

The Anvil of God's Word

by John Clifford

Last eve I paused beside the 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," I thought, "The Anvil of God's Word
 For ages sceptic blows have beat upon,
Yet, though the noise of falling blows was heard,
 The Anvil is unharmed, the hammers gone."

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