

Lessons from a Carpenters Tools

By, Albert Ramsay

While I watched a certain tradesman
As he gathered up his tools,
Packed his chisels, saws and hammer
And folded up his rules,
A picture came before me, and its
Parallel I'll show
How these tools could teach us
Wisdom in our service here below.
These tools all had an owner, and
For each a price was paid.
The owner wisely chose them for the
Purpose they were made.
Each one was used when needed
To complete some grand design;
And as I looked upon them,
This lesson came to mind.
Suppose a conversation could be
Heard within the box,
Each scolding the old hammer for
The way he bangs and knocks.
Says the chisel, "Take a look at me!
My head, as you can see,
Is the target of that hammer. Why's
He always banging me?
For almost everything I do, he hits
Me on the head.
Could there not be something softer
To do the work instead?"
"Why is it, says the hammer
That you all find fault with me?
I am wielded by my owner, it is plain
For all to see.
I wish I were the plumb line with



Nothing much to do
But hang around the others and be
 Numbered with the crew."
The nails all vow to go on strike,
 Their tempers all aflare;
"Tis plain to all unbiased minds
 We're driven to despair."
Then says the sharp edged chisel,
 While pointing to his head,
"We'll eliminate the hammer and get
 Something in his stead."
Up speaks the saw with whimpering
 Voice, "Will none my viewpoint see?
When there's any cutting off to do,
 Why it's always left to me?
The square and pencil draw a line
 And say they're always right,
And if I do not follow them, then my
 Teeth cannot be straight.
And that old file can be awful rough;
 I much prefer the knife,
For he and I, in character, are
 Very much alike."
The plane, with sweet majestic
 Voice, speaks up and asks permission
If he can have a word with all
 To smooth the rough condition.
"My plan is this – I always wait
 Until you all are through,
And after I have done my part,
 I leave things just like new.
Now why behave unseemly? I feel
 My way is right.
Why can't you all be just like me?
 You'd sure be more polite."
Up spoke the saw and hammer that
 Had laboured hard all day,



While Mr. Plane sat on the bench
Without a word to say.
“We feel you wrong us greatly
By taking such a view,
For you’re mostly always idle, while
We have work to do.”
And so they came together
To figure out a way
That they could work together and
Make the business pay.
And this was the conclusion that was
Reached among the tools:
“ Our thoughts of one another is
The reckoning of fools.
The Master owns each one of us,
We are not all the same;
Each has his own peculiar work
To bring the Master gain.”
Each saw the other in new light
And harmony did reign.
Each did respect the other,
Although not all the same,
The nail to hold together; the square
To keep things straight;
The pencil for a guideline; the plane
To make things right;
The chisel and the hammer found
Their teamwork great delight
As they viewed the finished product
The mortise holding tight.
And as they viewed the rough old
File, in honour they did pledge
To give him all the credit for
Keeping them on edge.
Now may my simple musings
Provoke you to compare
The parallel with Christians



In their worship, work and prayer.
How similar is our behaviour
To this box of silly tools.
When we see it, let us judge it as
“The reckoning of fools.”
We all need one another, and there’s
None of us the same;
So let us work together to
Increase the Master’s fame!

