

a sufficient portion of land to support the family.

Mary could just recollect her father's pale face propped up among the pillows, smiling so tenderly, yet sadly, upon them all, while she could more distinctly call to mind the dreary time when the house was filled with strange faces, and the long, black coffin was followed out through the misty midsummer stillness by her mother and Robbie, with the long procession of kindly neighbors, leaving Helen and herself alone with kind-hearted, homely Nancy, whose face was so familiar where sickness and sorrow were found that, to many of the people, her presence always brought melancholy recollections.

But such was not little Mary's experience. So many delicate bits of cake and confectionery had found their way to her unaccustomed lips from Nancy's voluminous pockets, and so many dark, solitary days in their home, when their mother was ill, had been made pleasant by the self-forgetful old maiden, who waited on the mother with more than a physician's skill, brightening up the