

THE BIRD IN THE SHUTTER.

The rain upon the old church roof
Came beating from the west,
And, just outside, the leafless elms
Tossed in their wild unrest.

Within, the house was dim and cold,
And sad the pastor's theme;
Not one sweet ray of Christian hope
Let fall a cheering gleam.

He spoke of trouble and of death,
Of doubts, and woes, and fears,
While overhead the Autumn rain
Felt like a flood of tears.

Our heads were bowed in sullen grief,
Our hearts were chilled with pain:
The light of love seemed quenched fore'er,
By bitterness of rain.

Then suddenly a cheerful sound—
A bird-note sweet and clear—
Rang through the hushed and gloomy house,
And startled every ear.

There, in the shutter, cold and wet,
And ruffled by the storm,
A lonely little bird had crept,
And nestled to get warm.

The storm beat close above its head,
And shook its slender perch,
But there it clung, and chirped and sung
Against the old grey church.

The pastor's voice grew soft and sweet,
His kind eyes filled with tears,
And, looking up, he spoke of Christ,
And the eternal years.

He spoke of heaven, our happy home,
And loved ones gone before;
Of all the joys that wait the blest
On yonder shining shore.

And still the little bird sang on,
A soft, unconscious strain;
It only knew that it was warm
And sheltered from the rain.

—[Paul Pastnor.]

TO ARKONA.

The early morning of the 14th inst. was somewhat chilly, but no frost was to be seen. The moon, in its last quarter, was a little above the horizon shining bright and clear, and innumerable stars were sparkling in all their brilliancy. I was up and preparing to

attend the first Monthly Meeting at Arkona, twenty-two miles away, which was to be held that day. Soon after starting the dawning day was gradually but surely driving back the beauties of the night, but at the same time bringing out in bold relief the sublimity of autumn days. The well gravelled road passed through a delightful country. The occasional showers of late had changed the parched earth into greenness again. The well tilled farms and the roomy and substantial dwellings and barns, many of which had but lately replaced log structures, indicated at once the fertility of the soil, the industry of the farmers and the goodness of Providence.

Friends at Arkona are favorably situated. The soil is fertile and well adapted to fruit raising, as well as grain. Peaches and grapes were in abundance, and apples of the finest quality.

A Meeting was started here about twenty years ago, and until a few years ago, when their Meeting-house was built, and soon after a preparative Meeting established, they had met at different dwellings and under the care of Norwich Monthly Meeting. Their numbers were few, but the past four or five years have added a number of families and parts of families by conviction and request until now they have about fifty members. Their First-day School, which was established in the spring, is prosperous and increasing in interest. They also have a Bible Class on the First-day afternoon in each month for review.

At the Monthly Meeting the house was well filled. The Meeting, comprising in its numbers many young people and children, was orderly and impressive. Communications were offered by William Cornell, Samuel P. Zavitz, James Zavitz and Serena A. Minard. Nearly all remained to attend the meeting for business. Words of encouragement were spoken to the little band of earnest workers who were struggling onward and upward with a