

all things, and to make them glad in the knowledge of the Father's presence, just as Jesus was in a world that was to him full of God.

When we really believe this; when we believe in the Father, and when we believe we are his children, we shall see him in the face of Jesus, and in every other face where love shines or where sorrow pleads; and then the best of all Christmas days will be ours, when Christ will be born in our hearts, and when we shall say, with one who knew him well: "Beloved, now are *we* the sons of God."

JOHN PAGE HOPPS,

Leicester, England.

The above is from the "Unitarian," and so fully meets my views, and what I believe to be the views of Friends, that I place them for insertion in YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

JOSEPH FRITTS,

Macedon, N. Y.

OUR COZY CORNER.

THE CHESTNUT SERMON.

Little Friends,—

It was after I had sealed and sent those questions just as they came to me, that I was pondering in my mind whether any one could really write a sermon about the chestnut tree, and what could possibly be said on the subject. I did not know why I asked the questions, but now I know it must be because the little minister knew how to write one, so now we have it, a deal better and longer than we expected. After thinking a long while, I could only think of just three sentences to make a sermon of, so I called it a sermon in a nut-shell. It is this:

First verse,—Mind the Light,

Second verse,—Look Within.

Third verse,—Look Upward.

Now this is easy to remember, and if we will always "Mind the Light," "Look Within," and "Look Upward" we will not go far astray, even if it is

cloudy and the rain is falling, for it is never so dark and cloudy but that there is a light somewhere, and if we mind where we look, we will see the light breaking through the clouds; that is the way the light of God's goodness breaks upon us when our hearts are troubled, if we only look upward to Him through our inner selves.

COUSIN JULIA.

SEND OUT THE SUNLIGHT.

Send out the sunlight, the sunlight of cheer,
Shine on earth's sadness till ill disappear,
Souls are in waiting this message to hear.

Send out the sunlight in letter and word;
Speak it and think it till hearts are all stirred—
Hearts that are hungry for prayers still unheard.

Send out the sunlight each hour and each day,
Crown all the years with its luminous ray,
Nourish the seeds that are sown on the way.

Send out the sunlight 'tis needed on earth,
Send it afar in scintillant mirth,
Better than gold in its wealth giving worth!

Send out the sunlight on rich and on poor,
Silks sit in sorrow—and tatters endure,
All need the sunlight to strengthen and cure.

Send out the sunlight that speaks in a smile,
Often it shortens the long, weary mile!
Often the burdens seem light for awhile.

Send out the sunlight—the spirit's real gold!
Give of it freely—this gift that's unsold,
Shower it down, on the young and the old!

Send out the sunlight, as free as the air!
Blessings will follow, with none to compare,
Blessings of peace, that will rise from despair.

Send out the sunlight! You have it in you!
Clouds may obscure it just now from your view;

Pray for its presence! Your prayer will come true.
—Ellen Dare.

It may not be generally known that Dr. Benjamin Richardson was a drinker when the London physicians assigned to him the task of investigating the action of alcohol on living tissues. He took a year for his experiments, and came out a total abstainer; his science had controlled his conscience and controlled his life.