

**MEDITATIONS ON  
THE ESSENCE OF  
CHRISTIANITY**

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Meditations on the Essence of Christianity by R. Laird Collier

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# MEDITATIONS

ON THE

## ESSENCE OF CHRISTIANITY

BY

R. LAIRD COLLIER, D.D.



LONDON

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14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN

1876

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## Medication



“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.

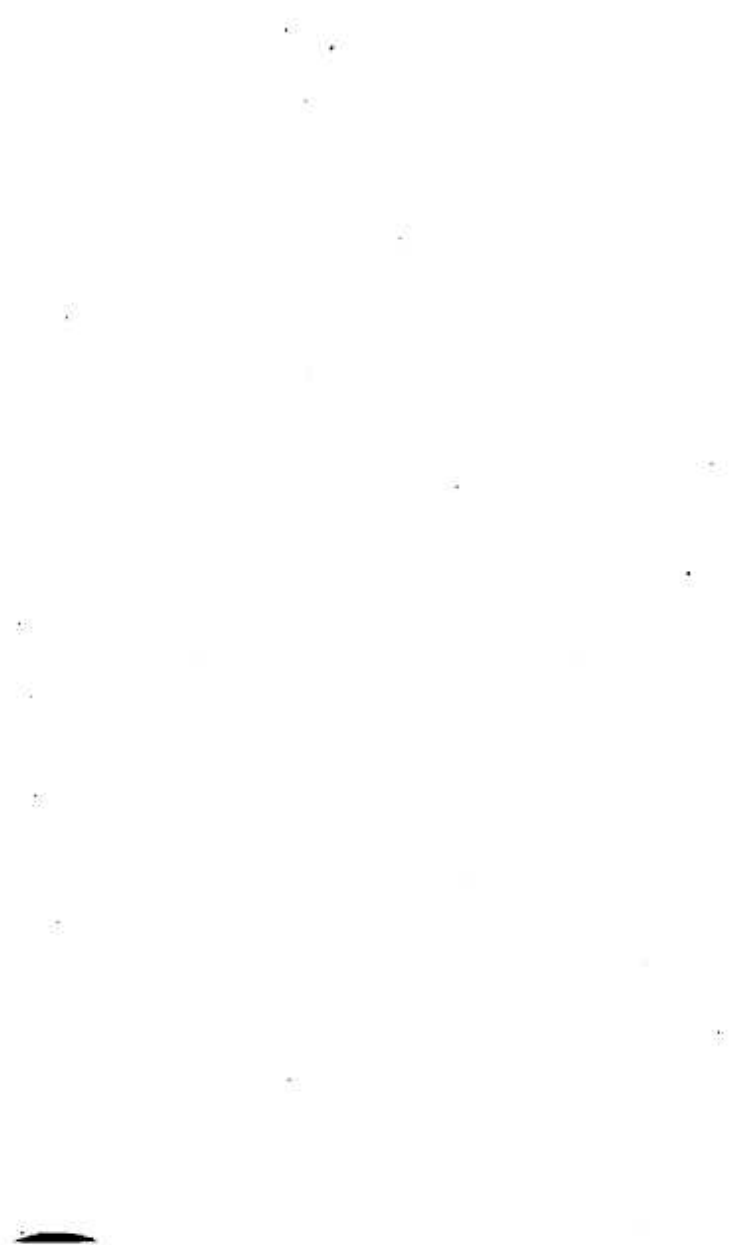
He comes, and lays my heart all heated  
On the hard anvil, minded so,  
Into his own fair shape to beat it  
With his great hammer, blow on blow :  
And yet I whisper : ‘ *As God will !* ’  
And at his heaviest blows hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it ;  
The sparks fly off at every 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, fiery 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.”







TO

Mary Price Collier

**D**EDICATE this little book to Thee; not to thy Memory, but to thy Presence.

Whilst yet the Heavenly Glory was filling and flooding the chamber of death, and thy Spirit, quite upon the confines of the Eternal World, held the credential of prophecy, thou didst foretell my utter loneliness and dreariness without thy bodily presence, and didst promise that thy *Real Presence* should abide with me.

Thy dying words have been fulfilled. No day has come without the loneliness and the dreariness, but I have gone to duty when it has been oh, so hard,

and oh, so dark, because of the assurance of thy Presence even in these hard and dark places.

We have had sweet communion upon the "things of the Spirit," and thou dost well know the thoughts, and art familiar with the sentences of these "Meditations."

Whatever in this book is untrue, or uncertain, or incomplete, is mine; whatever is true, or noble, or helpful, is thine.

R. LAIRD COLLIER.

London, *February 24*, 1876.

