

RUTH.

Ruth gleaned in the harvest grain
By little handfals much did gain ;
Her garnered store when told that day,
Did richly all her toil repay.

So little deeds of kindness shown,
Like thine where cares are thickly strown,
And hands, their friendship glad to prove,
Glean golden grains of fadeless love.

So may it be thy lot to find,
When friends and home must be resigned ;
Thy measure full and running o'er,
With peaceful joys gleaned long before.