

THE WEAVER.

I.

THE weaver sat by his burden,
Waiting the work to begin,
Dreamily throwing the shuttle
Backward and forward between,
Questioning much of the pattern,
Watching for it to be seen.

The shuttle was filled with colors
Of every shade and glow;
Thoughtless he scattered their radiance,
Falling above and below,
The pulse of the loom ever beating
Solemnly to and fro.

The throb of the loom grew stronger;
 The shuttle flew faster between;
 One thread seemed a line of shadow,
 Another a ray serene;
 But the solemn loom wove together,
 Equally, shade and sheen.

The weaver sat by his burden,
 Watching the low-setting sun,
 Wearily throwing the shuttle,
 Ending as he had begun;
 Pondering still of the pattern—
 The pattern that was done.

II.

The weaver took to his bosom
 The web as it fell from the loom;
 In its many folds lay hidden
 Whatever of light or gloom
 Had come through the flying shuttle,
 From the gray of dawn till doom:

Buttercups with dew besprent,
 Forget-me-nots in tears,
 Bedight the fabric of the loom
 Through all the dawning years;
 The texture of those morning hours
 A fairy weft appears.

Lilies, with their vestal light,
 And orange-blossoms pale,
 Illume the woof of youthful days
 And show a bridal veil—
 Mid blue-eyed flax and ears of wheat,
 A distaff, and a flail.

Patterns of the after years,
 The olive and the vine,
 Adorn the richest of the folds,
 Its costliest threads entwine;
 And through the labors of those days,
 Altars and firesides shine.

Barren husks from winter fields,
 And tardy asters' light,
 Glint o'er the few remaining threads
 That dimmed the weaver's sight;
 And then a shadow falls upon
 The web, and lo! 'tis night.

J. B. Bittinger.