

the great whale, and the little worm that crawls on the ground.

The little birds sing praises to God, when they warble sweetly in the green shade. I will praise him with my voice ; for I may praise him, though I am but a child.

A few years ago, I was a little infant, and I could not speak at all : and I did not know the great name of God, for my reason was not come to me. But now I can speak, and I will praise him ; I can think of all his kindness, and my heart shall love him.

Let him call me, and I will come to him : let him command, and I will obey him.

When I am older, I will praise him better ; and I will never forget God, so long as my life remains in me."