

CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

THE SPARROW.

I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
My wife is of little value,
But the dear Lord cares for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers,
It is very plain I know,
With never a speck of crimson,
For it was not made for show.

But it keeps me warm in winter,
And it shields me from the rain;
Were it bordered with gold or purple,
Perhaps it would make me vain.

I have no barn or storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap;
God gives me a sparrow's portion,
But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,
Close picking makes it sweet;
I have always enough to feed me,
And "life is more than meat."

I know there are many sparrows:
All over the world we are found;
But our heavenly Father knoweth
When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small, we are not forgotten;
Though weak, we are never afraid;
For we know that the dear Lord keepeth
The life of the creatures he made.

I fly through the thickest forest,
I light on many a spray;
I have no chart or compass,
But I never lose my way.

And I fold my wings at twilight,
Wherever I happen to be;
For the Father is always watching,
And no harm will come to me.—*Happy Hours.*