

many precious qualities of heart and mind. The war has aroused and given birth to a new and a better world. No man who has studied the manifestations of the awakened conscience of humanity can deny this fact. And the majority of the men and women of the world to-day are better men and women than they were four years ago. People sacrifice now, as a matter of habit, who never before had realized their duty as citizens to their fellowmen and to their country.

But there has been a cost. And that cost is not all one of blood and arms and legs. None the less, it has largely been paid by the soldiers, or yet will be. It is the cost of the wounding of the soul of the man. It is impossible for society to place in the hands of the soldier a rifle, bid him to break one commandment and then expect him to respect the others. The brutalizing experience he goes through in war gives him a certain disrespect for all laws.

This fact must be considered as a definite part of the returned soldier problem. Above all other things, they require sympathy and patience. But not all are worthy on the basis of individual character. The measure of their worth must be adjudged not upon what they are, but upon the nature of what has made them what they are. For some are and will be unworthy, some who were once men of good character, but who in war have been wounded in the soul. In other words, a man may turn out to be an ingrate and a thief, and still be entitled to sympathy and kindly attention because the demoralizing and brutalizing effect of war on him has operated to deaden his sense of moral values. This is his wound of the soul.

This incident occurred in Toronto a few weeks ago: There was the sharp "rat-a-tat-tat" of knuckles knocking at the door of a certain house. That had given way to the repetition of muffled blows as with a doubled fist, before the woman of the house, in a mild panic at her neglect, ran to the complaining door.

She opened it full in the face of a nervous-looking man of middle age who shot an angry glance at her from beneath drawn brows, and who then, without more ado, unceremoniously thrust into her unprepared hand a highly coloured lithograph calendar which depicted the glory scene of some soldier's last sacrifice in the mud of Flanders; accompanying the action with: "Buy one of