

long night's duty before him in the fire trench, whilst I should shortly reach the comparative comfort of a company headquarters' dug-out.

No aristocrat playing host in his own home could possibly have been more charming than my corporal guide in his laughing belittlement of the sacrifice he had made. When, too late to prevent it, I realised what he had done, and tried to thank him, his touch in seeking to convince me that he was just as wet before, or would have become just as wet if I had not been there, was as delicate and light as the most polished master of the art of hospitality could have made it. It was not a question of a corporal's civility to an officer, either; but rather of a French soldier's hospitality to an English soldier in a French fighting line.

But one is oppressed by a sense of impotence in writing of this thing. The fault is no doubt the writer's if he can find no words in any sense adequate to convey the impression made upon him by this thoroughly characteristic little incident. Yet I am not sure if any writer could find words that would do it justice, since it concerns an essence, a spirit too fine to be imprisoned within the rigid confines of mere words. At least, it will be understood and appreciated by those who know of their own