

## TRUE CHARITY



GAVE a beggar from my little store  
Of well-earned gold. He spent the  
shining ore  
And came again, and yet again  
still cold  
And hungry, as before.

I gave a thought, and through that thought of mine  
He found himself, the man, supreme, divine!  
Fed, clothed, and crowned with blessing  
manifold.  
And now he begs no more.