

THE EARLY DAYS

YES, times have changed since the early days and
things are different now ;
We used to tramp from dawn to dusk in the trail of a
walking-plough,
And sow our grain from a canvas sack with a barrel-
hoop for a mouth,
And we kind o' felt that Providence controlled the frost
and drouth ;
And in harvest work we always neighboured forth and
back,
And never thought of threshing till the grain was in the
stack ;
And hauled our wood in the winter-time, and smoked
beside the fire,
And felt our lot was everything that reason could desire.

True, we had little money ; our homes were plain and
bare ;
Maybe a box for a table, maybe a block for a chair ;
Straw to repose our bodies at the end of the well-
worked day,
And the stars saw through the knot- holes in the shingles
where we lay ;