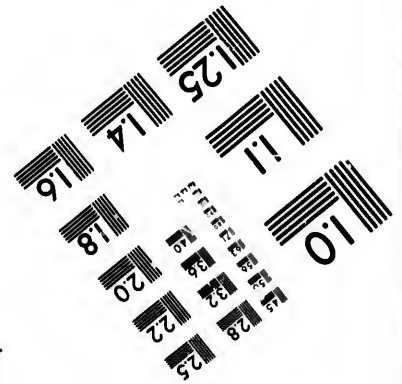
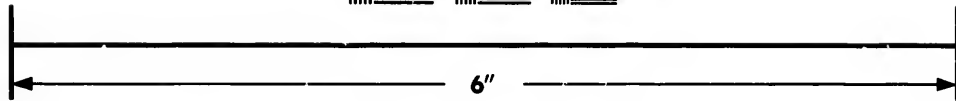
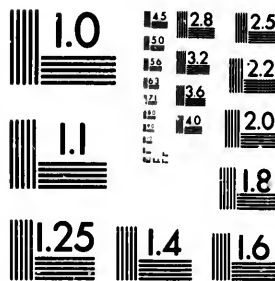
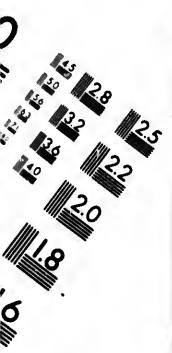


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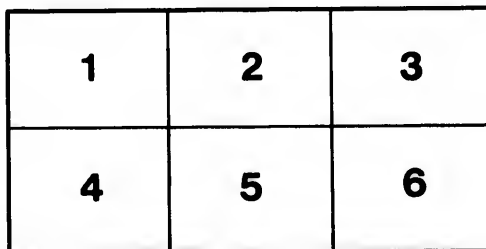
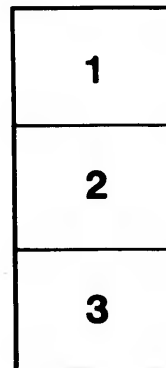
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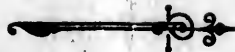
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The Farmer ^{AND} His Son

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THE FATHER AND HIS SON!

∴ ∴ **A DIALOGUE** ∴ ∴

BY

ARCHIBALD MACFIE.

FATHER.

Tired of farming? Yea, my son,
You say your work is never done,
Complain of clothing and of food,
And lately seem in surly mood;
You speak unkind to me and mother,
And treat poor Sis unlike a brother.
You're not yourself at all of late,
What mischief's brewing in your pate?
You act so rude and discontented,
And look like someone half demented!
What ails you son? Look up, speak free,
And tell your grievance all to me.

SON.

Well, Dad, you see I'm wiser growing,
I've got to be a little knowing;
The simple may be fond of ploughing,
Cleaning stables, ditching, mowing,
Drudging along each blessed day,
Up to the hips in mud and clay,
And always stuck in that low station,
No better than the brute creation.
You know before I went to school,
I used to be that kind of fool,
But now you see the transformation
Produced by modern education.

You by your muscle earn your bread :
 I'm going to earn it with my head ;
 I'm educated, don't you see,
 Knowledge and labor won't agree.

The fact is, Dad, I'm now too cute
 To labor daily like a brute,
 I'll go to college for a session
 To study up for a profession.

I'll for a season be a teacher,
 Then a sanctimonious preacher,
 To preach two sermons every week
 Will be to me an easy trick,
 And show when moving in society,
 All o'er my face some traits of piety.

And since the people are too idle
 To study for themselves the bible,
 They'll gladly pay me goodly wages
 To make a mystery of its pages.

I'll oft relate that awful tale
 How Jonah gobbled up the whale,
 And discourse, sometimes, upon
 The story of the prod'gal son ;
 And other fables of the kind—
 How Joseph left his coat behind.

But, Daddy, ten to one, I'll wage
 There are no Joseph's in this age ;
 A modern preacher he would not,

In such a manner lose his coat.
 He'd scorn to lose his best apparel
 And with a lady have a quarrel.

Six thousand years their course has spent,
 We have read of many a noted saint,
 Yet know of none who's had existence
 But Joseph offering strong resistance
 To woman's little coaxing ways,
 When tempting trap for man she lays.

But who can fathom woman's hate
 For him who swallows not the bait
 When she with lustful heart shall pitch
 The tempter's snare within his reach?

History new and old you see
 I know as pat as A B C,
 And you may bet your bottom dollar
 I'll be the gentleman and scholar.
 T'is only men devoid of sense
 Who labor now behind the fence ;
 The world may be the busy bee
 And fill the honey comb for me.

Now, Daddy, you're away behind
 And know but little of mankind,
 They're one part good and two parts vicious,
 They're gullible and superstitious ;
 And mostly keep from doing evil
 For fear of that old chap, the devil,
 How few do walk the narrow road
 For fear, or for the love of God ;
 And most of them are good, because

They are compelled by human laws.
 Abstaining oft from theft and treason,
 For fear of scaffold, hemp, and prison.

{ The thought of flogging with the cat,
 And strong policeman with his bat,
 Prevents more mischief in our land
 Than efforts of the parson band
 With that old book they call the bible,
 Which science proves to be a foible.

Yet, see how many can be hired
 To argue this old book inspired ;
 But, dad, the yarns 'bout inspiration
 Are quashed by modern education.
 A teacher now would be a fool
 To teach such rubbish in a school ;
 Were he to breathe the word theology,
 He would be asked for an apology,
 { And modern teachers know too well
 They must not talk of heaven or hell.

And, dad, I'm very proud to state
 In school the bible 's out of date,
 And less believed than what Defoe
 Compiled 'bout Robinson Crusoe.
 And with us boys the thought prevails
 The bible's naught but Hebrew tales,
 The very dregs of superstition,
 From end to end a vague tradition ;
 As full of imaginary flights
 As tales of the Arabian nights.

Still, for a stipend I incline
 To teach the old book as divine ;
 The more the hypocrite I play
 The larger shall become my pay.

Like Dr. Wild I'll give them bits
 About the eastern pyramids,
 And, of course, I must contend
 The world is coming to an end,
 Basing all my calculations
 Upon the book of Revelations.

I'll write a book, a little daisy,
 'Twill drive a million people crazy ;
 I'll do all this and risk the sin
 If I can scoop the dollars in.
 A dip in that infernal lake
 I'll risk it for the dollar's sake,
 For nowadays he's simply trash,
 The man that's poor and short of cash.

With dimes enough we can dispense
 With virtue and with common sense,
 And thousands bow before our nod
 To worship us instead of God.

.....

FATHER.

My son, my son! your words are such
 As to aggrieve your father much ;
 I'd rather see you lying dead
 Than listen to the speech you've made ;
 I fear, my son, our modern schools

Are nurseries for knaves and fools ;
 Sceptics are there as thick as bees
 Or skippers in a fat old cheese ;
 Sinners and idlers, too, are there
 As thick as colly's shaggy hair,
 'Who want to earn their sip and bit
 By what is known to them as wit ;
 That wit, devoid good sense and piety,
 Repugnant to all good society,
 Wit which daily helps to swell
 The inmates of the convict's cell.

I listened to your grand oration
 Extolling modern education.
 Our sceptic breeding, modern schools
 Turn out one wise to twenty fools.
 The latter class we always find
 The very bane of human kind,
 Concocting fraud and imposition
 To gain in life a grand position,
 Impious wretches who would kill
 A neighbor for a dollar bill
 To satiate some favorite lust
 By which their nature is accurs'd.

I'd work in sunshine or in shade
 With pick, with barrow or with spade,
 Far sooner than I would pursue
 The evil course proposed by you.

(I'd rather work from day to day
 Up to the hips in mud and clay,
 I'd rather be forever poor

And have to beg from door to door
Than live in luxury and be
A sneaking, lying pharisee.

The bible and the preacher you
Pronounce as worthless and untrue,
If you deprive us of their grace
What will you give us in their place?
The grand old book I cannot spare
Till you can offer better fare.

To me the old book is divine,
'Tis like an ever yielding mine
In which beneath a little mould
Lie seams of rarest, purest gold.
'Tis like a guide who leads the way
When darkness all around us lay,
The only compass to us given
That clearly points the way to heaven;
It is the chart which sheweth clear
The safest course for us to steer.

No more the sceptic's lore recount
Go read the sermon on the mount,
And study well the precepts rare
That you will find recorded there,
They teach to others you should do
As you would have them do to you.

If you but once that sermon scan
I'm sure you'll be a better man,
I know, my son, therein you'll find
Far better thoughts to fill your mind.

Your thoughts were pure as morning air,
 While here with me you worked your share,
 I've heard you whistling at the plough
 Or singing gaily on the mow,
 And when the work of day was done
 How proud I was of you, my son.

And every night, tho' often tired,
 When to our chamber we retired,
 Mother and I would join as one
 To ask God's blessing on our son ;
 And he who for the sparrows care
 Will surely heed our earnest prayer,
 And lead you from the path of woe
 To that pure way that you should go.

My son, if you should wish to be
 From naughty ways forever free,
 If you would wish to keep from harm,
 The safest place is on the farm.

Avoid the city's wicked throng
 Who're often tempted to do wrong,
 Where honor is so often sold,
 Where virtue is exchanged for gold,
 Where human clamour never cease,
 Where no pure air you get to breathe,
 Where friendship's bonds are cast aside
 Replaced by sham, deceit and pride,
 Where flaunting jades are daily seen
 Who grand would be as *Sheba's Queen*,
 Gaudy, painted, lewd decoys

Who lead to ruin country boys.
Read Solomon's proverbs through and through
And then you'll think my words are true.
Not Solomon's song, for that great sage
Intended it for riper age.

The billiard hall and the saloon
No doubt you think a very boon,
Where thoughtless youths do seem to find
Sweet recreation for their mind.
Yet there, my son, you soon may trace
The infant step to fell disgrace ;
And they who pleasure seeketh there,
Of earthly sorrows get their share.

Temptations here are very few,
At times we're vexed and grumble too ;
When weather is too cold or hot
We're discontented with our lot,
And oft find fault with nature's laws
When we, blind creatures, have no cause.
And say that this or th'other field
Its proper share neglects to yield ;
But these are faults in human kind
As small as folk expect to find.

'Tis true, in fortune's fickle race,
The farmer goes a slower pace
Than they who wears the sombre gown
And rushing natives of the town,
So full of schooling, seeming wise.
Yet, still the farmer gains the prize.

By slow degrees he climbs the hill
And pays betimes each lawful bill,
He's not the gentleman and scholar
Who pays but fifty on the dollar.
No, no, my son, the farmer's plan
Is pay what's right to every man,
And scorn to claim the least relation
To fops with modern education.
He's void of sense whoever classes
Farmers with educated asses,
Or artful knaves whose studied plan
Is cheating others when they can.

Doctors, lawyers, yes, and preachers,
Scheming merchants, pawky teachers,
Fain would risk the hempen collar
For sake of the almighty dollar.
There are exceptions, not a few,
But most of them mean tricks will do,
Rather than use a pick or spade
Or ply at the mechanic's trade,
To plunder others they combine,
Are these the men you wish to join?
Remember, sir, to keep from harm
The safest place is on the farm.

When I in bed lie snug and warm
I'm growing rich upon the farm,
Grass to make the bulky mow,
Wheat beneath the winter snow.
Colt and calf and lamb and sow,
Night and day they grow and grow,

Day and night sunshine or rain,
 Beasts and pasture roots and grain,
 E'en when hurricanes are blowing
 Something on the farm is growing ;
 Let others to the cities swarm
 For me there's no place like the farm.

The farmer's taught from nature's book
 The shrub, the tree, the flower, the brook,
 The bird that warbles on the spray
 To greet with joy the break of day,
 The grass that waves upon the lea,
 The beaver, ant, and thrifty bee,
 The kine around the barnyard stalk,
 Tho' mute, the language daily talk
 Of Him the universe doth rule,
 Head master of old Nature's school.

The modern youth of pubert age
 Delights to ape the ancient sage,
 Tho' but a calf would fain appear
 A very brawny kind of steer ;
 O'er flown with premature ideas,
 As stupid he as any he ass,
 A jelly-headed hobbledehoy
 Neither a child nor man nor boy.
 From such as these you got the tuition
 That fills your head with such confusion.

And, now, my son, it would appear
 You see the road to fortune clear,

While yet, unseen, there may be there
 Enough to make you claw your hair.
 Yes, obstacles of every size
 May daily on your path arise,
 And what to you may seem so fair
 Will prove but castles in the air,
 Erected on the flimsy haze
 On which the youth is prone to gaze,
 The youth who never dreamt of troubles
 And never heard of empty bubbles,
 Who thinks that he the ready money
 Can find in hives like wax and honey,
 Who dubs himself a clever lad
 When he extorts a V from dad,
 For purposes of modern schooling,
 But often spent in other fooling.

Since you for greatness have a thirst,
 And be a scholar grand you must,
 Prepare yourself without delay
 The piper's charges all to pay,
 For not a dime in my possession
 Will help you through a college session.

When Lords the Commons' wish denies,
 The Commons can refuse supplies,
 The Commons thus the Lords oft forces
 To let the Commons be the bosses ;
 So, like the Commons who are wise,
 L stop this moment the supplies.

If you but wish to climb the hill
To preach, to practice—law or pill,
Do it alone, but if you slip,
Your daddy will not help you up.

Should you perchance the summit gain
By toil of body, rack of brain,
May be that there instead of gold
You'll find it chilly, damp and cold ;
For hills are in the social scale
Far colder, higher than in the vale ;
And pastures sweeter are below,
High up the slope the rankest grow.

Tis true the higher up you get
The more you see and more you fret,
And oft the higher up you go
The more you wish to be below.

It matters not how pure the spring
Mud to its bottom always cling,
Our state, like nature, is two fold,
Mixed with the dross is found the gold,
And honey, tho' the sweetest thing,
Is found protected by the sting,
The rose that scents the early morn
Is found upon the prickly thorn.

So, lofty stations in this life
Are always mixed with cares and strife,
Behind the scene a power commands
Which not one mortal understands.

Nature to me is ever charming—
I live with nature when I'm farming ;
I'd rather be a farm possessor
Than a classical professor
In one of your collegiate schools
Where students like a pack of fools,
With scanty brains well on the rack,
Are measuring on a comet's track
Or seeking problems in astrology
To condemn our old theology.

Your great professors plod and plod
Through all the marvelous works of God,
But when they think they know them all
Grim death will make his chilly call ;
When he their breath begins to whittle
They'll find they know but very little ;
He'll cut them down, the lean old wizard,
As quick as a Dakota blizzard.

Dakota ! ah, my son, how rank
In people's nostrils lately stank,

That Hiawathian abode,
 The pet of the Toronto *Globe*,
 A place that nature never meant
 To be one fourth as good as Kent.

Yes, Kent, the queen of many counties,
 So inexhaustible in bounties,
 She yields us fruits both late and early;
 She yields us wheat and oats and barley;
 She yields us corn and milk and honey,
 For which we get the ready money;
 She yields tobacco, peas and beans,
 Potatoes, pork and handsome teams;
 Orchards full of plums and peaches,
 Maples, walnuts, oaks and beeches,
 Fields of tender herbs and grasses,
 She's noted too for bonny lasses —
 Not like the lasses bred in town,
 Padded up from heels to crown,
 Painted till they're almost blind,
 And dromedary-like behind.
 The country girls, how sad to say,
 Incline to dress the self-same way,
 For in the fashion they must be,
 With towering hats a point to lee.

Fashion ! cause of thousand ills,
 Fashion ! early graves oft fills,
 Fashions ! virtue doth invade,
 Fashions ! many sinners made.
 A greater curse than rum and wine,

Countless, fashion's victims are,
 About this sin the preacher's mum,
 His texts of late, Scott Act and rum.

Scott Act ! the basest legislation
 Imposed on any honest nation ;
 It causes murdering, quarreling, fighting;
 It causes villanous dynamiting;
 It causes lies and evil thinking;
 It causes death by poison drinking;
 It causes nasty spiteful fusses,
 Rank perjury and other curses.
 Be honest, my son, and temperate too,
 But never join the Scott Act crew,
 And if you wish to keep from harm
 The safest place is on the farm.

SON.

Daddy, your words like wisdom seem,
 But, mark this dad,
 Each ancient notion it would now
 Be called a fad.
 They're out of date and far too slow
 The pokey ways of long ago.

You must consider this, dear dad,
 For, good or bad, the little lad
 Of eighty-eight has quicker sight

And quicker hearing, is always peering
 With anxious eyes for some great prize
 Which he must gain by book and brain.

To-day the youth, fifteen or less,
 You must confess,
 Knows more than you at forty-two ;
 This is the age of youthful sage,
 For one year's jamming and cramming
 In our schools to-day, I venture to say,
 Is well worth nine in the olden time.

All now is push and a rush,
 A crash and a smash,
 The iron horse at full speed
 You can hardly see it
 Cleaving the air on the polished rail.

The telephone and telegraph
 Sneer and laugh
 At the way you used to transmit the news.

All is changed now, e'en the farmer's cow
 Is better bred and better fed ;
 The common grade is in the shade.

The dunderpates are dying out
 With rust or gout,
 Or poking along behind half blind.

Some years ago when war did rage
'Twas blow for blow ;
Men tried their strength at arm's length,
But now one man
With gatling gun makes twenty run.

The lightning in iron cages is at our feet,
We make it talk, and walk, and light the
street
The very darkest night
As light as noon in May or June.

Chickens are hatched by steam, for it would
seem
It saves the hen the time and trouble
Of chuckling and scratching,
Of care and watching ;
By this same plan scientists may find
Some day they can produce mankind,
For science so long
Trampled beneath fanatic feet,
Is bound to rise up to the skies
And drive to perdition that curse, superstition,
The author of wars and bloody scars,
The devil's conception for fraud and deception.

This monster now is full of blight,
It cannot stand this century's light,
Yet, in your speech I well can trace
Where this grim monster finds a place.

Talk not to me of farming, 'tis alarming
 To see how hard you toil day after day
 Without pleasure or play ;
 There's no end of strife in such a life,
 Rather than be a slave I'll be a knave.

FATHER.

You talk of science and of art,
 Compare the railway to the cart ;
 The one is slow, the other fast,
 Yet both reach journey's end at last.
 My son, the people go of late
 A very dangerous kind of gait,
 And smash ups are as common now
 As farmers' sons who hate the plow.
 I cannot see the urgent need
 To go at such infernal speed,
 Rushing along by land and lake,
 With scarcely time a breath to take.
 Give me the old way, sure and slow,
 Observing well each step I go ;
 This modern rush will not alarm
 The honest man who tills the farm.

Presumption is a noted trait
 Of all the minors of to-day,
 While lispers only in their class
 They fain would speak as Baalam's ass.

I've often heard that terse adage,
 Young heads wont stick on shoulders old ;
 But yet, in this erratic age,
 On shoulders young, we're often told,
 Are heads so full of modern lore—
 Too full to hold one atom more.

The youth to-day assumes too much
 Who would his father wisdom teach,
 Or claim to be a giant tree
 While but a verdant sapling he;
 Who men's ideas fain would throttle
 As soon as he forsakes the bottle,
 Or would his betters try to rule
 By silly theories brought from school ;
 Who claims that he would dare explore
 Where Satan sulphur has in store,
 And soar on high to visit Mars,
 Or wing his flight beyond the stars ;
 Who thinks to him the power is given
 To open wide the gates of heaven,
 And teach the brightest angels there
 The knowledge he so well can spare.

In schools to-day there's too much taught,
 The feeble brains are over-wrought ;
 The cramming process is a fizzle,
 Weakening brains, and bones, and muscle.
 To battle well through life's confusion,
 Give me less knowledge and less tuition
 Rather than have a scholar's name
 And a weak dyspeptic frame.

My father, peace be to his name,
 Was wise, yet little known to fame
 "As fame is understood to day",
 Yet, famous man was he, I say ;
 For he was frugal, honest, wise,
 He never cheated or told lies ;

And this he often said to me :
 "An ounce of common sense, you see,
 Is better far for bread earning
 Than twenty pounds of college learning."

My son. you probably may think
 That you at pleasure's fount might drink
 Of waters sweet an ample share,
 If you were but a millionaire.
 Yet, mark the lives of those who seem
 To go through life in happy dream,
 With every luxury at hand
 That cents and dollars can command.
 Did you but know in heart such men,
 I doubt if you would envy them ;
 For all is not pure gold that glitter
 They have their sorrows keen and bitter;
 And many sores they have I'm sure
 Which dollar bills can never cure,
 Sores produced by dark excesses,
 Sores which vanity caresses;
 Sores too horrid to reveal,
 Sores which empty pride conceal.
 These sores are but the progeny
 Of discontent and vanity.
 Afflictions which will never harm
 The youth who labors on the farm.

SON.

Your arguments, dad, are rather crude.
 Yet, very strong when understood ;
 I clearly see through all you say,
 It points me to a safer way
 By which to travel through this life,
 Avoiding care, and sin, and strife.
 To soberer senses now I've come,
 Resembling thus, the prodigal son,
 The evil of my thoughts I've seen
 As from a dream awakened, seem
 To meditate and calmly think
 How nigh was I to ruin's brink ;
 How much of error I believed,
 How much by others was deceived,
 How thoughtless I received impressions
 Which soon would lead to grave transgressions
 Of all the laws the bible teaches,
 And all the truths the preacher preaches.
 I've erred, and now forgiveness crave;
 To evil thought I've been a slave,
 And would have travelled with the throng
 Who hate the right and love the wrong ;
 But for your counsel, daddy dear,
 My course among the rocks, I'd steer
 Without a chart to guide me through,
 But, dad, I've found the chart in you ;
 The hidden reefs, I know them now,
 I'll stay with you and guide the plough ;
 To Sis I'll be a faithful brother,
 A loving son to you and mother,
 Your counsel cured me like a charm,
 I'll be contented on the farm.

FINIS.

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