

THE SNOW-BIRDS.

From the French of Louis Frechette.

When neath the wintry skies
The snow-clad valleys lie;
When ever-green arise
The stately pines on high;
When from their branches tost,
Dissolving in the sun,
Fast falls the silvery frost;
When April seems to stray
From out its destined way,—
From Spring to us they come,
These messengers so gay!

From the cold and the snow,
From tempest and flood,
May God in His love
His protection bestow,
Little birds!

Far from softer rests,
In more benignant climes
Where sun of summer shines;
Where, deep in silken moss,
Untouched by snow or frost,
Lie hidden other nests—
You wing your speedy flight
To shores as bleak as night,
May sends you on your ways
To tell of happier days!

From the cold and the snow,
From tempest and flood,
May God in His love,
His protection bestow,
Little birds!