

approbation of him both as a Clockmaker and an Attaché, I am not without hopes, gentle reader, that this regret is mutual. He has often pressed upon me, and at parting renewed in a most urgent manner, his request that I would not yet lay aside 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.