

harm, Bill." These men were characteristically humorous, but they were not attempting to be funny. There is much fortitude, some naïveté, and a good deal of irony in the humour of the British soldier. The irony finds expression in his endearing nicknames for "unhealthy" places, and there is a kind of fortitude in this irony as though in stigmatizing a danger you depreciated it. There was irony, too, in the way the soldiers no sooner learnt that the Germans called them "contemptible" than they accepted the adjective with delight. So, too, when they heard that they were "mercenaries"; as soon as they grasped the meaning of the term, the idea that they endured what they did, dazzled by the opulence of a shilling a day, struck them as a really priceless jest for which the Boche deserved every credit in anticipating them.

This same soldier—cheerful, humane, sardonic, engrossed in learning how to live the military life and to do his bit—has not troubled his head about how to die. That is, I suppose, why when it comes to the point he is so little exercised about it, not having sought to "save" his life, he is hardly conscious that he "loses" it.

He is as one

Who in the heat of conflict keeps his wits
In calmness made, and sees what he is doing

I remember reading some words of a fine soldier, Donald Hankey, in which he speaks with