

"Come with me," I said; "I will be your pilot."

So away we toddled out of the Bungalow and down the rails which run round the Outer Circle, right through Clarence Gate, down Upper Baker Street, past the Tube, and across the road to Gentle's. Well, we had the tea; and companionship and the refreshments seemed to cheer up the lad. At any rate, he began to talk about things they told him he could learn at St. Dunstan's; and I seized the opportunity to say: "Well, things are not quite as bad as they seemed at first, eh? You see we got down here all right." This was in answer to his saying that one would always be compelled to depend on a guide in his ramblings.

"Yes," he replied, "we got here all right, but you can see some. It's easy for you guys to talk about getting around by yourselves when you can see, be it never so dimly; but remember that I have both my eyes out."

This was what I had been working for and waiting for all afternoon. I wanted him to think that I could see; my turn would come sooner or later, and my answer to him would make him buck up if anything could.