

Weaving the Web.

"THIS morn I will weave my web," she said,
And she stood by her loom in the rosy light,
And her young eyes, hopefully glad and clear,
Followed afar the swallow's flight
"As soon as the day's first tasks are done ;
While yet I am fresh and strong," said she,
"I will hasten to weave the beautiful web
Whose pattern is known to none but me !

"I will weave it fine, I will weave it fair,
And ah ! how the colours will glow," she
said ;

"So fadeless and strong will I weave my web
That perhaps it will live after I am dead."
But the morning hours sped on apace,
The air grew sweet with the breath of June;
And young Love hid by the waiting loom,
Tangling the threads as he hummed a tune.

"Ah ! life is so rich and full," she cried,
"And morn is short, though the days are
long !

This noon I will weave my beautiful web ;
I will weave it carefully, fine and strong."
But the sun rode high in the cloudless sky ;
The burden and heat of day she bore ;
And hither and thither she came and went,
While the loom stood still as it stood before.

"Ah ! life is too busy at noon," she said ;
"My web must wait till the eventide,
Till the common work of the day is done,
And my heart grows calm in the silence
wide !"

So, one by one, the hours passed on,
Till the creeping shadows had longer grown.
Till the house was still, and the breezes slept,
And the singing birds to their nests had
flown.

"And now I will weave my web," she said,
As she turned to her loom ere set of sun,
And laid her hand on the shining threads
To set them in order, one by one.
But hand was tired, and heart was weak ;
"I am not as strong as I was," sighed she,
"And the pattern is blurred, and the colours
rare
Are not so bright, or so fair to see !

"I must wait, I think, till another morn ;
I must go to my rest with my work undone,
It is growing too dark to weave !" she cried,
As lower and lower sank the sun.
She dropped the shuttle ; the loom stood still ;
The weaver slept in the twilight gray.
Dear heart ! Will she weave her beautiful
web
In the golden heart of a longer day !

The Wine Cup.

THE cut upon the preceding page should command the serious study of every reader, young and old. It is a picture true to life ; we had almost written everyday life. It might well have been entitled, sowing and reaping. Up in the right-hand corner we have the convivial party quaffing the wine ; perhaps on a matrimonial occasion. Unsuspecting gleefulness is in the ascendant, and wine is considered an essential ingredient. They pledge their love in wine. In wine they sow the seeds of hate, malice, shattered health, shattered fortune, shattered reputation, loss of credit, loss of home, followed by family brawls, tavern fights, and murder. This seed vegetates with wonderful rapidity, and usually produces an immense crop. On the floor, what a sight ! is the man dead-drunk, or has the quarrel in which he has been engaged resulted, so far as he is concerned, in the plunge of the murderer's knife into his heart ?

What of that poor, broken-hearted woman—a drunkard's wife—squatting on the floor with clasped hands, bemoaning her hard, hard fate ! How different to the position she occupied in the right-hand corner ! Little did she then dream that the glass she filled and handed to the man she proudly called her husband, would produce such sad, bitter, blasting results. The dear girl, shoeless and stockingless, the pledge of their once mutual love, now

a drunkard's child, clings to her broken-hearted mother. Thus early she sips the cup of sorrow, while as yet of years too tender to take in the situation in all its horrors. The police have rushed upon the scene, and have driven the murderer, knife in hand, to the wall, while the man licensed by the government to do all this mischief, stands within his "bar," revolver in hand, ready to assist the police to arrest the man to whom he sold the drink that filled him with the spirit of the demons, and nerved him for the murderous deed, for which, under the sanction of the law, he will be executed on the public gallows. Look at the picture once more ! Compare its parts ! The pleasure of the wine cup—the horrors of the wine cup—the bitter, thrice bitter fruits of the wine cup. Think of the eternal consequences of the wine cup. Is it in vain the Scripture hath said, "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder ?" Is there no force in the questions, "Who hath woe ? who hath sorrow ? who hath contentions ? who hath babbling ? who hath wounds without cause ? who hath redness of eyes ?" Who ? "They that tarry long at the wine ; they that go to seek mixed wine." "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging : and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

Have you joined the "Band of Hope ?" if not, go to the Secretary and sign the pledge to-day. Pledge yourself to drink no wine, no cider, no whiskey, no beer—nor anything that will intoxicate—to smoke no tobacco, nor to use any bad words—"Jesus will help you." Who was it said, "My son, give me thine heart ?" Have you complied with his request ? Will you do it now ?—*Ensign.*

Drink and Education.

It will not be denied that intemperance is the mother of ignorance, that fruitful cause of social debasement and crime.

Horace Mann asserts, "Intemperance is a upas tree planted in the field of education, and before education can flourish this tree must be cut down."

This is also strikingly confirmed by the statistics of Ragged Schools, as given by Dr. Guthrie. Fully ninety-nine hundredths of the scholars in those schools, he asserts, are the children of drunkards. With pathetic eloquence he exclaims : "With respect to them I may put into the mouth of our country the complaint, 'My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.' Ignorance is their sole, sad inheritance. They are punished for it, impoverished for it, imprisoned for it, banished for it, hanged for it. The 'voice heard in Ramah, lamentation and bitter weeping,' falls on our ears. Rachel is weeping for her children. Herod is dead, yet the innocents are slaughtered. Subjects in the time past only thought of punishment. I call on Justice to sheathe the sword, and lift up her shield, and throw it over the heads of these unhappy children. And next, I call on Religion to leave her temples, and, like a mother seeking a lost child, to go forth to the streets, and gather in those infants for Jesus' arms—save those gems for a Saviour's crown."—*Withrow's Temperance Tracts.*

A Devil's Elixir.

THERE grows no wine
By the haunted Rhine,
By the Danube or Guadalquivir
Nor an island or cape
That bears such a grape
As grows by the Beautiful River.

Drugged in their juice,
For foreign use,
When shipped o'er the reeling Atlantic,
To rack our brains
With the fever pains,
That have driven the old world frantic.

To the sewers and sinks
With all such drinks,
And after them tumble the mixer,
For a poison malign
Is such Borgias wine,
Or at best, but a Devil's Elixir.

—*Longfellow.*

The Drink Traffic.

"BEFORE God and man," says Dr. Guthrie, "before the Church and the world, I impeach Intemperance. I charge it with the murder of innumerable souls. I charge it as the cause of almost all the poverty, and crime, and misery, and ignorance, and irreligion, that disgrace and afflict the land. I do in my conscience believe that these intoxicating stimulants have sunk into perdition more men and women than found a grave in that deluge, which swept over the highest hill-tops, engulfing a world of which but eight were saved." Of other vices, as compared with this, it might be said, "They have slain their thousands, but Intemperance its tens of thousands."

The whole system is accursed. It scorches, scars, and brands all who come nigh it, or have aught to do with it. There is contamination and pollution in its very contact. The drunkard himself is guilty of moral suicide. "This vice," said St. Augustine, fourteen hundred years ago, "is a flattering devil, a sweet poison, a pleasant sin, which whosoever doth commit, committeth not a single sin, but becomes the slave of all manner of sin."

But the most solemn and awful responsibility rests upon the manufacturers and dealers connected with this vile traffic. "I would rather," says John B. Gough, "be what I have been as a drunkard, than I would be the man to stand behind the counter and give him the drink that made him drunk." The purest moralists of every age agree in the denunciation of this traffic in blood. "I never see the sign 'Licensed to sell spirits,'" says McCheyne, "without thinking it a license to ruin souls. Wretched men, do you not know that every penny that rings on your counter shall eat your flesh as if it were fire ; that every drop of liquid poison swallowed in your gas-lit palaces, will only serve to kindle up the flame of the fire that is not quenched."

Lord Viscount Lonsdale, in the debate on the Gin Bill, in 1743, said : "I must look upon every man who takes out a license as a sort of devil set up to tempt men to get drunk."

The Rev. Albert Barnes writes : "The great principles of the Bible, the spirit of the Bible, and a thousand texts of the Bible, are pointed against it ; and every step the trafficker takes he infringes on the spirit and bearing of some declaration of God."

Even the publicans themselves have not the approval of their conscience in the wretched trade. "There is no hope for me," said one in a dying hour, "for I have been making a living at the mouth of hell." Another, who had spent years in the traffic, remarked,

"It is the most damnable business in which a man ever engaged." Another, who had abandoned the traffic, was asked why he gave up such a lucrative business, and replied as follows :—

"In looking over my account book one day I counted up the names of forty-four men who had been regular customers of mine, most of them for years. Thirty-two of these men, to my certain knowledge, had gone down to a drunkard's grave, and ten of the remaining twelve were then living, confirmed sots ! I was appalled and horrified. To remain in such a dreadful, degrading, and murderous trade, I could not ; hence I abandoned it."
Withrow's Temperance Tracts.

THE May number of *The Chautauquan* will introduce to the literary world Mrs. Joseph Cook, the wife of the Rev. Joseph Cook, our famous lecturer. Some of the fresh and thoughtful observations made by the lady during her recent trip around the world, are to be furnished the readers of the magazine. These articles will be a continuation of the series by Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, beginning in Italy, where she closed.

"Perfectly Lovely."

EVEN worse than a spirited bit of slang with a grain of sense to start it is this universally used and senseless phrase ! It is applied to anything and everything. It seems to stand instead of ideas, of sentiment, of appreciation, and of common sense.

Go into the rooms of the young ladies in our colleges for women, where you expect something better, and where something better should be heard. But listen ! The first words that salute you are, "You are 'perfectly lovely' to come ;" and, "Isn't the day just lovely ?" and, "Look at these ferns and bright leaves on the wall. Aren't they 'perfectly lovely ?'"

With these young women, everything that isn't perfectly "horrid" and "awful," is "perfectly lovely," from a statue of Venus to coffee jelly or a sausage, if it suits the appetite.

I took a young girl last spring with me from Brooklyn to Central Park. She was bright, agreeable, pretty, and animated. But her exclusive use of this phrase seemed almost intolerable before we had seen half the spring-time glory of that delightful place.

The phrase destroys conversation more easily than a series of sickly puns. It is an extinguisher of ideas. It certainly must eventually enfeeble the minds of those who allow it to express for them all they feel.

Children catch it who cannot speak plain, and pronounce a doll or plaything "perfly lubly."

Whenever I hear it, I always want to exclaim, "O girls, do stop ! Better take up the forcible language of your brother than weaken all you say by this meaningless, worn-out sentence."

Girls ought to be able to talk well on current topics—books, new and old, and all that interests their brothers. But do they show themselves competent to carry on a conversation that will stimulate and refresh those they meet ? Good talkers never fail to interest and to charm ; but a young woman whose ideas are only broad enough to be expressed in the words "awful," "horrid," and "perfectly lovely," will hardly be classed as one of them.—K. A. S., in *Youth's Companion.*