

SUNBEAM

LARGED SERIES—VOL. XV.]

TORONTO, JUNE 23, 1894.

No. 13

SHEPHERDS WORSHIPPING THE INFANT SAVIOUR.

A beautiful star led the shepherds to the place where the little child lay. With joy and gladness they gathered round the Babe, and in reverence they worshiped him. In our picture we see the sweet mother Mary and Joseph standing by the manger, while old and young shepherds kneel around them, gazing upon the infant from whom they have heard from the angels to bring peace on earth, good will to men."

FOREST KING.

Have you ever heard of an oak tree coming out of the forest? It was a small, plain tree, but it ever stopped the eye. Its body was built with the strength of iron. Its leaves were green and its acorns were hard and rough little

flowers that its feet knew the oak tree, and it came every day to its kindly shade.

The little birds came to its oak and made their nests in its branches. And the

squirrel knew the kind oak tree that brought down acorns for him. The cold winter came and the squirrel must come and the squirrel must go to his winter store, so he ran to the oak and asked for all the acorns he could get. The oak shook its branches

and said, "Here, little squirrel, take them all," and the squirrel carried them away to his winter home.

Then the cold days came, and the birds flew away and the flowers died and the leaves fell down and the oak stood alone.



SHEPHERDS WORSHIPPING THE INFANT SAVIOUR.

Then one night a traveller came through the forest. He was numb with cold and far from home.

Then the oak reached out its limbs to the traveller and said, "Take me and build a fire to warm you through the night." The traveller cut down the oak tree and built a fire and warmed himself, and lay down to sleep.

The fire burned on and the flames grew higher and higher, and in the flames—so the story says—a tree rose that grew and grew larger than all the other trees in the forest. Then the fairies came and made beautiful shiny leaves and pretty carved acorns for this tree.

And after a while the fire died out and the fairies disappeared, and when the sun rose there stood the mighty oak tree, with the beautiful green leaves and pretty acorns. And a voice sounded through the forest: "Behold your king."

And this is the way, the story says the oak came to be the king of all the other trees.

If a well be dry, a man may stand and pump all day, but he will not bring up any

water, and if we have not Christ in us we may go through the most industrious Christian activities, but we will not bless anybody. How can we give to others what we have not ourselves? J. B. Miller.