

**SOULS IN KHAKI, BEING A  
PERSONAL INVESTIGATION INTO  
SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES AND  
SOURCES OF HEROISM AMONG  
THE LADS IN THE FIRING LINE**

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Souls in khaki, being a personal investigation into spiritual experiences and sources of heroism among the lads in the firing line by Arthur E. Copping

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**ARTHUR E. COPPING**

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**SOULS IN KHAKE**

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**ARTHUR E. COPPING**

*Card -* *D. P. D.* *W. H.*  
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OF HEROISM AMONG THE LADS IN THE  
FIRING LINE**

**BY  
ARTHUR E. COPPING**

**WITH A FOREWORD BY  
GENERAL BRAMWELL BOOTH**



UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA

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## FOREWORD

BY GENERAL BOOTH

WAR is a confession of failure—a failure to live even on the level of an intelligent humanity. It is, in fact, a descent into the realm of nature “red in tooth and claw”—the realm, that is, of the fighting beast. And the fighting beast at a time when we can only see blood-shot eyes and blood-stained lips. But even so, it is not wholly bestial; sentiments of mutual respect for desperate foes, some regard for courage and endurance, some admiration for sacrifice, remain. Men do not finally lose control of themselves even in battle, nor do they depart wholly from submitting to the control of others.

The overwhelming sense of force and the appeal to force which takes possession of the mass in war and war time cannot destroy, may even encourage, the higher sense of the spiritual and the mystical. Men have said to me that in the very agony of conflict, and while the heavens were darkened with shot and shell and the earth itself shook under their feet, they have been more intimately conscious of the reality and presence of the Divine than in the quietude of normal life. I confidently anticipate that many men will return from their awful and cruel experiences of the war with a quickened sense



of the supernatural, and with a new power to "lay hold" of the eternal things.

And amid the abyssmal darkness in which the elemental forces rage and tear and slay, and while death—on a scale never before dreamed of—looks on, some other good things emerge and stand up and challenge. Love for country and human kind; love for home and wife and bairns—these are always to be found in every army, shining with a peculiar charm against the dark background of misery and hate. Love for God; love for goodness; devotion to comrades even unto death; surrender to a great cause; personal sacrifice for another's life;—these also are among the sweet and fragrant flowers that bloom even upon the stricken fields of war.

This little book, by a writer who describes what he himself has seen, and who has a gift both for the seeing and the describing, tells of some of those precious growths in the desert—few in number, no doubt, but so rich in their inherent force and beauty as to make the blood-stained wilderness blossom as the rose. For us of the Salvation Army the present fratricidal war is an inscrutable agony. Nevertheless it may be that, when much that now fills with horror a world of woe has passed away for ever, gracious deeds and experiences such as are referred to in the following pages may still remain a precious and enduring heritage to all who believe in the grace of God and in the power of Love.

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY,  
LONDON, E.C.

*February 1917.*

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