

Dolly ! Bridget ! " For Mrs. Upcott's Christian name was Grace.

" I will not leave you comfortless : I will come to you. Yet a little while and the world seeth me no more ; but you see me. . . . If a man love me he will keep my words and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him. . . . Ye have heard how I said unto you I go away and come again unto you. . . . "

So she gained courage to live, the words falling gently on her soul, a spiritual febrifuge ; and one requisite ; for her soul was often fevered by self-criticism.

She had other ghostly consolations : thoughts of loved ones of her people—her maiden surname was Smith, her father being the noted Thomas Smith, silk-weaver, of Bideford, an honoured name in North Devon. Her mother had been a holy woman, lived honourably and gone hence calmly.

Mrs. Upcott was possessor of " the lively hope ; " but life is long, and to aid her in the smiling business of the days, when her broken spirit spent half the night in tears, she would ponder these words and others, with their mysterious, delectable peace. She craved forgiveness for herself and enlightenment on the duties of a wife ; she craved forgiveness for her husband and a new life. Never a soul durst sympathise with her. She met the folk that looked on her, pondering words of sympathy, with a barrier of smiles. Her mask was one of innocence—she who knew all that is to be known. So her neighbours stood almost in awe of her. All they could