

Angels and Miracles in World War I

'Arise, shine for your light has come and the glory of the Lord rises upon you. See darkness is on the land and deep darkness on the peoples, but the Lord rises upon you and his glory appears over you.' We live in days when this scripture is beginning to be fulfilled. But the time of darkness and light together, will bring about a greater time of 'spiritual warfare' and will necessitate a deeper call to prayer. To help us get a sense of the power of prayer and the revealing of God during warfare we need look no further than WWI and WWII. These were extraordinary days in our nation to live through.

Dr Victor Pearce (who died August 2010) lived in both wars and chronicled the amazing stories of the revealing of the power of prayer and the intervention of the Lord during warfare. I think you will be moved and inspired, and I pray the Spirit of God will speak into your spirit through what you read –

Jonathan Bellamy, Cross Rhythms CEO.

The below accounts were first published in Miracles & Angels, Dr E K Victor Pearce and appear on the website: <http://www.crossrhythms.co.uk/articles/life/>

Dr Victor Pearce became an honours graduate of London University in anthropology, through University College, and specialised at Oxford in prehistoric archaeology. He travelled to archaeological digs and conducted research around the Mediterranean including Turkey and the Levant and also in the USA. He read theology at the London College of Divinity; is a Prebendary of Lichfield Cathedral; was Rector of one of the largest Anglican parishes in England; has had 25 curates, built two churches and several halls (one by voluntary labour). He was a member of the Diocesan Synod; was chairman of an ad hoc committee of the Education Council for a new religious syllabus and a visiting lecturer in two Bible colleges.

Dr Victor Pearce was an eminent scientist, archaeologist and theologian. He was well known for his lectures and international broadcasts.

Part 1

New Light on the Reasons For Supernatural Intervention

The classical examples of how angels have influenced battles come from reports made during the last two World Wars. Many have read of these eyewitness reports. They come from military sources as well as from groups of soldiers and various individuals.

In case you have only a few details I will give you more later including new ones whose reports I heard myself. We will also consider why angels should have intervened, and if there were special reasons why God should favour one side in the war more than the other.

This is especially relevant to the two World Wars, because two important historical events arose out of them, and without them they might not have happened. What were they? A result of the victory in the First World War was the Balfour Declaration. This established a home for Jews in Palestine. Arising out of the Second World War was the creation of the State of Israel. These two events are still having their impact upon the world, and an even greater impact is still to come.

I will give you details to substantiate those statements, but initially it is obvious that if Hitler had won the war, Israel would have been wiped out. But is there any indication that it was God's intention that Israel should return to Palestine? We shall look at that too, but I only mention it at this stage because people find it easier to believe unusual phenomena if they can see a reason why they should have happened. When we look at events we begin to see that without divine intervention victory could never have been given to the Allies.

Hidden Mysteries Behind The Two World Wars

This period of supernatural manifestations really began two weeks before World War I.

On Sunday July 21st, 1914, a remarkable vision appeared at Llanelli in South Wales. This was first described to me by George Jeffreys (*George and brother Stephen were founders of the Elim Pentecostal Church*) when I was about eighteen years of age.

I remember the details clearly, and they were confirmed to me years later when a history of Stephen and George Jeffreys was published in the book, *Seven Pentecostal Pioneers*, MMS.

George Jeffreys was holding a mission in Catford, Southeast London, when he described how a vision appeared while his brother then was preaching in Llanelli. Stephen could see that the crowd's attention was riveted in his direction but not at him. He was puzzled so he came down from the platform to see what the people were pointing to.

To his amazement he saw on the wall behind where he'd been standing, and above where his head would have been, the figure of a lamb. Then, after a few minutes, it changed into the living face of Jesus Christ as the Man of Sorrows, for tears flowed down his cheeks. It was a living face because people could see quite clearly his eyelids flicker, hair was streaked with white so that he looked like a middle-aged man stricken with grief. Then it changed back again into the head of a lamb.

The lamb's head was alive and moving, then after a few minutes the lamb would change into the living, moving face of Jesus Christ again, the Man of Sorrows. George Jeffreys said that Jesus was weeping. Beautiful tears were rolling down his face and his eyelids flickered as the tears welled out. This indeed was the 'Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief,' for certainly he bore our griefs and carried our sorrows, and the 'Lord had laid on him the sins of us all' (Isaiah 53:3).

Pastor Jeffreys had been preaching on the text: 'That I may know Jesus, and the fellowship of his sufferings.' He began to appeal to listeners to respond to that love by forsaking their sins and receiving forgiveness, and during that appeal the face of the man of Sorrows became enshrouded with glory.

An onlooker described Christ's face 'as most beautiful beyond description, kindly beyond words. And the eyes! They looked at you personally - those loving sad and glorious eyes which moved in the living face.'

George Jeffreys told us how long this vision lasted. It was not just for a brief time. It lasted through the night into the morning. Crowds of people came in to see it. Long after the meeting, it was still there. News spread throughout the town and hundreds more flocked in to see for themselves, and to hear yet another message from the evangelist.

Of course, some tried to explain it away. One man actually went to the wall and tried to wipe it off but without effect. So another man who was a painter and decorator took a cloth and held it over the vision but to his surprise the vision shone right through. Another tried to explain it by saying it was a hallucination caused by a flickering of the electric light. Stephen Jeffreys did not argue, he merely switched off the light, and there still shining out was the Saviour's face even more living and real.

Another thought that it must be that a bright light was shining through some sort of stained-glass window. Stephen tested this suggestion also. He had all the blinds drawn and so excluded all light, but that made no difference. The heart-rending vision still shone on through that night and into the day.

News continued to blaze around the town, and all kinds of people flocked in to see the vision, people of all ages and types - boxers, tradesmen, professional men, alcoholics and others with problems.

Little did they know that within two weeks the whole world would change forever. The world's worst war would break out and hundreds of those young men who filed in to see the vision and had their doubts changed to faith would shed their blood on the fields of Flanders.

Even when the war broke out, it seemed to arise out of minor disputes. People in the streets were saying, 'It will be over in a few weeks!' It lasted four long years, during which millions died. Today one can go to Llanelli and see the names of the fallen, and among them would be a large percentage who'd filed past the vision, stopped to hear Stephen repeat his messages, yielded their lives to Christ and rejoiced in forgiveness from the Man of Sorrows.

I Saw the Zeppelin In Flames

As I write this account, the eightieth anniversary of the end of the First World War is about to be celebrated, but very few people will be told of the hidden mysteries which were behind them - the real reason why the two World Wars started and why they finished when they did.

Having been born before the First World War, I remember vividly, at the age of six, rushing to the top of the nearby hill with others to hear the guns of London fire salvo after salvo of rejoicing that 'the war to end wars' had ended and that the Armistice was being signed that very minute at 11am on the 11th month in the year 1918. During the war, my mother entered me for a beautiful baby contest, while father was serving at the front in Mons and elsewhere with his Northants Regiment.

Have you seen pictures of an early German Zeppelin? Heath-Robinson couldn't have designed one better! Air tactics were more primitive then. Still vivid in my memory is the sight of that quaint old-fashioned Zeppelin coming down in the night fog of London near Norwood. In the second year of the war it was intended to be a morale shaker. The bombs weren't very big. Indeed the crew merely lifted them out over the edge of the basket, to drop them upon the astonished citizens.

Unfortunately for Count F. Zeppelin's invention, a British airman in his army biplane shot it down. I saw it come down in flames in the dense yellow fog a little way from our backstairs landing window. I was roused by the shouts of folk in the house to see the sight. For me in my innocence it was better than a fireworks display.

On the whole I enjoyed the air-raids of the first great war, but certainly not in the Second World War, for then we were pounded mercilessly from the air by over a thousand Nazi bombers night after night as soon as darkness came and then when morning light dawned and the all-clear sirens blew their shrill sweet music we went out to pick the bits of bodies from among the rubble of what was once their homes. For part of this time I served as chaplain and then as vicar in a London parish.

In the First World War, raids were comparatively insignificant. I grew big enough to merit a pushchair and this was a source of wartime enjoyment because in the event of an air-raid warning when mother was shopping, the policeman would shout, 'Get into the doorway for shelter! Quick!' But for mother, the only safe place for an air-raid was home and as fast as you could get there, and so she would rush the pushchair over the cobbles at tremendous speed and I would go bouncing around like ice cubes in a cocktail shaker. It was great fun, better than a funfair crazy car, and by the time we reached home the air raid would be over!

But as I grew I became aware of the great tragedies. Telegrams arrived at neighbour's doors and young women wept and names were added to long lists later to be chiselled into the cold stone of memorials in every village, town and city, and then one saw the newspaper clips of endless mud-filled trenches and saturation bombardments overseas.

Part 2

Angelic Intervention Reports

My father was in the first expeditionary force, which fought in the dramatic battle of Mons, about which strange reports began to filter through of angelic intervention. Dad was one of the 'Old Contemptibles', so called by the Kaiser when he referred to Britain's small force of seasoned soldiers as 'a contemptible little army'. Dad wore a special medal on his chest.

When war broke out unexpectedly, Britain was unprepared, so this hurriedly equipped force was sent across the Channel. It was far weaker in guns and manpower than the opponents who had shocked the world by massacring helpless Belgian home-dwellers, but our army fought a dogged rearguard action as they fell back before the terrific impact of massed enemy attacks.

A big thrill was when Dad came home on his first leave, after the battle of Mons. I remember when he lifted me up on his broad khaki-uniformed chest. I did not know how many Old Contemptibles would never return. Dad was surprised that the 'contemptible little army' managed to hold up the German advance during two days' fighting around Mons.

Those two days were vital, because the war could have been lost there and then. Those gallant Old Contemptibles did not know at first that there was more to tell about what happened behind the scenes.

The First Angelic Intervention

Individual stories and official reports began to filter through about strange happenings at Mons in Belgium. A lieutenant colonel reported:

On August the 26th, 1914, the battle of Le Cateau [near Mons] was fought. We came into action at dawn and fought until dusk. We were heavily shelled by artillery during the day, and all our division had a horrific time of it. Our brigade, however, retired in good order. We were on the march all the night of the 26th; and on the 27th with only about two hours rest, the brigade to which I belong was rearguard to the division, so during the 27th we took up a great many different positions to cover the retirement of the rest of the division, so we had very hard work and by the night of the 27th we were all absolutely worn out with fatigue - both body and mental fatigue - but nevertheless we moved in excellent order and were not being routed.

There must have been a reason why they were not overwhelmed. What was it?

I was riding along in the column with two other officers, and I became conscious of the fact that in the fields on both sides of the road along which we were marching, I could see a very large body of horsemen. These horsemen seemed to have the appearance of cavalry, and they seemed to be riding across the fields and going in the same direction as us and keeping level with us. The night was not very dark, and I fancied that I could see squadron after squadron of these cavalymen quite distinctly. I didn't say a word about them at first, but I watched them for about twenty minutes. The other two officers stopped talking. 'Did you see anything?' one asked. I told him what I'd seen. 'I've been watching them for the last twenty minutes,' he said. When we reached the next halt, another officer took out a party of men to investigate the mystery. They found no one there, and yet the same phenomenon was seen by many men in our column.

The Sound of Marching

In the First World War, a soldier's wife received a letter from her husband, which said: 'During the battle I saw the angels all around. It's nothing short of a miracle.'

He then went on to describe how he'd been ordered to advance into a certain wood with his troops. On reaching the road, to his surprise, his horse stopped dead and nothing whatever could make his mount move. He turned to his ADC, but he found that the same thing had happened to him and to the whole troop. Nothing would make the horses move. The whole troop was at a standstill so they could do nothing else but return to their former position.

Later they discovered that a strong enemy ambush had been waiting for them along the road they were following.

The incident encouraged them greatly, but there were a lot of questions in their minds. Was it some instinct in the horses? They'd never experienced anything so unanimous amongst so many horses! Perhaps it was yet another supernatural intervention. Perhaps it was something like Balaam's ass in the Bible. The ass refused to go on because it saw an angel of the Lord standing in the way. Its rider was angry and tried to whip the horse forward time and time again and then the rider saw the angel blocking his path. The angel then rebuked Balaam for trying to twist religion to his own ends. If the war incident was similar then it was both horses and angels involved.

King David in the Bible was often seeking guidance. God told him, 'I will instruct you and teach you in the way you should go. I will guide you with my eye.' David was often in peril. On one occasion his country was invaded by the Philistines which threatened his very existence. David enquired of the Lord, 'Shall I advance against the Philistines?'

'Yes,' said the Lord, 'Go up and I will deliver them into your hands.'

There was a big breakthrough, and David destroyed all their idols and images.

But the enemy invaded again, and again David asked for guidance, 'Shall I advance against them?' This time God said:

'No! Circle round behind them, and then wait silently. Wait until you hear an angelic sound! The sound of marching in the tops of the mulberry trees. That sound will be the hosts of the Lord marching out before you. That will be the signal. The moment you hear that you must act promptly and burst out onto the enemy!' David did and avoided a trap. He routed the invaders and pushed them out of the country.

Newspaper Reports

Reports began to come into the newspapers. The Observer of August 22nd, 1915, said that a nurse in a military hospital was told by a soldier that at a critical period in the retreat from Mons, a luminous angel with outstretched wings came between the Germans and themselves. At that moment the onslaught of the enemy slackened. Unable to credit the story she discussed it with a group of officers. A colonel looked up and said: 'Young lady, the thing happened! You need not be incredulous. I saw it myself'.

Confirmation also came from the enemy. In a Berlin newspaper it was also reported on July 28th, 1915, that a regiment which was ordered to do a certain duty in battle was censured for failing to carry out certain orders. They reported that they did attempt to charge forward but were absolutely powerless. Why? Because their horses turned sharply round and fled like the wind and nothing could stop them.

A German lieutenant, a prisoner in British hands, said:

I only know that we were charging full on the British at a certain place, and in a moment we were stopped. It was like going at full speed and being pulled up suddenly as if on a precipice, but there was no precipice there, nothing at all, only our horses swerved round and fled. We could do nothing.

Pax, a correspondent of Light dated July 10th, 1915 was enquiring into the many stories of the visions at the battlefield, which were widely circulating. He quoted the following from an artilleryman: and they absolutely vouch for the truth of it.

Two English nurses at a hospital at St Germain-en-Laye, Paris, stated that the accounts were not only implicitly believed, but were absolutely known to be true . . . 'No French newspaper,' she said, 'would have made itself ridiculous by disputing the authenticity of what was vouched for by so many thousands of eyewitnesses.'

The paper Universe reported an officer's letter from the battlefield about a party of thirty men and an officer who were cut off in a trench. In order not to be trapped they decided to make a sortie against the enemy, and although they were so few against so large a force, they dashed out into the open shouting, 'St George for England!' As they ran on they became aware of a large company of men going along with them, and even leading them on against the enemy trenches. Afterwards the officer talked with a prisoner whom they had captured. The prisoner asked a very strange question: 'Who was that officer on a great white horse who led them? Although he was so prominent, none of our men had been able to hit him!'

G. G. Monck of Martock reported a young lieutenant in Oxford who'd been all through the retreat from Mons and had been wounded at Neuve Chapelle. He said it was simply miraculous, but was perfectly true. Almost the same thing happened at Neuve Chapelle.

A young woman who was at Stepney Soldiers and Sailors meeting, said she had just received a letter from her husband who was at the battle of Neuve Chapelle. He wrote: In the course of the battle I saw the angels all around us.'

It's Happened Before!

Yes, it's happened before! Long ago in fact. It's recorded in the oldest book in the world. Compare these reports of Mons with a similar record in the Bible: 2 Kings 6:16,17, when Elisha was given the ability to see God's hosts of angelic fighters all around.

When the king of Syria was at war with Israel, he said to his officers, 'We will mobilise our forces at ... (naming a place in secret)'. Immediately Elisha the prophet warned the king of Israel, 'Don't go near . . . (naming the same place), for the Syrians are mobilising their troops there!'

The king of Israel sent a scout to see if Elisha was right, and sure enough he had saved him from disaster. This happened several times.

The king of Syria was puzzled and called together his officers and demanded, 'Which of you is the traitor? Who has been informing the king of Israel about my plans?'

'It's not us, sir.'

One of the officers replied, 'Elisha the prophet tells the king of Israel even the words you speak in the privacy of your bedroom!'

'Go and find out where he is at once!' raged the king. 'We'll send our troops to seize him!'

The report came back, 'Elisha is at Dothan!'

So one night when it was very dark, the king of Syria sent a great army with many chariots and horses to surround the city. When the prophet's servant got up early the next morning and went outside, there were troops, horses and chariots everywhere.

'Alas, my master!' he cried out to Elisha. 'What shall we do now?'

'Don't panic!' Elisha told him. 'Our army is greater than theirs!'

The servant couldn't believe his ears. Was the prophet mad? In answer, the prophet prayed: 'Lord open the young man's eyes and let him see.'

The Lord opened the young man's eyes, and he saw horses of fire and chariots of fire everywhere upon the mountain!

As the Syrian army advanced upon them, Elisha prayed: 'Lord please make them blind!' and God did. Then Elisha went out and told them, 'You've come the wrong way! This isn't the right city. Follow me and I will take you to the man you're looking for!' He led them to Samaria!

As soon as they arrived, Elisha prayed, 'Lord, now open their eyes and let them recognise where they are.' The Lord did, and to their consternation they were in Samaria right by the strong capital city of Israel!

When the king of Israel saw that the Syrians were at his mercy, he shouted over to Elisha, 'Oh, sir, shall I slay them? Shall I slay them?'

'Certainly not!' Elisha told him. 'Do we kill prisoners of war? Give them food and drink and send them back home!'

Well the king did more than that. He made them a great feast and then sent them back home to their king. The Syrian raiders were quite flummoxed. They did not know how to react to such kindness, so they stayed away from the land of Israel.

Unbelief Leads To More Evidence

Of course there are many who find it difficult to believe such stories in the Bible. Such events are outside their everyday experiences. It was the same in the First World War. An outburst of discussion appeared in the newspapers. Some were suggesting naturalistic explanations. So because of this a private soldier, Robert Cleaver, swore the following affidavit. It was printed in the daily newspapers, and years later a copy of it was sent to me by Mr C. J. Atton of Prestatyn:

AFFIDAVIT. I, Robert Cleaver No. 10515, a private in the 1st Cheshire Regiment of His Majesty's Army, make oath and say as follows: That I personally was at Mons and saw the vision of angels with my own eyes. Sworn at Kinmel Park in the County of Flint this 20th day of August 1915. Robert Cleaver. Before me Geo S. Hazelhurst, one of his majesties Justices of the Peace, acting in and for the County of Flint.

In an interview with Mr Hazelhurst, Private Cleaver explained that things were at their bleakest with our troops. If it hadn't been for this supernatural intervention they would have been annihilated. Suddenly the vision came between them and the German cavalry.

Debated In The Churches

The subject began to be debated in the churches. The following is taken from a detailed address given at Bridge Street Methodist Church, Mansfield, and was reported in the Mansfield Reporter. The information was given from a high source as it was given by the Assistant Chaplain General to the Forces, The Reverend Owen S. Watkins, CMB, CBE.

At the retreat from Mons, the only division of British cavalry was practically wiped out in a few minutes. It was a sad story which never has been told in full detail. The 'Charge of the Light Brigade' was child's play compared to that action. Out of a regiment of 500-strong only 12 men were left alive.

These figures were confirmed recently on BBC1TV on the eightieth anniversary of Armistice Day, 1998, when one of those twelve ex-soldier survivors gave his traumatic reminiscences. He was over one hundred years old, had lost the sight of one eye and was being pushed around in an invalid chair. On the screen we saw him take the presenter to the actual field. No one would have thought that such a tragedy had happened. Fresh green grass covered rising ground with a wooden fence on the far side behind which was a forest. With a sweep of the hand the survivor indicated where the 500 had perished, and the lower corner where the rain of exploding shells had missed him.

All the time a dogged rearguard action was fought by the British trying to hold back a mass of grey-coated 'Huns' advancing shoulder to shoulder. Without the angelic intervention the thinly-spread British would have been overwhelmed.

Another church where the subject was aired was St Mary-at-Hill, in the City of London. Dr Richardson, who I knew much later when I attended the church as a young man, advertised that he was going to speak on the 'Angels of Mons'. This beautiful Christopher Wren church was crowded and the result was reported in the well-known London Evening News.

'I would like to ask,' said Dr Richardson, 'whether there is anyone in the congregation who has letters in his possession or has seen such letters from soldiers who can tell of seeing angels on the battlefield.'

A lady at the back of the church stood up. 'I have seen letters from three different soldiers. In each one there is a clear and convincing testimony that the soldiers had themselves seen the angels. All the letters were written in convincing matter-of-fact statements. The soldiers declared that the invaders had been kept back by troops of angels. They also averred that the French soldiers affirmed that they had also seen the angelic forces.' Many others in the congregation added similar evidence.

Mrs Quest of St Leonards-on-Sea told how a nurse just back from France spoke to her on the train because she was wearing her son's regimental badge. The nurse was bringing with her three letters from different soldiers, each one firmly declaring that they had personally seen the angels, and that the French soldiers had seen them also. They described a powerful figure on a horse. He had golden hair and his face shone, as did his white garments, and he had a great troop of horsemen in white.

Many in church must have thought of Revelation chapter nineteen:

I saw heaven opened and behold a white horse, and him who sat upon it was named Faithful and True, and in righteousness he judges and makes war. His eyes were a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns. His name is called The Word of God, and his armies followed him on white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean. And out of his mouth goes a sharp sword and with it he will smite the nations.

The Stampede

The soldiers' letters agreed that the intervention came at the height of crisis. It made the German horses stampede. German prisoners who were taken tried to account for it. Some said that the English must have had spies who tampered with their horses. Others said they just had to flee because large reinforcements for the English suddenly came up. But the English soldiers described it as a phantom army which appeared as they had no reinforcements; in fact they were so thin on the ground that they could only space one British Tommy for every fifteen yards to make a firing line.

Newspapers Continue the Debate

More newspapers came in on the debate. They were the Manchester Guardian, the Daily Mail, the Observer and many others.

Some reported that a dying soldier had said to a nurse, 'It's a funny thing, sister, isn't it, how the Germans say we had a lot of troops behind us.'

'Do they?' she said.

'Yes, the German prisoners ask "How could we break through your lines when you had thousands of troops behind you?"'

'Sister, I told them, "You must be joking! Thousands of troops! We were just a thin line of only two regiments, and nothing behind us."'

A sergeant major responded to this nurse saying that he'd heard an officer talking to a German prisoner who also spoke of the crowd of troops behind the British line. He said all the Germans had seen them.

The Church Times also published letters on this subject. One was from a Miss Campbell attending the wounded. She was bandaging up the head of a Lancaster Fusilier who was a Methodist when he told her, 'The phantom army was led on by a tall man with yellow hair. He was in golden armour and mounted on a white horse, and holding high his sword.'

A man sitting on the floor beside him butted in. 'It's true, Sister! We all saw it! It was just as the Germans were coming up over the hill like a solid wall in their thousands - then they all turned and fled, and although we were so few we rushed after them.'

Miss Campbell said that she also heard similar stories from Russian troops, two British officers, and three men of the Irish Guards.

The Church Times then published a letter by an objector named Mr Machin. In reply, a lieutenant colonel wrote: 'The British army was saved in a manner which puzzles the intellects of all soldiers.'

Part 3

The Reason for Supernatural Intervention

Can we find a reason why God should have intervened in the First World War? There are a number of reasons, but the one I have already mentioned is that victory for the Allies made it possible for the British Government to promise a home to be established in Palestine for the Jews. We will look at the following questions:

1. What made the British government make this promise?
2. Had God said anywhere that he was going to bring Israel back to the 'Promised Land' after so long away?

Charter For A Jewish Commonwealth

Newspaper reports answer the first question. The Kemsley National Newspaper revealed years afterwards the following:

Israel elects Weizmann. Dr Chaim Weizmann, the greatest figure in world Zionism, was elected President of the Provisional Council of the State of Israel in Tel Aviv last night. Dr Weizmann is 73. He helped to secure the Balfour Declaration of 1917 promising support for creating in Palestine a national home for the Jews. Dr Weizmann was once offered a seat in the House of Lords in recognition of his service as a chemist to Britain in World War I.

So what was that service? He invented TNT, the high explosive which made the British weapons more powerful and hastened victory. Here is another news clip from the time of the Second World War:

It is well known that Dr Weizmann, the Zionist head, saved the situation for the Allies in the last [First] World War by inventing the cheap process of manufacturing acetone for TNT explosive. For this service to the Allied cause the Balfour Declaration promising the setting up in Palestine of a National Home for the Jews was made. Will he do it again? An Australian paper gives the news that Dr Weizmann has prepared a formula for a new super-bomb said to surpass anything yet invented, and to have created a sensation among military experts. Later news is that the Doctor has offered the United States Government a new method of producing synthetic

rubber. Dr Stephen Wise says he would not be surprised if this new invention wins for the Zionists a Charter for a Jewish Commonwealth in Palestine. (Source: The Christian Herald.)

Soon after that promise of a home for Jews, victory was given to General Allenby over Turkey who governed Palestine. British forces then marched into Jerusalem without a shot being fired simply because the Air Force flew over Jerusalem. This made the Turks panic and flee out while there was time. The Turkish newspapers had the date at the heading: on one side it was 1335 in the Moslem date system. That was the figure given to Daniel in chapter 12 verse 12. On the other side of the heading the Western date was given. It was 1917. (See my book Evidence for Truth, Volume 3: Prophecy.) It is stated in Daniel 12:12 that the Israeli who reaches the year 1335 will be blessed. Dr Richardson commented:

Our year 1917 is the year 1335 in the Moslem calendar when the Balfour Declaration established a home in Palestine. In 1886 Dr Gratton Guinness correctly interpreted these prophecies thirty-one years before fulfilment and wrote them in his book Light for the Last Days, Marshall Ltd. 'There can be no question that those who live to see the year 1917 will have reached one of the most important of these terminal years.'

You might wonder why God wanted to bring back Israel to Palestine after such a long time. Briefly the answer is, because he promised Abraham and Moses that he would do this. He also told many of the prophets that he would. In my book on prophecy I review all that God told the many prophets, so I won't enlarge upon it here except to give you an example from that well-known passage in Ezekiel chapter 37.

It starts with the dramatic vision of the valley full of dry bones. You may remember that Negro-spiritual song about the bones all-clicking together again after lying so long in that old battlefield. Ezekiel asks God, 'What do you mean by this?'

The Lord replies, 'Behold, I will take the descendants of Israel from among the nations where they've gone, and will gather them from all sides, and bring them back to their own land.'

Then he explains that they will return as the united twelve tribes. They would not be divided into the ten northern and two southern tribes. Then he says, 'Take a stick and write on it "Judah". Now take a longer stick and write on it "Ephraim" meaning the ten northern tribes. Next, join them together with a quick hand movement so that they become one stick. This illustrates that when I bring them back to their own land they will return as one nation in Palestine. The united twelve tribes of Israel.'

That is why today it is ISRAEL which is on the map not Judah, the two tribes. Judah returned after only seventy years of exile as God told Jeremiah they would but were scattered again to join the rest of Israel after they rejected Christ. The longer time when all the tribes would be scattered among the nations of the world is called by the Rabbis 'The Diaspora' meaning the dispersion which Ezekiel 38:8 says will last a very long time until the end of the age.

How the Churches Got Excited In 1917

When the news came through about the Balfour Declaration all the churches were thrilled and said, 'This means the end of the age is near!'

Huge meetings were started teaching about the second coming of Christ. But God's timing is not man's. This was only the 'eleventh hour'. It was not the 'twelfth hour' when 'Behold the bridegroom [Christ] comes' (Matthew 25:6).

To mark the eleventh hour the Armistice was signed on the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month, and each year since the Remembrance trumpets have sounded reveille - wake up! - before the last trumpet sounds the 12th hour.

Although this enthusiasm lasted a long time it gradually faded in the following decades just as that verse says it would, so Christ's return will take many by surprise.

The Second Angelic Intervention

Four weary years of war had dragged on. Millions of young soldiers had lost their lives leaving young widows to grow old and die (although some are still with us and have led happy lives of service).

In the spring of 1918 the Germans were determined to end the war by a massive assault. They broke through the Allied line. Heavy casualties were sustained. Reserves were practically exhausted. Mr W.B. Grant supplied the following report to me.

The White Cavalry Of Bethune

Describing how the German advance was checked, an article in the journal of the Brigade of Guards (Households Brigade Magazine) states:

At the focal point of the enemy's advance, at Bethune, the Germans concentrated on a slight rise beyond the town, yet the ground there was absolutely bare and none of our men were there; nevertheless, enemy machine guns and shells raked it from end to end with lead. As suddenly as it had started the enemy's fire ceased, and in the complete silence there rose a lark's thrilling song of thankfulness. The dense line of German troops which had started to move forward to their victory in mass formation, halted dead. As the British watched they saw it break! The Germans threw down everything they had and fled in frantic panic!

What Caused Such An Amazing Turn Of Events?

A senior German officer who was taken prisoner immediately afterwards gives this extraordinary explanation (taken from the account of the Staff Captain, 1st Corps Intelligence, 1st British Army Headquarters, 1916-18, who was present and himself took the statement):

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 Englishmen, to advance against such a force as ours in the open! I suppose they must be cavalry of one of their Colonial Forces, for look! They're all in white uniform and are mounted on white horses!'

'Strange,' I said. 'I've never heard of English having any white cavalry whether Colonial or not. Anyway, they've all been fighting on foot for several years past and in khaki, not white.'

'Well, they're plain enough,' he replied. 'But look! Our guns have got them in there range now; they'll be blown to pieces in no time.'

We actually saw the shells bursting among the horses and their riders which still 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 hail of lead; but on they still came 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 around his head. By his side was a great sword, but his hands lay quietly holding the reins, as his huge white charger bore him proudly forward.

In spite of heavy shelling and concentrated machine-gun fire the white cavalry advanced, remorselessly as fate, like the incoming tide on a sandy beach. Then a great fear fell over me. 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 weapons and accoutrements in order not to have their movements impeded ... all running. Their one desire was to get away from that advancing white cavalry; but above all from their awe-inspiring leader whose hair shone like a golden aureole.

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 days that followed, many German prisoners were examined and their accounts tallied in substance with the one given here.

Letter from Mrs Peggy Main of Ascot, Berkshire

The 'White Cavalry of Bethune' was recounted by Captain Hayward. He was Intelligence Officer to Staff Headquarters on the Western Front. He was the officer who interviewed the German soldiers who were retreating for fear of what they had seen - white cavalry with a leader who had a halo round his head and was mounted upon a huge white charger. Captain Hayward later examined a number of German prisoners, all who had a strained look on their faces, and all told basically the same story. Strangely, Captain Hayward himself had seen nothing on that empty open ground!

This story was confirmed when my husband and I were attending a fellowship conference. An elderly lady there said her brother had been present when the Germans in question had been brought in. They were absolutely terrified by what they had seen.

Mrs Peggy Main added, 'I have heard that this vision followed a national day of prayer in Britain.' It was the only one that Britain had in the First World War. The churches were holding prayer meetings throughout the war, but it was only when they urged the government to have a National Day of Prayer that defeat was turned into victory. Germany had no national days of prayer in either war. A further report tells me that the USA also joined in that national day of prayer, and that it had been called jointly by Parliament and US Congress.

The Vision As Seen From The British Area

Captain Cecil W. Hayward tells us how the Bethune angelic intervention appeared to the British ranks. He says that Germany's furious attack was intended to win victory before the American forces arrived later in July, 1918. The noise of the gun barrage was so terrific that even three miles away Captain Hayward felt the ground heave under his feet.

A section of the trenches had been taken over by the Portuguese because there were very few relief troops available. The British had been holding the line for the Portuguese. It was their first taste of battle. The intense rain of shrapnel raining down upon them blotted them out completely. This made a gap in the front line through which the Germans came pouring. The few Portuguese still alive threw down their weapons and came staggering through to the British who were retiring in good order, keeping up a stiff rearguard action as they went.

It was then that a report reached Captain Hayward: 'Fritz seems to have gone barmy, Sir!' The enemy had suddenly stopped firing at the British and were raining down their fire on 'empty naked open ground rising just outside Bethune'.

Captain Hayward was puzzled and anxious to see what was happening, so he reached a lookout point and saw that the enemy was raking that empty area backwards and forwards with heavy bursts of massed machine-guns.

Hayward was astonished and moved to see better. There were no troops within sight against whom they could be firing with increasing fury. Then the shattering noise of bombardment suddenly ceased. There was a pause. Then to the amazement of all, the Germans threw down their arms, haversacks, rifles, coats and anything which would hinder their flight and ran back in panic.

A deathly silence settled upon the Bethune mound, and then it was that the lark arose. It soared up and up singing its thrilling message of triumph.

It was unbelievable that those well-drilled, disciplined Germans who were advancing in mass formation as a victorious army, suddenly broke up into groups of frightened men on the run. A sergeant brought in German officers as prisoners two at a time. They spluttered out stories of white cavalry led by their awesome commander on a great white horse whose hair was like spun gold shining like a halo round his head. They described his great sword, and how the white cavalry advanced remorselessly on, untouched by the hail of missiles and bullets firing through them.

Yet Captain Hayward said: 'We could swear that we saw no cavalry in action, neither did any of us see so much as a single white horse, either with or without a rider!' So what did the Germans see? A vision?

Shortly after this the American forces came into action, and from July 11th, the Allies advanced, and by November 11th the war had ended at the 11th hour, on the 11th month - 11 months after Israel had been promised a homeland in Palestine.

I saw heaven opened, and behold there was a white horse! He who sat upon it is named faithful and true, the Word of God. He judges justly and makes war. Heavenly armies in fine white clean linen, follow him on white horses. (Revelation, concerning the end times, chapter 19)

Only the first stage, making a second war necessary

But that home in Palestine was only the first stage. God told Jeremiah that he would bring back Israel in two stages. First, it would be a pleasant prospect attracting many Jewish pioneers who would change a desert land into prosperous fertility as foretold by many scriptures. Then the second stage would be a desperate one. The Jews would be hounded back. That stage started with the Hitler gas chambers in which six million Jews perished, causing a mass exodus to Palestine and the creation of the State of Israel. Here is what God said about this in Jeremiah 16:14-16:

'Look! The days are coming,' says the Lord, 'when the main saying will no longer be, "The Lord lives who brought up the people from the land of Egypt." It will change to, "The Lord lives who brought up the people of Israel out of the North country, and out of all the other countries where he had driven them." For I will bring them back to their own land which I gave to their fathers.'

Then the two stages are described:

'Look! I will send for many fishers and they will entice them back with bait, and afterwards I will send for many hunters and they will hound them back from every mountain and every hill, and out of the clefts of the rocks.' Here is something for you to think about: If Hitler had won his war he would have continued into Palestine to wipe out the Jews! There would have been no Israel! That's why there had to be supernatural intervention in the Second World War, and the Jewish gas chamber holocaust motivated the United Nations Organisation to create the State of Israel after the Second World War.

It is my view that if governments had read the prophecies, believed God's declared purpose, and acted on it, there would have been no horrific World Wars.