

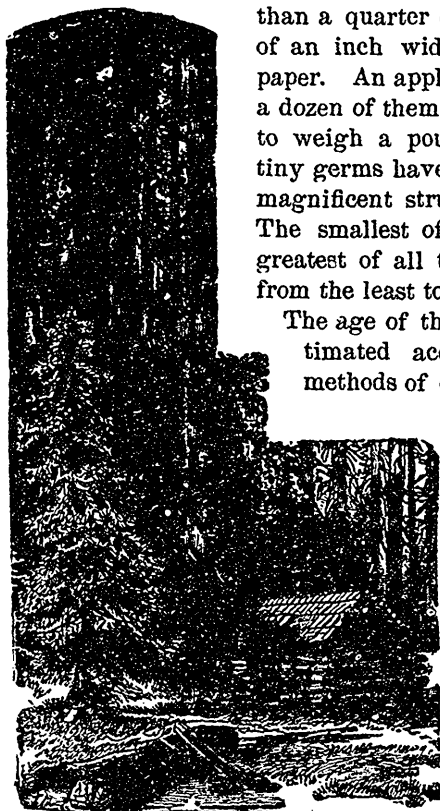
which gives a gaiety to the forest, making "sunshine in the shady place." It is very durable, very much like our red cedar. What struck us as remarkable was the size of the cones. We picked up the cones of smaller conifers; they were half as long as one's arm, and very much thicker, but what do you suppose is the size of the cones of these gigantic trees? Not larger than a hen's egg. The leaves, too, are very small, and of a bright green

colour. The seeds are very tiny, not more than a quarter of an inch long, one-sixth of an inch wide, and thin as writing-paper. An apple seed would weigh down a dozen of them. It takes 50,000 of them to weigh a pound! and yet these little tiny germs have wrapped in them such magnificent structures. What a lesson! The smallest of all seeds producing the greatest of all trees. Thus God proceeds from the least to the greatest!

The age of these trees is variously estimated according to the different methods of counting the rings—prob-

ably many of them are not less than three thousand years old. Twenty-six centuries have passed since Rome was founded, yet before Romulus was heard of these trees were growing. When Plato opened his academy in the groves of Athens; when the beautiful Esther was Queen of Persia, and Mordecai prime minister; nay, when Solomon was in all his glory,

they were springing up. They were waving in proud majesty when the shepherds of the Judean Hills heard the song of the Angels, and the glad announcement that Christ was born in Bethlehem. They stood the giant cedars of God when the Christian Church was founded. What tides of human history have rolled away since they first thrust their green spires from the ground! What mighty sermons in those trees! Thirty centuries seemed



CABIN IN REDWOOD GROVE.