

## WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

With kingle, klangle, klinglo,  
Far down the dusky dingle,  
The cows are coming home;  
Now sweet and clear, and faint and low,  
The airy tinklings come and go,  
Like chimings from a far-off tower,  
Or patterings of an April shower  
That makes the daisies grow:  
Ko-ling, ko-lang, ko-lingle-linglo,  
Far down the darkening dingle  
The cows come slowly home;  
And old-time friends and twilight plays  
And starry nights and sunny days  
Come trooping up the misty ways,  
When the cows come home.

When jingle, jangle, jinglo,  
Soft tones that sweetly mingle,  
The cows are coming home;  
Malyine, and Pearl, and Florimel,  
DeCamp, Red Rose, and Gretchen Schell,  
Queen Bess and Sylph—and Spangled Sue,  
Across the fields I hear her "loo-oo,"  
As she clangs her silver bell,  
G. ing, go-lang, go-lingle-linglo,  
With faint-far sounds that mingle  
The cows come slowly home;  
And mother songs of long gone years,  
And baby joys and childish fears,  
And youthful hopes and youthful tears,  
When the cows come home.

With ringle, rangle, ringlo,  
By twos and threes, and single,  
The cows are coming home;  
Through violet air we see the town,  
The summer sun is slipping down,  
The maple in the hazel glade,  
Throws 'cross the path a longer shade,  
And the hills are growing brown:  
To-ring, to-rang, to-ringle-linglo,  
By threes and fours and single,  
The cows come slowly home,  
The same sweet sound of wordless psalm,  
The same sweet June day rest and calm,  
The same sweet smell of buds and balm,  
When the cows come home.

With tinkle, tanklo, tinklo,  
Through fern and peat-winklo,  
The cows are coming home:  
A loitering in the checkered stream  
Where the sun rays glance and gleam,  
Clarino, Peach-bloom, and Phebe Phillis  
Stand knee-deep in creamy lilies,  
Each wrapt in a drowsy dream;  
To-link, to-lank, to-linklo-linklo,  
O'er banks with buttercups a-twinkle,  
The cows come slowly home:  
And up through mem'ry's deep ravine  
Comes song of brooks and old-time sheen  
From crescent of the Silver Queen  
When the cows come home.

With kingle, klangle, klinglo,  
With loo-oo and moo-oo and jingle  
The cows are coming home;  
And over from the purpling hill,  
Sound plaintive cries of whip-poor-will,  
And dewdrops lie on tangled vines,  
Through the poplar Venus shines,  
And o'er the silent mill;  
Ko-ling, ko-lang, ko-lingle-linglo,  
With ting-a-lug and jingle,  
The cows come slowly home;  
Let down the bars, let in the train  
Of long-gone songs, and flowers and rain,  
For dear old times come back again  
When the cows come home.

H. S. C.

## JEEMS KAYE AT A SCHOOL TRIP.

As long as I hae a breath in my body, Bailie, I'll never let oor guid auld Scotch customs die oot. They may talk about their Christ-masses and their Good Fridays, their Shrove Tuesdays and their Pancake Wen'sdays, but it 'ill no be Jeems Kaye that 'ill conform tae ony o' them.

Last Saturday I got oor Sunday skule tae go for kruds-an'-cream. Some o' the ither elders said it wisna genteel noo-a-days tae tak' kruds-an'-cream. Tae this hooever, I replies—"Efter I'm awa' ye can dae as ye like, but as lang as I'm here I'll be a thorn in yer flesh wi' yer spurious gentility."

Weel, at three o'clock we assembled in front o' the coal ree. We had got the len o' haaf-a-dizzen carts frae different folk, and the bairns were a' packed in them. The minister and me, and the rest o' the elders, were in the first cart, sitting in the strae wi'

oor backs up against the side, and oor heids looking ower jist like a lot o' turtle doves in a nest. We were vera comfortable, the only thing that bothered us bein' Mr. Pinkerton's wudden leg. As it couldna bend tae suit altered circumstances, it wis aye scroogin' awa' at the sma' o' some o' oor backs, till we made him unscrew i. a'thegither and haund it up tae the carter, wha, after examining the virl for awhile, began tae thrash the horse wi't, till I interposed and took it frae him. In the cart behin' us wis a banner inscribed.

"Lemonade, man's greatest friend."

When the minister looked ower at this he winked tae me, and I winked in return and pointed tae my inside coat pocket; an' if ye had jist seen the smile o' contentment that cam' ower the faces as the ither saw that I had had the foresicht tae come provided.

"Aye, gentleman," says I, "there's an awfu' lot o' dooble-dealing noo-a-days; everybody, frae the magistrate doon tae the street orator, wants tae mak' everybody teetotal but themselves. After they mix their stiff glass o' toddy at the fireside they tak' a sup o't and as it warms their hert they turn up their eyes an' murmur, 'We must shut the public hooses; the pur working folk hae nae business tae indulge in luxuries like this; this is only for the like o' us comfortable folk.'"

The rest o' the carts had banners sich as—

"Divided we stand, united we fall."

"A fair day's work for a fair day's wage,"

and sae on. We tell't stories and gied guesses, and played at "nievie, nievie-nick-nack," and the time passed won'erfully. But the longest lane has a turning, and at last we turned doon the road leading tae the farm, and as we got oot and shook the strae aff oosels I says—"Noo, gentlemen, if it's a' the same tae you, we'll hae nae lang speeches aboot oxygen, or hydrogen, or electricity, but jist let the weans awa' tae play themselves at "kee! hoy" or "hi spy," or whatever they like, and we'll walk roor wi' the farmer and study natural history, and examine the champion mangold-wurzel, and a' the new patent fanners, and sich like."

Efter a while we got the weans intae the stack yard tae hae their kruds, and they a' sat roon, and every ane got a bowl, and servant lassies wi' shortgoons and smiling faces helped them, and a' wis festivity.

The minister, and me, and Mr. Pinkerton got up on chairs on the tap o' a hen hoose tae keep order, and the weans sent up a deputation tae us tae say "they wanted Mr. Kaye tae mak' a speech, as it wisna often he spoke," so as I had finished my kruds, I got up, and steadyin' mysel' in amang the branches o' a peer tree, I began—

"Noo, bairns, my address 'll be brief but tae the point. Tae be able tae say ye're a Scotchman is the happiest thing on earth. Of course we've tae pay for oor advantages, we've tae learn the Shorter Catechism and the Paraphrases, and as we grow up drink toddy. Some folk noo-a-lays try tae throw discredit on the Scotch; they say that nearly a' the sodgers in the 42nd are Irishmen—aye, nae winner ye laugh—but that's jist jealousy. If we werena sich a great nation they widna try tae rin us doon sae much. Thae English are vera ignorant, particularly on Bible subjects. I'm sure there's no a wean here but can repeat the 23rd Psalm, metre version—I never kent a Scotch bairn yet that couldna say't aff by heart, and hope I never will. Noo, oor minister wis telling me that he wis examining a skule up in England, and he asked a laddie tae tell the parable o' the

good Samaritan, and so up the bairn gets and says, 'A certain man was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and he fell among thorns, and the thorns sprang up and choked him and he said to the host, here's tuppence, put him on his own ass, and he passed by on the ither side.' Anither was asked tae tell the story o' Abraham, and he said 'Abraham had two wives, Hagar and Ishmael—he kept one at home to wash the dishes, and he sent the other into the wilderness, where she became a pillar of salt by day, and a pillar of fire by night.' Noo, wisna that awfu' ignorance?"

Bit jist at this Mr. Pinkerton grippit me by the arm, and says, wi' a groan, "Oh, Mr. Kaye, my leg's through the jeists."

"Michty me," says I, "is that leg o' yours kicking up a rumpus again? It's nae suner oot o' wan habble than it's intae anither. When folk invite ye oot here can ye no hae mair respect for their property than begin and destroy't? That's the way ye spile folk for asking us back again. Here, some o' you bigger anes, come ower and shove up. So I held on tae the peer tree wi' one haun and pulled him wi' the ither, and the minister, grippin' a rhone drew awa' by his ither haun. Bit this wis only the beginnin' o' the colliers-hangie. Some o' the boys gettin' intae the hen hoose tae help, frichtit the life oot o' a wheen auld hens and chickens and ganders, and when they ran cackling thro' the crood the weans began tae throw their bonnets at them. Then the colliers thoct they were tae keep the hens oot the corn, and they set tae chasing them; and the farmer's wife cam' oot wi' the spurtle and she efter the dogs. By-an'-by twa-three young calves joined in, wi' their tails in the air, and tummled ower some o' the younger weans, wha began tae greet; and then they upset some bee skeps, and that didna improve matters; and sich an uproar, if ye had jist seen it, Bailie! Weans, dogs, calves, hens, and chickens, a' fleeing roon the stack yard, oot at one gate and in at the ither, while the bees were tickling them a' up indiscriminately. My word, bit the bees had the best o't."

"Gentlemen," at last I cries, "put on your hats! This is the *coup d'etat*, as the Frenchmen say. Ostler, yoke the horses, the harmony is over; the suner we're hame the better. I ken't something wid happen."

We saw the farmer's wife hirpling awa' intae the hoose between twa teachers, and the farmer cam' ower tae us wi' his face like a nor-west mune; and, says he, shaking his nieve in oor faces, "If ever you or your Sunday skule come oot here again, I'll let louse the bull on ye."

As nane o' the rest could speak, I lays my han' on my hert and says, "Apologies are superfluous. I'll say naething, but the first time your cart's passing my door, I'll be vera glad to put in twa hunnerwecht o' the vera best, as my contribution tae the damage dune; and I think Mr. Pinkerton couldna offer ye less than a hale smoked ham or a Dunlop cheese, for it wis him that began the hale affair."

Mr. Pinkerton, hooever, didna hear me; so we a' got into the carts again, and wended oor way hame in the dark. Some o' the weans had sprained thooms, and some had lost their bonnets; twa or three had their noses bled; and as the minister said, "great wis the lamentation."

In oor cart we somehow were mair crooded than we were going oot, and every noo and again in the dark, ye wid hear, "Wha's aught that knee?" "Keep that elbow oot o' my ribs;"

"Sit ower a wee, man;" but we got hame at last.

Bailie, I've hardly had time tae gather mysel' thegither yet, so I must say "adieu."

Yours, Jeems Kaye in "The Bailie."