

A day in the life of an Indian Farmer

The Indian farmer earns his bread with the sweat of his own brow. He works hard morning till evening and yet he finds it difficult to make both ends meet. Although he gives food to the whole country, he is a poor person who does not have even the bare necessities of life. It is interesting to observe how he passes his days. Let us study a day in the life of an Indian farmer.

He gets up early in the morning. It is quite true to say that an Indian farmer sleeps with the lamb and rises with the lark. Then he goes with his oxen to the field. The day's work begins. Slowly the sun rises and climbs into the sky. But the heat of the sun cannot drive him away from work. Our tropical sun shows no mercy to the Indian farmer even then the latter does not brooder about sun and shower.

At mid day his faithful and devoted wife brings food for the Indian farmer. And what a food it is! Half a dozen rough loaves of barley bread and a pinch of salt make up his lunch. An onion is added as a luxury at times. But the Indian farmer regards this poor meal as a blessing of God. What a selfless servant of humanity and what sincere devotee of God he is!

He takes rest for a short while under a shady tree. Then once again he starts his work of ploughing, or harrowing the clods or sowing seeds and leveling the field with the help of the leveler. Or, if the crops are already a few inches high, he may be seen watering the fields or weeding out wild plants. All days, in the life of an Indian farmer, are alike but a day in the harvesting season is a day of joy in his dull life. It is a day when the Indian farmer reaps the fruits of his labour.

Lo! He is bending over the sickle, cutting and binding the corn into sheaves. His wife is working by his side. She carries the sheaves and piles them up into a stack. Thrashing and winnowing will follow later on.

The hot sun begins to set. A cool breeze begins to blow. The farmer wipes the sweat on his brow with his rough hand. The day is done. The crop has been reaped. But can he go home?