

# **THE FARMER AND THE LORD**

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The Farmer and the Lord by George H. Hepworth

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**GEORGE H. HEPWORTH**

**THE FARMER  
AND THE LORD**



# THE FARMER AND THE LORD

BY

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH

AUTHOR OF "HIRAM GOLF'S RELIGION," "HERALD SERMONS," ETC.



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## THE FARMER AND THE LORD.

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### I.

#### *CHAT BY THE WAYSIDE.*

"NOW look here, Rastus Brown, don't talk any meracles to me, for I don't believe in 'em."

"There isn't any harm in talkin', Lije, is there?"

"Not if you talk sense, there isn't. But when you get to ramblin' round after meracles you won't find anythin' more than my son Sam did when he went gunnin' for ducks in August."

"He didn't get none, eh?"

"No, and 'cos there wasn't any. 'Tain't the

season when they fly in these parts. And there ain't any more meracles at any time of the year than there is ducks in summer, I reckon."

"Mebbe, Lijah; but your Sam knew pretty well that there was such things as ducks somewhere, or he wouldn't have wasted time tryin' to find 'em. He made a mistake in lookin' for 'em in the wrong place, that's all."

"Yes, and I jedge that your meracles is about as scarce as Sam's ducks. What I can see I believe, but what I can't see I don't know nothin' about. That's a pretty short creed, but it has sarved my purpose so far. I don't play hide-and-seeek with my eyes shut."

"You always was a peculiar fellow, Lije, and I can't quite see through you."

"Wall, I don't set up to be winder-glass, Rastus."

"Now you wouldn't cheat a man in a horse trade, even if you had a chance."

"Some of you church folks would," sneered Lije.

"And I can't see how you get along without believin' as other folks do."

"Wall, I've reared a tidy family, Rastus, and the old farm pays about as well as most of 'em."

"Yes, but you ain't got no futur', Lije."

"What do I want of a futur', Rastus?—specially if there isn't any."

"Yes, you've got money in the bank, I allow, and your children are strong and healthy. But what are you goin' to do, Lije, bimeby?"

"Guess I'll have to chance it, same as you will."

"Supposin' that Sam was to be took, what then?"

"Don't worry about Sam, Rastus, and don't draw picters of that kind. My father give me a good body, and I give the same to Sam. He's a robustious boy, and his muscle is just like steel."

"All right, but supposin'—"

"Oh, I ain't in the business of supposin'. I've got somethin' better to do."