

thought of violating her orders, else the timid children might have passed many terrible hours of solitude in their mother's absence.

Nancy could only wonder at the strange prohibition, at the same time pitying the children when she believed they were missing so much useful knowledge; as it was, she tried to make her remaining stories all the more interesting, and was generally satisfied with the result of her endeavors, as she looked in the eager faces of the children while drinking in every word that fell from her lips.

After awhile Robbie seemed less interested in what she had to tell him, taking more pleasure in the books which had comprised his father's scant library, or in those he could borrow from neighboring book-shelves, especially Mr. Carthene's, their minister, whose library yielded him the richest supply.