

happiness in the married state until a few months before, when the cup had been dashed from my lips by the death of my amiable partner.

Whilst thus cancelling the great blessing of a happy union, Providence had still left me a source of solace in a daughter (now near eight years old), our only surviving child, who with the likeness promised also the virtues of her parent—thus lightening, while she recalled her loss.

Notwithstanding, however, this spring of comfort in the desert, I found the tedium of my position pall more and more upon me, and was meditating various schemes of recreation and relief, when a circumstance occurred which gave them at once a definite form and direction.

I had descended one fine May morning into the breakfast parlour, and, with my back to the fire, been watching my little Susan assisting the important process of growth by repeated appeals to the porridge bowl, ogling