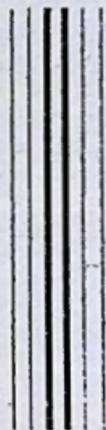


How God Won the War



1914. "The Angels of Mons."
1918. "The White Cavalry."

SO many people have written to thank us for the article—"The Lord Reigneth" which we published in the last copy of *Emmanuel* that we feel we ought further to encourage God's people by recording briefly the story of God's marvellous intervention at the beginning, and the end of the last war.

Because of the many requests for "The Lord Reigneth" to be brought out in booklet form, we were led to do this, and as a result, over eighteen thousand have been disposed of. There is still a great demand for this booklet, which the Lord is so richly blessing.

For some time there have been enquiries as to whether we would not also publish in booklet form, this second article "How God Won The War" which is equally as marvellous and convincing. Hence this second booklet.

We would not be understood to be countenancing war by recording these incidents; far from that, our object rather is to encourage the thought, that, if God in answer to the prayers of His people will intervene and stop war, He can as easily prevent it beginning, if only His people will keep their hands clean from such carnal methods, and use the spiritual weapons which He has so graciously placed at our disposal.

1914. "The Angels of Mons."

Recorded by Captain C. Wightwick Haywood, formerly Staff Officer 1st Corps Intelligence, 1st Army (British) Headquarters.

"The first of these was at, or near the town of Mons, during the battle of that name between the German Forces and the British Army, towards the end of August, 1914. The German Army, after sweeping all resistance aside, had advanced on a wide front right into the heart of Belgium and France. Although the Belgians, French and British put up a stout defence, it was principally against the British that the heaviest enemy attacks were launched. Our troops, greatly outnumbered, had been fighting continuously for several days, with little or no rest, and our men were almost dropping from fatigue after a prolonged rearguard action, during which we had lost numbers of men and guns. Serious defeat appeared inevitable, especially as we had

practically no reserves ready, though recruits were being drilled in hundreds in Britain.

It was realized that a "Day of Trouble" had arrived, and that God alone could help us. **Churches were crowded with the whole of the British Nation at prayer.**

Then occurred the event afterwards known as the appearance of the "Angels of Mons," in answer to National Prayer. Of several accounts referring to the appearance of "Angels," **the following two are typical, both having been related by British soldiers who vouched for the occurrences as having been observed by them personally.**

(1) While a detachment of British soldiers was retiring through Mons under very heavy German artillery and machine-gun fire in August, 1914, they knelt behind a hastily erected barricade and endeavoured to hold up the enemy advance. The firing on both sides was very intensive, and the air reverberated with deafening crashes of exploding shells.

Suddenly, firing on both sides **stopped dead** and a sudden silence fell.

Looking over their barrier, the astonished British **saw four or five wonderful beings** much bigger than men, between themselves and the halted Germans. They were white-robed and bareheaded, and seemed rather to float than stand. Their backs were towards the British, and they faced the enemy with outstretched arm and hand, as if to say : "**Stop. Thus far and no further.**" The sun was shining quite brightly at the time. Next thing the British knew was that the Germans were retreating in great disorder.

(2) On another occasion, the British were in danger of being surrounded by the Germans, and had lost numbers of guns and men.

Just when matters seemed hopeless, the heavy enemy fire suddenly **stopped dead** and a great silence fell over all.

The sky opened with a bright shining light and figures of "luminous beings" appeared. They seemed to float between the British and the German Forces, and to prevent the further advance of the enemy. Some of the German Cavalry were advancing, and the officers and men were unable to get their horses to go forward.

Before the surprised British were able to realize what had happened, the whole of the apparently victorious enemy force were retreating in great disorder. This allowed the British and Allied Armies to re-form and fall back upon a line of defence several miles further west, where they "dug in." Then began the period of "Trench Warfare" which continued for over three years, with varying fortunes to either side until the Spring of 1918. The story of the "Angels of Mons" flashed through Britain, thrilling many who believed that God always heard the prayers of His people, especially when they called upon Him in the "Day of Trouble."

1918. "The White Cavalry."

The following account of what occurred between the months of April and August, 1918, I can personally vouch for as being true; as far as that area of the front line trenches is concerned, lying roughly between the town of Bailleul, some fifteen miles south of Ypres, and the town of Arras, some fifteen miles south of Bethune, in La Bassée (France).

I was responsible for the intelligence on this sector of the battle area, and therefore made my headquarters in the bright little town of Bethune; as it was a very good strategical position, and had also remained practically untouched by enemy shell fire, although it was barely three miles from the trenches just across the La Bassée Canal.

It was an anxious time for Great Britain. The British Troops had been in the trenches fighting for weeks without rest or relief, owing to the fact that reserves were practically exhausted.

Although the United States had now thrown in her lot with us, and the British Dominions were helping the Mother Country; most of their troops were still on their way across the Atlantic, and some time must necessarily elapse before they could come into the fighting line in any great numbers.

It was at this juncture that Portugal came in on our side, and raised a conscripted Army which landed in France early in March, 1918.

Towards the end of that month I was instructed by Headquarters that a Portuguese Force would be passing through Bethune shortly, in order to take over a sector of the front line trenches just in front of Bethune, so as to relieve the British, who had been holding it for so long.

It was evident that the enemy was about to intensify this offensive shortly, with a greater concentration of men and heavy guns, augmented by the troops from the Russian Front.

On our side, especially between March and June, our troops had been greatly reduced in numbers by heavy casualties in the prolonged fighting during those months, and our reserves were practically exhausted.

Although by the middle of May the United States of America had decided to join Great Britain and her Allies, their troops were still being formed, though the first contingent was on its way across the Atlantic. Later on, they came over at the rate of 50,000 weekly; but these reinforcements were not available for the front line much before the middle of June, according as they were dispatched to the various sectors.

As things stood, owing to vigorous enemy action against the Allied lines to the north of Bethune, the line from La Bassée to Lens and Arras was left in a "pocket" which was liable to be "hemmed in" at any moment, with all the troops, ammunition, arms and equipment it contained.

It was highly improbable that the Portuguese troops, who had by now taken over the La Bassée trenches in front of Bethune, would make much difference to the enemy's plans. Indeed, they did not, for though there had been a temporary lull in the roar of gun fire, it broke out again shortly afterwards with intensified fury. So tremendous was the reverberating crash of concentrated shell and high explosive fire, that it literally shook the ground and dazed us, though we were nearly three miles behind the front line.

It fell with a dense hail of shrapnel and lead on the unfortunate Portuguese, practically blotting them out wholesale, and thus causing a gap in our front line, through which the enemy began to pour in mass formation. The few Portuguese left came staggering through Bethune, having thrown away their arms and equipment in their mad desire to get away from the hell behind them as quickly as possible.

Shortly afterwards they were followed by

British troops, whose flank had been turned, and who were retiring in good order, keeping up a stiff rearguard action as they went.

In Britain everyone was asking: "Would the Germans get through to Paris?" "Would the Americans arrive in time to check their advance?" "Will the English ports be shelled shortly by German big guns from the coast of France?"

But those who remembered how God had helped us with the "Angels of Mons" when we called upon Him, were sure He would do so again.

The whole of the British Nation was called to prayer and thanksgiving. The President of the United States had summoned the American people to do likewise; and united prayer went up to God from all the English-speaking peoples.

In the meantime, the enemy shell fire, which had been largely directed against the shattered town of Bethune, suddenly lifted

and began to burst on a slight rise beyond its outskirts.

This open ground was absolutely bare of trees, houses or human beings, yet the enemy gun fire broke on it with increasing fury, and was augmented by heavy bursts of massed machine guns which raked it backward and forward with a hail of lead. We stood looking in astonishment.

"Fritz has gone balmy, Sir," said the Sergeant; "what in the world is he peppering that naked ground for?"

"I can't think," I replied; "get along down to the canal and see what is happening there."

I followed him shortly afterwards, being eager to see for myself, as there were obviously no troops within sight, against whom the Germans could be directing their fire.

As I made my way over the scattered débris of ruined houses, the enemy's fire suddenly ceased, and a curious calm fell on everything.

I went on wonderingly, and got outside the town.

Then a lark suddenly arose from the remains of a meadow, and soared up, up, up, singing a trilling song of thankfulness which rings on my inward-ear to-day, when I think of it.

I saw my Sergeant and men standing on the edge of a shell hole waving their "tin hats." They shouted out:

"Fritz is retiring! Fritz is retiring!"

Indeed he was. Outlined on the slight rise by the La Bassée village, and as far as we could see, was a dense line of German troops, who a short time before had commenced a forward movement to victory, in mass formation. This line suddenly halted, and, as we watched, we saw it **break!**

Before our astonished eyes, that well-drilled and seemingly victorious army broke up into groups of frightened men who were fleeing from us, throwing down their arms, haversacks, rifles, coats and anything which might impede their flight.

It was not long before my Sergeant arrived with two German Officer prisoners, and he was soon followed by Tommies bringing in batches of twenty or so at a time.

Briefly, the statement the senior German officer made was as follows: The order had been given to advance in mass formation, and our troops were marching behind us singing their way to victory; when Fritz, my lieutenant here, said:

"Herr Kapitan, just look at that open ground behind Bethune, there is a brigade of Cavalry coming up through the smoke drifting across it. They must be mad, these English, to advance against such a force as ours in the open. I suppose they must be Cavalry of one of their Colonial Forces, for see, **they are all in white uniform and are mounted on white horses.**

"Strange," I said, "I never heard of the English having any white uniformed cavalry, whether Colonial or not. They have all been

fighting on foot for several years past, and anyway, they wear khaki, not white."

"Well, they are plain enough," he replied. "See, our guns have got their range now; they will be blown to pieces in no time."

We saw the shells bursting amongst the horses and their riders, all of whom came forward at a **quiet walk trot**, in parade ground formation, each man and horse in his exact place.

Shortly afterwards, our machine guns opened a heavy fire, raking the advancing cavalry with a dense hail of lead. But they came quietly forward, though the shells were bursting amongst them with intensified fury, and **not a single man or horse fell**.

Steadily they advanced, clear in the shining sunlight; and a few paces in front of them rode **their Leader**—a fine figure of a man, whose hair, like spun gold, shone in an aura round his bare head. By his side was a great sword, but his hands lay quietly holding his

horse's reins, as his huge white charger bore him proudly forward.

In spite of heavy shell, and concentrated machine gun fire, **the White Cavalry** advanced, remorseless as fate, like the incoming tide surging over a sandy beach.

Then a great **fear** fell on me, and I turned to flee; yes I, an Officer of the Prussian Guard, fled, panic-stricken, and around me were hundreds of terrified men, whimpering like children, throwing away their arms and accoutrements in order not to have their movements impeded all running.

Their intense desire was to get away from that remorselessly advancing White Cavalry; but most of all from their awe-inspiring Leader whose hair shone like spun gold round his bare head, and whose hands lay quietly holding the reins of his great white charger.

That is all I have to tell you. We are beaten. The German Army is broken. There may be fighting, but—we have lost the War, we

are beaten—by the White Cavalry I cannot understand—I cannot understand.”

During the following few days I examined many prisoners, and in substance, their accounts tallied with the one given here. This in spite of the fact that at least two of us could swear that we saw no cavalry in action, here or elsewhere, at that particular time. Neither did any of us see so much as a single white horse either with or without a rider. But it was not necessary for us to do so, the evidence of their presence had to come from the enemy

Shortly after this, the American Forces came into action on the whole front, and about the second week in July there was a general advance which resulted in the capture of over 4,000 enemy and 100 guns on the sector between Bethune and Ypres during the ensuing weeks.

It is interesting to note that Official Reports give July 11th as the date of the allied advance, for by November 11th, 1918, at 11 a.m. the

War had ended and an Armistice was declared. Between those dates the British and Allied Forces captured 385,000 prisoners, and over 5,000 guns.

But it was God who "Won the War."

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