

FARM.

THE CHICK'S SOLILOQUY.

Backward, turn backward, oh, time in your flight
Make me an egg again, smooth, clean, and white—
I'm homesick and lonely, and life's but a dream,
I'm a poor chicken born in a hatching machine,
Compelled in this cold world to roam.
No mother to shelter, no place to call home,
No mother to teach me to scratch or to cluck,
I can hardly tell whether I'm chicken or duck.

LIFE ON THE FARM.

Life on the farm may be made the most comfortable, contented, happy and independent of any calling. And as the subsistence of all other classes is derived from the products of the soil through the farming class, it becomes a very important matter that the farmer's life shall be rightly and properly employed in his calling.

The first thing to be considered is the farmer's house—the place where the family spend their lives. This should be made, not only for actual wants and needs, but also for beauty, elegance and attractiveness to the beholder. The place where the life is spent, should be made, more than all places, pleasant, as well as comfortable.

The house in its exterior appearance and appointments, should be such as to impress the beholder with pleasurable emotions. Since we are created to admire the beautiful, and to derive the most agreeable sensations from sympathy, grandeur and beauty, certainly it is becoming that the dwelling places of all should possess these important characteristics.

This does not necessarily involve great outlay. A small house may possess all these requirements if rightly planned before building. The form and general plan should be made with thought, care, and a due regard to all the principles alluded to, including comfort, convenience, health, beauty and pleasantness.

The cellar should be as nearly disconnected from the other parts of the house as possible. This may be done by lining the joints in the cellar with one inch boards, and filling in with sawdust between these boards or linings and the house floor. This will prevent the heat arising from vegetables and fruit stowed in the cellar, from reaching the dwelling part of the house, and will also prevent the heat of the stoves and fires of the house from affecting the cellar. Fruit and vegetables will keep better in this way, and the health of the inmates of the house will be safer, while the house floor will be warmer.

Every country dwelling should have a large lot fenced, in which should be grown a grove of shade and ornamental trees. The lot should also include sufficient grounds for a vegetable garden and small fruit lot, in which should be grown in abundance, for family use throughout the year, all the leading vegetables and small fruits, such as early potatoes, beans, lettuce, radishes, and all the common vegetables, as well as asparagus, celery, tomatoes, sweet corn, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, currants, gooseberries and grapes. All these grow in abundance.

The orchard should be located on the most northeastern slope of ground, and should consist of all the fruits suited to the locality—apples, pears, peaches, cherries, mulberries, plums, and any other fruit which may be grown.

The ground should be made perfectly dry by tile drainage; a tile six inches in diameter sunk three to five feet deep, over which the trees should be planted, and a tile of the same size between the roots of the trees.

The trees should be obtained from a nursery where they are grown three or four feet apart, to insure healthfulness and vigor to the tree.

The practice of nursery men is to grow the plants close together, and cut off limbs to economize room. This destroys the beauty, symmetry and vitality of the tree. To grow from the seed, plant out in the orchard and wait for fruit, may seem a long time, but it is the surest way to obtain a reliable and lasting orchard. When the fruit appears, a test can be made of the quality and all that is not good may be grafted and made to produce good fruit on a healthy tree. This applies to all fruits capable of being grown in this way.

The farm should be kept to correspond in all respects. Fences should be kept in good condition; no weeds or brush should be allowed to grow on either sides of the fences, but grass instead; the plow land also should be kept free from weeds and in a good state of cultivation; the grown land, of which there should be an abundance, should be literally "alive" with grass. No vacant spots should be allowed in getting the land into grass. It is well to mix several kinds of seed together, as several kinds, requiring different kinds of plant food, will grow together without interfering one with the other so that a complete stand of grass may as well be had as not.

My brother farmers, let us forsake this slavish, degenerate life, devoted to money making. Let us endeavor to live more exalted, more civilized, more in keeping with the requirements of our being.

HOW TO IMPROVE STOCK.—To improve your herd, begin, not by buying a fancy bull, but by giving better care to what you have. Feed higher and more judiciously, stable better to protect against the changes of temperature, and in every way improve the conditions of life of the stock you have. Then buy better blood than you have. It is folly to expect stock, however well-bred, to do well when under-fed and exposed to the weather. The conditions of life must be favorable to the development of the qualities you desire in your herd, and they must be kept so. The finer strains of milk and butter cows are necessarily more sensitive to abuse and exposure than are their "poor relations."

SIMPLE WAY TO WASH CLOTHES.—Soak the clothes in cold soft water over night, in the morning wring out, soap well all collars, bands, etc., then put the boiler over the fire and in it three pails of water, one half bar of soap shaved fine and two tablespoonfuls of kerosene oil. Let it come to a boil, then put in the clothes and boil one hour, while doing morning's work; then suds and rinse well and starch, when they are ready for hanging out. Should there be any soiled spots after boiling it will easily rub out in the sudsing water.

CURRIED EGGS.—Melt a little butter, stir in a teaspoonful of curry powder, add by degrees a large tablespoonful of flour and a cup of stock; season. Boil six eggs hard, cut them in halves, put neatly in a deep dish, pour on the sauce and keep all hot a little before using.

THE WHITE RIVER HORROR.

Some Incidents of the Terrible Affair.

Mr. Charles W. Hosmer, of Lowell, tells the following story:—"I was in the Central Vermont sleeping car. I can remember twenty-one others who were in the car with me. I knew none of them personally. There were five ladies among them. I was awakened by the dumping of the car. Then came the coach, and all was darkness and confusion. I do not remember hearing any screaming, but there were moans and calls for help. I found myself pinned down by a seat which lay across my hips, but I broke the window, and in some way—I cannot tell how—worked myself out of the window on to the ice. I should think the car dropped fifty-five feet. The other three cars were also on the ice, having broken away from the forward part of the train. My clothing, with the exception of two shirts and my socks, was torn from me in getting out. I lost everything else that I had with me. A gentleman who occupied the berth next to mine was struggling in the ruins and I succeeded in extricating him.

A LADY'S NARROW ESCAPE.

There was also a lady in the ruins and underneath me, whom we succeeded in saving, but she was almost naked when we had taken her out. It was necessary to tear her clothing off to get her out. She proved to be Mrs. Pryden, of Montreal. I think I was the first person to get out. A Mr. Hutchins, of Baintree, Vt., escaped and assisted in saving others. I worked until I was so chilled I could do nothing more. In a few moments after the crash the car took fire, and amid the swirling flames, which lapped onto the bridge and illuminated the valley for a long distance, those who were unable to escape could be seen in the embrace of death. I cannot even now realize the terrible aspect of the last scene. When the flames burst out I could see the imprisoned passengers either calling for help or insensible."

"I walked, or rather crawled, to a house, where I got some clothing. Out of the twenty-two in my car, I personally know that nine, at least, were saved. Mrs. Pryden was seriously injured in the back. I saw two of those in my car in the flames. I remember a Montreal trapper, who had been with his club in Boston. He was accompanied by a lady. He was saved, but his companion was lost.

IN A BLAZING CAR.

A passenger on the ill-fated train relates this experience. He said he remembered being awakened at White River Junction when the cars stopped, but soon afterwards went to sleep. He was in the Boston Pullman sleeper and occupied a lower berth. He was awakened by the jolting of the cars and soon became conscious that it had jumped the rail and was plunging along on snow and ice. After it had been dragged in that manner some one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet it took a sudden plunge and lurched, and while descending rapidly overturned. It struck the ice with a frightful crash. Instantly arose screams and cries of distress. Every berth was taken and appeals for help from the imprisoned and wounded were heartrending. After superhuman efforts the passenger succeeded in extricating himself from the wreck and immediately went to the rescue of a gentleman who was in the upper berth, but who, on account of the upsetting of the car, was underneath.

He did the best he could while at work, cheered his friend with the hope that he would soon succeed in giving him his liberty. The imprisoned man appeared calm and spoke occasionally to his would-be rescuer, but slower progress was made, however, and before he had made an opening in the car of sufficient size to allow him to escape he was compelled to relinquish his heroic struggle for the life of his friend by flames, and was actually obliged to see him burn to death.

A BRAKEMAN'S JUMP FOR LIFE.

George Parker, the brakeman, who was on the smoker at the time of the accident, and who jumped from the train when it reached the bridge, says that he was in the forward passenger car just before it went on the bridge. Suddenly he heard a sharp snap and felt a jar. He rushed forward, and, looking out from the rear end of the smoker, saw the four rear cars enter the bridge off the rails and jumping up and down on the ties and cross timbers. Thinking the whole train would be hurled from the bridge, he jumped and rolled down the bank to the river.

"About half way across," said he, "I saw the rear car make a sharp pitch to the right and drop into the shadowy abyss like a meteor, dragging three other cars with it. I saw the engine and two cars keep on, witnessed the fiery plunge of the other cars, heard them grind and thunder on the rocks and ice below, and then I ran to arouse the neighborhood. When I returned flames were bursting forth from the passenger cars, and five minutes later they were all on fire. I assisted in helping people out of the two sleepers and then looked on and saw the poor fellows cremated alive. I heard them cry piteously for help and could not offer them any aid on account of the great heat."

"There are some of them," said he, pointing to the pile of human charcoal and taking up an axe, "and there are a good many more in here now. I know where some of them are, saw their faces framed in flame and know they died where they stood."

STEAMED RICE.—One cup of rice, one teaspoon of salt, three cups of boiling water; steam one hour; add one cup of sweet milk, cook twenty minutes longer, then it is ready to serve with cream and sugar.

CURING BACON AND HAMS.—A writer in the London Agricultural Gazette says: It is quite possible to smoke hams and slices of bacon at home by hanging them up a chimney where only wood is burned. The best kind of wood is oak and its saw-dust, if it can be procured; fir or deal must never be used. But when the business has to be performed on a large scale, it will be found much better to adopt the plan followed in Hamburg. They hang the hams and bacon in a large roomy chamber at the top of a high building, the smoke being conveyed to this room, or rooms, as the case may be, through tubes from fires in the cellar. The vapor is thus condensed, and the heat absorbed, so that the smoke, when it reaches the meat, is dry and cool, and, in consequence, it imparts a flavor by far superior to that obtained by the commoner method. An excellent way to keep both bacon and hams after being smoked is to put them into large chests filled with bran; this plan will prevent them becoming rusty, and will also protect them from maggots.

HEALTH.

HOW TO ACT IN EMERGENCIES.

The following hints are from the pen of a rising surgeon and physician, who among other operations has performed the remarkable one of setting the broken and discolored shoulder of an old lady nearly eighty years of age. So successfully and skillfully was the operation performed that the lady, now nearly eighty-four years of age, has almost perfect use of the shoulder and arm.

If a person, by a fall or otherwise, injures a limb, place it on a pillow or other soft support, in whatever position is most comfortable, and then do not disturb it until the physician arrives, who should be immediately sent for. This will apply to injuries of any other part of the body.

In wounds there is sometimes danger from loss of blood, therefore make pressure by pressing the limb firmly with the hands, or better still, apply a very tight bandage. In either case the pressure must be made above the wound, not directly over it, nor under it. The main artery of the arm will be found between the shoulder and the elbow, and on the inner side of the large muscles. The main artery of the leg can be found most easily on the anterior aspect of the thigh, just below the groin.

When a person faints do not attempt to raise the head; it is better that it should be on a level with the body, or even lower, because by this means one gets the aid of gravity in restoring the circulation of the blood in the brain, and this will restore consciousness. The use of spirits of ammonia applied to the nostrils is sometimes efficacious, but should not be persisted in too long, neither should there be an attempt to make the patient swallow before able, as it might result in suffocation.

MILK.

There are many people with whom raw milk disagrees. By recent experiments Dr. Reichman seems to show that by boiling the milk the unwholesome influences may be removed:

1. Boiled milk leaves the healthy stomach more rapidly than an equal quantity of unboiled milk.
2. The digestion of boiled milk is more rapidly accomplished than that of unboiled milk.
3. The coagulation of unboiled milk in the stomach is completed in five minutes.
4. The coagulation is not caused by the acid of the gastric juice but by the influence of a special ferment (milk curdling ferment).
5. The acidity of the gastric juice is at first due almost solely to lactic acid, and later in the process of digestion, to the presence of hydrochloric acid.
6. Hydrochloric acid first appears in perceptible amount forty-five minutes after the ingestion of half a pint of milk.
7. For the first hour and a quarter after the ingestion of milk the acidity gradually increases and then decreases until the milk has entirely left the stomach.
8. The curds of casein, in digestion of boiled milk are much softer than in the case of uncooked milk.

HINTS.

Toothache from decayed teeth is said, by a Swiss authority, to be relieved promptly by cotton wool moistened with a mixture of equal parts of camphor and chloral, and a fifth as much cocaine.

For sore throat beat up the whites of two eggs with two spoonfuls of white sugar and a pint of lukewarm water. Grate a little nutmeg in the mixture and stirring it well, drink a little frequently. This is a pleasant and certain remedy.

Prof. Mosler, following the example of Dr. Roschorner, of Dresden, has been using the interjections of the five-per-cent. solution of salicylate of cocaine for asthma, with the best results, even in cases where other remedies have failed to give relief.

Seven grains of chrysophanic acid in an ounce of chloroform provides a very successful application for the treatment of ringworm. It should be very cautiously applied to the part affected two or three times daily with a camel's-hair brush, care being taken not to inhale the vapor.

Lassas cuts short the duration and reduces the frequency of violent attacks of urticaria, nettle rash, by 24 grain doses of salicylate of sodium, repeated every two hours until three doses are taken. It is certainly well worthy of a trial, as the trouble is undoubtedly at times a very stubborn, not to say serious one.

Soft corns, "from which great aches do grow," are very painful, coming principally between the toes where the flesh is tender. Have the shoes reasonably loose and each morning place a piece of absorbent cotton between the affected toes; this will absorb the moisture and in a short time the corns will have completely disappeared.

Cuts, bruises and wounds, where the flesh is not broken, are best treated by covering with a cloth, saturated with tincture of calendula (or dried flowers of the dried marigold). Where the skin is broken, use equal parts of this tincture and cold water, keeping the wound wrapped up. In case of great pain, add a few drops of laudanum before the bandage is applied.

A bone felon, when first felt, may be successfully treated in the following manner: Place a Spanish fly blister about the size of a dime immediately over the spot where the pain is greatest. Let it remain six hours, after which remove, when under the blister will be seen a felon, which can be readily removed with a needle. This treatment to be successful should be employed when the felon is first felt.

A saucerful of shaved ice may be preserved for twenty-four hours, with the thermometer in the room at 90 F., if the following precautions are observed. Put the saucer containing the ice in a soup-plate and cover it with another. Place the soup-plates thus arranged on a good heavy pillow and cover with another pillow, pressing the pillows so that the plates are completely imbedded in them. An old "jack plane," set deep, is a most excellent thing with which to shave ice. It should be turned bottom upward and the ice shoved backward and forward over the cutter.

Lamp wicks should be changed often enough to insure a good light. If they seem clogged they may be washed in strong suds and put into the lamps again.

Boots and shoes may be made waterproof by soaking them for some hours in thick soap water. The compound forms a fatty acid within the leather and makes it impervious to water.

DEATH BY STARVATION.

The Sad Condition of Affairs in Newfoundland.

Many prominent business houses in St. Johns, Newfoundland, are in financial difficulties and a commercial crisis seems inevitable. News from the northern parts of the island represents things in a deplorable condition. The Government has already sent thousands of barrels of flour to keep the people from starving, but the supply is altogether inadequate. The most northerly ports are now frozen in, and it is impossible to send supplies there in time to save the people. It was a most pitiful sight to witness scenes at many places at which the coasting steamer Curlew stopped on her last trip north. Scores of people who had nothing but codfish and hard tack (and very little of that) to subsist upon for months dragged themselves across twenty to fifty miles of barren rocks and wild wastes to where the steamer stopped. They came in hopes of getting supplies of flour, molasses and pork enough to

KEEP BODY AND SOUL TOGETHER.

during the next three months. But the steamer had no supplies for them, and discouraged, they started to return to their miserable homes to suffer all the pangs of hunger and exhaustion added to the rigours of a Newfoundland winter. Meanwhile the Government has spent such large sums in purchasing supplies and in constructing the Placentia railway to furnish labour and to save the people of those districts from starving, that the treasury is depleted. Added to this is the fact that Newfoundland fish is a glut on every market, owing to the inability to compete with that of their bounty-fed French rivals. It is truly said that the island presents to the world the most mournful spectacle and its people are the most miserable of all English colonists. Compared with them the people of Ireland are happy, contented and prosperous.

TOO ABSURD TO SPEAK OF.

What Gen. Middleton Thinks of any Possible Rupture Between England and the States.

When asked the other day by your correspondent what he thought of the threatening state of affairs which might possibly draw the United States and Great Britain into hostilities, General Sir Fred. Middleton, commanding the Canadian forces, said the subject was almost too absurd to talk about.

"Have you given the question of a possible rupture any consideration as to the serious results which would follow to Canada were England dragged into war with the United States before this fishery squabble is settled?" was asked of the General.

"So little importance have we attached to all the bluster that has been fired off recently that neither the Minister of Militia nor myself have even referred to the subject. Not a single special order has been sent out of the Department to officers commanding corps to hold themselves in readiness and report on efficiency of the regiments as would immediately have been done if any serious movement were contemplated. "No," continued the General, "this generation will never see war between the two great English-speaking nations of the world, but the day may come when the combined efforts of Great Britain and the United States may be required to protect themselves against the aggression of other countries. In fact we cannot afford to fight for the amusement of those foreign nations who with jealousy watch the great advancement the English-speaking population of the world is making in the four quarters of the globe, and who would like nothing better than to see us at war destroying one another."

Men of Coarse Fibre Get Along Best.

It seems a pity to say it, but observation sustains the statement that men of coarse fibre, obtuseness of feeling and cold-headed circumspection in dealing with their fellows get along better than men of chivalrous instincts, delicate sensibilities and that generous credulity which those practice who, never meditating wrong themselves, never suspect it in others. The gentleman in the best acceptance of that term finds Jordan an embarrassing road to travel, and often sighs to be at the end of the journey. He is annoyed by impertinent inquisitiveness, saddened by meanness, and often robbed by rascals who have taken his measure as the hawk does of some gentler bird it selects for prey. The public men in this country who have had a high code of ethics have been constantly misunderstood. The rough and ready man will not understand reserve, and the schemer and scamp laugh at honesty. Even in the very domestic circle too fine a sense of the proprieties misses its mark, and society only recognizes surface manners. It does not care to go deeper. In fact it dare not do so. It is a melancholy thing that the man who educates his children as nearly as possible to an ideal plane of thought and conduct simply prepares them for sorrow and mishaps. What a transition from the ingenious, confiding and noble-spirited young man of 21 and the sobered and hardened man of 50, who has seen all illusions trampled in the mire. Still, for all this, it is better to aim high, live purely and sincerely, and, even at the cost of isolation, preserve your own soul from stigma or stain. Even the world does late justice over the graves of those who had the courage to speak and act the truth.

WHITE BREAD.—Pare and boil soft six potatoes in two quarts of water, strain through a colander boiling hot on to one cup of flour; stir well, and when cool add one yeast cake soaked in warm water. Keep it warm until it is light, then stir it well and keep it in a cool place until morning. Then stir it into the middle of your tray of flour (adding warm water enough to make the desired quantity of bread), add a little salt and cover the top of this batter with flour, and keep it warm until it cracks the flour and foams up through. Then add flour and mix up stiff and let it rise again. Then knead up into loaves, put into pans, let it rise again, not too light, and bake one hour very carefully.

ITALIAN WAY OF COOKING A DUCK.—Stew a duck with a glass of white vinegar, as much broth (strained), a little salt and pepper; pour off the sauce and reduce it, adding two spoonfuls of olive oil, some parsley, a clove of garlic, chopped mushrooms and a pinch of flour to thicken it, and serve the duck with this sauce.

YOUNG FO

RULING WITH DILIGENCE.

"I used to wonder," said old Aunt Halibone, "what the apostle meant by the injunction to rule with diligence. Why did he not say rule with wisdom, with firmness, with justice? But diligence—it seemed as if he had mistaken his word. I am now eighty years old," continued the old lady, "and it is only this Summer that I have discovered how apt that apostolic expression is about ruling with diligence.

"I have been visiting two dear nieces, sweet, lovely young women, both of them, living far apart and in circumstances also very far apart. They have the same theory of family government, but Lillian, busy, oppressed with household cares, often without servants, issues her commands and that is too often the end of it. 'Roy,' I would hear her say to her seven-year-old boy, 'get down off that lattice and don't let me see you on it again.' Roy, to my surprise, would not stir and his mother would hurry away to the kitchen, diligent to have her house in order but not diligent in ruling the little wills under her guidance.

"I found many excuses for poor, over-worked Lillian, but I did not enjoy my visit to Riverside nor the acquaintance of my handsome, smart, disobedient great-nephews.

"I went from her home to Grace's. There were many drawbacks to my enjoyment there; to a plain, countrified old woman like myself the pomp and ceremony and parade of fashionable life are a great trial; but one thing rested me and made my stay a pleasant one: five perfectly obedient children; consequently five sweet, interesting, happy, loving and lovable children.

"And the secret of it was just diligence. Grace has more leisure than her sister, I grant you, but she used it for the very most important of all mother purposes, namely, ruling her children. Quietly, affectionately, without bawling or nagging or threatening, she gave her gentle commands, and then attended to having them obeyed.

"Little chicks, I heard her ask, raising her finger playfully, 'who tore up all that paper under my library window?'

"I 'spect I did,' answered Gerty, the youngest; a mere baby, three years, perhaps.

"Well, then, lady-bird, trot off and pick it all up."

"Just then company, the inevitable company, was ushered in, and I could but smile to see baby Gertrude's quickness to take advantage of this fact. Mother would forget about the paper, she thought; I thought so too. But we were both mistaken. The littered paper was too small a matter to have stayed in the mother's occupied mind, but her child's obedience was above all other considerations.

"Not hearing the little footsteps going in the direction of obedience, my niece got up with a brief, graceful apology and left the parlor. Her eyes were stern now and her voice, though low, was no longer tender. A look, a tone, quickly admonished the little delinquent, and the mother stood gravely by until the last scrap had been picked up. 'I think Gerty will go at the first bidding next time.' But O, a mother needs every day and hour to rule with diligence!"

THE BLIND BOY'S PATIENCE.

I went to see a blind boy. Scarlet fever had settled in his eyes. He used to be a sprightly little fellow—upon the run everywhere.

"Well, my dear boy," I said, "this is hard for you, is it not?" He did not answer for a moment; then he said: "I don't know that I ought to say hard; God knows best;" but his lip quivered, and a tear stole down his cheek.

"Yes, my child; you have a kind and heavenly Father, who loves you and feels for you, more even than your mother does."

"I know it, and it comforts me."

"I wish Jesus was here to cure Frank," said his little sister.

"Well," said I, "he will open Frank's eyes to see what a good Saviour he is. He will show him that a blind life is worse than blind eyes; and he will cure it, and make him see beautiful and heavenly things, so that he may sit here and be a thousand times happier than many children who are running about."

"I can't help wishing he could see," said Lizzie.

"I dare say; but I hope you don't try to make Frank discontented."

"Frank isn't discontented. He loves God. And love sets everything right, and makes its own sunshine; does it not, Frank?"

"I don't feel cross now," said the little boy meekly. When I'm alone I pray and sing my Sabbath school hymns. God is in the room. It feels light, and I forget I'm blind." A sweet light stole over his pale features—it was heavenly light, I was sure.

The "Coming Man."

A pair of very chubby legs
Pencused in scarlet hose;
A pair of little stubby boots
With rather doubtful toes;
A little kilt, a little coat,
Cut as a mother can,
And lo! before us strides, in state,
The future's "coming man."

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars,
And search their unknown ways;
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open to their gaze;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a nation's light,
These eyes that now are wistful bent
On some "big fellow's" kite.

That brow where mighty thoughts will dwell
In solemn, secret state;
Where fiercest ambition's restless strength
Shall war with future fate;
Where science from now hidden o'er
New treasures shall outpour,—
"The knut now with a troubled doubt,
Are two, or three cents, more?"

Those lips that, in the coming year,
Will plead, or pray, or teach;
Whose whispered words, on lightning flash,
From world to world may reach;
That sternly grave, may speak command,
Or soothe, win control,—
And coaxing now for gingerbread,
With all a baby's soul!

Those hands—those little busy hands—
So sticky, small and brown,
These hands, whose only mission seems
To pull all order down,—
Who knows what hidden strength may lie
Within their future grasp,
Though now 'tis but a baby-stick
In sturdy hold they clasp?

Ah, blessings on those little hands,
Whose work is yet undone!
And blessings on those little feet,
Whose race is yet un-run!
And blessings on the little brain
That has not learned to plan!
What'er the future hold in store,
God bless the "coming man."

—From "The Humble Poet."