

# The Farmer's Boys.

By J. W. Bengough.

Behold the Farmer's bright-eyed lads,  
Home for the week-end 'mongst the hay;  
(They're County High-school "undergrads,"  
But Friday evenings get away  
From books and classes, and are gay  
As chipmunks then,  
Back home at play !)

That's Bob above and Syd below ;  
They're much alike, as you may see,  
But you'll be pleased, I'm sure, to know  
That otherwise they so agree—  
There's such a mental harmony—  
They 'maze the whole  
Locality !

Not only do they never fight,  
(As brothers are so apt to do)  
But they are in agreement quite,  
And hold the self-same point of view ;  
What's blue to Syd, to Bob is blue,  
And what Bob says  
Syd says it, too.

They're holding now—sans fuss or noise—  
A little Farmers' Institute,  
And Bob's discussing "Farmers' Boys ;  
What Occupation best will Suit  
Such chaps;" a question at the root,  
Tho' still, 'twould seem,  
A question moot.

Draw nigh—you'll find it worth your while ;  
Come up and listen to their talk ;  
Syd's got, alas, a slangy style,  
But Bob is what he calls "the chalk,"  
A speaker who's no "chump" or "gawk,"  
But "into mush  
Most guys can knock."

Says Bob—"Professions have their charm,  
And there is room for many a score  
Of Lawyers, but to me the Farm  
Is THE profession ; there is more  
Of satisfaction there in store,  
What say you, Syd ?"  
Cries Syd, "Encore !"

"This world has endless ills and pain,  
And must have Doctors for its care ;  
So, may the sick ne'er call in vain  
For men of skill and learning rare ;  
I'll glean the harvest for my share,  
What say you, Syd ?"  
Cries Syd—"Ah, there !"

"The world needs Preachers more and more,  
With hearts not merely warm, but hot,  
To tell God's love with grace and power  
At home, abroad—in every spot ;  
But I am called to feed the lot—  
What say you, Syd ?"  
Cries Syd—"That's what !"

"The schools present a great demand ;  
The call for Teachers must be met ;  
No work more useful, holy, grand,  
Than teaching can man do, and yet  
My heart on the old farm is set,  
What say you, Syd ?"  
Cries Syd—"You bet !"

"Our wond'rous age has brought new needs,  
And new professions that allure ;  
Both wealth and fame await the deeds  
Of engineers in branches newer,  
But I'm for Farming straight and pure,  
What say you, Syd ?"  
Cries Syd—"Why, sure !"

"Some chaps go in for poetry  
And others take to writing prose,  
But Authorship appears to me  
Uncertain in its 'funds and flows,'  
While Farming reaps when e'er it sows ;  
What say you, Syd ?"  
Cries Syd—"That goes !"

"And then, what prose can beat the tale  
That Nature tells beside the plow ?  
Is not the man-made poem pale  
Beside the morn and evening glow  
Of splendid harvests as they grow ?  
Eh, Syd ?" Cries Syd—  
"It-is-you-know !"

"With telephones and radial lines,  
And all town luxuries, to rob  
The farm of loneliness, there shines  
New light upon the Farmer's job,  
With all the world he may hob-nob—  
Eh, Syd ?" Cries Syd—  
"You're shoutin', Bob !"

"In short, old man," adds slaney Syd—  
"The Farm's all-right-all-right-all-right,  
And you can gamble that this kid  
Is with you, Bobby, day and night !"  
Then these two High School lads so bright  
Adjourned to read  
The ADVOCATE !



Photo by R. R. Sallows.

Canadian Boys' Holiday Time.



From painting by A. M. Fleming.

A Wet Autumn in Kent Lowlands, Ontario.

(See paragraph.)