

never make up her mind to sell it at auction, as it was given her by her mother, when she first went to house-keeping, and every piece was dear to her heart. Mother was also about to give away the best bed-quilt, but I persuaded her to carry it with us. It seemed dearer to me than anything else; for often when my little cousins came to visit us, I slept with them in the best bed, beneath this quilt; and in the morning we amused ourselves by looking at the curiously-formed squares, which were made from brightly-coloured pieces of dresses that my mother and I had worn out. I also had a small rocking-chair, to which I was much attached; but this was destined to be sold. When I learned its fate, I bade it an affectionate farewell, as though it had been an old friend, and begged my mother never to let me see it again, it made me so unhappy to part with it. Oh, how attached had I become to my home! I did not realize that every tree and rock was so dear to me, until I was about to be torn from them; then I first learned to feel how—

“Blessings brighten as they take their flight.”

I think this was a good lesson to me, for it taught me in after-life that change was the lot of man, and that our only sure trust could be placed in God, who was unchangeable.