

**WITH
EARTH AND SKY**

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With Earth and Sky by William A. Quayle

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With Earth and Sky

By
WILLIAM A. QUAYLE



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I

A GUST OF WONDER

THE wonder about wonder is its everywhere-ness. Ubiquity is its sure mark. It breaks on you at the time when you could least think it could. It is evermore abroad like an immortal traveler. It goes as the permitted apostles of the Master with neither staff nor scrip. It carries provender and perpetual shelter for itself. Stars are not farther going nor more self-sufficing.

On a day I was driving in southwest Wisconsin. By the month it was June and by the sky it was June and by the perfume it was June and by the blossoming it was June. No contradiction assailed the personality of June. We went leisurely. Another drove and garrulously wandered from theme to theme, in the main meaningless, but every now and then breaking through into the neighborhood of the loveliness of poetry. If anybody talks enough, he is as certain to flash into poetry as a prairie is to flash out into flowers. I was left to drift. The infinite was what we were driving through and all I had to do was to pay the driver. My hands were free. While physically I was being hauled, meta-

physically I was walking—walking out, walking on. If all the wings that ever bear birds above the world into the lovely, lonely sky had been attached to my shoulders and had borne me in transport where wings never had borne any flying thing, I had not been so free of earth and so fetterless, so supreme. I was looking, looking, and at what was I looking? Why, verily, at everything. He who has seen many golden days, shall he though a-journey over the same landscape take the landscape for granted? The plain answer of experience is, He may not. I have learned that. So when my Jehu drove, I out and walked. I could have proven an alibi on his vehicle and could have refused him remuneration on the ground that I was not in his buggy. I was far enough away and solitary like a lost eagle and walking out and grateful as if I had been an angel. It is so royal to be blood kinsman of earth and sky and to salute them in answer to their speed and rush and glory.

So on drove the driver and on walked the driven (to wit, myself). The splendid apocalypse girded me about. To the last molecule of me I felt the appeal of an earth eagering to grow harvests for the world. Not a thought of fret or anger at the labor of it, only supreme gladness at the heavenly endeavor of it.

And then came the gust of wonder, a red clover field, affluent in bloom with a tropic