Easy Steps for Little Feet

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Many of the little birds fly away from us before the winter comes. They cannot live here when it is so cold. The flowers are all dead. The insects that feed on their honey have died too, or gone to sleep where the birds cannot find them. The worms are fast asleep in their holes under the ground. The earth is frozen hard, so the birds cannot get at them. There is no fruit on the trees, nor even any leaves. What would the birds find to eat if they should stay?

So they spread their little wings, and away they fly over the wide sea. They go to a warm land, where the sun shines, and the flowers bloom all the winter.

How do they know the way to go? Many of them are young birds that have not been before. There is no path over the sea, and nothing to show them the way.

Yes, there is something. It is the Spirit of God in each little bird that tells it the time has come to fly away. The birds know the voice of God, and they obey His call. He leads them over the pathless sea, he takes them to the place where He has plenty of food for them to eat. How happy they will be in the bright sunshine! But some birds, like our dear Robin Redbreast, stay with us all the cold, dark winter. This is why we love him so.