



But all day long, there kept coming
The thought of that dear little bird
All alone in the chapel with Jesus,
How my heart with new love it has stirred.

For I mind me how God's dumb creatures
Give Him love and praise untold,
While the hearts of those He longs for
Are oft' unresponsive and cold.

The sweet birds and the beautiful flowers
All do their Maker's will,
And in teaching our hearts to love Him,
Their mission sweetly fulfill.

Oh dear little birdie, now singing
From yon leaf-embowered tree,
I thank you for the lesson
You have sweetly taught to me.

Selected.

