GLEANINGS FROM LIFE'S WAYSIDE

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Gleanings from Life's Wayside by H. S. Alshouse

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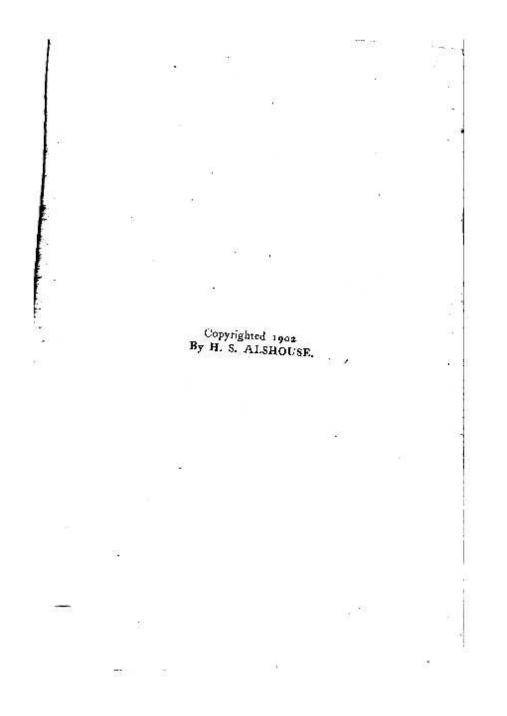
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THE GLEANERS.

Sect. Are 26, 15. M. J.T.

The harvest time was past, the summer ended, And all the ripened grain was reaped,

When through the barren fields a stranger wended

His way where once their wealth was heaped; And where some scattered grain was intermingled

With stubble, creeping vine, or thorn,

From out the dross the gold he slowly singled — All in the early autumn morn.

The chilling winds had come, and all the flowers Had heard the knell and sank to rest;

When slowly, sadly through the leafless bowers— That once the faint and weary blessed—

There walked a lover young, and plucked unbidden

Some truant blossoms by his side-

That, nestled in a nock, from frosts lay hidden— And wove a garland for his bride.

A dreamer passed o'er life's uncertain highway,

With downcast eyes and faltering tread, And by the wayside of a narrow by-way, Where rays of light were rarely shed,

Some grain he found in stony places dying, Some lingering flowers still abloom;

And in the pebbled way some jewels lying Concealed from others by the gloom.

GLEANINGS

IN THE WOODS.

I've bidden the world adien to-day, And, leaving my burdens all behind, Happy and free to the woods I stray

To find a balm for my fevered mind, And to read in the book divine.

In the woods is a pleasant spot I know,

Where the dark green ferns and the daisies hide;

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Where the pure white flowers of laurel blow The maple and hemlock and birch beside, And a brooklet murmurs near,

Up in a skyward maple branch

A warbler carols forever unseen,

And the oven-bird, like an avalanche, Poureth his song through the leafy screen

In a climax loud and clear,

The woodthrush's ringing, silvery tone Chaseth the remnants of care's alloy,

And I think that Eden has never flown— With nothing forbidden I taste its joy, And no tempter need me allure.

I'm gay as the white moth sailing there, Or the butterfly resting on yonder fern;

FROM LIFE'S WAYSIDE.

Or the bee that is sipping the wine so rare That is hidden within the laurel's urn By yon stately beech so tall.

Some one has summed up life in this: To eat, to work, to sleep and die;

But I find his reasoning all amiss-

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He premises wrong and concludes a lie-For existence is not life.

There is something more in this life of ours Than sensuous pleasure and drudging toil;

I find it in birds and trees and flowers, In beauty, in love, in harmony's coil— And most in the soul of man.

I have castles and palaces all I choose, And riches unmeasured my argosies bring;

I'm a prince, my kingdom I'll never lose, For am J not son of a greater King

Than ever this earth has seen ?

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GLEANINGS

MY LOST CHILDHOOD.

West of the cabin home was a thicket of sumac and locust

Twined with the vine of the grape, while the massive rocks underneath it

Were hidden by ivy and fern, as sin is by charity hidden.

Just at the thicket's edge's row of fruit trees cxiended :

Here an abandoned cave, whose walls were crumbling and falling,

Formed a palace of pleasure, an Aden regained, for the children—

Scenc of orgics as wild as those of Arabian fancies.

East of the cabin gurgled a spring with the clearness of crystal,

Roofed with the wild-grape vine, forming a Chinese pagoda.

Somewhat east of the spring a brooklet gleamed in the sunshine-

Here many cataracts foamed and infant Niagaras thundered;

Fultons invented their boats and sailed them on miniature oceans,

Needing no mariner's chart, nor compass, nor stars to guide them,

FROM LIFE'S WAYSIDE.

. For Acolus, pleased with their sport, sent his lightest zephyrs to waft them;

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Yet many a bark was wrecked and derelicts covered the waters,

Many a life-line was thrown to rescue the stormtossed sailor,

Crusoes were cast ashore and pined on their desolate islands-

Sweet indeed are the fancies of youth and the make-believes of childhood,

Sweeter still when seen through the vista of years that have faded!