

WEAVING THE WEB.

BY JULIA C. DORR.

"THIS morn I will weave my web," she said,
As 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 I will 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
Taughting the threads as he hummed a tune.

"Ah! life is rich and full," she cried,
And morn is short, and the days are long!
This noon I will weave my beautiful web,
I will weave it carefully, fine, and strong."
But the sun rose high in the cloudless sky;
The burthen and heat of the day she bore;
And hither and hither 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 until 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 hands 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 light of a longer day?

BEAUTIFUL NAMES.

OUR language has many beautiful names, both male and female, worthy of a popularity they have not yet attained. And among female names, why have we not more girls called by the noble or graceful appellations of Agatha, Aletia, Beatrice, Bertha, Cecelia, Evelyn, Ethel, Gertrude, Isabel, Leonora, Florence, Mildred, Millicent, Philippa, Pauline, Hilda, Clarice, Amabel, Irene, Zoe, Maribel, Estelle, Eugenia, Euphemia, Christabel, Theresa, Marcia, Antonio, Claudia, Sibylla, Rosabel, Rosamond, etc.—*Woman's Journal*.

TWO WAYS OF READING THE BIBLE.

BY A. L. O. E.

WOULD you like another chapter, Lillian, dear?" asked Kate Everard of the invalid cousin, to whose whom, she had lately come from Hauptstead.

"Not now, thanks; my head is tired," was the feeble reply.

Kate closed her Bible with a feeling of slight disappointment. She knew that Lillian was slowly sinking under incurable disease; and what could be more suitable to the dying than to be constantly hearing the Bible read? Lillian might listen, surely, if she were too weak to read to herself. Kate was never easy in mind, unless she perused at least two or three chapters daily, besides portions of the Psalms; and she had several times gone through the whole Bible from beginning to end. And here was Lillian, whose days on earth must be very few, tired with one short chapter! "There must be something wrong here," thought Kate, who had never during her life kept her bed one day through sickness; "It is a sad thing when the dying do not prize the Word of God."

Such was the hard thought which passed through the mind of Kate, and she felt it her duty to speak on the subject to Lillian, though she scarcely knew how to begin.

"Lillian," said Kate, trying to soften her naturally quick, sharp tones to gentleness, "I should have thought that now, when you are so ill, you would have found special comfort in the Scriptures?"

Lillian's languid eyes had closed, but she opened them, and with a soft, earnest gaze on her cousin, replied; "I do; they are my support; I have been feeding on one verse all morning."

"And what is that verse?" asked Kate.

"Whom I shall see for myself," began Lillian, but Kate cut her short.

"I know that verse perfectly; it is in Job? it comes just after 'I know that my Redeemer liveth;' the verse is, 'Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.'"

"What do you understand by the expression, 'not another?'" asked Lillian.

"Why, of course, it means—well, it just means, I suppose, that we shall see the Lord ourselves," replied Kate, a little puzzled by the question; for though she had read the text a hundred times, she had never dwelt once on its meaning.

"Do you think," said Lillian, rousing herself a little, "that the last three words are merely a repetition of 'whom I shall see for myself?'"

"Really, I have never so particularly considered those words," replied Kate. "Have you found out any remarkable meaning in that 'not another?'"

"They were a difficulty to me, till I happened to read that in the German Bible they are rendered a little differently, and then I searched in my own Bible and found that the word in the margin of it is like that used in the German translation."

"I never look at the marginal references," said Kate, "though mine is a large Bible, and has them."

"I find them such a help in com-

paring Scripture with Scripture," observed Lillian.

Kate was silent for several seconds. She had been careful, daily, to read a large portion from the Bible, but to "mark, learn, and inwardly digest it," she had never even thought of trying to do. In a more humble tone she now asked her cousin: "What is the word which is put in the margin of the Bible, instead of 'another,' in that difficult text?"

"A stranger," replied Lillian; and then clasping her thin, wasted hands, she repeated the whole passage, which her soul had been feeding on with silent delight. "Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not a stranger." Oh! Kate, "continued the dying girl, while unbidden tears rose in her eyes," "if you only knew what sweetness I have found in that verse all this morning, while I have been in great bodily pain! I am in the Valley of the Shadows—I shall soon cross the dark river; I know it; but He will be with me, and not a stranger. He is the Good Shepherd, and I know His voice; a stranger would I not follow; and when I open my eyes in another world, 'tis the Lord Jesus whom I shall behold—my Saviour, my own tried friend, and not a stranger; I shall at last see Him whom, not having seen, I have loved."

Lillian closed her eyes again, and the large drops overflowing fell down her pallid cheeks; she had spoken too long for her strength. But the feeble sufferer's words had not been spoken in vain.

"Lillian has drawn more comfort and profit from one verse, nay, from three words in the Bible, than I have drawn from the whole book," reflected Kate. "I have but read the Scriptures; she has searched them. I have been like one floating carelessly over the surface of waters, under which lie pearls. Lillian has dived deep and made the treasure her own."

JUST ONE GLASS.

THE New York papers lately contained hints of a tragedy which had its wretched ending in that city; a tragedy no less terrible because the same has occurred in thousands of homes. Here are the facts in detail:

A young man, a clever, generous lad, the son of an influential and pious family in Scotland, two years ago fell into dissolute habits.

Every means were tried to bring him back to his better self, with little effect, until he saw and loved a young girl of his own rank in life. The hope of marrying her, of regaining his self-control and self-respect, nerved him again with the strength of his boyhood. He asked his father for the means to bring him to this country, resolving to begin his life anew, where no one knew his shame.

The money for his outfit was given him, and with tears and prayers his old father and mother saw him depart. The day before he sailed he went to the woman he hoped some day to call his wife, told her that he loved her, and asked her to wait for him until he returned to claim her.

The promise was given and the young fellow set sail, his heart elated with hope and triumph. In this new world a happy home, a noble life might yet be his! On his passage he was ob-

served again and again to take out two letters from his pocket and pore over them. They had been handed him as he came on board the ship. One was from his father, a passionate, almost breathless prayer for his safe deliverance from the old temptation, the other from his betrothed wife, happy, hopeful, and loving.

When within two days' sail of New York, a friend whom he had made on the steamer ordered wine at the dinner-table, and filled the young man's glass. The smell and sight of it maddened him. His head reeled. One glass! One little glass! There could surely be no danger in that! He raised it to his lips and drank.

Two days later he arrived in New York, in a state of intoxication; was driven to a hotel where he continued to drink heavily for a week, until he was seized with delirium, and placed under a physician's care.

When he recovered, his money was all spent, and he was ordered to leave the house. He was sober now and realized fully what he had done. He looked at the landlord steadily.

"Go! Yes, I will go. That is all that is left for me to do," he said.

"The bus will be ready to take you away in five minutes," the man called after him as he went up stairs.

But the next moment his bell rang, and when they went up they found him dead upon the floor—his life was taken by his own hand. The letters he had read so often, and that had seemed to promise hope and brightness for the future, lay beside him. Thus he left the world without one word of farewell to anybody in it—the victim of "just one glass."—*Youth's Companion*.

HOW TO INTRODUCE PEOPLE.

I DO dislike to introduce people to each other," said Eva to me one day last week.

"Why, pray?" I asked.

"It seems to me a very simple thing." "Well, when I have it to do, I stammer and blush, and feel so awkward, I never know who should be mentioned first, and I wish myself out of the room."

"I think I can make it plain to you," I said. "You invite Mabel Tompkins to spend an afternoon with you. She has never been at your home before, and your mother has never met her. When you enter the sitting room, all you have to do is to say, 'Mother, this is my friend Mabel; Mabel, my mother.' If you wish to be more elaborate, you may say to your Aunt Lucy, 'Aunt Lucy, permit me to present Miss Mabel Tompkins, Miss Tompkins, Mrs. Templeton.' But while you introduce Mabel to your father, or the minister, or an elderly gentleman, naming the most distinguished personage first, you present your brother, his chum, and your cousin Fred to the young lady, naming her first. Fix it in your mind that among persons of equal station the younger are introduced to the older, and that inferiors in age, position, or influence are presented to superiors. Be very cordial when, in your own house, you are introduced to a guest, and offer your hand. If away from home, a bow is commonly sufficient recognition of an introduction. In performing an introduction, speak both names with perfect distinctness."—*Harper's Young People*.