

Mrs. Meredith turned toward her son with a more hopeful look in her face.

"Do you think, Robbie, we could do anything alone? I would be willing to make any sacrifice if we could only keep together."

"Let us try, anyway, mother, we can't be much worse off in the fall even if our crops should fail, but I don't think there will be any danger of their doing so. Farmer Williams will tell me anything I don't know, and maybe help us with the ploughing; he has so many men I am certain he will let one of them come for an hour or two now and then with the horses."

"Well, my son, you shall have my consent, but you must let us all help you. Helen and Mary will be able to do a little, and, if God spares my life and my health gets no poorer, I shall be able to do a little too."

"O mother! if you will just stay with us, and brighten up our home, we won't ask for any more."

"Why, Robbie, where do you think I may