

ONLY.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—Matt. xxv. 40.

Only a word for the Master,
Lovingly, quietly said;
Only a word!
Yet the Master heard,
And some fainting hearts were fed.

Only a look of remonstrance,
Sorrowful, gentle and deep;
Only a look!
Yet the strong man shook,
And he went alone to weep.

Only some act of devotion,
Willingly, joyfully done;
"Surely 'twas nought!"
(So the proud world thought)
But yet souls for Christ were won!"

Only an hour with the children,
Pleasantly, cheerfully given;
Yet seed was sown
In that hour alone
That would bring forth fruit for heaven.

"Only!"—but Jesus is looking,
"Constantly, tenderly, down
To earth, and sees
Those who strive to please;
And their love He loves to crown.—*Selected.*

NAOMI'S QUESTION TO RUTH.

BY WHITING BANCROFT.

"Where hast thou gleaned to-day?"
'Tis a voice of the olden time,
Awakening echoes from far away,
To surge in a solemn chime.

"Where hast thou gleaned to-day?"
Bring the searching question home;
The distant hills are growing gray
In the gathering night shade's gloom.

"Where hast thou gleaned to-day?"
The harvest indeed is great;
The Lord of the harvest pray,
The fields for the gleaners wait.

"Where hast thou gleaned to-day?"
Hast thou followed those who reap,
Or do the fields by thy delay
Their scattered stalks still keep?

"Where hast thou gleaned to-day?"
Hast thou sat with folded hands
Or idly loitered by the way,
Aloof from the reaper bands?

The fields stretch far and wide,
And, before we kneel to pray,
May we ask at each eventide,
"Where have I gleaned to-day?"

—S. S. Times.

A PERFECTLY AWFULLY LOVELY STORY.

There was once a perfectly modern girl,
With perfectly modern ways,
Who saw perfection in every thing
That happened to meet her gaze.

Such perfectly lovely things she said,
And perfectly awful, too,
That none would have dared to doubt her word,
So perfectly, perfectly true.

The weather, she said, in summer time,
Was perfectly awfully warm;
The winter was perfect, too, when there came,
Some perfectly terrible storm.

She went to a perfectly horrid school,
In a perfectly horrid town,
And the perfectly hateful teachers there
Did things up perfectly brown.

The lessons were perfectly fearfully long,
But never perfectly said;
But when she failed, as often she did,
Her face grew perfectly red.

The church she attended was perfectly mag—
With a perfectly heavenly spire,
And perfect crowds go there to hear
A perfectly charming choir.

The latest style is perfectly sweet,
The last, the perfectest out;
The books she reads are perfectly good
(Just here we raise a doubt).

A ride she took was perfectly grand,
On a perfectly gorgeous day,
With a perfectly nobby friend of hers,
Who happened to pass that way.

The perfectly elegant falls she'd seen
When on the way to the lake,
And the graphic description she gave us all,
Was simply a modern mistake.

The perfectly splendid foam dashed up
In a perfectly killing style,
And the perfectly terrible waves came down
In a perfectly lovely pile.

I might go on with this perfect poem,
And write to the end of time:
But fearing to wear your patience out,
Will bring to an end my rhyme.

Louisville Courier Journal.

NUMBER ONE.

"I tell you," said Robbie, eating his peach,
And giving his sister none,
"I believe in the good old saying that each
Should look out for Number One."

"Why, yes," answered Katie, wise little elf,
But the counting should be begun
With the *other one* instead of yourself,—
And she should be Number One."

—Charles R. Talbot in *St. Nicholas* for July.