

“ But how are you certain, ” I asked him,
 “ At last that your work is done,
 That the glittering ore, pure and perfect,
 May shine in the noonday sun ? ”

“ I know that my task is ended,
 And no dross remains to destroy,
*When I see my image reflected,
 In the silver without alloy ! ”*

Oh ! beautiful lesson ! and wondrous,
 Thy care, oh Thou Majesty dread !
 Who bearest the lambs in Thy bosom,
 And numberest the hairs of our head.

Oh ! shrink not, poor heart, from thy trial,
 In the fiery furnace of pain,
 For thy griefs and thy sorrows are needful
 To refine thee from manifold stain !

But *the Lord* sits behind the furnace,
 And measures the cleansing flame
 With gaze ever steady and watchful,
 And *love*, oh ! *forever* the same !

He soundeth the depths of our weakness,
 And suffering shall never exceed,
 By His merciful Providence guarded,
 The limit of each soul's need.

He will never cease from His watching
 Till the perfect work is complete,
 And He sees in our purified nature
His Image, divine and sweet !

Then welcome, oh chastening sorrow !
 Thrice welcome, oh, fire of pain !
 That shall still purge the dross from our being,
 Till naught but *pure silver* remain !

And hasten, oh Lord ! the blest hour
 When from base imperfections set free,
 In humbled spirits, yet holy,
 May shine out a *likeness* to *Thee* !

—*Eliza Lummis.*