

# A Child's Wish (poem)...

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*A Child's Wish*

**I wish I were the little key**  
That locks Love's Captive in,  
And lets Him out to go and free  
A sinful heart from sin.

**I wish I were the little bell**  
that tinkles for the Host  
When God comes down each day to dwell  
With hearts He loves the most.

**I wish I were the chalice fair**  
That holds the Blood of Love,  
When every flash lights holy prayer  
Upon its way above.

**I wish I were the little flower**  
So near the Host's sweet face,  
**Or like the light** that half an hour  
Burned on the shrine of grace.

**I wish I were the altar where**  
As on His mother's breast  
Christ nestles, like a child, fore'er  
In Eucharistic rest.

**But oh, my God, I wish the most**  
**That my poor heart may be**  
**A home all holy for each Host**  
**That comes in love to me.**

*Abram J Ryan*  
(1839-1886)

Painting above: *Child in prayer* by Roberto Ferruzzi