

**WHAT DID JESUS
REALLY TEACH
ABOUT WAR?**

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What Did Jesus Really Teach About War? by Edward Leigh Pell

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EDWARD LEIGH PELL

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EDWARD LEIGH PELL

Author of

"Our Troublesome Religious Questions," etc.



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PREFACE

WE shall not win this war until it gets on our conscience. We may end it, but that is another matter. It was on our conscience once—the violation of Belgium put it there—but somehow it slipped off—how or why we need not now inquire. And it has never gotten back.

I was saying as much to a friend of mine the other day when he interrupted me. “Yes,” he said warmly, “but it is getting back. I was at that great mass-meeting Sunday and I never saw such——”

I knew the rest. It was indeed a wonderful meeting. There was a great talk and a great collection and a tremendous burst of enthusiasm that lifted us straight up to the third heaven. But when it was over people went away saying, “Yes, we’ve got to do it. We must whip them over there or we shall have to whip them over here.”

Undoubtedly the war has gotten on America's sensibilities, but it is not on her conscience. Only here and there does one meet a man who is doing his "bit" with a sense of exaltation, as one who has heard in that awful cry for help the voice of his own kin; as one who has had a vision of Christ's tender compassion for the oppressed or of Christ's blasting indignation against the oppressor.

It does not take much to win some wars. A war for territory may be won by a foolish illusion that will send a people forward under the compulsion of what they believe to be an economic necessity. But a war for the right can only be won by an awakening of conscience that will send a people forward under the compulsion of a high moral obligation.

America has many needs, but I can conceive of nothing more urgent in the present crisis than a vision of the face of Him in whose presence no conscience has ever been able to sleep.

E. L. P.

RICHMOND, VA.

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I

HIS WORDS IN THE LIGHT OF HIS SOUL

FOR mental fatigue I try a walk in the woods; but for mental tangles I like a walk down the street. The street is better than the woods, for you cannot go many blocks without meeting Life; and in the matter of untangling things, Life, I have found, is as gifted as a deft-fingered woman.

The other day as I wandered through an obscure part of the town I came upon a game little rascal perched upon the stomach of a big, fat, blubbery coward. The youngster remained upon his soft seat until the situation ceased to be interesting and then sprang to his feet. The big boy slowly picked himself up, brushed his clothes and started off without a word. The little rascal gazed after the retreating