

But I knew there was a wound in his heart—a sore place. That hurt look in his clear blue eyes tore at my heart strings and I did not know what to do. When a boy who has never had a gun in his hands, never desired anything but the good of his fellow men, is sent out to kill other boys like himself, even at the call of his country, something snaps in him, something which may not mend.

A wound in a young heart is like a wound in a young tree. It does not grow out. It grows in.

The boys who came back from this war have a better chance. Wise men and women are giving deep thought to their problems, and in every way possible are showing the soldier's family how to cushion the shock of his return. I wish we had known more, but all I could see then was the miracle of Jack's safe return, and to us he was a glorified being, clothed in the shining raiment of one who has come back from the dead.

Soon after his return from Oxford he was appointed to the position of Prosecuting Attorney in the City Police Court, and his success there led to his appointment as one of the lawyers in the Attorney-General's office. No trouble was too great for him to take to ascertain all the truth in every case he handled, for there was always a fear in his heart that some innocent person might suffer if he were negligent. I remember once there was a case pending which had to do with the guardianship of a family whose parents had separated. The case looked favorable for the father, who told a plausible story in court, and had made a better impression than the mother. But Jack was not satisfied, and decided to go himself to see the children, who were on a farm in the Peace River country, left in the charge of the eldest boy, who was only fifteen years of age. It was winter weather, bitterly cold, a few days before Christmas. I remember