

## A LESSON

A BIRD, very wee, sat on a big tree  
With a sly little look in his eye.  
"Wouldn't you like to be me," said he,  
"And fly as high as the sky?"

"If I were you," said I, in reply,  
"I wouldn't aim quite so high.  
I would fly to the heart of some sad soul,  
And replace what this wicked world stole.

I would build there a nest for the heart aches to rest,  
And sow a few seeds of kind deeds,  
Till I saw each day the sorrows roll 'way,  
And that sunshine had come there to stay."

"Ah!" quoth he, with a voice full of glee,  
"If you mortals would do as you preach,  
The world would be very different, you'd see,  
For you'd grasp more things within reach."

Then he flapped his wings (two beautiful things),  
And flew in the air, who knows where?  
But the lesson he taught wasn't spoken for naught,  
For it reached its goal deep in my soul.