been totally destroyed. But still they are very fortunate in comparison with me, for with the total loss of the sight of one eye, and the almost total loss of my hearing since I was 12 or 13 years of age, I consider myself one of the most unfortunate individuals in existence.

It is a sense of my grievous misfortune and a feeling of a dreary isolation, that makes me all the more grateful to those who treat me not only with common Christian courtesy, but with kindness and consideration. It is those people with good kind hearts to whom, as a consequence, God graciously grants the largest measure of intelligence—of prosperity—of social and domestic happiness and comfort in this world, with the best chance of a happy life in the world to come—from whom I receive the most favour.

Please, kind reader, to look over my list of friends as I have published them, and if you find the names of any skinflints or scrub oaks among them, please send a post card with the important intelligence to the address "Pat Prodpen, Toronto, P.O."

But though my earthly existence has not been an enviable one, it does not follow from this that I am to be debarred from the hope of a better life beyond the confines of the tomb in a happier and a brighter world than this, where loss of sight and loss of hearing and the other sad and sorrowful calamities of earth are utterly unknown. thus, kind considerate reader, sufficiently explained, or rather too sufficiently explained, the reasons why I have not written this little book at a much earlier date, I will now proceed to explain with equal if not greater protracted prolixity of periods my reasons for writing it at all; and why I have to leave my distant home in a wild northern land for such a purpose, for home is to me one of the happiest places I have ever found, and the necessity for leaving it for lengthened periods of time is one of the greatest and most disquieting troubles I have to encounter in connection with the business in which I have been engaged during the winter