

to tell is not to be vouched for in words. Let those in whose lives there is no shadow of mystery, no tragic remembrance, no skeleton hidden from the public gaze, point to me as a charlatan. For them I care not. Let those whose youth has been made desolate by the dissolution of their bright dreams and cherished hopes, but who have, nevertheless, taken courage and nerved themselves for stronger efforts in life's battle, listen to my tale. To them I shall appeal, not in vain, for credence.

It was twenty years ago, and in the little village of Suffolk, on the Quebec coast, that my story has its beginning. I have said that I am the hero of my own tale,—in one respect, I was far indeed from being a hero, for I was, throughout, in consequence of my own misdoings, in disgrace!

I was then a young man. I had been sent out along with several others to survey a tract of country through which the Government proposed building a railroad. I was young, inexperienced, and given to drinking; and, through an unpardonable act of carelessness, I had lost my position. It was the evening of the day on which I received notice of dismissal that my story begins.