God in heaven hath a treasure







God in heaven hath a treasure, Riches none may count or tell; Hath a deep eternal pleasure, Christ the Son, He loveth well. God hath here on earth a treasure, None but He its price may know— Deep, unfathomable pleasure, Christ revealed in saints below.

God in tongues of fire descending, Chosen vessels thus to fill With the treasure never ending, Ever spent—unfailing still. God's own hand the vessel filling From the glory far above, Longing hearts forever stilling With the riches of His love. Thus though worn, and tried, and tempted, Glorious calling, saint, is thine; Let the Lord but find thee emptied, Living branch in Christ the Vine! Vessels of the world's despising, Vessels weak and poor and base, Bearing wealth God's heart is prizing, Glory from Christ's blessed face.

Oh to be but emptier, lowlier, Mean, unnoticed—and unknown, And to God a vessel holier, Filled with Christ and Christ alone! Naught of earth to cloud the glory, Naught of self the light to dim, Telling forth His wondrous story, Emptied to be filled with Him.

Frances Bevan