

Treasures

One by one He took them from me,
All the things I valued most,
Until I was empty-handed,
Every glittering toy was lost.

And I walked earth's highways, grieving
In my rags and poverty,
Till I heard His voice inviting,
"Lift your empty hands to Me!"

So I held my hands toward heaven,
And He filled them with a store,
Of His own transcendent riches,
Till they could hold no more.

And at last I comprehended,
With my stupid mind and dull,
That God could not pour His riches
Into hands already full!

—*M.S. Nicholson*

