



The Anvil

Author unknown

Last eve I passed beside the blacksmith's door
And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime;
When looking down, I saw upon the floor
Old hammers worn with use in former time.

'How many anvils have you used,' 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.'

Just 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.

