



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
I should like to have been with Him then, fold;
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."



YET 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 who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For "of such is the kingdom of heaven."