

pear in the spring are, I think, the robins. We see them sometimes hopping about on the snow, looking for crumbs, or something to eat. The other day, as I was walking up the street, there sat a robin on a gate-post, and a boy was standing by the post, and suddenly I thought I heard the robin sing, but it turned out to be only the boy whistling.

The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 4, 1881.

THE FLOWERS ARE COMING.

A POET, feeling tired of a long dreary winter, wrote the following lines :

“From halcyon seas,
And purer skies,
O Southern breeze!
Awake, arise.
Breath of heaven, benignly blow,
Melt the snow;
Breath of heaven, unchain the floods,
Warm the woods,
And make the mountains flow!”

I daresay many of you felt the same longing for spring after the long, cold months of the past winter. Well, your longing has been met. Winter is gone, and you can now sing with the same poet :

“Winter’s gloomy night withdrawn,
Lo! the young romantic hours
Search the hill, the dale, the lawn,
To behold the snowdrop white
Start to light,
And shine in Flora’s desert bowers;
Beneath the vernal dawn,
The morning star of flowers.”

Now, if you do not love flowers you will not care for these lines. You won’t feel them. But you ought to love flowers, all of you, for God made them to be admired, and to remind you of his love, which is the most beautiful of all things in the universe. It is the flower which outshines all things in earth below, or in heaven above, and the

pretty flowers of the garden should always put you in mind of it. Will you invite them to do so?

X.

LITTLE GLEANERS.

WE are a little gleaning band;
We cannot bind the sheaves,
But we can follow those who reap,
And gather what each leaves.
We are not strong; but Jesus loves
The weakest of the fold,
And in our feeble efforts proves
His tenderness untold.

We are not rich; but we can give,
As we are passing on,
A cup of water in his name
To some poor, fainting one.
We are not wise; but Christ, our Lord,
Revealed to babes his will;
And we are sure, from his dear word,
He loves his children still.

THE DWARF AND HIS BROTHERS.*

THERE is a little man
Much shorter than his brothers,
But nothing useful can be done
Unless he helps the others.

The rest are tall and fine,
And make great claim to beauty,
While he, a common thick-set dwarf,
Lives only for his duty.

The brothers dress in gold,
And pose and play the master;
Ah! little would their jewels help
To save them from disaster,

Did not the sturdy dwarf,
So useful and so slighted,
Stand ever by to lend his aid,
And keep them all united.

MRS. M. W. BUTTS.

* The thumb and fingers.