

SUNBEAM

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LIFE'S FURROWS; OR, THE FALLOW FIELD.

The sun comes up and and the sun goes down;
The night mist shroudeth the sleeping town.

But if it be dark or if it be day,
If the tempests beat or the breezes play,
Still here on this upland slope I lie,
Looking up to the changeful sky.

Naught am I but a fallow field;
Never a crop my acres yield.
O'er the wall at my right hand
Stately and green the corn-blades stand,
And I hear at my left the flying feet
Of the winds that rustle the lending wheat.

Often while yet the morn is red
I list for our master's eager tread.
He smiles at the young corn's towering height,

He knows the wheat is a godly sight,
But he glances not at the fallow field,
Whose idle acres no wealth may yield.

Sometimes the shout of the harvesters
The sleeping pulse of my being stirs,
And as one in a dream I seem to feel
The sweep and the rush of the swinging steel,

Or I catch the sound of the gay refrain
As they heap their wains with the golden grain.

Yet, O my neighbors, be not too proud,
Though on every tongue your praise is loud,

Our mother Nature is kind to me,
And I am beloved by bird and bee,
And never a child that passes by
But turns upon me a grateful eye.

Over my head the skies are blue;
I have my share of the rain and dew;
I bask like you in a summer sun
When the long bright days pass one by one.

And calm as yours is my sweet repose
Wrapped in the warmth of the winter snows.

For little our loving mother cares



LIFE'S FURROWS.

Which the corn or the daisy bears,
Which is rich with the ripening wheat,
Which with the violet's breath is sweet,

Which is red with the clover bloom,
Or which for the wild sweet-fern makes
room!