

also with a richer inheritance than money can buy, a pure and honest heart.

I need not linger long over my career at sea; I was very successful and rose in due time to be mate and then master of a fine vessel. I saved money and bought a share in the vessel I sailed, and took such good care of my savings and profits that my money accumulated rapidly. I had, in fact, no temptation to be otherwise than temperate and saving; the Miramichi fire had burnt all the youth and hope out of me. Although I did my work as well as any man, I lived wholly in the past, and at night as I stood on my vessel's deck and peered into the darkness, or lay wakefully in my cabin, the sweet face of my lost Grace was always before me, and she ever wore the same kind smile with which she bade me farewell that last sad day when we parted forever.

Little Mary went to school, and the very first letter she ever wrote was sent to me. From the day she could use a pen no month passed that she did not write to me, and at the end of many a long journey I had enough of Mary's letters to make quite a little volume. How much they interested me! They were for many years almost the only solace I knew in my lonely life. I have them all now, the notes made up of printed letters when she was five or six years old, then the big, childish hand, and so through all gradations to the perfection which she at last attained. I was not so good a correspondent as Mary, yet I did not neglect her; I wrote from every port at which I touched, and took care to keep her well supplied with clothes and jewellery as well as money, which, dear soul, she never spent. But all this time I had never returned to Chatham; I had never seen Mary's face, and when I thought of her it was as a child.