

I slept, such a sweet, refreshing sleep,
I woke, and the room was full of light,
And the darkest shades of the midnight deep,
Had no power to put it out of sight.

So tender, and mellow, and full of charms,
It was just the halo you speak of now;
It encircled me 'round like invisible arms,
And touched upon pallid cheek and brow.

Then I thought I was like a poor maimed
bird,

That sits on the bough with a broken wing,
Yet my notes of joy should be ever heard,
Though I be but a tiny crippled thing;

For the world is so full of light and joy,
Thus sang my heart on that blessed day,
That there is no *time* for a girl or boy
To be wasting in sadness and grief away.

I had learned in the midst of that tender light,
There is one who will never forsake us
here;

'Twas our Fathers' arms that encircled me
quite,
And lifted me up to a world of cheer.

No pain could scatter the peaceful smile,
That visitors saw when they bent above,
'Twas a wonder that puzzled them many a
while,
For the light was the smile of our Father's
love.

—JULIA M. DUTTON.

Waterloo, Oct. 5th, 1891.

[NOTE.—Owing to an accident, I did not
get the letter from Hopeful Band until I had
sent the chestnut puzzle, hence the delayed
reply.

COUSIN JULIA.

Playhouse, 10th mo. 21, 1891.

DEAR COUSIN JULIA:—

Did thee realize the greatness of this
subject and my littleness? I am not
a Shakespeare to find "tongues in
trees," neither am I an interpreter of
hieroglyphics. I am but a little child,
I know not how to go out or come in,
except the Lord go before, and lead me.
Never in my life did I go chestnutting,
nor do I care very much for them to
eat. How, then, am I to write a
sermon thereon? Of the world's ways
I am too ignorant to answer thy ques-
tions. At first I thought I would leave
this sermon for those to write who like
chestnuts, and who do enjoy the pleas-
ures they afford. But when I saw the
pleading, upturned faces of the tiny

ones who could not write, I relented,
and promised our little band that if
they were good and attentive in listen-
ing to the reading of my sermon, I
would try and write, after asking God
to help me.

Now get the stool ready for me to
stand high enough to see every one of
the audience, because I feel that this is
a *real, earnest, solid* subject to talk
about, and I want to look into the eyes
of every boy and girl, so as to be sure
that they are keeping their promises. It
may be best for me to mark so that
each can read for themselves what the
Scriptures inform about *trees*.

SERMON.

"Then shall the trees of the wood sing
out at the presence of the Lord"—1
Chron. 16: 33. Shall we the most fav-
ored of God be found in praising to
take less delight? Let us every one
"Praise God from whom all blessings
flow," who made the earth to bring
forth trees—Gen. 1: 11; and gave them
to man for use—not abuse. One of the
earliest recollections of my babyhood
is of riding back and forth with my father
and elder brother to the fields in har-
vest time, wondering how everything
got their names, but I said nothing, and
one day when reading a Scripture
lesson I came upon a verse that told
me. I did not then understand that
God was "teaching me himself," nor
that I was providentially led to gain
the knowledge that my child heart
craved, but with my heart leaping for
joy, I read the verse over and over
again.

The verses taught me, that when
God had made all things, last of all
he made *man* to whom was given such
wisdom, that when God showed him
the things created, to see what he
would call them, he named them, and
*Whatsoever he called them that was the
name thereof*—Gen. 2, 19.

The chestnut is well named, for it is
enclosed in a burr chest that can only
be unlocked by the key which God
keeps until the right time comes, then he