

The Bridge Builder

*An old man going a lone highway,
Came in the evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm vast, both deep and wide,
Through which was flowing a sullen tide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim;
The swollen stream was as naught to him;
But he stopped when safe on the farther side,
And built a bridge to span the tide.*

*"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your strength in labor here;
Your journey will end with the closing day,
You never again will pass this way.
You've crossed the chasm deep and wide
Why build you this bridge at eventide?"*

*The laborer lifted his old gray head,
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,
"There followeth after me today
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm which has been naught to me
To that young man may a pitfall be.
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim.
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him."*

Miss Will Allen Dromgoole