

And to each a pattern meant For us alone to weave; then may We work and be content. No matter though the thread be rough, The color dimmed with tears, Though woven blindly in the dark, God watches through the years.

"He knows each pattern, and to Him, Though marred, it never seems Too bad to ravel wholly out, Because He knows our dreams. And though we seem to badly fail Our heart's dream to make true, He'll see beneath the colors dim The thread of gold shine through." —Central Christian Advocate.