

I was "black" blind, but I would take him out with me and show him what the blind could do unaided if they would only bring into play their latent powers.

We chatted for a time about the war, and the prospect of his return to Canada and his friends. He gradually thawed out, and took me in a measure into his confidence. But he was still in the depths, and continually referred to his deplorable lot. There was, he said, nothing in this world for him now, and he added pathetically: "I'm only twenty years old; I have seen practically nothing, and as both my eyes are out, I never shall be able to enjoy life and nature. I wish I had got the full issue instead of half of it; I should have been a lot better off."

Now, there is an unfailing means to get on the good side of any one who has spent any time in "Blighty," and that is to suggest tea. So I asked him if he would not like a cup and some cake: I knew, I said, a nice tea-room where we could get a good cup.

"Yes," he replied, "I should enjoy something to drink; but who will take me to your tea-room?"