

PLEASANT HOURS

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THE SNOWBIRDS.

"Pretty little snowbirds,"
Sang a tiny maid—
"Pretty little snowbirds,
Where can you have strayed?"

"When the sparkling snowflakes
Fall upon your head,
Where do you find shelter?
Where's your little bed?"

"Pretty little snowbirds,
Aren't you cold to-day?
Don't you wish the winter
Soon will haste away?"

"No, dear little maiden,"
Thus the birds replied,
While they lightly bounded
Nearer to her side.

"Fear we not the snowflakes
Falling soft and white,
Sparkling like rich jewels
Mid the sunbeams bright;

"For our robe of feathers
Keeps us warm and nice;
So we love the winter
With its snow and ice.

"And we sing as blithely
As we gaily roam,
As you, little maiden,
In your sheltered home."

"Jesus loves the snowbirds,"
Thus the maiden said,
As upon her pillow
Laid she her fair head.

"I'm so glad He gave them
Jackets soft and warm,
That the pretty snowbirds
May not feel the storm!"