held the large family hible, the spiritual comfort of which probably emanated from its mere presence, since none of the household could read. A four-post bedstead, furnished with a puffy feather "tick" and adorned with a bright-hued patchwork quilt occupied half the room, and beyond, through an open doorway, was visible a stout pine table, a lofty shelf sustaining a water bucket and drinking-

JINSY AND PALLYRE.

gourd, an iron-ing-board, a spinning-wheel, and, in the yawning fireplace, a pot and three - legged skillet, hobnob-bing among the

ashes. "Tain't much, Gawd knows, acknowledged Aunt Haly pathetically, "but etically, hit's all ourn, whut us done sweat en wrassle for, en look like hit jes' tear out de nachel heartstrings to gin hit up. Lawd! Lawd!" And big tears fell among the crimson holly berries, as Aunt Haly gathered up her wreaths and started for the lonely burial plot. After a while

the children, who had remained at home, decided to build a fire. the children, who had remained at nome, decided to bill a line. "Ginst gran'paw come from lookin' atter he traps; den granny mout make some coffee, bein's es how dis here Chris'mus Eve," Palmyre, the second girl, suggested.

"I'm sustonished at you, Pellmy, well es you done heard granny say us ain't got no coffee 'tal," corrected Jinsy, the eldest.

"Wull, den, a hoe-cake," said Palmyre, retrenching; "dat's fillin', anyhow, en I'm des holler es a gode, I sho' is!"

By this time Jinsy Palmyre (phonetically, "Pellmy") and their

By this time Jinsy, Palmyre (phonetically, "Pellmy") and their brother Tom, nicknamed "Bud Chug" as a contraction of "sugar," had sprawled before the hearth, where the newly lighted pine-knot blaze threw weird glints upon their pudgy, good - natured features; but

Patsy, the youngest, sat silently in the shadow.
"Whut you study'n 'bout now, Patsy?" asked Jinsy.
"You de cu'ouses' human be-

ing in creashun, anyhow!"
"I ain' no human being, I'm
des folkses like you all is," cried Patsy, indignantly reject-ing her sister's term as one

of suspected opprobrium.
"Dat's de same thing," explained Jinsy; "but whut is you study'n 'bout, dar in de dark? You look like you done

fell off de roos', chile."
"I des turnin' over in my mine what granny done 'low 'bout Sandy Claws," confessed Patsy, rubbing a tear from her eye with a grimy fist, "en I des study'n ef all un us wuz to

git toge'r en pray, seem like de Lawd mout sen' ole Sandy Claws to we all house atter he done wint de round. Unk' Sampson, over to Fog Level, 'low folkses allus got to 'pend on de Lawd. He say dat how-come de inizzard ain' pestered 'bout nothin' like tur' beastesses is, caze he allus lookin' to Gawd," declared the little creature with all a child's simple faith.

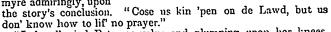
"Umph, how at?" inquired the more skeptical Jinsy.

"He say, de buzzard en de hock greed to jine pardners for vittles. De hock mighty brash, en flewed back'erds and for ards, wid his eye sot for a squ'l or a chicken, whilst de buzzard, he des sail round sorter sleepy, wid his eyes half shot, like he am' keerin' to bother hisse'f 'bout nothin'. De hock up'n 'low, 'Brer Buzzard, look

like you ain' hustlin' yo'se'f 'bout dis bis-'Don' hatter, ness.' Brer Hock,' says de buzzard. 'Vittles don' never bees no botherment to me, for I'pen's on de Lawd, I does. 'Dat mout do for you, de hock say, 'but I looks to myse'f for all I gits,' en wid dat de hock tuck'n drap down into Mr. Man's chicken yard, en grab holt er one de fattes' Domi-nicker pullets. Den de man runned out wid a gun en kilt de hock. Atter while, here come de buzzard. En time he seed de hock layin' dar in de fence cornder, he tuck'n lit, en der, he tuck h ht, en he hop up to de cyar-kiss, en he 'low, 'Po' Brer Hock, you'd better 'pended on de Lawd, like I does'; en he 'gun eatin' wid dat."

"Nigger, you sho' is not sence like a

is got sence like a mule," declared Palmyre admiringly, upon



"I does," cried Patsy eagerly; and plumping upon her knees, she began, "Lawd, sen' Sandy Claws to—."

"You ain' got to go bodaciously into prayer like dat," interrupted Bud Chug authoritatively. This young person, with an aim for future ministerial honors, had devoted much thought to such matters, and had stored his memory with choice cullings from the negro pastor's perorations. "You commences, 'Mussyful Father en glorable Gawd, us po' sinners glorable Gawd, us po' sinners

is 'sembled here dis' night to ax en explore yo' probearing-ness for our backslidin' en onchristianness.' Dat de way Brer Brown make a start over to Mt. Zion,

So instructed, Patsy began anew, and progressed smoothly until she entered the field of individual wants. "Send Pellmy," she prayed, "a new calker coat..."

"Shucks!" broke in Bud Chug, "you cain' come at de Lawd so familious-like, I done tole you. You oughter say, 'Gressious Gawd, turn vo' incountenance onto dis po' sinner, Pellmy, what's in de low grounds er sorrow.

Along this line the prayer continued down to the final clause, when Patsy, having set forth the family needs to her perfect satisfaction, suddenly ended.

"Dat a turble onrespectful way to cend," remonstrated Bud Chug severely. "Ax for

whutsomedever you wants, mighty perlite, en den drap off wid plain 'Amen'! You hatter slope 'long sorter easy, like Brer Brewn does. Des say, 'En now, homni-presents Father, us have ax yo' actention to dese humble words of ourn, dough us ain' crackin' ourselves up to 'serve nothin' of thee. 'cept'n' thoo de blood of de Lamb.' Dat kin' of eend sorter like hit ought to be."



LIFTING PRAYER

