

could not with any pleasure enter into the erection of his air-castles. I was sure no place would ever be so pleasant as my present home. No sunshine would ever be as bright as that which shed its gladdening beams through the south window of our cosy sitting-room. No bird would ever build as pretty a nest as did our robin upon the elm. Willie uttered a contemptuous "Pooh!" to all of my complaints; but I think my mother felt very much as I did, only she knew it was for the best, and would never complain. I had not yet learned to be so patient and good as she.

I asked my mother one day why she went, and if we should not be lonely. She replied,—

"Your father is poor, my child, and hopes he may earn more at the west for the support of his family. And we need not be lonely, for we shall be together, and God will be with us there, and watch over us; and if we live near to him, we *need* never be lonely."

I did not understand how my mother could talk in this manner, for I knew it was a great trial for her to leave her old home, where she too was born and had always lived. I now feel that if she had not been a Christian, and loved God and her duty better than all beside, she could never have endured the pain of leaving.