

“ Ye shall be fed ye happy birds,  
With manna of celestial words ;  
Not mine, though mine they seem to be,  
Not mine, though they be spoken through me.

“ O, doubly are ye bound to praise  
The great Creator in your lays ;  
He giveth you your plumes of down,  
Your crimson hoods, your cloaks of brown.

“ He giveth you your wings to fly  
And breathe a purer air on high,  
And careth for you everywhere,  
Who for yourselves so little care !”

With flutter of swift wings and songs  
Together rose the feathered throngs,  
And singing scattered far apart ;  
Deep peace was in St. Francis’ heart.

He knew not if the brotherhood  
His homily had understood ;  
He only knew that to one ear  
The meaning of his words was clear.

THE END.