

yourself, and again become the passive, peace loving person that you were before you went away. But you find it is not as simple as that. **You are not the same person who went away.** Although you may have been gone only a short time, you are years older **now than then.** You have seen humanity in its most cruel, **selfish, vile, and its basest aspect.** You have seen the depths to which people's morals are capable of sinking. The scales have fallen from your eyes, and certainly you are changed. And now people do not understand you. You speak a language they do not comprehend, and you find yourself almost alone. You thought as you left the war zone, you were coming back to a life of peace, and joy, and happiness. But now you find that the hell you entered into, also entered into you, and you have it within you. You find there is some driving force within you that you cannot control and that keeps you from being satisfied anywhere or at anything for very long. You seek for peace and there is no peace.

You ask me, "How do I know these thing about you?" Well, I'll tell you.

I came home from World War I, anticipating a life of pleasure and happiness. I dreamed of settling down, having a home, and enjoying life as any normal person has a right to expect. I was sure I would never want to roam or go places again. But, my friend, I found these things impossible.

I found that I had carried the war right home with me, and it was within me continually. Those scenes of madness filled my mind continually. I thought that with the passing of time, it would wear off, but instead, as the years went by, it got worse and worse. Hundreds of midnight hours I have lain awake, unable to sleep; the war continually going on before me. Get out of bed, try to read, force myself to read an entire story, only to realize that what I had read had not reached my consciousness; the hell and torment eclipsing everything else. Often walked miles and miles in the middle of the night, as hard as I could drive myself, to tire my body so I could get some sleep. Worked a railroad telegraph job, eight hours every day, but that did not suffice. I had to keep my mind and body occupied every waking moment. Had to spend many hours each day, hunting and hiking in summer, skiing in winter, in order to keep the madness from enveloping me entirely. My frineds did not know these things; my wife did not understand. I dared not tell any man. I covered it up, and put on a bold front, but underneath there was a seething unrest every moment. For years and years I was conscious of pain in my body every waking moment. This notwithstanding the fact I had not received a scratch in battle. In 1936 (eighteen years after the war) I stepped out on my back porch (living on a farm at that time) one foggy morning, and looking down

across the pasture into that dense fog, I could see belching flames of fire, hear exploding shells, and the rat-tat-tat of machine guns. I knew it was insanity but I dared not tell anyone. Every year I would hear of this buddy, or that one, from my Company going haywire, some committing suicide, others collapsing and spending years in veterans' hospitals. Something inside me was driving me relentlessly. I wanted to drown it all in liquor, but my common sense told me that was not the cure, and would only make it worse. I had to fight myself to keep from leaving behind family, friends, even civilization itself, and seeking oblivion in some jungle or unexplored country. I had to keep rigid control of my feelings at all times, and any time I felt myself cracking up, had to slip away alone, and walk and walk until I was able to regain my self control. Was in constant fear lest I should lose control and kill my wife or someone else.

Spring of 1937 found me in the Veterans' Hospital, barely able to walk with a cane. Use of my right leg almost gone. Arthritis and Sciatic Neuritis almost had me. The physicians there discharged me a month later, slightly improved, telling me that I would never be able to work again, and that I was just a "HAS-BEEN." That I would just have to be careful and take very good care of myself if I was to be able to get around at all. That summer, while taking osteopathic treatments, Dr. G. B. Kesler, (Orpheum Bldg., Wichita, Kansas) said to me, "Britain, I can lay my hand on your back, and just feel the strain and tightness of your muscles. If you could only relax, I could do something for you, but as long as you keep yourself so tight, I can't do a thing for you." I said, "Doc, if I could relax I wouldn't need a physician. I haven't been able to relax for eighteen years."

Why am I telling you this? That I might convince you that I am familiar with your case, and that I can help you. For I found relief, and PEACE and JOY and HAPPINESS even after all that; and that's why I want to tell you the way out, and the way back to happiness for you. I know that you will never find it through physicians. Nor through physical exertion (though this will help for a time). Nor through lodge or social activities (these are temporary relief). Nor through drinking (that is the height of folly). Nor through church membership (many have tried that and not found relief).

There is only one way that you can find this PEACE and JOY and HAPPINESS. You can search the world over, and it can be had no other way. **AND THAT IS THROUGH SURRENDERING YOURSELF, SOUL, MIND, AND BODY, TO THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,** just as completely and unreservedly as you surrendered yourself to Uncle Sam when you entered the service.

You may ask, "How do I know that?" The answer is: "Because I have **BEEN THROUGH THE MILL** and found the way." Therefore I am able to lead and direct you in to the way of this **PEACE AND JOY AND HAPPINESS.**

In 1938, I accepted the **LORD JESUS CHRIST** as my personal Saviour, and **HE** flooded my soul with **HIS PEACE.** It was so wonderful to me that I said, "This thing is worth giving my very life for," so I plunged in wholeheartedly; forsaking the things of the world, and through prayer and study of the Bible daily sought **HIM, THE WONDERFUL MAN OF GALLILEE.** And He began to lead me, step by step, into the marvelous realm of **HIS KINGDOM,** revealing to me, little by little the wonderful **MYSTERIES OF THE KINGDOM;** mysteries of which I had never heard, and that I can not tell any man.

I no longer think of, nor is my mind occupied with the horrors of war, but think constantly of **HIM AND HIS KINGDOM;** and the things **HE** shows me are most beautiful. There is no longer any tightness of my nerves and muscles, for just a short time after I was converted, I took another treatment from this same Dr. Kesler, and he asked my wife, "What has happened to Britt? He is laying there on my table, just as quiet and relaxed as a baby, and I can manipulate his body any way I want to." That is the last time I have visited a doctor, (except as I have been called before the Veterans' Hospital staff for examination from time to time), and I have not had a dose of medicine for over four years. My body has steadily grown stronger and stronger, and now I walk erect without pain, swinging along down the street, and work at most any thing I want to. The doctors tell me I still have arthritis, but it doesn't bother me as long as I take reasonable care of my body, not overtaxing my strength. There is no longer those terrible nightmares, but if I lie awake at all it is to receive some new revelation from **HIM,** as I commune with **HIM** and **HE** with me. I have lost that old craving for something that I could not define; that unhappiness; and that constant seeking after peace, for I have found **PEACE. HIS PEACE!** As I go about my work, whether it be alone in the garden or in the throngs of the busy streets, I continually praise and magnify **HIM,** and I have that well of living water; that everlasting spring of joy, springing up within me; so that discouragements and disappointments of this life are as nothing; for I **HAVE FOUND HIM WHOM MY SOUL LOVETH!** I sometimes forget my surroundings, and down town midst the throng, a "HALLELUJAH!" or "PRAISE HIS WONDERFUL NAME!" involuntarily rises up from me, and the passersby look at me as if I might be crazy. But I am not crazy. I have just been rescued from going crazy. Truly I can sing with the Psalmist,