

The children loved best to hear their mother describe the happy days when no heavy sorrow rested on their home ; when the pinching poverty, with which they were now so sadly intimate, was unknown ; when mother and father, Robbie, and baby Harry, who had passed away among the angels before even Helen was born, lived far away in the vine-covered cottage near grandpapa's, and when aunts and uncles, cousins and friendly neighbors, met in pleasant intercourse, sharing their joys and lightening their sorrows. But after this the dreary changes had come.

To better his condition their father had left the home across the sea, hoping to make a richer one in the new world. For a year or two fortune smiled upon them, and he had the prospect of having his best hopes realized, and then misfortune came, but not too soon for him to have made warm friends among his new associates, who generously helped his heart-broken wife care for her slowly dying husband, and also cultivate