

in Boston died and left me fifty thousand dollars. This money I put into the firm by whom I was employed, and I became a partner. I have prospered greatly, and am now one of the richest men in Montreal.

Colin has married. Fortunate in all other things, he has been especially blessed with one of the best and happiest wives that Providence has ever given to men. No man was ever worthier of a prosperous life and a happy home; no man has ever been more abundantly accorded his deserts. Colin's happiness is mine. His wife, his children, are, next to himself, the objects nearest my heart. In their happiness I rejoice; for their sorrow I mourn; in them alone I find perfect sympathy and true friendliness.

I am growing old. But little of life is left to me. Soon I shall pass away from this vain and unsatisfying world, and the secrets of the future will be revealed to me. To beguile the time of late I have written this tale, the story of my own life. I have written it carefully, and I think I have told it truly. Colin has given me the narrative written by him at Suffolk the evening before he started to find me after the capture of the criminals. I have inserted it in its proper