

‘But I must provide for my children.’ Certainly. But how? By making them rich? Then you will probably ruin them. ‘What shall I do, then?’ Lord, speak to their hearts, else I speak in vain. Leave them enough to live on, not in idleness, but honest industry. And if you have no children, upon what principle can you leave a groat behind more than enough to bury you? What does it signify whether you leave £10,000, or ten thousand boots and shoes? Haste! haste! Send all you have before you go to the better world.”

A Drawn-work Table Cloth.

“Now, Sue,” said Mrs. Emily Marsden, “I have the children started for school, and if you will settle yourself comfortably, I will bring my big stocking basket, and while I do my mending I will give you the history of my drawn-work table cloth.”

Soon the sisters had their sewing arranged and Sue, who had lately come on from California to make a long-promised visit, began by remarking, “I have often wondered why this subject which, for so long, loomed up in your letters was entirely dropped, so now please tell it all.”

“Well! Sue, this cloth in question had long been an object of my heart’s desire, and when I allowed myself to begin it, I projected it on a scale which I had never before seen. It was to be, and I may say it was, the handsomest thing of its kind I ever saw. I commenced it as a piece of work for leisure hours, but it dominated my whole life. I grew to be in a constant ferment of thought to plan out more time to devote to it. ‘Mother is working her cloth,’ was the constant remark of the children, when anything unusual was required by them. I was so fascinated by the beauty of my own labors that I could think of nothing else; even in sleep I seemed to see a large needle always before me, moving in and out of the threads, weaving more and more intricate patterns.

“Poor little Susy, your namesake, would wander disconsolately in and out, longing for the caresses which were her due, but I could think of nothing beyond my beautiful handiwork, and was planning in my own mind whether it would be possible to supplement this masterpiece with a set of napkins *en suite*.

“How small a thing suffices to change the current of our ideas! One afternoon Mrs. Jones called and I brought down my beautiful cloth to show her. After duly admiring, she said, ‘This lovely work just leads up to the object for which I called to-day. To-morrow is our missionary meeting.