

**LITTLE THREADS; OR,
TANGLE
THREAD, SILVER THREAD
AND GOLDEN THREAD**

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Little Threads; Or, Tangle Thread, Silver Thread and Golden Thread by Elizabeth Prentiss

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ELIZABETH PRENTISS

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And then she and Golden Thread went all about the farm.—P. 140.

LITTLE THREADS;

OR,

TANGLE THREAD, SILVER THREAD, AND
GOLDEN THREAD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LITTLE BUSY."

With Illustrations by Absalom.

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LITTLE THREADS.

CHAPTER I.

 HERE was once a very beautiful piece of white satin, which had been woven with care and skill. Yet those who saw it went away shaking their heads, saying: "What a pity! what a pity!" For there ran across this lovely fabric a tangled thread; and that one thread spoiled all.

And there was a lady who was very beautiful, too. She had always lived in a pleasant home, with kind and loving friends about her. She had never in her life known what it was to want anything she could not have. Indeed, she seemed born to be treated gently and tenderly. People who were ignorant were not afraid to go to see and talk with her, for they knew she never laughed at their mistakes; and poor people liked to go and tell her about their poverty, just as if she were poor, too. And

those who were sick or in trouble wanted her to know all about their trials. For those who went to see her with empty hands, came away not half so poor as they went in; and the sick and the sorrowful were comforted by her words of pity.

You will think that this lady who was so good, who could dress just as she pleased and ride when and where she pleased—who had friends to love her and friends to admire her—must have been very happy indeed. And so she was, for a time. Her life looked as smooth and fair as the white satin you have just heard of. But by and by there began to run across it a thread not at all like the soft and even threads of which it was made: here came a soiled spot—there were knots and tangles; as far as you could see, its beauty was gone. How did this happen? Why, there came into the house one day a little baby—a little, soft, tender baby, that did not look as if it would harm anybody. Its mother was very glad to see it. She thought herself almost too happy with such a treasure. The most sunshiny, pleasant room in the house was given this little thing for its own. All sorts of pure white garments were bought for it, and everything possible was done to keep it well and make it happy. Before it came, its mother used to lie down to sleep at night as sweetly as

you do, little rosy child, who read this book. But now she slept, as people say, with one eye and one ear open. That is, she kept starting up to see if it were nicely covered with its soft blankets, or to listen to its gentle breathing, to know if it were quite well. If it happened to be restless or unwell, she would sit up all night to take care of it, or walk with it hour after hour, when anybody but its own dear mother would have been out of patience, or too tired to keep awake.

And before the baby came there, this lady used to spend a good deal of time at her piano, singing and playing. She used to draw and paint, and read and write. But now she almost forgot she had any piano. The baby's cooing was all the music she cared for. And she left off drawing and painting, and thought the sweetest picture in the world was that tiny, sleeping creature in its cradle. To be sure, mother and baby together did make a very lovely picture indeed. As for books, she had not now much time to read anything but *Combe on Infancy*, which she studied every day, because it is a book about babies, and tells how to wash and dress them, and what to give them to eat.

Perhaps you will begin to think that this lady loved her baby too much. But no; a mother cannot do that, unless she loves it better than God,

and this little child's mother loved God best. She loved Him so dearly, that if He had asked her to give it back to Him, she would have given it without a word; He would not ask her to do it without tears.