



Life's Trials

God sat by a fire of seven-fold heat,
As He watched by the precious ore,
And closer He bent with a searching gaze,
As He heated it, more and more.

He knew He had ore that could stand the test,
And He wanted the finest gold,
To mold a crown for the king to wear,
Set with gems with a price untold.

So He laid our gold in the burning fire,
Though we fain would of said Him, "Nay!"
(I don't want that trial)
And He watched the dross that we had not seen,
As it melted and passed away.

And the gold grew brighter and yet more bright,
But our eyes were so dim with tears,
We saw but the fire, not the master's hand,
And questioned with anxious fears.

Yet our gold shown out with a richer glow,
As it mirrored a form above,
That bent o'er the fire, though unseen by us,
With a look of ineffable love.

Can we think that it pleases His loving heart,
To cause us a moment's pain?
Ah, no, but He saw through the present cross,
The bliss of eternal gain.

So He waited there, with a watchful eye,
With a love that's strong and sure,
And His gold did not suffer a bit more heat,
Than was needed to make it pure.