

Canada—a little weary, a little wistful, wondering if the world would ever be grateful for the sacrifices of the million soldier-men such as he, and the super-sacrifice of those other millions of soldier-men who had passed beyond the wondering stage.

Then, softly, he heard, in a neighboring room, two tiny German babes, the coming generation, sweetly singing "O Heilige Nacht, Stille Nacht" (O Silent Night); and then his wonders ceased, and he knew that all was well; that, at last, the world was safe for all the babes of the world—the coming splendid world—which, thank God and the men of to-day, would never again undergo the agony, the pain and the heart torture of another such Armageddon; and in the days to come—the hate, the loathing, the unutterable contempt, even the after-pity for a diseased band of nations such as Germany and her Allies, would never repeat itself. For if, as this soldier-man is convinced, the fighting men of this war have thought and found themselves likewise, then, since they are to be the moulders of