

## The Tapestry-Weavers.

## I.

LET us take to our hearts a lesson—no lesson can  
braver be—  
From the ways of the tapestry-weavers on the  
other side of the sea.

Above their heads the pattern hangs, they study  
it with care,  
The while their fingers deftly work their eyes are  
fastened there.

They tell this curious thing, besides, of the pa-  
tient, plodding weaver :  
He works on the wrong side evermore, but  
works for the right side ever.

It is only when the weaving stops, and the web  
is loosed and turned,  
That he sees his real handiwork—that his mar-  
velous skill is learned.

Ah, the sight of its delicate beauty, how it pays  
him for all his cost !  
No rarer, daintier work than his was ever done  
by the frost.

Then the master bringeth him golden hire, and  
giveth him praise as well,  
And how happy the heart of the weaver is no  
tongue but his own can tell.

## II.

The years of man are the looms of God, let down  
from the place of the sun,  
Wherein we are weaving away, till the mystic  
web is done.

Weaving blindly, but weaving surely, each for  
himself his fate ;  
We may not see how the right side looks—we  
can only weave and wait.

But, looking above for the pattern, no weaver  
hath need to fear ;  
Only let him look clear into Heaven—the Perfect  
Pattern is there.

If he keeps the face of the Saviour forever and al-  
way in sight,  
His toil shall be sweeter than honey, his weaving  
is sure to be right.

And, when his task is ended, and the web is  
turned and shown,  
He shall hear the voice of the Master, it shall  
say to him, "Well done !"

And the white-winged angels of Heaven, to bear  
him thence, shall come down,  
And God shall give him gold for his hire—not  
coin, but a crown !

ANSON G. CHESTER.