For me those children were a challenging experience.

Three years had made the youngsters keen observers and I found them appraising me in the fashion of natural unspoiled children. Launched on one of the long narrative monologues to which I was addicted with intimates I would suddenly be checked by the cool impersonal stare of nieces or nephew. They did not know it but I knew they were taking my measure. They were not only an unending interest and joy to me but a salutary correction.

But before I was really sure of my standing with them though quite reassured as to that with their elders I was snatched away by a hurried letter from Mr. McClure. I must come at once to New York and write a life of Napoleon Bonaparte.
A - or they have continued to be in this way.

B, and just as I took just the printing CoRette in my right hand...