

little heaps of coverings, then you can lay down the scissors, and take up a needle and cotton.

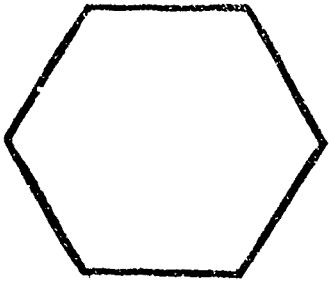


FIG. 1.

Here again I practise economy. As the covers are only tacked on, and the threads have to be pulled out when the patches are sewn together, I use any kind of colored thread, or tacking-threads which have been used before for other work.

This part of the work also requires careful attention; if the pattern is striped, the stripes should run straight, whether down or across, and the material must be turned down evenly, the corners neatly arranged, and an extra stitch put through them to keep them in order. When we have got a great many patches ready, then comes the pleasure of putting them together. We must place them on the table to see the effect before we venture to join them to one another.

Sometimes I contrive to have the six round the centre all alike. Sometimes I have three and three alike, sometimes I have two and two alike, and sometimes I choose that every one of the six should be different in color and pattern. But I always put a plain color in the centre of every star, and I always make all the patches round the centre of pattern cottons. A light centre looks best with dark patches round it, and a dark centre with light colors. Do not use any of

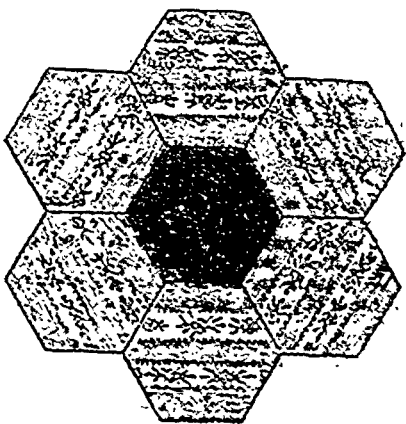


FIG. 2.

the plain white ones, they must be kept entirely for the ground-work. Make a good many stars, and then you will have plenty of choice. Fig. 2 shows you what they look like. I must

tell you that the patches are sewed together on the wrong side. Put two patches face to face, very precisely, now sew them very neatly; take small stitches close together; if you put your needle in far from the edge, or if you use coarse cotton, there will be a thick ridge, and then the patches cannot lie flat.

In this pattern no two stars should touch one another, the pure white patches should come between them everywhere; sometimes only one white one is needed to divide the colored stars, sometimes we have to put two or three, in order to keep them apart. I need not tell you any more. The piece gradually gets larger until it is the size you want it, then you take out the tacking-threads, and pull out all the papers (these can be used again, so put them into a bag).

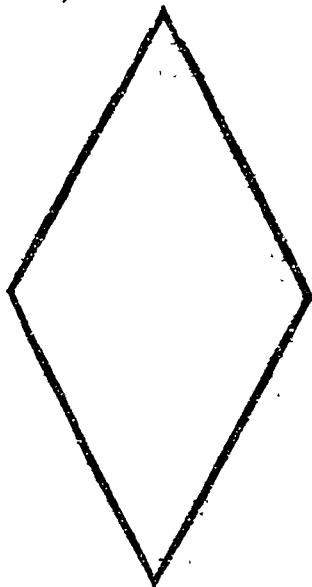


FIG. 3.

Now iron it on the wrong side, then turn in, and tack down the edges, get a piece of thin white calico with which to line it, and coax your mother to stitch the two together round the edge in her sewing-machine. Now behold a pretty piece of work.

I always count the papers after I have abstracted them, and then I know how many patches I have made, and put together. I had 1,320 out of the last piece I did; 1,720 out of the piece before that!

There are a great many effective designs for patchwork, but when we undertake to carry out one which is very special, I always find that a great deal of some particular kind and color of material is wanted, therefore, as I never buy any, I am content to execute simple designs, and then I need nothing more than the odd scraps I have at hand.

I am now making a sofa-quilt; this is too great an undertaking

for any of my lassies, but you might covet a sofa-cushion. My pattern is the "box pattern;" it is rather a troublesome design, for the pointed corners are tiresome both to cut, to cover, and to sew together, but the effect is very good. Fig. 3 shows the size of each patch. Fig. 4 shows the arrangement of the box. No. 1 is light-colored silk, No. 2 dark silk, No. 3 is always to be black velvet or satin.

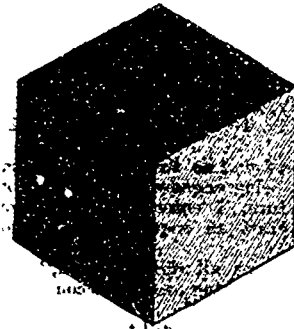


FIG. 4.

Velvet looks the best, but you will find it is much more difficult to sew velvet neatly than it is to sew satin. If you cannot get either satin or velvet you must be content with black silk. These boxes are sewed one to another, but remember, please, that the black diamonds represent the lids of the boxes and therefore take care and have all the boxes the right side up.

THE BEST SCHOLAR IN THE CLASS.

Lucy Morris was called the best scholar in her class at the Sabbath-school. No matter how wet the day, Lucy was always in her place; and, better still, she was always in time, although her home was some distance away. She was never known to bring an imperfect lesson.

But unfortunately, Lucy Morris at home and Lucy Morris at school were two very different characters. Lucy was the eldest of six children; and her mother, who was a widow, had to work very hard all day to support them all. You will suppose that Lucy, being eleven years old, could take charge of the little ones, and help her mother in many ways; but instead of being useful, she was often more troublesome through her wilfulness and carelessness than any of her younger sisters and brothers.

"Lucy, Lucy!" her mother would, perhaps, call from the foot of the stairs some Sabbath morning; "come down and help to wash the children and get breakfast ready." No answer. Lucy pretended not to hear. Another call. Lucy opened the bedroom door about an inch, and

cried, "I am looking through the chapter we are going to read with teacher at Sabbath-school, mother."

Sometimes her mother let her remain; but at times she made her come down, and then the poor little children had a hard time of it.

"Lucy is in one of her tempers," they whispered, crouching together to escape the smart slaps she distributed right and left, as she seized one after another, and roughly washed their faces and combed their hair.

Then Lucy would begin to spread the table for breakfast, setting down each plate with such a noise that you would expect to see it come in halves; then the children were dragged to their seats, and left there with a good shake; and, finally, she would sit down to her own breakfast with a sad face, hardly answering when her mother spoke to her.

And in this way Lucy spent her life at home.

If she could do as she liked, and was not interrupted, she was tolerably cheerful and good-tempered; but call her away from preparing her lessons, or reading some book that had been lent her from the Sabbath-school library, and she gave nothing but cross looks and short, snappish answers.

Now, children, how is it with each one of you? It is right to be regular in class; to bring perfect lessons; to love the Sabbath-school, where kind teachers tell of God's love in giving His Son Jesus Christ to die that we might be saved.

But how is it with you at home?—*Child's Companion*.

THE APPETITE FOR STRONG DRINK TAKEN AWAY—"Some time ago I wrote to you for my husband. He was a victim to strong drink at that time, but blessed be God, he has not drank one drop for five months."—From "Answers to Prayer."

AN INTEMPERATE HUSBAND SAVED BY PRAYER—"Some three weeks since, I asked you for my intemperate husband, that you would pray that he might be willing to be saved. He has been made willing to give up the intoxicating cup, and says he has not any desire for it. To God be all the praise."—*Ibid*.

A HARVEST OF CONVERSIONS.—"Last fall, I wrote you to pray for us. You did pray. The result was a wonderful increase of spiritual life—fifty conversions."—*Ibid*.