

and that he was the most expert bayonet fighter in the world. He would click his heels together and pose in front of us and he could not understand why we refused to get enthusiastic over his example. Most of his scorn was directed at me as I was doubtless the least graceful of the bunch and certainly the least interested. On one occasion when I made a particularly feeble thrust at the imaginary German and returned to my place with the point of my bayonet trailing on the ground the good professor became very scornful. Man! Man! What are you doing? he groaned. I have not the least idea. I replied. No! No! I don't think you have, you'll be a soldier come twelve years, he answered. The unutterable scorn in his voice, the look of disgust and sneering expression of his face, got my goat, and I said. Yet wait, the truth, I said nothing aloud, I had been in the Guard Room before; but what I said under my breath would be enough to annihilate the Royal Guards, the Kings Awn and the poor professor combined. Man! Man! I echoed him while my heart cried out for permission to speak. Man! Man! poor foolish man of the clouded intelligence, do you think I want to be what you are, to be what you take pride in being? An expert stabber of human beings, a professional trained killer, the thought that I should ever become expert appalled me. Perhaps I was not in the habit of praying, at least not often enough, but I prayed then, prayed sincerely. Oh! Loving and Almighty God don't let me ever become what this man is trying to make of me, a trained killer a professional destroyer of human bodys. I feel that I have enough to answer for but if I cultivated this barbarous talent against the protests of my conscience, I might indeed despair of your mercy. Forgive this man God, he knows no better, and help me God, because I do know better and am here