

THE POTTER'S HAND.

To the Potter's house I went down one day,
And watched him while moulding the vessels of clay,
And many a wonderful lesson I drew,
As I noted the process the clay went thro'.
Trampled and broken, down trodden and rolled,
To render more plastic and fit for the mould.
How like to clay that is human, I thought,
When in Heavenly hands to perfection brought;
For Self must be cast as the dust at His feet,
Before it is ready for service made meet.
And Pride must be broken, and self-will lost –
All laid on the altar, whatever the cost;
But lo! by and by, a delicate vase
Of wonderful beauty and exquisite grace.
Was it once the vile clay? Ah, yes; yet how strange,
The Potter has wrought so marvellous a change!
Not a trace of the earth, nor mark of the clay,
The fires of the furnace have burned them away.
Wondrous skill of the Potter – the praise is his due,
In whose hands to perfection and beauty it grew.
Thus with souls lying still, content in God's hand,
That do not His power of working withstand.
They are moulded and fitted, a treasure to hold,
Vile clay now transformed into purest of gold.

– M. F. Clarkson.
