

FARMERS' CLUB PICNIC
Miss Jennie Fraser

Up with the birds, before the light
 Has chased the shawdows from the night.
Our needful tasks we hurry through
 Bustle about with much ado,
And to each other gaily say,
 Oh ! this is Farmers picnic day.

The children must be washed and dressed.
 Boxes and bundles packed with zest,
All be put in their best array
 To celebrate this festal day.
When all are ready then we take
 The road that leads out to White Lake.

Far from the city's deafening roar,
 Upon Lake Kauneonga's shore,
Whose silvery waters as we pass
 Reflect as in a looking glass.
The stately chestnuts guarding o'er
 The rhododendrons by the shore.

When all are here, our friends we greet,
 And oft times too we chance to meet
Old neighbors there, who for a space,
 Have had another dwelling place,
But who, no matter where they roam,
 Still love the friends from their old home.

Our tables neath the trees are spread,
 The breezes rustle soft o'erhead,
And willing hands with gentle grace
 For everyone prepare a place.
Even as in far off Palestine,
 The Master once said "Come and dine."

Then reverently we wait upon
 That man from God, whose name is John
A blessing on the food to invoke,
 And on the waiting farmer folk,
Or join in singing soft and low
 "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Then merry laughs and jokes abound
 As young and old are gathered round
That table groaning with its weight
 Of good things; filled is every plate,
And each one tastes and tries at will
 These trumps of the housewife' skill.

There are many loaves of dainty cake
 The kinds that mother used to make,
Sandwiches too, and sweets galore
 From out the farmers plenteous store,
And lest dessert should scanty seem
 Abundance of the best ice cream.

The dinner o'er, things packed away
 Our thoughts at once to pleasure stray.
One to another says, I think
 We'll go down to the skating rink.
Or to some other merry soul,
 Comes, and I'll teach you how to bowl.

In groups some gather for a talk
 Or some, perchance, might take a walk
And call on friends, or in a boat
 Upon the water idly float.
Or maiden fair and ardent swain
 Search out the pat to lover's lane.

The afternoon slips quickly by,
 The sun sinks lower in the sky,
And thoughts of work and "chores" arise
 Like clouds upon the summer skies.
Through memories sweet may fill the heart
 'Tis said, the best of friends must part,

Then homeward we must wend our way,
 Tired but happy all may say,
And as we bid our friends goodbye
 And wave adieus, we hear the cry
Come echoing back in words of cheer,
 "We'll meet again another year."