

CHILDLIKE



“As a little child”— I say the words,
And they seem to give me rest ;
As a little child would I become,
And lie on the Mother’s breast,—
For God is the Infinite Mother
Who hath borne and carried us all,
Who broods above
With a tender love
Aware of our faintest call.

But I unconscious of that great love,
Have been content in a dream,
Or fretted myself by day and night
In gaining the things that seem ;
I pray that truth may quicken
The love that is undefiled,
Till freed from art
And quiet in heart
I become “as a little child.”