

# Canadian Missionary Link

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## My Daughter Will Weave

BY a loom in Hull House I paused, when the long day of weaving was done. The emptying shuttle flew swiftly across the yielding warp as the loose last end of the "blue rags" ruffled over the clean white threads on the loom. The clocks outside were striking the hour that closes the workman's day, while beside the door stood the master-weaver, speaking words of cheer to the outgoing, weary but faithful toilers.

The Russian mother arose from her loom and started from her bench homeward, of course. But, no! She stopped and, from a seeming confusion of colors and shades, she selected another filled shuttle that matched the pattern before her. A weaver's swift knot, the quick test, a single flight of the new shuttle and one strong push at the bar. Then, as if to explain her infinite care, the mother turned with a smile of joyous confidence on her tired face and said "My daughter will weave there to-morrow."

Alone in the dusky twilight, though jostled by throngs rushing homeward, I thought of the Christian mothers who have ended their day at life's loom. I thought how His pattern that they followed so closely must be finished by other hands; how they knotted the new lines of service that no break might be found in the web, and tied them fast to the great work begun. His pattern still waits for the coming. "My daughter will weave there to-morrow."—*Leaflet. W.F.M.S. Methodist Episcopal Church.*

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