

## 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  
Burns 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 Joseph Ryan**

