



MOVING TO A NEW COUNTRY.

FAMILY PRAYER.

"Sarah, what are you doing so long over that crumbled paper?" said her father authoritatively.— "Why don't you help your mother to fold those clothes?"

"I was thinking," said Sarah, "how a family could get along without prayers."

Mr. Neal did seem a little embarrassed as he answered, "You will find many families in our country who live without prayer."

"I hope ours will not be one of them" said Mrs. Neal; and this time there was decision in her voice, and Mr. Neal did not reply.

At length the preparations for their departure were all completed—the last adieus were bidden, and the family commenced their arduous journey.

Sarah found it was possible for her to tire of riding even the first day; and after travelling nearly a week, it was a pleasure to find the road so rough that she could keep up with the horses in walking.

The last half day of their journey there was a violent shower, and in spite of cloaks and umbrellas, both Sarah and her mother found themselves completely drenched with the rain. As the clouds rolled over, a fresh breeze sprang up, and by the time they came in sight of their new home, Mrs. Neal was shivering with cold.

"There is our farm," said Mr. Neal, much more gaily than he was usually accustomed to speak; for, in truth, he had been for the last hour, watching his wife, by occasional glances, and the death-like pallor of her countenance was really alarming to him.

"Father," said Sarah, "I see a nice new barn and a pig-sty—but where is your house?"

"A pig-sty, ha!" (and Mr. Neal laughed at Sarah's mistake.)—"Why, that is where Walter and Andrew live, and I have a nice little pen in it for you."

"O father! that is n't our house,