

my pen. He was pleased to say it was both a popular and a useful one, and that, as the greater part of my life had been spent in a colony, it could not be better employed than in recording "*Provincial Recollections, or Sketches of Colonial Life.*"

In his opinion, the harvest is most abundant, and needs only a reaper accustomed to the work, to garner up its riches. I think so, too, but am not so confident of my ability to execute the task as he is, and still less certain of having the health or the leisure requisite for it.

I indulge the hope, however, at some future day, of at least making the attempt, and if other avocations permit me to complete it, I shall then, gentle reader, have the pleasure of again inviting your attention to my native land, by presenting you with "*Sketches of Colonial Life.*"

THE END.