



I dwell here,
Little Brother.

IN a land where error reigneth,
Happ'd it, once, a humble Levite,
Thro' the lanes and by ways preaching,
Came upon a group of children—
Children of his own loved flock they—
Fruit of many prayers and vigils.
Quickly clustered they about him,
For they loved his gentle presence.
All forgot their gladsome frolic:
Now with bated breath they listen,
While he tells of Jesus, Saviour,
Captive in the Tabernacle,
By His own sweet will condemned
There for love of men to languish.

As he spoke, a little cherub,
Softly from the circle stealing,
To a neighboring chapel hied him.
Entering straight, his hands extends he
Toward the Tabernacle portals;
But his hands scarce reach the altar.
On the altar straightway climbs he.
Tap! tap! tap! his tiny fingers
Sound upon the Tabernacle.