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SNOW BIRDS.

LONELY waste a wilderness of snow
Set with a few bare trees all stark and cold,
That moaned as if in pain and shuddered slow
When the sharp winter wind passed to and fro,
And one who had in misery grown old
Stood gazing on the scene in still despair ;
Until there came a flock of chattering birds
Cleaving with swift, white wings the leaden air,
And chirping blithely as their scanty fare
They sought ; then to his memory gracious words
Of sacred Truth returned, and this he heard ;
“ These neither sow nor reap, nor harvests bear
To barns, yet your heavenly Father feeds :
How much more precious thou, whom as His child He
[feeds.”

ETHAN HART MANNING