Poseul

no 43

The Bridge of Mosher love

THEBRIDGE

or

MOTHER-LOVE.

Along the side of rocky steeps,

Abrupt by many spring-cascades,

Beside a ridge of stony heaps,

Extends a pasture of mountain glades.

Against an oak, whose arms are wide,

A shepherd leans in thoughtful mood;

His faithful dog stays by his side

To watch the master, sheep and food.

To-day how hot the mid-day sun:

How parched the surface of the mead:

The panting sheep in groups now run

For springs to search and fresher feed.

In vain with bleatings oft, they go
To knolls so green in ferns and brake
Or rush to hollows smooth and low,
With hope their urgent thirst to slake.

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"Poor flock! poor flock!" the pastor's cry,
As now he springs to wonted sense;
"They hunger, thirst and almost die,
In-hemmed this way by rugged fence!"

"For knolls and little vales are dry;
The leaves and bushy tufts are gone;
And streamlets 'neath this lurid sky
To sea or upper air have flown."

"So all the day the sheep go round,
And with their plaints my ears they fill;
They've gnawed the rootlets of the ground
And dried the very springs and rill."

"Well, Rover, come! let's search the glen,
The canyon-slope and other shore,
Perchance there's grass or moist'ned fen
Beyond "the cut" in ample store!"

Then out from under the shady oak,

The sturdy man, with knowing friend,

Away beyond the restless flock

The two with zeal their footsteps bend.

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While over the hills and 'cross the sands

See, how he scans the distant fields;

With back to the mount, his dog he leads

With hope to a step which quickness yields the Munt

But all of a sudden the two now meet

A canyon like gulch: obstructing them sore;
The stones at loose plunge down the steep,
And waken thereby a continuous roar.

The good dog examines that puzzled face;

While Searches the man the deep ravine.

And see, how he quickens his lengthy pace,

bridge is revealed to his vision keen.

Have high in air once met half way;

'Gainst these abutting some logs, just four, had made a bridge with rocky "stay".

Over this feet-bridge quickly they went,

And found for the flock their choicest greed;

For grasses in plenty and water unspent

Were there widely spread for all their need.

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Now back in the heat as fast as he could,

Our shepherd staunch, betook his return;

And Rover tripped on, as ever he would,

His master's main object to discern.

And to the gulch were driven apace;
But the leng bridge they hurried past,
Nor man nor dog could check the race.

Again the shepherd sought his sheep,

And gathered them slower, as bees their queen.

He coaxed and called them to the steep,

And strove to master the wide ravine.

But, no, indeed! each knowing ewe Would break from Rover's ready start,

And Away, away! the whole flock flew,

To worry again the shepherd's heart.

Endeavored, in might, to save their sheep;
But vain the effort, because their wards
Ne'er guessed the tender blades to reap.

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At last the gentle heart bethought

A plan by him as yet untried:

"Like mother-love, there sure is naught,
So good, so true, so strong beside!"

And hugged him safely to his breast,

And walked before the bleating dam,

And thus led over the deep abyss. We faller crest.

With mother-heart above her fear,

She followed close her lamb beloved,

And other sheep, the way so clear,

Then took in flock the road improved:

Then, Oh! the joy of pastures new!

And water fresh, with browsing good,

The danger past, the fears are few,

And glad the sheep partake their food!

May not the better Shepherd high,

Enwrap to gentle breast a child,

And take him far, above the sky,

Across all torrents, threat'ning wild?

31

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