

"CAREFUL FOR NOTHING."

"This little fellow," said Luther, of a bird going to roost, "has chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep, without a care for to-morrow's lodgings, calmly holding by his little twig, and leaving God to think for him."

Oh, do not be afraid
What the morrow may bring,
The God who has made
Commands me to sing.

He has fed me till now,
Each day dark or bright,
And found me this bough,
Already for night.

I'll soon go to sleep
On the twig of this tree ;
I know he will keep
Good watch over me.

And where I may be
Should the morrow appear,
Does not concern me,
I've nothing to fear.

I only do this—
Receive *all* from Him,
And find it *my* bliss
His goodness to sing.

Dost think all my care
Could do me much good ?
Or provide better fare ?
Or find me more food ?

And why should I fear,
Should aught make me shrink,
Or take to me care,
While He'll for me think ?

I've nought else to do
But to glorify Him ;
His mercies He'll strew,
And I'll sit and sing.—A. Z.

"Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God ? But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not therefore ; ye are of more value than many sparrows."—LUKE xii. 6, 7.