

thing to encourage others to go to the front than it is to go yourself. For, when you try to multiply your own arm a thousandfold, you challenge a day when sorely afflicted women and men, from whom the light has gone, may say to you: "If it had not been for you our boy would have been here, instead of in a nameless grave in some region that we shall never see."

A growing apathy? I had seen Dave look eagerly for the morning paper, to read the news from Europe. I had never before seen him take up the paper with such an air of participation in great events. It gave me a sense of not being in the Affair in which the national destiny of Canada is involved.

This fresh-faced boy, just turned twenty, who was born soon after his mother returned home from spending Christmas with me at the old folks'—and, sure as time flies, we never spent a Christmas since under the paternal roof, and can never spend another there, for there is paternal roof no more—I say this boy, who has always come to me for ideas about the destiny of the country for which he will fight a good fight, put me below his class when he picked up the paper to get his morning inspiration from the trenches, from the perilous deep, and from the battle-riven places where he wants to be.

What, then, is the measure of my load, heavily handicapped as I know myself to be by this unspeakable crisis, compared with the peril into which he, with open eyes, with clear and decided mind, with a courage which I know will never