

# St. Dunstan's Red and White

*Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia*

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Vol. XXXII

APRIL, 1941

No. 2

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## Trust

Over accustomed ways the birds return,  
Defying miles and tempests in their flight;  
Instinctively they know, (we will not learn)  
That they are in safe keeping day and night.  
They rest their weakness on a Tender Power,  
Although their wings are tiny He is strong;  
They know where Spring is waiting, and some hour—  
Some golden hour we waken to their song:

And if we listen with that inner ear,  
When on some happy morn the birds rejoice,  
There may be more than melody to hear,  
Or melody that merges in a Voice  
Speaking in gentle way reproachfully,  
“Learn of the birds who will not learn of Me”.

—*Lucy Gertrude Clarkin*