regiments of my Lamplighters.

Years ago I gave up trying to keep count of how many you are, but I know you are a big army, and I thought that as this New Year begins, and as everybody is talking of enlistment, and recruiting, and compulsion, it would be a nice and happy thing for me to try and fill my “8 to 16” ranks again. Lots of you have had little brothers and sisters born in your homes since we started thirteen years ago. Now I want you to recruit them for me, will you? For King George’s Army they can’t accept young men who are delicate, if you are in sick rooms, or even Hospitals, or if your eyes don’t see very well, and your ankles are weak – I want you in my Lamplighter army all the more. Perhaps you have been told why we call ourselves by that name. Just like the names of our British Regiments are

Grenadiers, or Field Artillery, or R.A.M.C, or Guards, so we have a name, too. And ours means that we make a promise to Jesus Christ to try and be happy, and kind, and lovable, and unselfish sort of boys and girls that we are sure He wants us to be. And we think that it would help us to be so if we united together, like in your Bands of Hope, or Sunday Schools, or your cricket or hockey clubs. And the name of our company or club is “From Eight to Sixteen,” the Lamplighters. We promise Jesus Christ, and we promise one another, to read every week this letter, and to pray every day, and, of course, to write to me. Promises, as I have so often told you, are lamps that we light, and keeping these promises is keeping the lamps burning. Now, will you boys and girls who have not joined us before join us this week? If you will, please write to me and say so. I will light a lamp, too, if you will, a promise-lamp I lit years ago, and which sometimes has almost, if not now and then, quite gone out – the promise to send a postcard to every boy and girl who will write to me.

You know in the Army there is what is called the Reserve. They are old soldiers who have served their time, and have been allowed by the King to take off their khaki and put on ordinary clothes again; only, if the King should be in need of them they must fall in again. Now I have a host of Lamplighters who are in the Reserve. They served their time with me, wrote to me, called themselves Lamplighters, came to speak to me when I preached at their chapels, read this

letter week by week, send me postals for the Bible Society and Bairns, and Holiday Funds, an many of them cut the letters out and pasted them in scrap-books, or framed Pauly's photograph, and saw their own photographs printed in the "Recorder." Then they grew up, and toys were put away, and off they went to College, and to America, and to the shop, and the mine, and the factory, and to relieve mother of the housekeeping, and hundreds married and had houses of their own. And these I put on my Reserves. Now what I want to say is this, that if any of my old soldiers – Lamplighters, I mean – would like to write me again, just to call at the old depot for an hour, and have a chat with the Colonel – I should be more than delighted, and will send a card to every one.

Of course, you boys and girls know why we are all talking this week about conscription, which means making young men become soldiers, and not leaving it to their own will to decide. We are doing it – and of how sorry we are that we have to – because the King and our Country want all the soldiers they can get, because our enemies are very strong. So in the same way I want all the boys and girls who can to become Lamplighters. God is at war with all that is bad in this world. His enemies are very cruel, and fierce, and strong, and numerous, and He needs every one who can to fight for him. And our Lamplighters are just one regiment in God's great Army, and God needs you children. Yes He does. You may wonder why He does, because He is so strong and we are so weak. But He does, and I'll write you this month – most likely next week – and tell you all about why He does. But boys and girls are *wanted* – remember that. This great War against Germany is, when you come to think of it, just a struggle to keep alive and to the

fore in this modern world and time of ours, those things which you children stand for – simplicity, affection, truth, honour, liberty, home, Jesus Christ.

Now, how many of you will write to me? In the good old times you used to fill up my letter-box, and make the door-mat look as if there'd been a snowstorm. I wonder if you'll do anything like that again.

I want to thank all those of you who have kept true to "8 to 16" through all these thirteen years; wherever you are I send you my love. Also, I send my love and thanks to those who have filled my mantelpiece with Christmas and New Year cards. How I wish I could send you all cards in return. By the way, I've had some deserters! Boys who gave up writing to me, and girls who got sick of lighting lamps. I shall not come and arrest you, but I offer a free pardon to you if you'll come back to the Lamp of your own accord. I shall look out for next Tuesday's post.

Your affectionate friend,

Wm. Kingscote Greenland.

26, Summerland Mansions, Muswell Hill,  
N.

P.S. – Putney next Thursday.

January 13, 1916 (p3)

## Debate in Parliament on Conscription

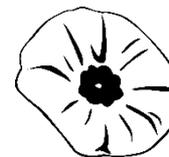
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### The Week

The week has been one of political debate, settling down to deliberation and quiet judgement. It has been a week of anxieties; but we have not been aware of any aspect of our controversies of which we need to be ashamed. We are bound, in a time like this, to strike these periods of inward disquiet. When either persons or nations have to make far-reaching decisions, alien to their habits and sympathies, agitation arrives and cannot be avoided. No State, alive and essentially free, can carry out its policies or face its needs without division in sentiment, without yielding in differing degrees to reason, or taking varying views of facts. We have had, indeed, much before us during the week that marks the presence of momentous issues; and we say once more we do not need to be ashamed. Those who read reports and have no intimate association with the events, who have not breathed the air, nor felt the emotions of Great Britain, may be perplexed and may doubt. There is not the slightest reason for carrying the doubts any further than admitting their presence. One thing is plain: there has emerged no single party, however small or shy, that is for anything on earth save carrying the War to a successful issue, at whatever the cost. Under all, the will to serve God and the age, to vindicate human freedom, and to keep for ever the better heritage of humanity, has burned as we would all have it burn. That much is all to the good.

January 13, 1916 (p3)



## The Bill

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It is no use giving detailed account of the Bill. The provisions, one by one, have been studied carefully. The mere details are at present of no very great significance, since they are open to modification in their passage through Parliament. The principles are: that the compulsion introduced is confined to a limited class of the population; it is to be operative, strictly, for the period of the War, and can have no meaning or force for any other time; provision is made for the relief of those who have conscientious objections to combatant service. Those are the three main items. The rest has to do with machinery. Probably the surprise of the proposed legislation lies in the liberality towards those who have conscientious objection to fighting. It was a very wise and apt reading of the difficulties of the situation, and has precedents. But, precedent or no precedent, it is there, and is welcome. Of course those who claim exemption, on this ground, will have to go before tribunals, as those who claim exemption on other grounds. It is not to be expected that a mere form of words choosing to bring in the conscience, could suffice, at a time like this. We must know our men; and they must be able to give a good amount of their conscience, as a man must be able to give a good account of his health and of any others dependent upon him. It need not be feared that a good conscience will suffer before any tribunal set up; at least we must not begin by judging the tribunals in defence of a good or delicate conscience, before the tribunals have done anything at all.

This then is the innovation about which we have had the debate, on which the land us now deliberating. Six millions, we are told, have already presented themselves under the system entirely voluntarily. It is the first time we have had the figures, and they are as startling as they are honourable. But, thinking of them only, what do these six millions already offered lay upon us? Are there not duties we owe to them? Many, too many, of them are gone already, and will not return. The good cause is not yet secure. Is there anything in our traditions, or is there enough of a principle involved in the burden now under consideration, to warrant us in saying this cannot be granted, no, not even to secure that the six millions have not laboured in vain, neither spent their strength for naught? We are quietly at home; and those of us who are safe at home have, for the most part, to decide what we can do for the hopes and heroisms of these six millions. Is the Government asking impossible or unreasonable sacrifices?

January 13, 1916 (p3)



## The Future of the Bill

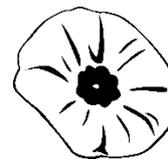
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All parties have felt the necessity of tolerance, consideration, and some possibility of such delay as may be permissible without peril. That the Government has consented to reopen the group system, to give the young unmarried men another opportunity, is significant. What other methods may be used, if any can be found suitable, to bring in those who have not come in time, remains to be seen. Everything ought to be tried. There are those in the Cabinet who loathe the very mention of compulsion. They are of both parties, and they are of the most influential. We may take it for granted that they will not fail to do what can be done to save us from any possible confusion and resentment. No principle is in question. We want the young unmarried men, and that is all the striving. One way is not as good as another; the best way is the way of freedom and loyalty. So far as we can see, it is only outside, among the wilder persons, that there is any smallness, passion, and partisanship. In the days that yet remain it is the first duty of every citizen to take the necessities of the moment to his own conscience with as little heat and prejudice as is possible. Cold, dry light is best here and now. We have to live together, and to work together, to one great end. The whole of the Allied cause hangs upon the mediation of Great Britain. Anything that brings her to futility brings the whole cause to futility. Once she is gone, there is no more any Europe. After that the Deluge! That is what is involved. Not a party, or a principle, or one nation

only, nothing less than the whole dominance of the world.

These are the prospects that matter most; and before them are we to suppose we can only live if we cling to the words we have spoken in the past, or survive by the hopes that have inspired our policies in times of quietness? The Labour discussions of the week-end have been very significant. The cleavage within its ranks is serious, and very deep. There is resentment at the action of the Congress in more than one neighbourhood. What the further discussions will bring to light remains to be seen. But sympathy with the workers is a paramount duty. Nothing will be gained by either scorn or anger. Patience, hope, and tact will win us through. We should not be greatly surprised if during the next few weeks there came a response from the country sufficient to make any form of compulsion unnecessary. That is the end to be reached; to that purpose all who love their land ought to bend every energy immediately.

January 13, 1916 (p3)



## The Government

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“The pledge” has been redeemed, so far as the Government is concerned. There is to be a measure of compulsion for those who have not seen fit to accept the duties that belong to them. The young unmarried men are, on a fixed date, to be regarded as registered, and are to come under the whole scheme of operations embodied in the Derby plan. It has been made plain, by more than one speaker who knew the facts, that the grave peril of the whole voluntary endeavour was that the married men feared the younger men were not accepting their own responsibilities, not taking the place they ought to take. Then the married men hung back. Nobody can blame them. They had homes to maintain, children, wives and a world of individual duties and responsibilities, very real, whether for the State or for the individual. It was not to their shame that these responsibilities were poignantly felt, and that they could not regard themselves as in exactly the same class as those who had not such responsibilities. It was not cowardice; it was sheer humanity and frank intelligence. They spoke out. It was right that they should speak out. The whole land must sympathise with them. It was not a question, so far as the State is concerned, of getting soldiers cheap. Households were in question, and the future of young families. But even cheapness has its national values, when it is a trial of man power against money power. When the pledge was given the married men came trooping in. They were satisfied and gave all. Now that it is plain something was lacking on the part of the young unmarried men, the

Government has been as good as its word. Knowing all that was involved, there have been those who have questioned whether the Government would have the courage. But if the War is to be prosecuted with vigour, if difficult resolutions have to be taken, and taken without fear, so far as military operations are concerned, if that is the way to win the War, if decision is a quality making for victory, decision must begin at home. It is no use crying for decision in military operations, and forgetting that we ourselves are involved, in our own interests and prejudices. The Government has not hesitated, has shown vigour and courage at home. There have been signs of a new spirit among other scenes, and we have welcomed the signs. It is our duty to welcome the same signs when they affect ourselves. The Government has strengthened its position, therefore. Doubts as to that possibility have largely passed away. The coalition has not hesitated, and the land knows a little more of its quality.

January 13, 1916 (p3)



## The Labour Opposition

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It is a striking and a disquieting fact that the very day the House of Commons approved the Bill, by so strong a majority, the Parliament of Labour rejected the Bill almost as decisively. We do not for a moment admit that there is any similarity in the two "authorities." The House of Commons is the legislature; the meeting of the Labour delegates was a sectional barometer. But we know how important it is that we should be one, just now; and we know, too, that the labouring classes are vital now, or at any time. We are one, to live and die together. We do not desire to follow those who have discounted the weight of the verdict, who have pointed out lack of authority, and generally deprecated taking the incident with much seriousness. It is serious, and will remain so, until a better light shines. At the same time it is hardly possible to take what has been done as the unanimous witness of the workers. There was a great minority; and the system of getting at the numbers leaves a good deal to be managed by managers. We know into what lobbies some of the Labour men went; and more than one spoke nobly on the side to which his understanding and the facts brought him round. The Labour Party is like all of us – it is torn in two. How many hundreds of thousands are in the trenches, we know, or rather we do not know. These are as loyal to their old friends as ever, save on this one issue. They have died by the ten thousand, some of them by the side of their employers; they have also mingled their blood on the high places

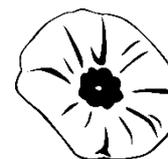
with the blood of their high-born brothers to the last!

It is a great hour for us all. For the organised labouring men it is as great as for any; and to them, too, as full of problems and trials, perhaps fuller for them than for any other class, of all the classes. The men who must be deserted in front of the foe – if it were possible to think such a shame – will be *their* men. having their names on their rolls, and having in the difficult, long years paid the price, in sacrifice and service, equally with any. This has weighed with not a few, and brought them round to the side of the Government. They have had one of their own within the Cabinet, one who has been loyal to them, even to his departure and coming out, having placed his resignation in the hands of the Premier. Mr. Arthur Henderson knows what no other man with him on the platform knew; and he withstood the vote, yet he obeyed. We have little doubt this schism will be healed, in one way or another. As Churches and parties have found divisions unexpected and painful, sometimes wretched, so is the newest party of all being troubled within and without. But the end of this matter is not yet.

January 20, 1916 (p3)

## Nonconformists and the Bill

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Many appeals have been made to Nonconformists by those who have taken the Bill to their hearts with enthusiasm. There have been a few who have used a manner of speech that could hardly be called an appeal. On the other hand, there have been Nonconformists who have at once taken it for granted that the Bill is inimical to all that Nonconformity stands for. These latter have been more vigorous than accurate in some cases. Perhaps there has been some confusion of things that differ. We have no desire to enter into any controversy. What does Nonconformity stand for? Is not the fundamental position of Nonconformity the freedom of the spiritual man in regard of his rights of worship? We know there are inferences to be drawn from that fundamental position, consequences that follow. But we must take care that, whether inferences or consequences, both be valid, essentially related to the fundamental position. The Nonconformist does not refuse to obey the State, save as the State interferes with his standing before God. If the Government does not interfere with his religious life, nor lay upon him forms and dogmas of faith he cannot accept, the Nonconformist has no quarrel with the State. We need to keep this fact clearly before us, and to decline to entangle its essential nature with details not relevant.

There is in Nonconformity, as we understand it, nothing, historical or

religious, alien to the attempt by any Government to preserve freedom in the earth. The Churches, founded by those who dared not tolerate State interference with religion, have stood for freedom; they have given all for it, times without number, and they have not been nice in their interpretations of freedom. The broader was its basis, for the most part, the better they loved it. That is the position as set forth by the true and accredited fathers of the Nonconformist Churches. We must take care we do not depart from that position under the influence of political tradition, political passion, or a certain homage to words and supplementary policies. So many issues have been raised around the battle for the freedom of the spiritual man, as the fight has been fought through hundreds of years in these islands, that it is quite possible to drag in Nonconformity when we will, and for what we will, and then say that all Nonconformity stands for is at stake. We may make that blunder now, unless we are on our guard. Nonconformity has never claimed freedom from civic or national responsibilities. The Nonconformist has often had to complain that those responsibilities were denied, or granted, encumbered with conditions impossible and alien to his individual relation to God. But to serve the State, and to preserve the State, as the minister of God and of human freedom, has been the passion of his heart, and still ought to inspire him. Nonconformity has never rejected all

forms of compulsion, never refused to accept compulsion as meeting certain necessities and having august sanctions. Ungoverned enthusiasts may have done do; freaks of all sorts and notions are not peculiar to one way of thinking. The broad and living current has been pure, because it has been spiritual, reasoned, and in touch with all the issues of life. Now is a time when we must not carry too much luggage; and Nonconformists will do well to consider only the first principles of the faith that is in them, and to refuse to complicate those principles with issues not before the Churches when the great protest was made.

February 10, 1916 (p9)



## Air Raids and Reprisals

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A Column for Young Men and Young Women.

Dear Young Methodists, -

Paris has recently been once again bombarded from the air, with a sad, though not large, loss of life, and immediately afterwards we were startled in England by a visit from quite a small fleet of airships, which pushed their way to the very heart of the country, and rained some hundreds of bombs on several of our secondary towns, causing considerable damage and killing some fifty or more people. At once the cry was raised in both countries for “reprisals.” Presumably this means that there are people who argue that the Germans came here with the purpose of firing at any place they could get near, and killing anyone who happened to be in the way, and that we ought to do the same – fly at them, aim at anything or nothing, and hurt and kill anybody – man, woman, or child – civilian or soldier – that we can.

It is wonderful that people can be so stupid. To begin with, the Germans, we may be sure, did not come here on such a silly errand as is represented. Their own account, which happily is wildly erroneous, is that they destroyed the docks of Liverpool and great factories at Hull, and left the trade of England in ruins. They did nothing of the sort, but no doubt that is what they set out to do. They did not send half-a-dozen huge airships here to kill a clergyman’s wife and families of old people and children, to smash a brewery and wreck a

farmhouse, and burn down a Congregational chapel.

That is the sort of thing they accomplished, but what they were aiming at was something very different. If we are to take to “reprisals” let it be quite clear that we are setting out to imitate their aim and not their accomplishment.

“Reprisals” is another word for revenge. Now, the idea of revenge wants to be kept chained up. I know it is very difficult when once the dogs of war are let slip, but it should not be impossible. War is necessarily devil’s work, but when an honourable and God-fearing nation has been driven, by awful necessity, to go to war, there is such a thing as fighting manfully. It is our business undoubtedly to try to destroy Krupp’s works at Essen if we can get near enough, to sink the ships in the Kiel Canal if we have the chance, to blow to pieces the Zeppelins, to defeat and put to flight the armies of the Kaiser. It is not for me, a man of peace, to say how it can be done. The whole business fills me with shuddering horror, and I pray without ceasing that the War may come to an end – or at least to its proper and appointed end. But I can recognise that, as things are, these fearful and disciplinary purposes must be worked out sternly and unflinchingly.

But let us all conspire to silence and shame the wild people who want us merely to take our revenge for the injuries that we have been forced to suffer. One great London paper said we

could exact three eyes for an eye, and three teeth for a tooth. But that is all wrong. Am I to say, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay"?

I know nothing about the war, and have never seen a Zeppelin yet, but I can quite believe we may be required to suffer very much more damage. I know that any night I may hear the awful crash of bombs about my home, and that some such missile may summon me into the life beyond. But if we have even great and important places destroyed, and many lives lost, do not let us raise the cry of revenge. It is War. Our men of war will fight, and their men of war will fight. That they should do so is terrible enough, a most melancholy reminder of the backwardness of the race, but we shall only make it worse by replacing the scientific, professional spirit by the personal and vengeful.

I do not enter here and now upon the specific Christian teaching on revenge, because earlier in the War I ventured to write to you on that subject. Quite apart from the definite teaching of our Lord, the cry for "reprisals" is a foolish and misguided one.

It is said that in certain parts of London, where the poor and ignorant live thickly crowded together, there are those who are very much afraid. I feel sorry for people who are frightened. It must be a great pain to be really obsessed by fear. But we ought to reason with ourselves on this subject, and try to get rid of it. War should cure us all of fear. We are in jeopardy every hour. We never know what heavy tidings may be on the way to us from the Front. Our dear ones are travelling by sea, and there are many added dangers. Our sons and brothers are in the trenches, and when night falls upon us we know that they creep out on deadly patrol duty, and that there is but a step between them and death. But still

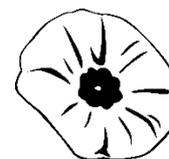
we should trust and not be afraid. To maintain a serene and quiet courage, to accept the inevitable toll of this vast day of wrath with high equanimity, is a duty we owe to ourselves. I do not know whether it is within the power of all of us to compel ourselves to be brave, but if it is not we may ask of God, and He will give us grace. We expect our young men to climb up over the front of their trenches at the word of command, to run nimbly across the bullet-swept field, to leap upon the enemy and drive him before them, and it would shock us beyond all words if anyone should suggest to us that they would hesitate. But think what tremendous courage we are demanding of them. We must be worthy of them. No more sitting up all night shaking for fear the Zeppelins will come. No more shrieking out for reprisals. Let us rather say (sad that we have it to say, but too convinced to be deflected from saying it), The War has to be won; if my house is knocked down, if I am maimed, if my house is broken, I do not want you to turn aside one man for one minute to avenge my private loss; go on the War; work out your plans, march on to victory; if I am wounded, if I fall, do not stop a moment for that, but go relentlessly on without pause or deviation.

In quietness and confidence will be our strength. Whatever happens we English people must not lose our heads and take to screaming. Let us save all we can, give all we can, keep calm and steady, and say by every word and act to our leaders and rulers that there is only one thing we want, and it is not revenge; it is the end, the one and only end, and that as soon as possible.

Yours affectionately,

C. W. Andrews

February 17, 1916 (p9)



## The Conscientious Objector

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A Column for Young Men and Young Women.

Dear Young Methodists, -

Long before this we have all, rightly or wrongly, made up our minds about the War. In my position I have been unable to make any secret, even had I wished to do so, of my own convictions; and it seems hardly worthwhile to argue about it. There are still some who think that such views as those I have done my best to express in this column are entirely wrong, but I confess to feeling a little grim amusement at the simplicity of a young fellow who was once, as I remember with great pleasure, a member of my Class, when he writes and solemnly begs me to "reconsider my position." Heavens! Does he suppose that now, after eighteen months of it, staring at it day after day and night after night, one holds such a superficial, casual, undigested, opinion that it can at his late hour be "reconsidered." Says he: "Three days after the War broke out I was drilling at ---; I had a rifle in my hand, and a bayonet, and fired a few shots at rifle practice. The object of that was to prepare me for murdering or mutilating my fellow-men. I went to my New Testament. I gave over drilling. And conscription or no conscription, I shall absolutely refuse to murder, or to aid and abet murder."

Well, you can say nothing to a man like that. He is, of course, hopelessly illogical, as his use of the word "murder" betrays. But it is no use telling him so. He is a conscientious objector, and, as such, he is

entitled to a certain respect and consideration. But he is not entitled to lecture all the rest of the nation who do not share his views. I hope he will not think it offensive of me to say this. I was, indeed, glad to hear from him, but regretted that he could only inform me that he had followed these "'Recorder' letters" "with much sorrow." He used an argument which, curiously enough, another man had used in a letter a day or two earlier. This person, quite a stranger to me, genially tells me that I have "violated several Commandments," and indeed, "have practised every conceivable form of human devilry." He says I have already "approved of murder, lying, spying, and starvation," and he expects me, before I have done, to "exult in" - no, I will not write it; it is really too loathsome.

You will think I have been found out by some person who is eccentric and unguarded in his use of language. Possibly. But this latter extraordinary correspondent, as well as the former, is a University graduate, and a Justice of the Peace. And, as I say, they happen to employ precisely the same argument.

The argument is this. Our Lord was tempted to make use of the powers of the world, but steadfastly refused. In the wilderness Satan put before Him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, and by that we must understand that the potency of money, militarism, society, politics appealed to the Redeemer, and that He had to wrestle with their fatal fascination, and determine that not by such aids would

He establish His realm. The same temptation was met again at the end, when He knew that, if He asked it, His father could give Him twelve legions of angels. By the beckoning of His finger He could have summoned hosts to crush Jewish malice and Roman might; but He would not. Rather than have recourse to violence, He died a felon's death on the tree.

Now I think it would not be the best thing for me to do here and now to stay to reply to this. Such reply would have to be exceedingly condensed, and I do not know that I could state it fairly in a few sentences. Moreover, if you really care about it, you will get more good from thinking this out for yourselves than you would from reading what I might write. I believe the interpretation that these correspondents put upon the story of our Lord's temptation is, to a considerable degree, correct, and their explanation of the Gethsemane world only a shade less correct, but they go astray in their application of these august and holy words to the present lamentable necessity laid upon our native land.

Let me, however, come back to the point I mentioned a moment ago. Here you have the Conscientious Objector; not, by far, the most attractive kind, but true specimens. I met a man abroad a few weeks ago who had been reading our English papers, and he spoke hotly and contemptuously of the Conscientious Objector. I laboured to show him that he was wrong. We have no right to deny the reality of this character, and it was a just and proper thing that the Government should include special arrangements for him in the Military Service Act. It is easy for many of us to feel a hot impatience of him, but I should advise that we accept him as a fact, and do not try to alter him. For he is indubitably,

and perhaps necessarily, unalterable. We had better not get up angry disputations, but leave the Conscientious Objector alone respectively. But I would like to say one or two things in a quiet way to the Conscientious Objector, in pure friendliness.

First, don't be arrogant. You are quite hopelessly and helplessly in a minority, and it is not a case in which, by long lapse of time, you may win your way to a majority, because the War is only for a comparatively short time. So, please keep quiet. We do not want to bully you, but we must ask you not to vilify us. If we could all have agreed, it would have been a great relief. But there you are, unable to bring yourselves anyhow to agree with the vast mass of your countrymen. Well, go your way, and let us all keep quiet about it.

Secondly, what are you prepared to do for England? You won't take part in the War. What will you do? You must not leave us to suppose that the ruin of England and the triumph of Germany would be matters of indifference to you. You should show yourselves ingenious and determined in discovering and pursuing ways of real sacrifice and effort. Could you not serve the wounded, or take up work which would release others, or help in one of the peaceful and non-combatant services which the War has left in need?

It is one of the delights of my life to get a constant stream of letters from you, and I am truly thankful that when you think me wrong you don't in the least mind saying so. But this is not the time for acrimonious recriminations. We are at war without; let us try to be at peace among ourselves.

Yours affectionately,

C. W. Andrews