



The Child's Desire

I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me"
But still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
and ask for a share of His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.
In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all that are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For such is the kingdom of heaven."