

Extracts

from . . .

**THE QUEST of the
WHITE KNIGHTS**

By . . .

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THE WHITE CAVALRY OF HEAVEN

Without the shadow of a peradventure, there exists in the Spirit World a Great White Lodge. The Master of this Lodge is the Divine Man of Nazareth. This Lodge concerns itself with this planet which men call Earth.

In view of the needs of our Empire and the delay in getting copies from England, these extracts have been printed here and will be given free of charge to anyone who wishes to use them.

There is no desire to proselytise. Each one is urged to be faithful to his or her own Creed. Money to defray the cost of printing will be gratefully accepted and any surplus will be sent to Headquarters in England.

In 1918 the Germans broke through the Allied line.

Between March and June of that year our troops had been greatly reduced in numbers by heavy casualties: and our reserves were practically exhausted. The American Army had not fully arrived. And then the German Army made an utterly terrific attack on our line at La Bassee. So tremendous was their concentrated shell-fire that it shook the ground and dazed men three miles behind the front line. The Portuguese, who were holding this line, were blotted out. The town of Bethune was crashing to ruins. The enemy's advance was checked for a moment by small groups of British Tommies who had dug into shell holes just by La Bassee Canal. But the Germans had at last broken through, and everyone was asking: "Will the English ports be shelled by German big guns from the coast of France?"

The focal point of the German advance was at the shattered town of Bethune. They had concentrated high explosive and machine-gun fire, pre-

paratory to bayonet attack in mass formation. *And suddenly the enemy shell-fire lifted and concentrated on a slight rise beyond the town!* This ground was absolutely bare—yet enemy shells and machine-guns raked it from end to end with hail of lead.

As suddenly as it had started, the enemy's fire ceased: and in the complete silence there arose a lark's thrilling song of thankfulness. The dense line of German troops, who had started to move forward to victory in mass formation, halted dead. And as the British watched they saw it **BREAK!!** The Germans threw down everything they had—and fled in frantic panic.

And here is the statement of a senior German officer, who was taken prisoner immediately afterwards.

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 are in 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 days that followed many German prisoners were examined, and their accounts tallied in substance with the one given here. It was not necessary that the British should see *The White Cavalry*—the evidence of their presence had to come from the enemy.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE HAD BEEN SAVED BY THE WHITE CAVALRY OF HEAVEN!

[The above is taken, almost verbatim, by his most generous permission, from a booklet, "How God won the War," by Captain Cecil Wightwick Haywood, who was himself an eye-witness of the above extraordinary incident, and who himself took the above statement from the German officer. Captain Haywood was Staff Captain 1st Corps Intelligence, 1st British Army H.Q., 1916-1918. His booklet, which sets out this amazing story in full, can be had from him for 6d. His address: White Knights, Lower Bourne, Farnham, Surrey.]

THE WHITE WAY TO SAFEGUARD ENGLAND FROM WAR

There is a Great White Way to abolish war. This is now being revealed to mankind. It is according to cosmic law. It is for every man to use on behalf of his own nation; and, if it were in universal use, all the nations would be so ringed round it with a belt of divine Security and Love that all the shafts of hate and error would be shattered and war would cease from the earth.

For us, our England. As a Britisher, I can use this way to safeguard with honour England from war—and in the name of England I include our British Empire. Here is the Great White Way.

1. Relaxing yourself in quietness and silence, think for a moment of England. . . .
2. Then think of God (*doing this links up England with God*).
3. Then think of God's perfect Security. (*By thinking I mean realising. Such thinking is not a creative effort of the imagination. You don't have to create this Security. It has existed for all eternity. God must have perfect Security—for He is ALL there is.*)
4. Then think of this divine Security surrounding England like a spirit cloud. Realise this. Vision this.

5. Then crystalise this by affirming "by the power of the Christ of God within me, whom I serve with all my heart and all my soul and all my strength, I surround England with the divine circle of His security and protection, across which no mortal error dare set its foot."

Thus you will be materialising from the divine planes an actual spirit rampart round England across which no mortal error dare set its foot.

This is true prayer. Prayer is the grateful acceptance of the good which eternally belongs to us.

What I have told you is hard and scientific fact. I could give you a rationale of this—but I don't know how far you are on. Anyhow, part of the explanation is:

1. Such thought actually penetrates to the Innermost Plane of the Divine, and unleashes the Security of God to flood around.

2. To manifest itself on the earth plane, this essential Security clothes itself with an aura. This aura is dynamic. It is as real as anything that exists. It guards England.

3. Such thought produces an action in the surrounding ether which makes it possible for the higher angels to come in close contact with England. Millions of angels are waiting to give service and protection, if we will only raise our thoughts to God. Angels can only work along the lines of force which are given out by the personality of God; and to get that force in action there must be right thought and prayer.

As a matter of fact, whenever you get answers to prayer you are unconsciously conforming to this Great White Way of cosmic law. I could give many examples from my own experience of such answers to prayer. Here, however, is one given by a man who was very well known. A lady on his staff foresaw in a sudden vision an aeroplane on fire which crashed to the ground; two men in it being burned beyond recognition. As the vision was seen a voice seemed to say, "3.30." This lady and a friend went apart, and then deliberately thought of and realised the perfect Security of God on behalf of the threatened plane. Shortly before 3.30 they went to the window; and exactly at 3.30 saw an aeroplane on fire emerge from a cloud; and ultimately it crashed by the house. The clothes of the two men in it were even unsinged; and several standing by said it was the most marvellous thing they had ever witnessed. The pilot, who turned out to be the son of the lady of the house, said that at one time he thought he would have to throw himself over because he "could see there was no escape from what appeared a hasty end"; but he "suddenly became conscious of a wonderful feeling of peace and security," which, he said, was almost overwhelming.

L'ENVOI

From the minarets of eternity I call the muezzin. I call you to use this Great White Way to safeguard England. I call you to use it morning and night in your Silences. And I call you to join the

Circle that, on this earth and in the great Unseen, uses it every Sunday night at 10 p.m. Man or woman, I call you.

I love England. I love her with the most consuming and eternal love. I believe her destiny is to be God's peculiar channel of blessing to the world. God has no favourite nations: but He has destined some for a special purpose. And it is my innermost conviction that He has designed England and the British Empire to be the channel whereby the Kingdom of the Man of Nazareth shall come into the world. And you will find that as you give yourself to prayer for England, Light will come to you for your own eternal Self.

Are you willing to penetrate to the inner planes of Being? Then take the Great White Way! You will get no credit. You will get no kudos. At least, not with men. You will only get credit with your Father. I vision a white swathe of immortal light streaming down from the deathless heights. At the far end is standing, clad in silver armour, with His hand beckoning, that ineffable Figure, the Divine Man of Nazareth. He is calling you and me to take

THE GREAT WHITE WAY