A MANUAL OF DEVOTION FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

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A Manual of Devotion for Soldiers and Sailors by Judson Swift

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JUDSON SWIFT, D.D.

"The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are open unto their prayers."
—1 Peter 3:12.



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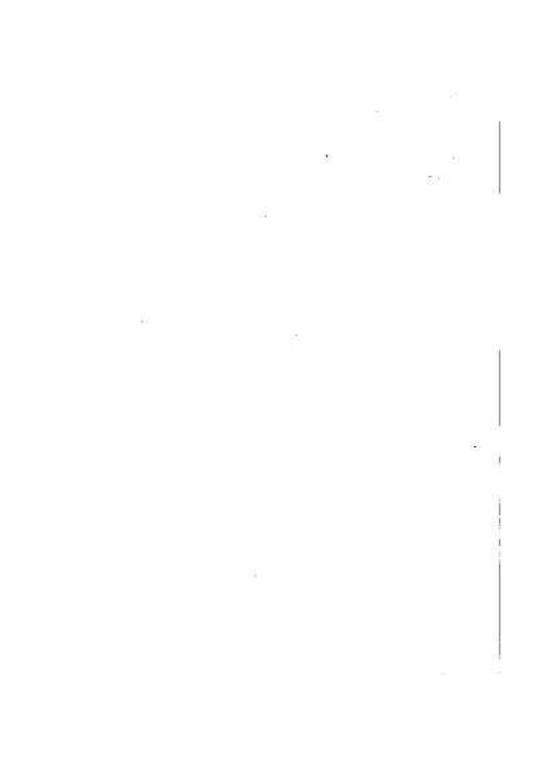
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Comrade and Friend:

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I am glad that the American Tract Society is publishing this little book. Christianity has made its own the teachings of the great Prophets that are recorded in the Old Testament, and we can do no better than to live up to the words of Micah—to strive "to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God."

Therane Rosswelt



FIRST DAY-MORNING.

Come over into Macedonia and help us.— Acts 16:9.

O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer, I thank Thee for Thy love for me, and for Thy watchful care during the past night. All things are possible with Thee. Thou carriest the universe in the palm of Thy hand, and Thou art able to help me, and I know that Thou dost save me to the uttermost. May I be ready to respond to the far cry for help, and go forth willingly and without fear to help win the victory for justice, righteousness and human liberty. Be near me, I pray Thee, my Saviour, and hold me in line marching forward, and be my shield and buckler on the battlefront, for Thy Name's sake. Amen.

"For the sake of our women and children Come over, come over and help us!"

As Alan Seeger has said, "Everybody should take part in this struggle which is to have so decisive an effect not only on the nations engaged but on all humanity. There should be no neutrals, but every one should bear some part of the burden. Death is nothing terrible after all. It may mean something even more wonderful than life. It cannot possibly mean anything worse to the good soldier. Success in life means doing that thing than which nothing else conceivable seems more noble or satisfying or remunerative, and this enviable state I can truly say that I enjoy; and had I the choice I would be nowhere else in the world than where I am, on the battle-front."

"And on those furthest rims of hallowed ground, Where the forlorn, the gallant charge expires,

Where the slain bugler has long ceased to

sound,

And on the tangled wires

The last wild rally staggers, crumbles, stops, Withered beneath the shrapnel's iron show-

Now Heaven be thanked, we gave a few brave drops:

Now Heaven be thanked, a few brave drops were ours!"

FIRST DAY-EVENING.

Here am I; send me.—Isa. 6:8. Quit you like men, be strong.—I Cor. 16:13.

Heavenly Father, Thou knowest I desire to do my whole duty now and always. Give me an open mind to hear Thy call and a willing heart to respond. May I be able through Thee both to do and to dare. Keep me from faltering or turning aside from any task Thou hast given me. May I be strong, having on the "whole armor of God," and on every battlefield may I acquit myself like a true soldier of the Cross. Keep me now and evermore in the hollow of Thy hand, and henceforth will I praise Thee. Amen.

The call of my country finds me ready, not only to do God's will, but to accept all that He sends with resignation. May I be as brave and loyal as the woman in France who, holding her babe in her arms, went to meet the returning regiment in the hope of finding among the men her husband, who had been in the trenches since the be-