

THE LAND OF LONG AGO

and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years,
yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon
cut off, and we fly away. . . .

“So teach us to number our days, that we may
apply our hearts unto wisdom. . . .

“O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may
rejoice and be glad all our days.

“Make us glad according to the days wherein thou
hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen
evil.

“Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy
glory unto their children.

“And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon
us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon
us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.”

Aunt Jane removed her glasses and folded her
withered hands over the sacred pages. “You know,
child,” she said, “the Bible’s the word of God. I
ain’t questionin’ that. But it looks like to me there’s
some o’ the words of man in it, too. Now this psalm
I’ve jest read is the very one to read at a watch-meetin’
on New-year’s eve because it’s all about time and life
and the passin’ o’ the years, but there’s some o’ the

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