

"Here are some flowers we have brought you," said Eliza Johnson.

"Thank you, dear, they are very beautiful. When I was young I was a great lover of flowers, and I am now, but I can't go to them now. I must believe that there will be flowers in heaven."

At this moment Ida's father, in a beautiful carriage, stopped before the door and called to her. "I have business at the lake; if you and your friends would like a drive you can go with me. You must shorten your call, for I am in haste."

When Mrs. Green understood the state of the case she urged her young friends to leave her, saying that she should enjoy their drive as much as their company. So they took their seats, and made a delightful excursion around the lake, while Miss Halsey was practising on her piano, and seeking something interesting to her.

The Sunbeam.

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IN A GARRET.

FOUR little children, with their mother and a blind grandmother, live in these two cold garret rooms. There is no carpet on the floor, and but little coal in the cracked stove, and O! it would make your heart ache to see how little food there is in the cupboard!

Of course these little folks are often cold and hungry, and you pity them; but do you remember to thank God for your own good things, and to ask Him to give you a heart full of love toward those who have so little to make them happy? Maybe you have heard of the little boy who wanted to give pleasure to God, and so set out all the animals of his Noah's Ark in a row that God might see them and be pleased! Now, God will be pleased if we bring out all the love and thankfulness of our hearts in good,

loving deeds, for Him to see! We cannot earn anything of God, but we can love him, and try to give Him pleasure!

IF WISHES WERE HORSES.

IF wishes were horses," dearie,
How fast and how far we'd ride,
On our beautiful snow-white chargers,
Bounding with life and pride;
Straight as the flight of an arrow,
Swift as the flash of a spear,
We'd travel for ever and ever—
"If wishes were horses," dear.

To the tops of the sunset mountains,
Ere they flicker and fade away,
To the dusky hills of the twilight,
To the flush of the new-born day,
To the silent stars of midnight
As they shine in the darkness clear,
We'd ride like the flight of a fancy—
"If wishes were horses," dear.

Through billows of Western prairies,
And dazzle of Arctic plains,
Through perfume of Southern roses,
And mists of the sweet Spring rains;
Abreast of the echoing thunder,
With the quiver of lightning near,
We'd ride in the van of the tempest—
"If wishes were horses," dear.

And into the lives we cherish,
To brighten their clouded skies,
Bring smiles to the sweet pale faces,
And light to the saddened eyes;
To bring them a message of comfort,
And whisper a word of cheer,
Oh, how we would gallop and gallop—
"If wishes were horses," dear.

—*Wide-Awake.*

Be true. The first duty of love is to be true. Before you are kind, be sure you are true. From your lips speak the truth! In your minds think the truth! In your hearts love the truth! In your lives live the truth!