

The Master's Hand

Dorothy M. Barter-Snow
Streams in the Desert, p. 255

I never knew the old, brown violin,
That was so long in some dark corner thrust,
Its strings broken or loose, its pegs run down,
Could ever be of use again. The dust
Of years lay on its shabby case until
One day a Master took the instrument,
And with caressing fingers touched the wood,
Adjusted pegs and strings; his mind intent
On making music as he drew his bow.
Then from the violin, long silent, sprang
Once more arpeggios, runs, trills. The wood
Quivered, leapt into life, and joyous sang.
I now believe that any broken life
Jangling with discords, unadjusted, tossed
In some far corner, wasted, thrown aside,
Can yet be of some use; need not be lost
From Heaven's orchestra. A Master's Hand
Scarred with old wounds, can mend the broken thing
If yielded to Him wholly; and can make
The dumb life speak again, and joyous sing
In praise of One Who gave His life that none
Need perish. And this message, glad, most blest,
I now believe; for placing in His Hand
My life, I find my world is now at rest.