

ing that I did not often fail—that this old world was not such a bad place, even if one's lights were put out. One case stands out with prominence, and when I look back at the results of my work after twelve months have passed, it is not without a measure of pride.

One Saturday afternoon, a young Canadian came to the Bungalow. He was talked to by both the Adjutant and the Matron, who did all in their power to "buck" him up. They failed hopelessly, as the "kid" felt too far gone; he just would not try to look at the bright side of life. Then some one suggested that he be brought over to "Rawly." When we met, I began our conversation with: "Well, kid, how are things?" He snapped back: "For God's sake, another preacher!" It was somewhat of a staggerer, but I had been through it all myself, and understood the boy's feelings perfectly. In the darkness that sealed his eyes he was forced to grope his way about stumblingly, usually with the help of a guide. He had not yet gained confidence in his own powers. I straightway determined to inspire him with that confidence.

In the first days of my sojourn at St.