



ONE THING NEEDFUL



IN Martha's house the weary Master
lay,

Spent with His faring through
the burning day.

The busy hostess bustled
through the room

On household cares intent, and
at His feet

The gentle Mary took her wonted seat.

Soft came His words in music through the gloom.

Cumbered about much serving Martha wrought—

Her sister listening as the Master taught—

Till, something fretful, an appeal she made:

'Doth it not matter that on me doth fall

The burden? Mary helpeth not at all.

Master! command her that she give me aid!'

'Ah! Martha, Martha, thou art full of care,
And many things thy needless trouble share!'

Thus, with the love that chides, the Master spake.

'One thing alone is needful! That good part
Hath Mary chosen from her loving heart;

And that part from her I shall never take!'

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One thing alone we lack! Our souls indeed
Have fiercer hunger than the body's need.





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Ah! happy they that look in loving eyes!
The harsh world round them fades; the Master's
 voice
In sweetest music bids their souls rejoice,
And wakes an echo there that never dies.

BRAM STOKER.

THE BATTLE OF OTTER- BURN

(A Note on Mr. Burns' Picture.)



OBSCURE, and often mysterious, are the laws that fix historic events in popular song. The memory of Flodden itself survives in only a single line of the old ballad literature. 'The Battle of Otterburn' is preserved in the finest lays of the English and Scottish minstrels; it would be remembered and sung were all the history-books burned. Yet Otterburn was a mere episode of Border story; one out of a hundred incidents of raid and reprisal in the long quarrel

