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MEDITATIONS

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R LAIRD COLLIER, D.D.



BOSTON
ROBERTS BROTHERS
1876

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1876.

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"Pain's furnace-heat within me quivers; God's breath upon the flame doth blow;

And all my heart in anguish shivers And trembles at the fiery glow:

And yet I whisper: 'As God will!'

And in his hottest fire stand still. He comes, and lays my heart all heated

On the hard anvil, minded so. Into his own fair shape to beat it

With his great hammer, blow on blow : And yet I whisper: 'As God will !' And at his beaviest blows hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it;

The sparks fly off at overy blow; He turns it o'er and o'er and heats it,

And lets it cool, and makes it glow:

And yet I whisper: 'As God will!' And in his mighty hand hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow

Thus only longer-lived would be: Its end may come - and will to-morrow.

When God has done his work in me: So I say trusting: 'As God will !'

And, trusting to the end, hold still. He kindles for my profit purely,

Affliction's glowing, flery brand; And all his heaviest blows are surely Inflicted by a Father's hand:

So I say praising: 'As God will!' And hope in him and suffer still."