

that I can show him where we want your men. Our fellows are rather shaken. I think it would be a good thing if they would close up behind. One never knows what might happen.

I could read the Adjutant's thoughts. He dreaded lest his men should break. He knew if they had to advance farther they would be shot down like rabbits. Poor man, he as Adjutant of the regiment was responsible for the men's lives and conduct. The regiment was in danger of being wiped out. No wonder his hand shook, and he breathed in great gasps. Never have I seen a man so cruelly strained. He grew calmer as he sat there, and presently Goyle sent me back with him.

The Adjutant of the Westshires was quite calm as we returned to the firing-line. We found the Colonel of the regiment sitting on the ground behind a wall. He held a message in his hands. "Look there!" He read out the message to the Adjutant.

"The —th Brigade will continue their attack on — at 11.30 A.M. The attack will be pressed home at all costs."

Both men looked at each other. They knew they had received the regiment's death warrant.