

A PATCHWORK QUILT.

"THE light and the dark together, my dear,
And each one in its place"—

'Twas mother that spake in gentle tone,
And my work flew on apace.
Black and pink and blue and white,
Crimson and grey and brown,
Little pieces of this and that,
And scraps of a worn-out gown.

All dire confusion it looked to me,
A pattern I could not trace;
But mother knew, so I laboured on,
Stitching each piece in place.
Odd-shaped fragments of different cloth,
The dark and the light together;
With never a doubt I worked away
In sunny or cloudy weather.

So mother planned, and I followed her,
And my task grew on apace.
How proud I was in my childish glee
When they all were in their place!—
The labour done, approval won,
Then I saw the pattern, reaching
O'er more of life than that tiny quilt,
A deeper lesson teaching;