

himself as the chosen instrument of God, he assumed he did but anticipate the Divine Judgment—and incidentally ensure his own salvation—by giving no quarter to the papist or the infidel.” The morning psalm ended in the evening massacre.

The English soldier is not cruel; though he can, and does, take a terrible revenge for treachery. He certainly despises Fritz but he rarely hates him. He believes in “getting his own back” but he does not give himself religious airs about it. His view of death may be light, but, at any rate, it is not morbid, neither is it egotistical. I am no theologian, but it has always seemed to me that the religion of the English Churches, with its profoundly Calvinistic colouring, has always been inclined to a certain egotism in its emphasis on personal salvation and its attainment exclusively by admission to the congregation of the elect, whether by baptism, confirmation, or profession. The literature of English religion, especially in the seventeenth century, is full of an extraordinary preoccupation, sometimes a morbid preoccupation, with the state of the individual soul and a frantic desire to escape a damnation which was regarded as the common lot of men. “Save yourself” was its burden, and the official professors of religion exhorted others to join them in a kind of spiritual *sauve qui peut*. “Save others” is the creed of the soldier: all his military education is directed toward making him forget himself. He has, indeed, no time to think of himself; all his time is given to thinking of others—to “doing his bit,” to holding a line of trench, keeping