

destroying a caste they were creating a brotherhood.

One chaplain I knew was, indeed, remarkably successful. But then he was far more convinced of the salvation of the men than he was of his own. I suppose he was very unorthodox; he was certainly dying to fight. Also he had no brotherly love for the Boche at all; he hated him. I forget his creed—if indeed I ever knew it, for he was the last man to obtrude it. He never tried to improve the occasion; if a dying soldier wanted religious consolation he gave it, if he did not want it he was content to sit and hold the dying man's hand—and it was no bad *viaticum*. The men respected him as a man and loved him as a brother. He was quite ready to take another chaplain's duty and, what was more remarkable, to let him take his, for he never seemed to be exercised as to whether the chaplains of other faiths than his own had "grace," and I don't suppose that he ever vexed himself about apostolic succession. Like the Galilean fishermen he was of lowly birth and he had the humility of Him who washed the disciples' feet. I knew just enough of his religious beliefs to know that they were the religion of the Sermon on the Mount. He got his way at last and went up with a draft to the front. I never saw him again, but I heard afterward that he was killed when dressing a wounded soldier under fire.

I often think that in his own way that chaplain was a born soldier. It was not so much that the men had his religion as that he had theirs. Theirs is a