



Out of the
Mouths of Babes.

Inscribed to the Acolytes of St. John Berchmans'
Sanctuary Society.

By E. C. D.

I

A VERY babe acolyte was he,
A little lad of seven years and sunny,
Whose eager tongue repeated lispingly,
The sacred Latin (sweet as Hybla's honey),
Crooned by the mother, training her sole boy,
To serve the priest of God with surplis'd joy.

Now, "Confitebor,"—ran th' exultant words:
"Tibi" (I'll praise Thee!) "in cithara Deus!"
The silv'ry treble, clear as piping bird's,
Murmur'd the context: "Deus, Deus meus!"
Then, "Quare tristis es" (the lesson flow'd):
"Anima mea?" How the young face glow'd!

II

"Et quare conturbas me?"—Glad, the response:
"Spera in Deo!"—like a song-burst came;
Until the lad grew weary. For the nonce,
He slipp'd aside, and played his childish game,
Leaving his mother, in the gloaming dim,
To touch her harp, and chant her evening hymn.