

and a quarter. And on the breaking out of the war with Russia and Turkey, in the year 1855, my father left Woolwich, where my dear mother and family were left alone, and did not go with him. He went to Smyrna, in Turkey, in Asia, where he was appointed to be a Master-warden of the British Hospital, where the wounded and sick soldiers of the Crimean army were treated during the war. About seven months after his arrival, we received the sad and sorrowful news of his death by yellow fever, on the 16th of September, 1855. He left a widow and five sons to mourn his great loss; he was buried in the civil cemetery at the rear of the Hospital. He was a good man and a follower of Christ.

One fine summer's day, as I took a lonely walk for pleasure, and crossed the River Dee, over the Suspension Bridge, between a pretty grove of poplars, chesnuts and oaks, into the country, where I was met by an ass and a little young one, which went after me and stood still in my presence. After a few moments, I determined to follow their steps, which led to the stable where they used to live in; when I came into it, I found no hay at all. I tied them up to the manger, so I came out of it and ran with great alacrity to a field which was covered with rich green grass, I picked the grass with my hands, which I carried to the stable. I fed them enough without any person to see or tell me what to do. I loosened them off and thought to have some amusement, and accordingly I mounted on the little one's back, it walked side by side with its mother through the road between the green hedges. I loved them and did not like to hurt them. I did not allow them to run too fast, for fear of falling to the ground, because I was a little boy. After a happy satisfaction, when I became tired, I alighted, and though they followed me constantly, I made them leave me by a sign with my arm; they knew what I meant and departed from me and returned to me no more. I then went home and said nothing to my parents because I was ignorant.

I remember the ass is mentioned in the Bible, that "Jesus Christ rode upon an ass on his way to Jerusalem, and a very great multitude spread their garments in the