

Dunstan's, I, for a time, felt that never again should I be able to step out into the world except with halting step and a horror of what might happen. The management of the institution had constructed an elaborate system of gravel paths, along which were wooden palings which would prevent the students losing their way. A knob in these palings told of a turning; a plank served to warn that we were approaching steps or a steep incline. In the work-rooms and through out the entire buildings, strips of carpet served as a guide to the feet. But it took time to gain confidence even with these aids; and then they were confined to the buildings and grounds. Confidence would only come when one was able to navigate his way alone through busy thoroughfares. Shortly after entering St. Dunstan's I determined to venture out alone. A guide accompanied me on my outward journey, but I dismissed him and determined to find my way back without help. I cautiously kept to the outside of the walk, using my stick as a guide, but I had not calculated on obstructing posts; bump I went into one, but nothing daunted, I kept