

him. You could not fail to know him—a small dark man with shining eyes. I have written him a letter, but I do not know where to send it.”

“Massy?” I queried. “The name is familiar. Why, of course, he is in the very next ward. Bright-eyed and game as you say, but, poor chappy, he has lost his right arm and the greater part of his right foot. Give me your letter; I will be your post-man.”

Adjutant Massy was all his protestant friend claimed for him and more. Hardly had they cut off his arm than he asked for pencil and paper and began making marks with his left hand which gradually grew into a letter to his wife. His case was not quite a simple one, for the wound in his foot was infected. During three weeks of great suffering I only once saw him depressed and peevish, and that was one evening after they had, for a third time, taken a piece off his foot. I was in the operating room when he was brought in, and when they unbandaged the wound he