

Nothing, however, will so tenderly stir his heart as the nakedness, softness, and weakness of little birds, and to his young imagination all Nature will seem to share his wish to shelter and feed them.

“Mother, mother, only see the nest full of baby birds which these children have found! It is a good thing that the children have come, for the little birds were all by themselves. Their father and mother had left them. I am so sorry for the poor little things!”

“You are mistaken, my darling; their mother has only gone to find some gnats and worms to feed her babies. She will soon come back. And see, there is the father, sitting near by on the bough of the tree. He is watching his babies so that nothing may harm them while their mother is away. And while the mother seeks food and the father keeps watch, the kind, warm sun peeps into the nest and takes care of the birdies just like the mother herself. Only see how comfortable they are!

“In the branches of the tree is another nest. There are little birds in it, though you cannot see them. Their mother also has gone to seek food for her hungry nestlings. As she flies about she says to herself, ‘If I can only find plenty of worms for my babies, how glad I shall be!’”

“Sometimes, darling, I am like this bird-mother. I cannot always be close by you; but you must not cry because you do not see me. You are my own dear little child, and wherever

I may be I am thinking of you. Besides, even when I am away from you you are not alone, for you have the dear heavenly Father’s sunlight. But remember, the sunbeams do not like a crying child!”