

MY MOCKING BIRD

He comes each morn to my window
And, perched high on a loquat
tree,

He begins his beautiful carols,
Bringing joy and comfort to me.

So modest and trim is he coated,
In his quakerish garb of gray,
You scarcely can think as you view
him
Of the wonderful things he can
say.

But at peep of the earliest dawn-
ing,
His glad notes ring out loud and
clear.

In a paean of praise to his Maker
That it heavenward lifts you to
hear.

Then the notes take a soft, sweet-
er cadence,
And you're thrilled with the
melody sweet,
As he whistles and trills and
warbles
His songs so rich, full and com-
plete.

He teaches us lessons of gladness,
To sing down our troubles and
cares,
Praise God for all of His blessings
And with others our pleasures to
share.

Do you wonder I list for his coming
And will grieve when his warb-
lings cease,
For the choicest of birds we have
with us,
Is the mocking bird, God's mas-
terpiece.

NELLIE I. THOMAS.

Michigan.
