

## *In Pastures Green*

near the water and sends out its roots in that direction. This will vary with different natures, but this is the place where a wise man will dig his cellar."

There are joys surpassing the joys of any success, of good harvests, of fat steers, or anything that most farmers desire and take account of, but these joys cannot be set down in words. I can only ask the poets to suggest them for you. Whitman says in one of those seemingly egotistical passages where he is really voicing the soul of things:

"I will never translate myself at all only to him or her who privately stays with me in the open air."

In the supreme hours of the open life of the country those who are able to feel and see and enjoy reap a harvest that is beyond all sordid dreams. At such times they care little for your trusts and mergers, or for what the future may have in store. And though these days cannot last those who have once enjoyed them feel that they counterbalance all the failures and worries and bitterness of life.

### A FARMER'S DEFENCE

The world is full of deeds of praise,  
But what is that to me?  
I work my fields and do my chores,  
Nor care what deeds they be.  
Year in, year out, with glare and gold,  
The wonder world goes by,  
And all my fellows of the fields  
As little care as I.

But oh, it seems another world,  
Out there where things are done,  
Where glories worth a king's desire  
We see so bravely won.