

In Pastures Green

Man rooted in
nature

The honest farmer, when his chores are done,
Pulls off his boots and sits beside the fire;
Toasteth his toes and holdeth forth upon
The little things that have aroused his ire.
He mourneth for the men he used to hire—
Great brawny giants, who would work all day,
Then do the chores and never loaf or tire—
And wait a year at least to get their pay.
Thus peevishly he frets and wears the night away.

Or else he takes his weekly paper down
And reads it—even the editorial page;
Talks of the wicked things they do in town,
Where financiers in pirate schemes engage.
Or works himself into a sputtering rage
About the things that politicians do,
Disgracing both their country and the age—
Believing all he reads as being true.
O *Globe* and *Mail*, I fear some things are "up to you."

Their homework done, the children from the loft
Bring down the nuts and have their nightly feed;
The noise they make their mother chideth oft,
To which, alas, they give but little heed.
Then rings the telephone, and you may read
On Jenny's cheek the old, eternal tale—
She answereth it with startled, nimble speed,
Feigneth surprise and striveth hard to veil
The converse that she hath with some adoring male.

Somehow the telephone doesn't seem to harmonise with words ending in "eth." The future Burns will be wise to choose some measure more tripping and up-to-date than the stately and rumbling Spenserian stanza.

Do the quail and black squirrels keep posted on the game laws and know when it is safe to appear in public? Kipling says that the wild elephants know to a day when the hunting season ends, and celebrate the occasion with a dance. Our wild game must have knowledge of the same kind. All summer and fall I saw but two flocks of quail, and I wouldn't have seen them if I hadn't happened to walk right among them. Since the shooting season closed I can't cross a field without scaring up a flock, and "their tameness is fearful to me." The