PUZZLED.

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON.

You ask me whether I'm High Church, You ask me whether I'm High Church,
You ask me whether I'm Low,
I wish you'd tell the difference,
For I'm sure that I don't know.
I'm just a plain old body,
And my brain works pretty slow;
So I don't know whether I'm High
Church, And I don't know whether I'm Low.

I'm trying to be a Christian
In the plain, old-fashioned way
Laid down in my mother's Bible,
And I read it every day;
Our blessed Lord's life in the Gospels,
Or a comforting Psalm of old,
Or a bit from the Revelations
Of the city whose streets are gold.

Then I pray, why I'm generally praying,
Tho' I don't always kneel or speak out,
But I ask the dear Lord, and keep asking
Till I fear He is all tired out.
A piece of the Litany sometimes,
The Collect, perhaps, for the day,
Or a scrap of a prayer that my mother
So long ago learned me to say.

But now my poor memory's failing, And often and often I find And often and often I find
That never a prayer from the prayer-book
Will seem to come into my mind.
But I know what I want, and I ask it,
And I make up the words as I go;
Do you think, now, that shows I aint
High Church?
Do you think it means I am Low?

My blessed old husband has left me,
'Tis years since God took him away.
I know he is safe, well and happy,
And yet when I kneel down to pray,
Perhaps it is wrong, but I never
Leave the old man's name out of my

prayer, But I ask the Lord to do for him What I would do if I was there.

Of course He can do it much better; Of course He can do it much better;
But He knows, and He surely won't mind
The worry about her old husband
Of the old woman left here behind.
So I pray, and I pray, for the old man,
And I'm sure that I shall till I die,
So may be that proves I ain't Low Church,
And may be it shows I am high.

My old father was never a Churchman, My old father was never a Churchman, But a Scotch Presbyterian saint; Still, his white head is shining in Heaven, I don't care who says that it ain't; To one of our blessed Lord's mansions That old man was certain to go, And now do you think I am High Church? Are you sure that I ain't pretty Low?

I tell you it's all just a muddle,
Too much for a body like me,
I'll wait till I join my old husband,
And then we shall see what we'll see.
Don't ask me again, if you please, sir;
For really it worries me so,
And I don't care whether I'm High
Church,
And I don't care whether I'm Low.

Managing a Mule.

Managing a nume.

[Irwin Russell in Scribner's Magazine.]

You, Nebuchadnezzar, whoa, sah,
Whar is you tryin' to go; sah?

Is'e a holdin' ob the lines
You better stop dat prancin';
You's powerful fond o' dancin';
But I'll bet my yeah's advancin'

Dat I'll cure you ob your shines.

Look heah, mule! Better min' out, Fus' ving you know you'll fin' out How quick I'll wear dis line out On your ugly stubborn back. You needn' try to steal up An' lif' dat precious heel up; You's got to plough dis fiel' up; You's got to plough dis fiel' up; You has, sah, for a fac'.

Dar, dat's de way to do it!
He's comin' right down to it!
Jes' watch him ploughin' t'roo it;
Dis nigger ain't no fool.
Some folks dey would 'a' beat him;
Now dat would only heat him;
I know jes' how to treat him;
You must reason wid a mule.

He minds me like a nigger;
If he was only bigger
He'd fetch a mighty figger;
He wandld, I tell you! Yes, sah!
See how he keeps a-clickin',
He's as gentle as a chicken,
An' nebber finks o' kickin'—
Who, dah! Nebuchadnezzar!

Is dis heah me, or not me?
Or is de debbil got me?
Hab I laid heah more'n a week?
Dat mule do kick amazin',
De beast was spil'd in raisin';
By now I 'speet he's grazin'
On todder side de creek.

INTRA, MINTRA, CUTRA, CORN.

Ten small hands upon the spread, Five forms kneeling beside the bed Blue-eyes, Black-eyes, Curly-head

Blonde, brunette—in a glee and a glow, Waiting the magic word. Such a row! Seven years, six years, five, four, two!

Fifty fingers, all in a line (Yours are thirty, and twenty are mine), Ten sweet eyes that sparkle and shine.

Motherly Mary, age of ten, Evens the finger-tips again, Glances along the line—and then—

"Intra, mintra, cutra, corn, Apple-seed and apple-thorn,
Wire, orier, limber lock,
Three geese in a flock,
Ruble, roble, rabble, and rout,
Y, O, U, T,
Out!"

Sentence falls on Curly-head; One wee digit is "gone and dead," Nine-and-forty left on the spread.

"Intra, mintra," the flat goes, Who'll be taken, nobody knows, Only God may the lot dispose.

Is it more than a childish play? Still you sigh and turn away. Why? What pain in the sight, I pray?

Ah, too true: "As the fingers fall, One by one, at the magic call, Till, at the last, chance reaches all;

"So in the fateful days to come The lot shall fall in many a home That breaks a heart and fills a tomb;

Shall fall, and fall, and fall again, Like a Law that counts our love but vain, Like a Fate, unheeding our woe and pain.

"One by one—and who shall say Whether the lot may fall this day That calleth of these dear babes away?"

"True, too true. Yet hold, dear friend; Evermore doth the lot depend On Him who loved, and loves, to the end;

Blind, to our eyes, the flat goes Who'll be taken, no mortal knows. But only Love will the lot dispose

Only Love, with His wiser sight; Love alone, in His infinite might; Love, who dwells in eternal light."

Now are the fifty fingers gone To play some new play under the sun— The childish fancy is past and gone.

So let our boding prophecies go,
As childish, for do we not surely know
The dear God holdeth our lot below?

—Boston Congregationalist.

BANNERMAN RODE THE GRAY.

(A. Werner.)

I rode through the fush in the burning noon,
Over the bills to my bride;
The track was rough and the way was long,
And Banne man, of Dindenong,
He rode along by my s dz.

A day's march off my beautiful dwelt, By the Murray streams in the west; Lightly litting a gay love song, Robo Bannerman of the Dandenong, With a blood-red rose on his breast,

"Red, red lose of the western streams,"
Was the sorg he sang that day—
Truest comrade in hour of need—
Bay Mathuna, his peerless steed—
I had my own good gray.

There fell a spark on the upland grass,
The dry bush leapt into fiame;
And I fet my heart grow cold as death,
And Bannerman smiled and caught his
breath,
But I heard him name her name.

But I heard him name her name.

Down the hillstop the fire-flood rushed,
On the roaring eastern wind;
Neek and neck was the reckl as race—
Ever the bay mare kept her pace,
But the gray horse dropped behind.

He turned in the saddle—"Let's change, I
say."

And his brille-rein he drew.
He sprang to the ground—"Look sharp," he
said.

With a backward tose of his curly head,
"I ride lighter than you."

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Down and up—it was quickly done—
No words to waste that day!
Swift as a swallow she sped along,
The good bay mare from the Dandsnong—
And Bannerman rede the gray.

And Bannerman role the gray.

The hot air scorched like a turnace blast From the very mouth of hell—
The blue gums cought and blazed en high Like haming pitlers into the sky;
The gray horse staggered and fell.

"For your life!" he cried—"For her dear sake, ride!"
Into the gulf of flame
Were swept, in less than a-breathing space,
The laughing eyes, and the comely face,
And the lips that named her name.

She hore me brayely, the good bay mare—

She bore me bravely, the good bay mare—
Stunned and dizzy and blind;
I heard the sound of a mingling roar,
"Twas the Lachlar river that rushed before,
And the flames that folled behind. Safe, safe, at Warranga gate,
I fell, and lay like a stone.
O love! thine arms were around me then,
Thy warm tears called me to life again,
But, O God! that I came alone!

We dwell in peace, my beautiful one
And I, by the streams in the west,
But oft through the mist of my dreams along
Rides Bannerman of the Dandenong,
With the blood-red rose on his breast,

UNDER THE DAISIES.

[Unidentified.]

It is strange what a deal of trouble we take, What a sacrifice most of us willingly make, How the lips may smile though the heart may ache.

And we bend to the ways of the world for the sake

Of its poor and scanty praises!

And time runs on with such pittless flow, That our lives are wasted before we know What work to finish before we go

Under the dataies.

What work to finish before we go
Under the daisies.

And too often we fall in a useless fight,
For wrong is so much in the place of right,
And the end is so far beyond our sight:
'Tis as when one starts on a chase by night,
An unknown shade pursuing.
Even so do we see, when our face is run,
That all we have striven for, little is won,
And of all the work our strength has done,
How little was worth the doing.

So most of us travel with very poor speed,
Failing in thought where we conquer in deed;
Least brave in the hour of greatest need,
And making a riddle that few may read,
Of our life's intricate mazes.
Such a labyrinth of right and wrong,
Is it strange that a heart once brave and strong
Should faiter at last, and most carnestly long
For a calm sleep under the daisies?
But if one poor troubled heart can say,
'His kindness softened my life's rough way,''
And the tears fall over the lifeless clay,
We shall stand up in heaven in brighter array,
Than if all earth rang with our praises,
For the godd we have done shall never fade,
Though the work be wrought and wages paid,
And the wearied frame of the laborer laid
All peacefully under the daisies.

Two shall be born the whole wide world

Two shall be born the whole while apart,
apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no
thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed;
Yet these o'er unknown seas to unknown
lands
Shall cross; escaping wreck, defying death,
And all unconsciously shape every act
And bend each wandering step unto this end,
That one day out of darkness they shall meet,
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of

And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of
life
So closely side by side, they should one turn
Ever so little space to left or right,
They needs must stand acknowledged face
to face;
Yet these with groping hands that nover
clasp,
With wistful eyes that never meet, and fips
Calling in valu on ears that never hear,
Shall wander all their weary days unknown
And die unsatisfied. And this is Fate1



THE OLD NEGRO'S JANUARY.

[Written for the St. Jacobs Oil Family Calendar, 1886, by OPIE P READ, Editor of the "Arkansaw Traveler," Little Rock, Ark.]

De Jannywery win' is er blowin' mighty col',
Oh, lissen ter de cryin' o' de lam';
Peers ter be tryin' fur ter freeze er man's soul,
Oh, lissen ter de cryin' o' de lam'.
De ole sheep's stiff and de cows walk lame,
Oh, lissen ter de cryin' o' de lam';
An' de gray colt's back it am bent like er hame,
Oh, lissen ter de cryin' o' de lam'.

De hogs squeal loud in de middle o' de night An' make de ha'r fly in er warmin' up fight; De ole rooster crows wid de snow on his bac But de man smack his mouf o'er de drink o' ple jack.

Oh, lissen ter de squealin' o' de shoat;
Put on de bresh-wood, pile it up higher,
Oh, lissen ter de squealin' o' de shoat.
Rake out de taters, Tildy, an' er wipe 'em on de
tow'l,
Oh, lissen ter de squealin' o' de shoat.
De ash cake's done, an' so am de guinea fowl,
Oh, lissen ter de squealin' o' de shoat.

Set er roun' er box now we're gwine ter hab a feast, While de win' brings de snow in er hurry frum

de east— things to show in the thirly film de east—Ah, Lawd, we got it down jest ez fine's any silk—Oh, tilt de pitcher, Nervy, fur I wants some butter milk.