

## FOR FRIDAY AFTERNOON

## THE WORLD; A CHILD SONG

Great, wide, wonderful, beautiful World;  
With the wonderful water round you curled,  
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,  
World, you are beautifully drest.

The wonderful air is over me,  
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;  
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,  
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You friendly earth; how far do you go,  
With the wheatfields that nod, and the rivers that flow,  
With cities and gardens and cliffs and isles,  
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,  
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;  
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,  
A whisper inside me seemed to say.—

"You are more than the earth, though you are such a dot;  
You can love and think, and the earth cannot.

—William Brighty Rands.

## MY FOLKS

I think my folks are very queer—  
You'd be surprised at things I hear.  
Sometimes it seems I'm very small,  
And then again I'm big and tall.

At night I tease to stay up late,  
But mother says: "No, no, it's eight;  
Go right up stairs; and hurry, too.  
Indeed—a little boy like you!"

At six next morning, from the hall,  
She wakes me with this funny call:  
"Come, come, get up; and hurry, too.  
For shame—a great big boy like you!"

When through the night I grow so fast,  
How very strange it doesn't last!  
I shrink and shrink till eight, and then  
I'm just a little boy again.—*Harper's Magazine.*

## FOUR THINGS

Four things a man must learn to do  
If he would make his record true:  
To think without confusion clearly;  
To love his fellow-men sincerely;  
To act from honest motives purely;  
To trust in God and heaven securely.

—Henry Van Dyke.

## EIGHT O'CLOCK

Of all the things the clock can say,  
The one I do not like  
Is "Eight o'Clock," that, twice a day,  
The clocks and bells all strike.

For Eight is "Time-for-School," you know,  
And Eight is "Time-for-Bed;"  
And when it strikes, you have to go—  
There's nothing to be said.

Sometimes it's "Circuses" at Two,  
And sometimes "Matinee,"  
And Three o'Clock is "School is Through,"  
And Four o'Clock is "Play."

And Five o'Clock, and Nine, and Ten,  
Eleven o'Clock and One,  
Why, nice "Perhaps-Things" happen then—  
("Perhaps" is always fun).

And Twelve and Six go very fast.  
With "Things-upon-a-Plate,"  
But soon as Seven hurries past,  
You hear the clock strike Eight!

So when I'm grown and have my say,  
And help to make things go,  
I'm going to take the "Eight" away  
From every clock I know!—*St. Nicholas.*

## COURTESY

Love's perfect blossom only blows  
Where noble manners veil defect:  
Angels may be familiar; those  
Who err each other must respect.

—*Coventry Patmore.*

## A SLIGHT CORRECTION.

By A HALIFAX CORRESPONDENT.

The brief account of the Empire Day celebration in Halifax in the last issue of the REVIEW was hardly fair in regard to the programme of speeches. The chief speech of the occasion was delivered by ex-President Forrest of Dalhousie. Speeches were also delivered by Mr. R. V. Harris, Chairman of the School Board, by Major Bligh, by his Lordship Bishop Worrell and by Dr. Edward Blackadder, ex-Chairman of the Board. The unfurling of the flag presented by the school children of Halifax, England, was indeed a touching and interesting incident. The vast Arena Rink was filled to its seating capacity.