

THE BRIDGE.

THE brook is flowing merrily ;
Its waters swiftly glide ;
A little child looks longingly
Beyond its rippling tide.

Across the brook are pretty ferns,
And oh, such lovely moss !
And flow'rs that seem to nod at him
And beckon him across.

But dark the water flows between ;
The stream is deep and wide ;
No way the little child can find
To reach the other side.

But soon there comes a carpenter,
Who works with busy hands,
And builds a bridge that safe and strong
Above the water stands.

“ Oh, thanks to you, good carpenter ! ”
The child calls out in glee ;
“ Now I can reach the other side
Where I have longed to be.”

Then on the bridge the happy child
Runs back and forth at will,
Although beneath, so deep and wide,
The brook is flowing still.

EMILIE POULSSON.



THE BRIDGE.

WHERE the stream flows swift and fair,
How shall I cross over ?
In the golden meadows there
Gaily nods the clover.
“ Bring the beam, and bring the plank !
Build a bridge from bank to bank ! ”

To my friends and playmates dear
How shall I be showing
All the love that daily here
In my heart is growing ?
“ You must play the joiner’s part—
Build a bridge from heart to heart ! ”

Every loving word you say
Makes the bridge the stronger ;
Helpful deeds from day to day
Make it last the longer.
Love and joy will banish strife !
So the bridge shall last your life !

Laura E. Richards.

