

we had that day removed to the old house, on whose veranda we now sat, solemnly discussing our future prospects, or, rather, want of prospects.

My mother, who was a widow, was coming to live with us, so that we might have the benefit of her furniture, and small income, until Len began to make his way in the world again, for both Len and I were determined that we should make our way, and neither of us would acknowledge to feeling at all disheartened by our late misfortune. Yet it did seem hard enough, after seven years of prosperous married life, to be obliged to start afresh with three small boys to maintain, and very little idea as to how we should do it. Nevertheless, the small boys, with their innocent and supreme indifference to our reverses, were our greatest comfort. They had been sent with their nurse to remain with their Grand-mamma in the country, while we tried to settle up the old house and make it habitable.

The house had been chosen with a view to economy, the rent being very low for such a good locality. It had been empty all winter, and was dirty, dreary and dilapidated, but, like ourselves, it had seen better days.

Being light-hearted Irish we made the best of everything; and, had it not been that our purses were almost as light as our hearts, we could soon have made the old place charming again.