

# Anchored to the Infinite

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

The builder who first bridged Niagara's gorge,  
Before he swung his cable, shore to shore,  
Sent out across the gulf his venturing kite  
Bearing a slender cord for unseen hands  
To grasp upon the further cliff and draw  
A greater cord, and then a greater yet;  
Till at the last across the chasm swung  
The cable then the mighty bridge in air!

So we may send our little timid thought  
Across the void, out to God's reaching hands—  
Send out our love and faith to thread the deep—  
Thought after thought until the little cord  
Has greatened to a chain no chance can break,  
And we are anchored to the Infinite!