



Baby's Visit.

Of birthdays, he has had but two,
 Our fair-haired boy with eyes of blue;
 Who came so earnestly to say,
 "I wish I could like sister pay
 A visit—go dear Lord to see.
 O mother, let them, please, take me!"
 The girlies plead: "Yes, let him go.
 We'll take good care of him,"—and so,
 The happy trio tripped away
 To Jesus' house, where night and day,
 He lists the praise or plaint that's told
 By saint or sinner, young or old.
 They bend on reverent knee before
 The holy Tabernacle door;
 The little brother in between,
 A sister at each side, I ween.
 A loving, simple word of prayer,
 And then in tones quite loud and clear,
 Upon the solemn silence rose
 "O Salutaris" to the close.
 The little man sang out each word,
 As he at home the hymn had heard.
 A sister whispered in his ear:
 "Be still! You must not sing in here!"
 He answered, full of wondering:
 "Why?—this is the very place to sing!"
 Ah! surely angels must rejoice,
 To hear a brother angel's voice,
 And hover near, their shining wings
 Caressing softly while he sings.
 May He who once said: Let them come;
 Of such is my loved Father's home!
 One day receive him joyfully
 Where song goes on eternally!

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