

ny valuable lessons. Whether in the wilds of Canada, the horrid jails of Quebec, or in our voyage to Europe, daily occurrences happened, to convince us, that the passions of men are as various as their complexions. And, although my sufferings were often increased by the selfishness of this world's spirit, yet the numerous testimonies of generosity I received, bids me suppress the charge of neglect, or want of benevolence. That, I have been an unfortunate woman, all will grant; yet, my misfortunes, while they enriched my experience, and taught me the value of patience, have increased my gratitude to the author of all blessings, whose goodness and mercy have preserved my life to the present time.

I am now in the winter of life, and feel sensibly the effects of old age, my vacant hours I often employ in reflecting on the various