

I must therefore ask the indulgence of the reader for gaps thus most unwillingly left in the record of her diligent labours. But I hope that I have been able to gather enough to give some idea of the life of steady work, unostentatious and unceasing, which was hers from youth to age. The story of one who kept a stout heart through all the troubles that befell her; who kept her unhappiness to herself, and sought unceasingly to give happiness to all who belonged to her; who never used her pen to strike or to wound, nor took advantage of its power to avenge herself on any who wronged her; and who was, all her life long, the chief support and consolation of her family—must possess some interest for all good people. I do not pretend to reveal personal secrets, and there is, I am happy to say, no slander or even gossip in anything she has left behind her—nothing that can sting or rankle, nothing that is unkind or unjust to her friends. This volume pretends no more than to show the outline of a life deprived of all the stronger solaces of existence, yet sustained by work and by duty, and by the love of a few simple women, in its career of endless exertion; too brave for discontent, too busy for despondency, and with too much to do for others to be capable of egotism. Her contemporaries in general were ungrudging and generous in their acknowledgment of the excellence of her work and the graceful