

must have, of caring for his men, of jealousy for their comfort and well-being, without which he cannot be a real leader, comes not at once to the civilian with an outlook utterly individual. He does not think; he does not realise his responsibility; he does not instinctively grasp the fact like a second nature that it is his job. It only comes with time and trouble.

But who shall say that when it has come that man is not a better man, is not nearer the heart of what matters than he was before?

And one thing is certain. Unless the team are brought to their test full to the bursting point with that true co-operation which only thoughtful leadership can produce, that team will fail. Unless they have been cheered in their boredom, helped in their troubles, looked after during their periods of training, they will not—they cannot—face the big crucial realities and succeed. Death is a big reality; killing is a big reality, and the team must face both. Only the unselfish instinct to play the game for the side can pull it through; only ceaseless leadership in its true sense can inculcate that instinct. Wherein lies the glory and tragedy of war; all must learn the lesson, not all will remain to teach it. . . .

IV

In the year of grace 1916, in the month of July, Captain John Smith, still known to his intimates by the more homely title of Bunny, stood in a trench in front of his commanding officer. For three weeks the