

FREE GIFTS

While walking through a meadow,
This strange thought came to me:
Of all the blessings that were mine,
And absolutely free –

A sky of constant changes,
Twilight at close of day,
The twinkling stars in heaven,
The moon and milky way;

Raindrops as sweet as music,
A red bird in a tree;
A garden filled with roses,
A humming honeybee –

Each one a shining object
Of nature's matchless art,
To keep me reaching upward
With reverence in my heart.

By Alice Whitson Norton

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