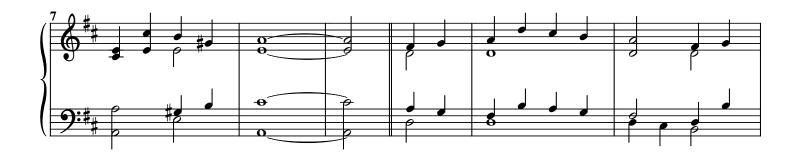
I think when I read that sweet story of old







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."

Yet still to His foot stool in prayer I may go; And ask for a share in His love; And if I thus earnestly seek Him below, I shall see Him and hear Him above.

Jemima Luke

www.smallchurchmusic.com