

yet achieved in our work, while ambition and aspiration give a new incentive, and change the results of our labors.

Some choose for their woof, idleness; others, industry. The former bring forth as the fruits of their weaving, sin, crime and misery, in different figures and colors. The latter produce purity, innocence and happiness, all of which please the eye and make glad the heart.

When we weave in time given us the golden threads of pleasure alone, the fabric is gaudy and useless, giving but a passing satisfaction, dazzling for a time with its brightness and beauty, but lacking those essentials without which it is useless. With some, sorrow and affliction form a finer, purer material, with mild and well blended colors, having a different and higher kind of beauty.

"For life is one and in its warp and woof
There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair,
And sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet,
When there are somber colors."

But the same sorrows and afflictions with others cause the weaving to be ill-shapen and deformed, with dark and gloomy shades. The difference between the two is in a part of the machinery called the heart. In one, the heart is kept bright and shining by love, patience and loveliness; while the other grows dull and rusty by hatred, anger and discord.

Sometimes one weaves almost unconsciously at first, with what is called bad habits, and soon they find their hands and body bound by these in such a manner as to prevent their weaving anything except an ugly, disfigured fabric.

The strangest part of this weaving is the record that is kept of it in the faces of the weavers—how much they have woven, and how well or how poorly. In the commencement of the work the countenances are pure and spotless, but as it progresses the marks are soon visible, recording the good, the bad, the lovely and the unlovely, thus stamping indelibly in their faces the kind and character of their work.

Sometimes there is an additional charm

added to the weaving, when two persons, finding an affinity existing between them, take up the fabric of life and weave it together, "for better and for worse." But this fabric is not always the smoothest or finest, but is often rough and uneven, lacking both harmony of coloring and beauty of texture.

Different guides are taken for this work of life. Some have none other than their own selfish wishes and caprices; others are slaves to fashion and custom, while those who most earnestly wish their work well done take as a guide a volume sometimes called the "Book of Books."

In this there is a pattern laid down of a life woven eighteen hundred years ago, which, in its surpassing beauty of form, coloring and texture, excels all others. Taking this guide and pattern for our work, we cease to look forward with dread to the coming of the sister fate, whose part it is to cut the frail thread of our lives.

Nor will we have to say at the end of our task:

"The colors that we had to weave
Were bright in our early years;
But we wove the tissue wrong, and stained
The woof with bitter tears.

"We wove a web of doubt and fear,
Not faith and hope and love;
Because we looked at our work, and not
At our pattern above."

E. P.

APPLAUSE.

The ease with which we progress on life's journey, depends on the impression which we create in the minds of our fellow men. By so conducting ourselves as to gain the respect and confidence of those with whom we come in daily contact, we become prepared, under such cheering auspices to move with firmer and steadier tread toward the goal whither a noble ambition and proper motives lead us.

Eulogies of "self made men" may still resound with their flattering accents; the world censured for its want of charity; humanity deemed heartless and inhu-