

machine before I became a student at St. Dunstan's.

As I said, I am back in Canada, and not getting my living through charity. What I am I owe to St. Dunstan's, and while labouring here my heart ever goes back to dear old England. I feel towards St. Dunstan's—and so do all the boys who have passed through her halls—as does the grown man for the place of his birth. She is home for me. I was born again and nurtured into a new manhood by her, led by her from stygian darkness to mental and spiritual light, and my heart turns with longing towards her. At times, separation from the genial atmosphere of this paradise of the sightless, from contact with the dominating, kindly presence of Sir Arthur Pearson and his noble assistants, weighs heavily upon my spirits. But there is work to be done here in Canada, and, in a humble way, I am able to continue the good work done at St. Dunstan's; if not in a militant way, at least by example, taking my place among the producers, toiling daily with hands and brain.