



## 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.”