

## THE THRESHING DAY.

And now the thread of my blithe lay  
Leads us unto the threshing-day.  
The 'hands' assembled as the sun,  
His short day's march had just begun ;  
And, as we see them now, before  
The huge machine begins its roar,  
We note their manner ; hear their speech ;  
And thus we these conclusions reach.

The boy is here with down on cheek,  
Who, swelling words, doth loudly speak ;  
And thus to hide his lack of mind,  
Such man-like talk doth get behind.  
He springs to work like a young colt ;  
And, like him, is quite apt to bolt.  
He orders, shouts, swings fork on high ;  
Thus arms and tongue at once doth ply.  
For, with the men, a man must be ;  
Apes older ones prodigiously.

And now the men attract our gaze ;  
And, as around our quick glance strays,  
Some seated in a group we see,  
Tellin' cute tales right merrily,  
While others wear a sage's face ;  
Move at their work with measured pace ;