

the succouring of the helpless and suffering; and this reward was a tangible one—more tangible than all the material rewards the unthinking ones of this earth could shower upon us. For in Armageddon we achieved that which we sometimes do not achieve in a lifetime! We learned to know ourselves and read our souls—to believe in our fellow men—to know right from wrong—to have sympathy and tolerance for the world's weaknesses and failings—and finally, to rise above our environment and see good in all things, and thus, perhaps, supply the foundation of that future brotherhood of man which will make of this crippled old universe that fair, joyous habitation which all the world hungers for, and which if it be born, will deem even this cataclysm, a fair and just remuneration for such a priceless boon.

These, then, are the after-thoughts of one soldier-man who lived through the entire gamut of the emotions of which he has spoken, and which culminated on Christmas Eve in occupied Germany, as he sat in a billet at twilight, five Christmastides from his home in far-off