



Lots of things that used to bother us don't trouble any more,
 And our conscience, in the most part, is at rest.
 We have tried to live more righteously and nobly than before ;
 At reforming we have done our level best ;
 We have tried to be a seraph, and be always filled with grace,
 With no heavy sins our saintliness to balk : [our face
 But we sometimes mutter cuss-words when there comes against
 A little cobweb, spun across the walk.

It's a little, silken cobweb, that the little spiders spin
 From the shade trees, then they hitch it to a fence,
 And the nervous way it tickles, as it draws across the chin,
 Fills our spirit with a misery intense.
 In the lovely morning sunlight it is radiant with dew,
 As from out the house in eager haste we stalk,
 And it clingeth to our features, as we tear its meshes through,
 Does this little cobweb, stretched across the walk.

It is better to be proper, and be careful in our speech,
 In the troubles and vicissitudes of life.
 There's a stage of moral excellence that every one should reach
 In the journey through this sinful vale of strife ;
 But we don't see how in blazes any person can refrain
 From a strong desire with emphasis to talk,
 When his conscientious scruples have the heavy moral strain
 Of a little cobweb, stretched across the walk.

JOSEPH BERT SMILEY.

