

THE
COTTAGER'S FRIEND,
AND
GUIDE OF THE YOUNG.

L. II.]

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[No. 3.

HOW PRAYER IS SOMETIMES ANSWERED.

(*Concluded.*)

was to start early the next morning. The Portsmouth coach left
inn at eight o'clock; and I had some distance to pass through
streets before reaching it. We were all up, therefore, long
re it was light, for it was winter. It was a silent breakfast-
, as such times often are, when there seems to be the most to
but no one ventures to speak. It might be that I was
; away for ever; or, if I returned, should I find them all living?
; than a year, at any rate, would pass away before I could
a, and what changes a year often brings about in a family!

"I cannot say much to you, George," said my father, who had
trying to keep up all our spirits without much success; "let
y together once more before we part."

; prayer that morning was a short one; it was principally
might have a safe journey that day, and a safe voyage out
me; or rather, that God would take me under his care and
g, and deal with me as seemed good in his sight, so as that
ht be well in the end—well for eternity.

re reason to remember this part of my father's prayer.

as a fine frosty morning, though scarcely light when I took
ce on the outside of the coach, and shook hands with my
nd brother for the last time; but the gloom soon cleared
and when we were fairly on the road, the sun shone out
, and my spirits began to rise again.

journey was more than half-way over, and we were going
down a hill, when I felt a sudden lurch, and without any
warning, felt myself violently thrown forward in the air.
etree, as I afterwards learnt, had snapped asunder, and the