



The Bridge Builder

An old man, going a lone highway,
came at evening, cold and gray,
to a chasm vast and deep and wide;
thru which was flowing a sullen tide . . .
the old man crossed in the twilight dim,
the sullen stream had no fear for him;
but he turned when safe on the other side
and built a bridge to span the tide.

“Old man,” said a fellow pilgrim near,
“you are wasting your strength with building here;
your journey will end with the ending day,
you never again will pass this way;
you’ve crossed the chasm deep and wide;
why build this bridge at evening tide?”

The builder 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 that has been naught to me
to him may a pitfall be;
he, too, must cross in the twilight dim . . .
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him.”