

T H E

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NEIGHBOR JONES.

I'm thinking, wife, of neighbor Jones, the man with the stalwart arm—
He lives in peace and plenty on a forty-acre farm ;
When men are all around us, with hearts and hands asore,
Who own two hundred acres, and still are wanting more.

· He has a pretty little farm, a pretty little house ;
He has a loving wife within, as quiet as a mouse ;
His children play around the door, their father's heart to charm,
Looking just as neat and tidy as the tidy little farm.

No weeds are in the corn field, no thistles in the oats ;
The horses show good keeping by their fine and glossy coats ;
The cows within the meadow, resting 'neath the beechen shade,
Learn all their gentle manners from a gentle milking-maid.

Within the field on Saturday he leaves no cradled grain
To be gathered on the morrow, for fear of coming rain ;
He lives in joy and gladness, and happy are his days ;
He keeps the Sabbath holy : his children learn his ways.

He never had a lawsuit to take him to the town,
For the very simple reason there are no fences down ;
The bar-room in the village for him has not a charm ;
I can always find my neighbor on his forty acre farm.

His acres are so few that he plows them very deep ;
'Tis his own hands that turn the sod, 'tis his own hands that reap ;
He has a place for everything, and everything in its place ;
The sunshine smiles upon his fields, contentment on his face.

May we not learn a lesson, wife, from the prudent neighbor Jones,
Not sighing for what we haven't got—give vent to sighs and groans ?
The rich aren't always happy, nor free from life's alarms ;
But blest are those who live content, though small may be their farms

—*Atlanta Constitution.*