

MIND SETTING

One day, through the primeval wood,
A calf walked home as good calves should;
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail as all calves do.

Since then two hundred years have fled,
And, I infer, the calf is dead.
But still he left behind his trail,
And thereby hangs my moral tale.

The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way;
And then a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,
And drew the flock behind him too
As good bell-wethers always do.

And from that day, o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was made.
And thus, before men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare.
And soon, the central street was this,
Of a renowned metropolis.

And men two centuries and a half
Trode in the footsteps of that calf.
Each day a hundred thousand route
Followed this calf about.
And on his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.

A hundred thousand men were led
By a calf near three centuries dead.
They followed still his crooked way
And lost one hundred years each day.

For thus such reverence is lent
To well established precedent.