

we make individuals, where the Germans make automatons. And our Empire knows and is content. . . .

But never let it be forgotten that, as in the regiment, the ideals are its traditions, its colours; so, in our Empire, the great central ideal is His Majesty the King and the sentiment attaching to his person. Should—which God forbid—anything happen to lower the prestige of that sentiment; should any utterly foolish and inconsequent persons succeed by word or deed in lowering the morale which the Empire possesses, and which is induced and kept inviolate by the leadership of the King, that *real* leadership, only in a far vaster sense, that is possessed by the good regimental officer, then there will be a danger, and a very real danger, of this great commonwealth of ours disrupting and throwing once again into the infinitely remote future the glorious dream of all mankind—the kingdom of all the nations in harmony.

And to come down from dreams to mundane details. There is no short cut to happiness, only by slow and painful steps shall we reach our goal. It is the men who have found their manhood in the game of life and death who must see that those steps do not falter and turn back; it is the men who have suffered and endured for freedom's sake who will have the right to see that their sacrifice is not in vain.

They know that unless everyone pulls together the side will suffer; they know that one clique or section cannot better itself *at the expense of another* without the welfare of the whole being retarded. Moreover—and this is perhaps the greatest step forward of all