

THE WEAVER.

The loom of life. 'Tis ready now,
 The weaver catches up the thread,
 The shuttle moves, the thread is caught;
 Then slowly lest the thread should break,
 The first part of the pattern's wrought.

Time passes on, the thread grows strong.
 With skillful hand and watchful eye
 The weaver makes the shuttle fly,
 And beats the web both firm and strong
 In accents with a merry song.

Yet faster the cadence of motion swings,
 A merrier melody yet he sings,
 Weaving the threads of gold and blue,
 Weaving the threads of white;
 Fashioning all with infinite care
 Into a pattern, rich and rare,
 Into a fabric, bright.

But slower now the shuttle moves,
 Rentless time has worked his will.
 The cadence stops, the song is still.
 With trembling hand and feeble eyes,
 With aching heart and weary brain,
 He labors on, until the thread,
 Grown slender, breaks. Then work is done.
 And in a brighter, better world,
 He catches up the thread again.

C., '00.