

# The Anvil

Last eve I passed beside a blacksmith's door  
And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime;  
When 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; then said with twinkling eye,  
The anvil wears the hammer out, you know,”

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



*“Heaven and earth shall  
pass away, but my  
words shall not pass  
away.”*

*Matthew 24:35*