

Under Fire at the Front

One of our soldiers, Peter, spoke to us about his life in the army and being part of The Salvation Army



'It's not the easiest thing in the world to be the only Salvationist,' explained Peter.

'I get teased a lot by the other soldiers. I don't drink or swear. I don't gamble. I wear my Salvation Army jumper under my uniform. And I pray every day.'

Despite the pressure, Peter continues to follow his faith in the trenches.

He cares for his fellow man. He helps get supplies, he tends to the wounded, and volunteers to do stretcher-bearer duty.

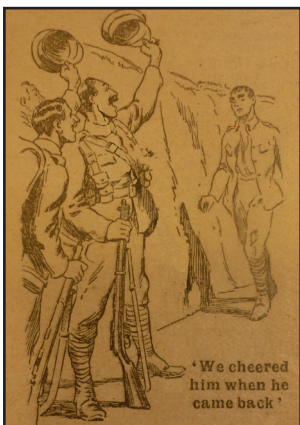
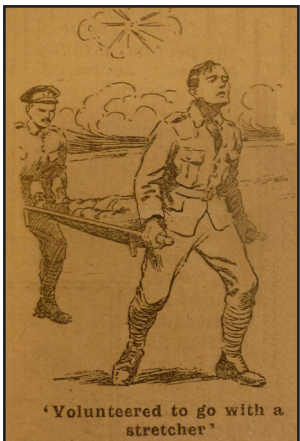
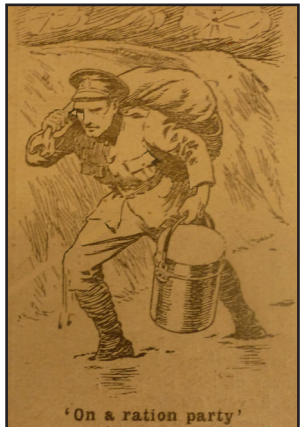
But everything changed during one awful battle. They were under fire, and yet Peter still managed to pull men back to safety.

'They didn't think I would get back in one piece. I had to crawl through the mud. They actually cheered when I made it back!

'Since then, things have been really good. I've kind of been their chaplain. They come to me with their worries. Some of us are studying the Bible together. And we pray together too.'

'So has the teasing stopped?' we ask.

'Oh, no!' Peter smiles. 'But now it's meant kindly. It's friendly fire!'



The Power of Prayer

When things look at their worst - Salvationists turn to prayer.

During the bombing of Rheims in France, two of our lady officers decided to stay. During the shelling, they gave shelter and comfort to those left behind.

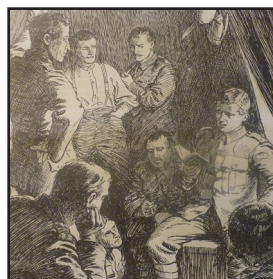
Then the German troops invaded. The officers stayed and prayed.

A knock at their window startled them. It was a German soldier. He saw that they praying and moved away. But they opened the door and let him in.

He could speak no English but showed them a photo of his wife and children, wanting the ladies to pray for them too. He taught them the phrase, Die Heilsarmee, then left. When more Germans arrived, they spoke the only German they knew - 'Die Heilsarmee' - and were left unharmed.



On behalf of absent loved ones, Adjutant Mary Booth, the General's daughter, can be seen here laying a wreath on a warrior's grave in a distant French cemetery.



Tommy and The Army No. 4

Be an unofficial chaplain to your fellow soldiers.



WAR IN EUROPE

A Great Calamity

A reprint of part of the General Bramwell Booth's message, August 3rd 1914

COMRADES,

War has broken out between several of the Great Powers, and a dark and threatening cloud hangs over half the world.

A long train of events has effected great changes in the forces, in the interests, and in the friendships of the Nations of Europe.

For many years countries have continued to increase their weapons of war as well as gaining a dangerous spirit towards their neighbours - dangerous to the peace and happiness of mankind. And now cruel conflict has begun - a conflict which saddens the face of the whole world and burdens us all with the agony of personal grief.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

Pray that this awful war will not spread.

Pray that the conflict may be brought quickly to an end, pray for men in every nation. Not only for the men who must go out and fight, but for their dear ones left behind and for all our comrades in all areas.

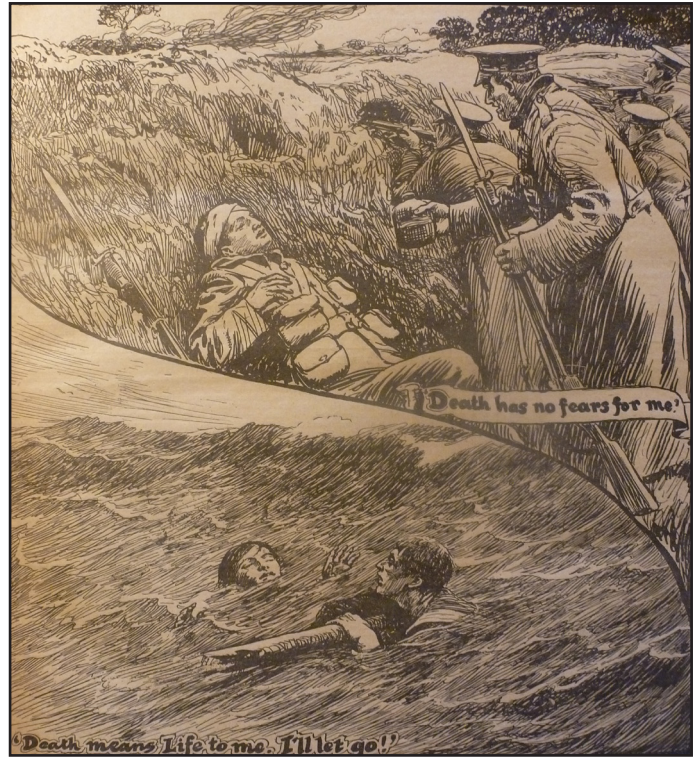
Pray for The Salvation Army everywhere. We must go steadily on with our work.

THE GENERAL



A Helping Hand

A woman officer tells the story of how she met a soldier in Belfast last week



Brave Souls at War

This week two servicemen told us about their encounters with Salvationists in their last moments.

In the trenches

A soldier explained how he met one of our Salvationists, dying in the trenches.

'He was one of my men and I tried to give him some comfort at the end. But he would have none of it. Instead he wanted to talk about me and my soul. Was I living a good life and loved God? He told me that death had no fears for him. I won't ever forget it.'

At sea

A sailor told us the story of how a Salvationist saved his life at sea.

'The boat we were on had sunk and the only thing we could find was a floating piece of wood. Unfortunately the wood could not support both of us. But I survived. He decided to let go of the wood. His final words to me were, "Death means life to me. You hold on."'

'It almost broke my heart to see the soldier lying in that doorway. He had been treated most unkindly. I picked him up and cleaned him. Fortunately he recognised my uniform and knew I meant no harm. Then I helped him home.

Imagine my surprise when I met him again in London! He introduced me to his chum as 'the lady who picked me up when everyone else passed me by.' I could not leave him there.

We must do something.