Childhood

Far in the mystical confines of regions celestial,

Where the sun, moon, and stars have their birth, and the river of life has its source.

God planted the Kingdom of Childhood, and gave it in charge of his angles

To fill it with shining and beauty, and shield it from ill that perplex.

There the exiled descendants of Adam my dwell in the confines of heaven.

And read in the clear eyes of child hood the glory of wonderful things,

For bright spirits hover around, unseen by all but the children,

And a light on the infantine faces reveals that they whisper with God!

That land is a region of wonders, for God, who loveth the children,

Calling them over to ~~him~~ Him with accents of loving command,

Wiled the beauty and joy might be theirs, and that peace might encompass them ever,

And no evil defile their bright Kingdom, defended by angels and men.

There the day with rich splendor is glowing, and the night is a world of enchantment,

When earth rests in magical quietude under the dark, jeweled sky;

There the moon and the stars have breath, and the throb of their musical whispers

Descends in the stillness of eve to the hush of the listening world;

There the near and the far are one, and the blessed and exiled may mingle,

For the children are white links of blossom that join the heaven and earth.

Every mortal for some brief time may reign in the Kingdom of Childhood.

Then, alas, must lay down its scepter, and pass to the world beyond.

Winifred Patton