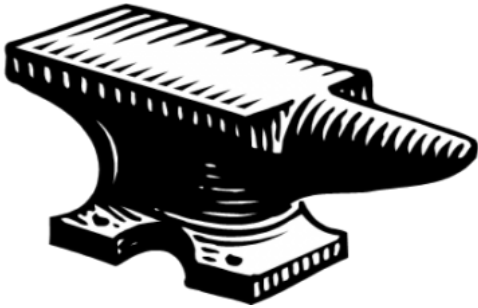


# “The Anvil”

author unknown



Last eve I passed beside a blacksmith's door,  
And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime;  
Then, looking in, I saw upon the floor  
Old hammers, worn with beating years of time.

“How many anvils have you had,” said I,  
“To wear and batter all these hammers so?”  
“Just one,” said he, and then, with twinkling eye,  
“The anvil wears the hammers out, you know.”

And so, thought I, the anvil of God's Word,  
For ages skeptics blows have beat upon;  
Yet, though the noise of falling blows was heard,  
The anvil is unharmed — the hammers gone.

*“Since you have in obedience to the truth purified your souls for a sincere love of the brethren, fervently love one another from the heart, for you have been born again not of seed which is perishable but imperishable, that is, through the living and enduring word of God. For, **All flesh is like grass, and all its glory like the flower of grass. The grass withers, and the flower falls, but the word of the Lord endures forever.**’ And this is the word which was preached to you.” (1 Peter 1.22-25)*