

Answer, Jesus, oh! I beg Thee."  
Prodigy of love! O wonder!  
Resist can Jesus now no longer.  
And from out the Tabernacle  
Comes in sweetest answering accents:  
" Yes, I dwell here, Little Brother.  
Love of mortals here enchains Me;  
Here I comfort every mourner.  
Dearest brother, what wouldst ask Me? "

And the infant, all a-tremble,  
Answers: " Father does not love Thee;  
Make him good. 'Tis that I ask Thee.  
Oh! how little that will cost Thee."  
" Go! thy prayer is heard, sweet brother,"  
Jesus answers; and the cherub,  
Climbing down from off the altar,  
Darts away all gay and gleeful.

And before another gloaming—  
Oh, the power of prayer so trusting!  
Oh, the might of little children!—  
'Fore the priest, in love and sorrow,  
Did that father humbly kneeling  
Once again to God swear fealty.

Jesus, lover of the children,  
Lover of the hapless sinner  
How Thy clemency console us!  
How Thy tender love inflames us!  
Daily at Thy Tabernacle  
Shall I knock, tho' answering accents  
None Thou sendest forth to strengthen.  
Thou wilt hear, I know, dear Master,  
And, in silence all unbroken  
By the noise of human voicings,  
Thy sweet Heart will speak to mine.