

## FOR FRIDAY AFTERNOONS.

## "As Regular as a Clock."

When things go just a certain way,  
As steady as can be,  
They're "regular as a clock," we say;  
Now, that's what puzzles me.

A clock's not regular at all;  
I know this for a fact—  
So don't depend upon it when  
You want to be exact.

Now, our clock, why it's just as sure,  
When I am having fun,  
And bedtime hour is drawing near,  
To break into a run.

And through the night it gallops on,  
Until, to my surprise,  
It's morning, and I know that I  
Have hardly closed my eyes.

Then when I go to see the boys—  
I often wonder why—  
The hours go by so very fast,  
They seem to fairly fly.

But then, sometimes, when I'm in school,  
It's just the other way;  
The old clock goes so slow, so slow,  
It seems the longest day.

And when it's near vacation time,  
That is the worst of all;  
It's slower than the slowest snail;  
It scarcely seems to crawl!

A clock's not "regular" at all;  
I know this for a fact—  
So don't depend upon it when  
You want to be exact.

—H. H. Pierson in *July St. Nicholas*.

## When Pa's Trustee.

Pa cum from the school meetin' late that night  
An' sed that they'd elected him trustee.  
Then Ben an' me just yelled with all our might,  
We wuz so glad, an' Ben he asked if we  
Wuz all trustee.

An' then my ma she spoke right up an' sed,  
"No one's trustee but jest your pa an' me,"  
An' Ben looked sheepish, an' I hung my head,  
An' Ma looked mad, when Pa, proud as could be  
Sed, "I'm trustee."

But, oh! such fun there was for Ben an' me  
When all the schoolmarms came from far an' near,  
An' stopped in front of our old gate to see  
If Pa would give the school to them that year,—  
'Cause Pa's trustee.

An' then they'd talk to Pa a good long while,  
An' Ben and me would cough to make a noise,  
An' then they'd look at us an' kinder smile  
An' say we looked like good little boys,—  
'Cause Pa's trustee.

But none jest suited Pa, till one came who  
Was so much prettier than all the rest,  
An' smiled so sweet, that Pa he said she'd do,  
'Cause Ben an' me we thought she was the best,—  
An' Pa's trustee.

I guess sometimes she wished she hadn't cum,  
'Cause Ben an' me we bothered her all day,  
We'd poke each other, whisper an' chew gum,  
But not a cross word would she dare to say,—  
'Cause Pa's trustee.

She'd talk about examples we should set,  
We'd feel so 'shamed, we'd promise to be good,  
We tried so hard to please her then—an' yet  
I'm afraid we don't do always as we should,—  
When Pa's trustee.

—Mary E. Eddy, in *Woman's Home Companion*.

## A Song of the Ages.

## Psalm Xlvi.

Out of the midst of the fiercest battle,  
Onslaught of foemen in terrible rush,  
The cries and tumult, the noise and rattle,  
Or the silence and dread of a fearful hush,  
From loss and sorrow and tribulation,  
This song has risen through storm and stress;  
"God is our refuge" has brought salvation,  
And the river of gladness been swift to bless.

God is a present help in trouble,  
Therefore, we fear not, though earth be moved,  
Though the mountains shake and the waters tremble,  
The Lord of Hosts has our refuge proved:  
He breaketh the bow and the spear in sunder;  
He maketh the wars of the earth to cease;  
The nations raged as with fire and thunder,  
He uttered his voice, and lo, there was peace.

We sing together this psalm of the ages,  
God is our refuge, be not dismayed;  
The kingdoms are moved and the nation rages,  
But God right early will help and aid;  
The Lord of Hosts will be with us ever,  
He shall be exalted where man has trod;  
Be still and know, for there is a river  
Whose streams make glad the city of God.

Two hundred trees are all that remain of the famous  
cedars of Lebanon. They are carefully enclosed and  
guarded. Several of those now standing are supposed  
to be over fifteen hundred years old.