

HOW PRAYER WAS ANSWERED, AND OTHER SKETCHES.



"Sell the old place! What do you mean, father?" she exclaimed, breathlessly.

"Surely—surely you would never think of selling our dear home?"

"THERE'S no help for it, wife; we shall have to sell the old place and go abroad. I see no other way out of our difficulties. There's plenty of work for a man like me in Canada, if what this paper says is true."

"Oh, John," said his wife, with a deep-drawn sigh, yet without for a moment pausing in her rapid handling of the bobbins of the lace which was stretched on a pillow before her. Mrs. Horton was one of the most notable lace makers in a district where many women engaged in that kind of work. Of late she had given herself no rest, but had devoted every minute the cares of her family left her to this employment, in order that by her earnings she might help her husband, who was feeling sorely the pressure of bad times. But the change she dreaded

was not to be averted by such means. A run of bad seasons, the failure of certain crops, and sickness amongst his cattle had caused John Horton such losses that he found himself on the brink of ruin, and feared he must sell the little farm which his father had farmed before him, and emigrating with his wife and children, start afresh in another country.

Mrs. Horton was not unprepared for the announcement he had just made, but her heart sickened anew within her as she heard it. It was terrible to her to think of leaving the home to which she had come upon her marriage, and beneath whose roof all her children had been born. Her youngest, a bonny babe a year old, was by her as she worked, secured by a quaint baby-holder to a beam attached to the ceiling. This contrivance, which was much used by