

that was planted on her grave has grown big beyond the railings, I hope she did not grieve; I have wondered many times—since! She was so gentle and—I *will* say it—pure, that it has seemed to me she must often have suffered while she smiled and kissed me. And she died, and was buried, and the child—the baby Lucy—was given to strangers to be nursed. How long ago it feels—in another life. But I wish that Lucy might have called me “Papa!” . . . Where are the lights; my cigar is out!

Rebecca: She was slimmer when her family made up the match between us. Yes, and good-looking; and my sorrow for Dora was faded—two or three years had past. I was already my own master, and trade was brisk. I was happy with Rebecca. I gave her many diamonds, and the other women envied her, and at home we got on very well. If we had had children of our own, I wonder——?

Lucy was four when Rebecca took her. She asked no questions; to this day she has never asked me anything. It shows a big heart! She is like a mother to Lucy. Shall I ever forget how grateful I was! The tears came to my eyes when she said “yes.” She should be worshipped for such a generosity—but *Lucy reminds me so of Dora.*