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The Articles



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March 4, 1915 (p20)

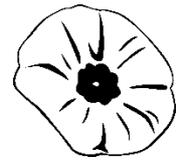
The Prayer of the Lonely Woman in the City



All day I have looked at the multitude,
and no eye met mine in understanding,
no life touched mine in help, no hand
clasped mine in fellowship. A myriad of
hearts go by, but none stop to beat in
time with my heart. I am hungry for
friendship, starved for human cheer. I
come to Thee, here solitary in my little
room in its pitiful stillness and I come
not with vain request for things; I do not
ask Thee for spiritual ecstasies; I come
for comradeship, to feel that some One is
living on with me, though in silence.
Some people are so rich in fellowship,
their days are feasts of friends. O God, I
ask but the crumbs of human feeling
that fall from their table. Thou Who
guideth souls through the chartless seas
of life, steer some woman's soul my way,
bring me the cheering convoy of honest
men, and let little children find me. Keep
me warm and human that they may
know me when they find me. Keep me
wise and prudent, that no pirate in the
seas of love may deceive me. Infinite
great Spirit, reveal Thyself to me as a
friend and the Maker of friends.

May 27, 1915 (p8)

Extracts taken from an
article entitled,
'Perfect Hatred'



Hatred is a passion which man finds natural and instinctive.To hate is right or wrong, a vice or virtue, according to circumstances. ...” Do not I hate them, O Lord, that hate Thee” (Psalm). ... To hate them that hate God is good and just. ... the passion, or rather the principle, of pure hatred is the Creator’s gift to man for the preservation of his character and honour.

To be perfect, hatred must be pure from the passion of selfishness. ... To be pure, hatred should burn .. not for the desire for retaliation, but clarified and brightened by the love of right and truth.

Pure hatred of evil springs from true devotion to God. Divine hatred in God and in the godly, is no capricious passion, but a settled principle of untiring opposition to evil doers and their devices. ... The sentiment of pure hatred is like the function of the stomach which stirs it up to vomit. “Because thou art lukewarm, and neither hot nor cold, I will spew thee out of my mouth.”

At the present crisis in the nation’s fortunes the need for the exercise of perfect hatred is urgent and acute. Unwilling as Englishmen may be to admit it, events are showing that we are face to face with a malignant, relentless and unscrupulous foe. The Prussian in waging war not only violates the inborn

laws and highest instincts of the human heart, but does so with ruthless temerity.

....His soldiers outrage the maidens of their enemies, until in utter weakness they are delivered from shame by death.

They practice cruelties up on innocent children, and crowd unarmed men and women into stables unfit for swine, and there the mothers bring forth their children. ... Such warfare is barbarous. And barbarity, and especially the barbarity practiced by a modern and civilised nation, can only be met by right-thinking men, with pure and passionate hatred.

June 17, 1915 (p8)

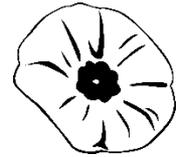
Extract from 'Christianity and Atrocities'



Men's thoughts today turn to the Book of Revelation, and every newspaper writes of "Armageddon". Nor is the instinct wrong, for the strife of the infant church, and the hoary empire out of which the Apocalypse sprang was an earlier episode of the conflict that rages today – the conflict between spirit and force. As one thinks of the threefold atrocities of Germany – typified by the outrage of Belgian women, the sinking of the 'Lusitania' and the devilry of the poisoned gas – a text from this book comes to mind: "I saw coming out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast and out of the mouth of the false prophet, three unclean spirits, as it were frogs."

July 1, 1915 (p4)

Memorial Service for Wesleyan Gallant Dead



These in white robes

War's tragedy found recognition, and Christian heroism its apotheosis, at the Central hall, Westminster, on Sunday night when was held the second service in memory of Methodist sailors and soldiers killed in action or died of wounds during the war.

There was a large and reverential audience, in which all classes of the community, and even countries overseas, were represented. Boys in khaki were numerous, both in the seats reserved for friends of the departed, and in other parts of the auditorium; so were men of the Royal Navy.

...

At a suitable opportunity the Rev Joseph H Bateson, Secretary of the Army and Navy Board, made allusion to the gallant dead. The list of names was too long to read, but was printed in the Order of Service.

Mr Bateson recalled that at the service on December 6 there were 102 names ... the present list numbered 502.

August 12, 1915 (p5)

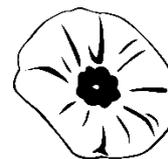


A Chaplain in the Trenches

The Rev F W Welbon ... is living with the soldiers in the trenches in the Gallipoli peninsula, during duty there. "For over six weeks now I have been living up here in the gully into which, at either side, our trenches run ... I spend my days among the men in the trenches, but especially in the fire trenches, where the lads need and appreciate all the ministrations a chaplain can give them. I also get a chance of a chat and prayer with the wounded who are lying waiting for the stretcher bearers to take them from the trench to the rear. It is very exacting work and at times it is hard to bear, but it is where it is needed and I feel I am in the right place. ... I have never been down from this place during the past six weeks. We have just come through a very trying time. We had a big battle which lasted nearly three days. Of late I have been frequently asked for Testaments. Two days ago I had a typical case of trench usefulness. A poor fellow had been mortally wounded and wanted the Chaplain. I went to him and was able to give him religious consolation before he died. Trench wounds are such here that the greater part of the wounded expire before reaching the base, and the only chance of doing anything is by being on the spot.

November 25, 1915 (p5)

The Rev H B Cowl Saved from the Hospital Ship 'Anglia'



The Rev H B Cowl, who was severely wounded at the front a few days ago, was on the Hospital Ship "Anglia" en route for home, when it was sunk by an enemy mine about three miles out of Dover. Mr Cowl had a thrilling experience, but happily escaped with his life. Immediately the "Anglia" struck the mine which sent her to her doom, the water rushed into the saloon, where a number of wounded soldiers lay, through the hole which the explosion made in the ship's side. Mr Cowl was carried off his bed by the inrushing water, and patients, beds and furniture were swept along the saloon. Mr Cowl managed to find a footing, and despite his weak condition, was able to make his way by a companion to the deck. Already wounded men were struggling for life in the water, and Mr Cowl succeeded in throwing overboard some rafts for their help. In a very short time the ship took her final plunge, carrying with it the Chaplain and many officers and men who remained on the deck. Fortunately Mr Cowl had been able to put on a lifebelt and, though drawn far down by the sinking ship, quickly rose to the surface of the sea. After swimming for some time he found a raft to which he clung until a naval vessel came to his assistance and kind hands took him on board. Despite his severe wounds, received behind the trenches, further wounds received on the ship and in the sea in his struggle for life, shock and

exhaustion, Mr Cowl is doing well. He is at present lying in a London hospital, receiving every possible attention, thankful that his life has been spared for further service and buoyed up with hope of a speedy and complete recovery. Many tributes to the work and influence of Mr Cowl have been received. A medical officer of his ambulance says: "He will be badly missed by his men who seemed to adore him, as he was not only their Chaplain but also their friend and spent hours with them in the trenches, instead of being in safety and comfort further back."