

little birds without shelter and the poor without home or bread.

"Some day", the acorn went on, "I will invite the birds to build their nests in my branches, and I will rock their tiny chicks on my bosom. Some day I will rear walls, and roof them in, to shelter helpless parents and their homeless children. Some day I will kindle a fire before whose blaze the family may gather for warmth and good cheer. Some day I will build a sturdy ship to carry food and clothing to the needy poor across the sea. Some day"—the acorn paused,—panting, out of breath. Immediately the twig, which had been waiting for a chance to speak, broke in: "O, silly little acorn, how can *you* do all this?" But the acorn answered: "God and I."

And everything in God's universe heard the acorn's humble reply, and came to offer assistance. A breeze hurried through the wood, gen'y plucked the acorn from the twig, and laid it tenderly down in the soft, rich mold. The decaying leaves gathered round it to offer their protection. The snowflakes came and wrapped it up in a thick, fleecy white blanket. All winter it lay dreaming in this cosy bed.

Then spring-time came. The sunlight peeped under the blankets, and gently touched the slumbering acorn. The balmy winds removed the snowy coverlets. The leaf-mold gave it food to eat. The warm rains moistened its lips and washed its face.

Then the acorn opened its eyes, stretched itself, and suddenly remembered its plans. It wriggled and squirmed and struggled, until it broke through the cramping husk. A tiny root reached out to grasp firm hold of earth, and then, with a mighty push, up rose the slender stem, till it got its tip over ground into the wonderful world above. The acorn had started climbing.

Then, through the branches, it caught a glimpse of the blue sky far aloft. Again it remembered,—and again it started climbing. The acorn climbed and climbed and climbed, until its topmost branches touched the sky. The tiny stem had grown into a huge trunk, so large that half a dozen boys could scarcely reach their arms about it.

Swarms of birds came and built their nests in its branches, and the hunted beasts of the

wood rested beneath its shade. In due time it was cut down. Some parts of it were burned for fuel, and some were sawn into lumber for furniture and houses and ships. It gave its life to help others; but the birds still sing its praises, and the poor and needy pronounce blessings upon it to this day.

Was the acorn a success?

Dartmouth, N. S.

Galilee, Lake and Shores

And this is Galilee—blue Galilee,
Where Jesus loved so much to be!

It is the sea whose winds and waves Hestilled, on which, sitting in a boat, He taught the throngs upon the shore. The lake is shaped something like a pear—"like a lyre," some one has more poetically expressed it—and is about twelve miles long and six or seven miles across at its widest part. Its beach is strewn with shells. Its banks are richly green and semi-tropical in their vegetation. Toward the north end are pretty bays, full of cool, green shadows and fringed with oleanders. Further back are hills, though none of great height. The general aspect is one of sweet tranquillity rather than of grandeur.

Boats are without difficulty obtained for a few hours' sail upon this sacred sheet of water, so placid now; though we are told of violent storms that sometimes ruffle its surface. Sailing toward the north, we have on our left the plain of Gennesaret, to the right the hills of Gaulanitis. We pass, on the west shore, Bethsaida and Magdala, the latter a wretched village. There also, probably, is—or was—Chorazin, scene of the "mighty works." Every spot, indeed, upon which our eyes rest is associated with the life of the Galilean King and is hallowed ground to us.

Near the north end of the lake is the village of Tell Hum, close to the supposed site of the old Capernaum. The utter desolation and ruin here recall forcibly the prophetic words of Jesus: "And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell." The present village is a mere collection of huts, and only some black, chaotic heaps of ruins are left of what was once a considerable city. These lie close to the