

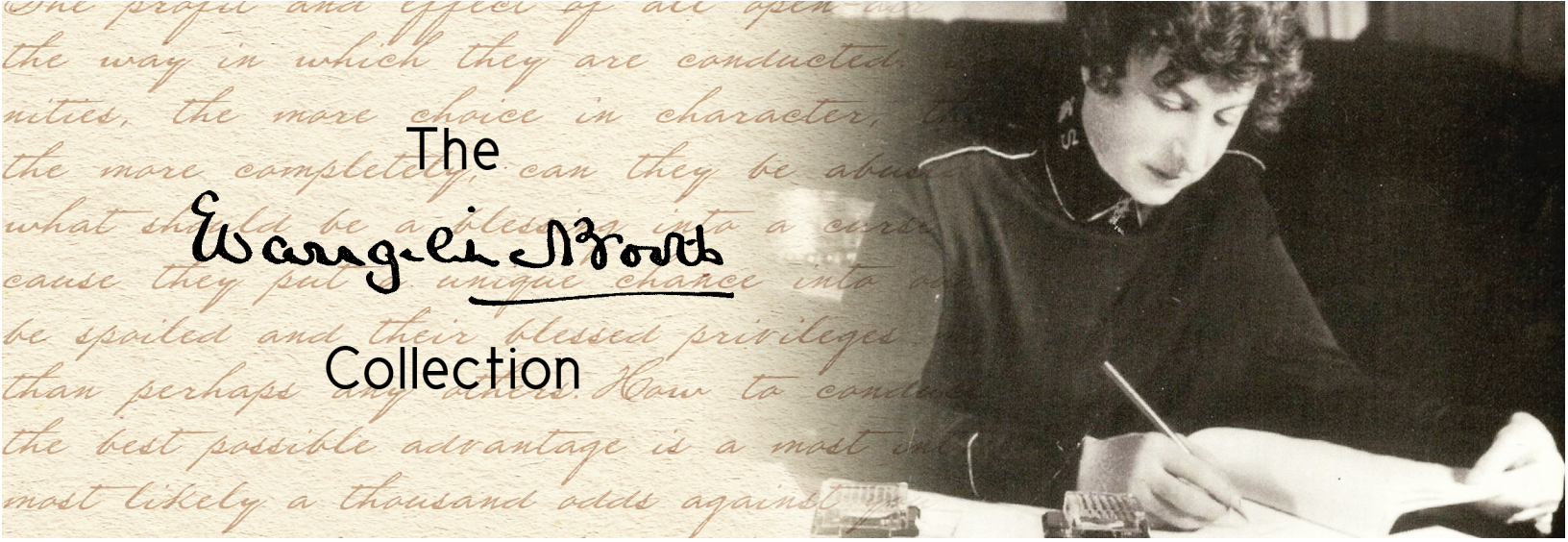
## WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP?

God Above, and Dying Men, Weeping Widows and Orphaned Children Below, Await Your Reply

Alas that the pall which shrouded the end of the old year should shadow the opening of the new! The war, in all its tragedy, pathos and horror, still ravages Europe and casts its sinister reflection over the whole world. Deeper and wider cuts the swatch left by the cruel scythe in the life of the nations. Historians tell us that five months is but a fraction of such conflicts' duration, yet already the destruction of life, damage of property and disruption of cosmic relations dwarfs all other sanguinary figures in the annals of history.

As we think of the thousands upon thousands who amid dense ruin and utter bereavement can only look forward to a darker morrow, our hearts drop tears of blood and our spirits bound with ambition and determination to lift some light in their midnight of agony.

There can be but one outlet to sympathy that is in such dead earnest, and that is action – quick action and keeping-on action – and so, with many other Christian and humanitarian agencies, The Salvation Army is readily pouring all it is and has into that way – the way of practical help. There are our people in the battle-scarred lands, keeping to their posts under shot and shell, proving to the half-frenzied survivors of sieged communities their right to the title of "Brothers born of adversity." There are our soldiers, who are also soldiers of their country, numbering 12,000 serving their native lands on the firing-line, preaching the love of God where blazes hottest the hate of man, and when their own life pays the forfeit, declaring with their last breath that even in the trenches with Christ death is gain. There are our ambulance wagons, recently sent out from the International Headquarters, each with specially selected, equipped workers ministering among the suffering and dying with compassion and skill. There are our Rescue and Social institutions at the base of both armies, crowded with refuges for the wounded, every door flung wide, every hand outstretched, every Calvary-touched spirit on the alert to meet the need of the moment, no matter what that need may be, and while ministering to physical wounds, holding up Christ, wounded for our transgressions, that we may have everlasting life.



When making a previous appeal to the American public, I reminded them that the demand upon such an International Organization, both for men and money, made by war, was appallingly severe, and I shall never forget the generous response which met my single statement of stern facts. Among the gifts which came in I could not but regard as especially precious those of my own dear officers and soldiers, any of them sent out of slenderest stipends at great personal sacrifice, involving privations of which their lips will never speak, but which the great heart of God records and remembers.

But, my dear comrades and friends, the situation is desperate, and we must do yet more. The enormity of the need is pressing and increasing. Our resources in the belligerent countries are taxed to the utmost, and I feel we must send them additional help, and send it at once. The relief and comfort of yesterday will not suffice for the agony and hunger of today. Every week adds its appalling increase of widows and orphans, of bereft and destitute age, of non-combatant victims whose wages have been docked or whose employment has been forfeited by war's paralyzing effects upon their trade. At such a time the call is as piteous for bread as for bandages.

O home-keeper, upon whose walls no ruthless despoiler has descended! O wives, from whom the support of the bread-winner has not been snatched! O parents, from whose family circle no call to arms has swept away your sons! O peaceful citizens, whose church-bells still ring, whose houses still stand, whose business still remains, whose interests are unscathed! O happy America, into whose air, filled with sunshine and stars, no blight of shrapnel rain is falling, what have you yet to give to mitigate the misery of those across the seas?

To my own people I must add another word of appeal. I want to ask that officer who has not yet sent any gift to add to those donated by his comrades to remember his fellow officers who, taking their lives in their hands, and spending and being spent for the souls and bodies of men. I want to ask that soldier who has shrunk from making the sacrifice it would mean to join in the offering of his fellows to remember those soldiers who are just now facing starvation and death. Send to me for them what you can, send all you can, and send it now! And remember you will have the blessing of God, the gratitude of your comrades across the sea, and the true appreciation of your General, and all three of your Commander,

EVANGELINE BOOTH. (February 13, 1915)