

SUNBEAM

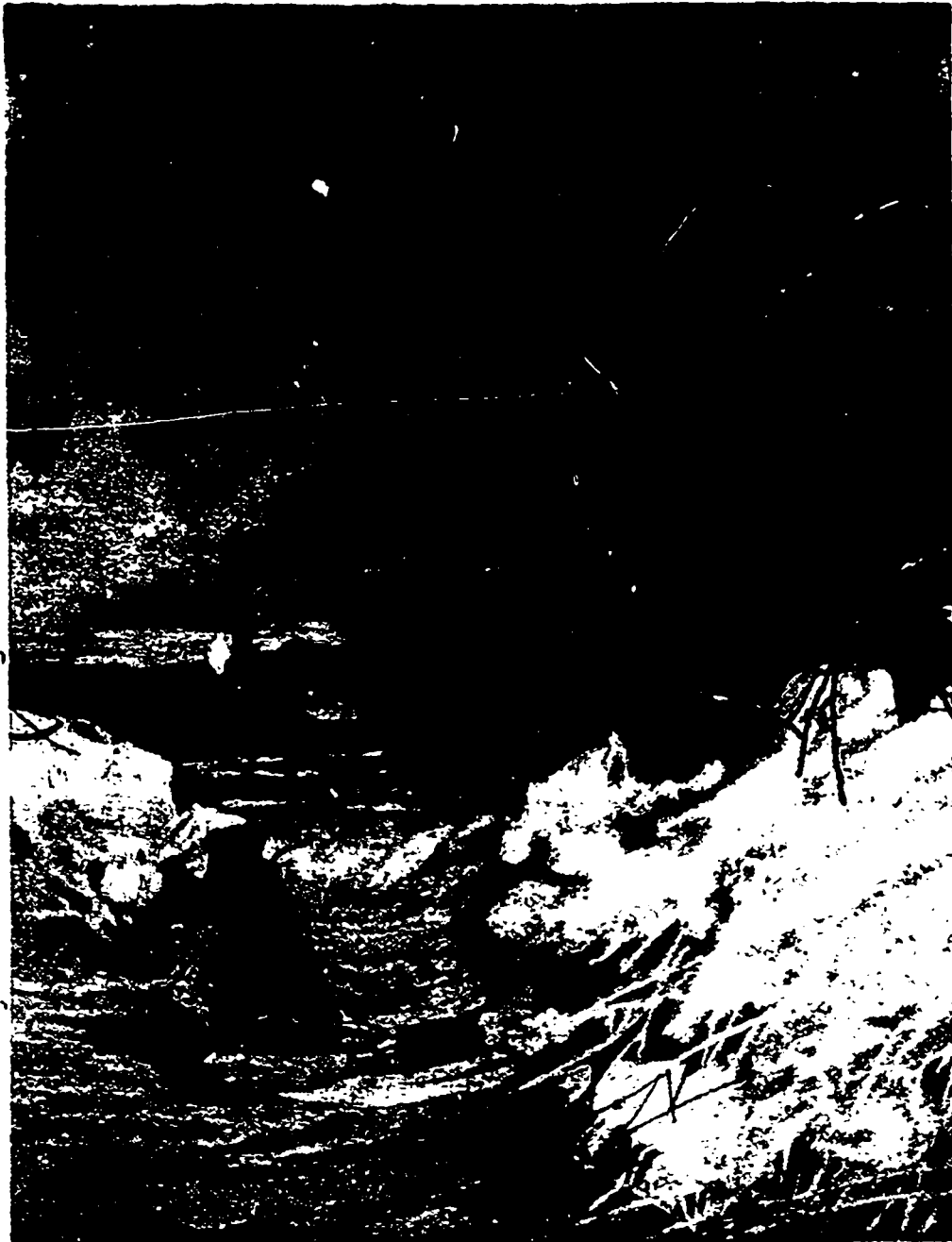
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THE WOODS IN WINTER.

WANDERING through the woods in winter we gain a different impression of the tall trees of the forest from that of our summer saunterings, when the trees rustled their green leaves in the and breeze were the home of myriads of happy birds. They seemed full of joy and music. Now they stand robbed of all their pretty leaves, deserted of the birds, giving the forest the appearance of a great city full of empty houses. But they are in winter, more than ever, the monarchs of the woods. Grim and bare as they are, how straight they stand! The winds howl through their branches, the snow whirls round them, but strong and firm they stand with their great branches still held upward as if indifferent to all change. Here and there a cedar or fir tree looks proud in its green dress. Summer or winter they remain just the same, except that they look very humble when the other trees appear in all their beauty, but now serve as a pleasant rest for the eye, and impress one with their great virtue in their unchangeableness and unvarying uprightness.



THE WOODS IN WINTER.

"Hark, hark! what does the fir-tree say
Standing still all night all day—
Never a moan from over his way,
Green through all the winter's gray—
What does the steadfast fir-tree say—

the other forgot, that truth so trite, but so aptly put by "Carlyle: Genius is an immense capacity for taking trouble."
"I FEEL as if God had, by giving the Sabbath, given fifty-two springs in the year."

"Creak, creak '
Listen!' Be firm;
be true;
The winter's frost
and the summer's
dew
Are all in God's
time, and all for
you;
Only live your life,
and your duty do,
And be brave, and
strong, and steady,
fast, and true."

"I NEVER do a thing thoroughly," Mary said to me the other day. She had just been competing for a prize in composition. "I read my composition only once after I wrote it, and I never practised it in the chapel at all." She was naturally far more gifted than Alice, who was her principal competitor. Alice wrote and re-wrote her article, and practised it again and again. The day came. Alice read her composition in a clear, distinct voice, without hesitation or lack of expression. It was condensed, and well written. Mary's could not be heard beyond the fifth row of seats, and was long and uninteresting. Alice won the prize. One remembered, and