



It Might Easily Have Been You.

*Content I live—this is my stay ;
I seek no more than may suffice ;
I press to bear no haughty sway ;
Look ! what I lack my mind supplies ;
Lo ! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with what my mind doth bring.—DYER.*

THEY got it in France—out there—or on the eternal wave. Their “packet,” as you boys call it. They lost their sight, in the great cause. You who read—you can see these printed words. You still have your most prized possession—your sight. Remember these lads and what they must miss for the remainder of their lives.

But, bless you ! they are not blind. They cannot see—that is all. There is a difference. And it is all made possible by St. Dunstan's, where we take each man in hand and train him to pick himself up again—to earn his own living ; to read, write, to do Braille—Shorthand, typewriting, massage, to engage in poultry farming ; to make mats ; baskets, to cobble boots and shoes, or become an efficient carpenter ; to be really skilful and independent in one or two of a dozen different callings. In so many words, we teach them to be blind—and you would be amazed to see how cheerfully and heroically they live their lives. These boys, your brothers-in-arms.

When they leave St. Dunstan's they can earn really good money, and compete actually with their sighted brethren. Then we look after each man for life, in many ways. Look to his stock-in-trade ; re-order for him at cost price ; watch his markets—sell for him—and keep alive that miracle of cheerfulness, that he learned at St.

Dunstan's was as much his as his sighted brothers' if he would accept the wonder-working St. Dunstan's teachings.

Now this costs money—much, much money. For it is a charge of a lifetime, and not of a month or a year that we take on—for each man. And I want each of you boys to realise this, and to help in one of many ways which are to your hand. If you cannot spare any money out of your pocket, whip round among the lads and make a little collection. Get up a concert—a sort of “benefit”—and place the proceeds at the disposal of St. Dunstan's, to help the stricken brother—as a *prayer*, if you like it that way, that this thing happen not to you.—as a thanksgiving, say, that you have so far been spared this greatest of all life's handicaps.

Write to the influential ones at home—those you think can do this sort of thing—and do it well. I'm sure you boys, of all folk, who have looked at the Big Things of Life and Death out there, will understand so much better than those at home what I mean, and what is due to these lads of ours in the Lifelong Darkness.

Arthur Pearson

Please address the Treasurer—

Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Care Committee

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1916).

St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, London, W.1.

“ I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there is any good thing which I can do, or any kindness I can show my fellow-man, let me do it now. Let me not defer it, nor neglect it—for I shall not pass this way again ! ”