

BORDERLANDS AND THOROUGHFARES

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649178100

Borderlands and thoroughfares by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

**BORDERLANDS AND
THOROUGHFARES**

BORDERLANDS AND THOROUGHFARES



THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
NEW YORK · BOSTON · CHICAGO · DALLAS
ATLANTA · SAN FRANCISCO

MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED
LONDON · BOMBAY · CALCUTTA
MELBOURNE

THE MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, LTD.
TORONTO

BORDERLANDS AND THOROUGHFARES

BY

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

AUTHOR OF "DAILY BREAD," "FIRES," ETC.

New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1914

All rights reserved

COPYRIGHT, 1914,
By THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
Set up and electrotyped. Published September, 1914.

ANNOUCLAD TO VIMU
SILESHA SOLITA
YR. 1914

PR
6013
G3586

TO MY WIFE

So long had I travelled the lonely road,
Though, now and again, a wayfaring friend
Walked shoulder to shoulder, and lightened the
load,

I often would think to myself as I strode,
No comrade will journey with you to the end.

And it seemed to me, as the days went past,
And I gossiped with cronies, or brooded alone,
By wayside fires, that my fortune was cast
To sojourn by other men's hearths to the last,
And never to come to my own hearthstone.

The lonely road no longer I roam.
We met, and were one in the heart's desire.
Together we came, through the wintry gloam,
To the little old house by the cross-ways, home;
And crossed the threshold, and kindled the fire.

