

**Poetry.****CONSIDER THE RAVENS.**

Lord according to thy words,  
I have considered thy birds;  
And I find their life good,  
And better the better understood;  
Sowing neither corn nor wheat,  
They have all that they can eat;  
Reaping no more than they sow,  
They have all they can stow;  
Having neither barn nor store,  
Hungry again they eat more.

Considering I see too that they  
Have a busy life, and plenty of play;  
In the earth they dig their bills deep,  
And work well though they do not heap;  
Then to play in the air they are not loath,  
And their nests between are better than  
both.

But this is when there blow no storms,  
When berries are plenty in winter, and  
worms;  
When their feathers are thick and oil  
is enough  
To keep the cold out and the rain off  
If there should come a long hard frost,  
Then it looks as thy birds were lost.

But I consider further and find  
A hungry bird has a free mind;  
He is hungry to-day, not tomorrow;  
Steals no comfort, no grief doth borrow;  
This moment is his, thy will hath said it,  
The next is nothing till thou hast made it.

The bird has pain, but has no fear  
Which is the worst of any gear;  
When cold and hunger and harm betide  
him  
He gathers them not to stuff inside him;  
Content with the day's ill he has got,  
He waits just, nor haggles with his lot;  
Neither jumbles Gods will  
With driblets from his own still.

But next I see in my endeavour,  
Thy birds here do not live forever,  
That cold or hunger, sickness or age,  
Finishes their earthly stage;  
The look drops without a stroke,  
And never gives another croak;  
Birds lie here and birds lie there,  
With little feathers all astare;  
And in thy own sermon thou  
That the sparrow falls dost allow.

It shall not cause me any alarm  
For neither so comes the bird to harm,  
Seeing our Father, thou hast said,  
Is by the sparrows dying bed;  
Therefore it is a blessed place,  
And the sparrow in high grace.

It cometh therefore to this, Lord:  
I have considered thy word,  
And henceforth will be thy bird.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

WE PICTURE DEATH as coming to  
destroy; let us rather picture Christ as  
coming to save. We think of death as  
ending; let us rather think of life as  
beginning, and that more abundantly.  
We think of losing; let us think of gain-  
ing. We think of parting; us think of  
meeting. We think of going away: let  
us think of arriving. And as the voice  
Death whispers, "You must go from  
earth," let us hear the voice of Christ  
saying: "You are but coming to Me!"  
—Norman McLeod.

"It is the miracle of miracles to make  
men see things as they are. To open  
men's eyes to see the fountains in the  
wilderness, is as divine a work as to  
smite the fountains from the rock. To  
see things as they are is the gift of seers:  
to make other men see them as they are  
is the work of prophets."