

Meeting in which a meeting is held except by appointment. The Monthly Meeting is held here once a year in the 6th month. Friends from Roaring Creek and Bear Gap meet here then on their way to the Half-Year Meeting and hold the Monthly Meeting.

This meeting house is not at all delapidated, but it does not have the neat quaint appearance that the one at Roaring Creek has.

We finished our journey in the dark, and a part of the way through a much needed rain. We arrived home physically tired, but thankful to have been able to have mingled socially and religiously with these Friends who are still more isolated than ourselves. Roaring Creek Monthly Meeting is a branch of Fishing Creek Half-Year Meeting. K.

MY KATE.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

She was not as pretty as women I know,
And yet all your best, made of sunshine and
snow,
Drop to shade, melt to nough', in the long-
trodden ways,
While she's still remembered on warm and
cold days—

My Kate.

Her air had a meaning, her movements a
grace;
You turn'd from the fairest to gaze on her face;
And when you had once seen her forehead and
mouth,
You saw as distinctly her soul and her truth—
My Kate.

Such a blue inner light from her eyelids out-
broke,
You looked at her silence and fancied she
spoke;
When she did, so peculiar yet soft was the tone,
Though the loudest spoke also, you heard her
alone—

My Kate.

I doubt if she said to you much that could act
As a thought or suggestion; she did attract
In the sense of the brilliant or wise; I infer
'Twas her thinking of others made you think
of her—

My Kate.

She never found fault with you, never implied
Your wrong by her right, and yet men at her
side

Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole
town
The children were gladder that pulled at her
gown—

My Kate

None knelt at her feet confess'd lovers en-
thrall;
They knelt more to God than they used—that
was all;
If you praised her as charming some asked
what you meant,
But the charm of her presence was felt when
she went—

My Kate.

The weak and the gentle, the ribald and rude,
She took as she found them, and did them all
good;
It always was so with her, see what you have!
She has made the grass greener even here—
with her grave—

My Kate.

My dear one!—when thou wast alive with the
rest,
I held thee the sweetest and lov'd thee the best;
And now thou art dead, shall I not take thy part,
As thy smiles used to do for thyself, my sweet-
heart—

My Kate.

SUNBEAMS.

This essay was prepared and read by Georgia
Zavitz, 12 years old, at the Ohio, at Coldstream, 12
mo. 8th, 1893.

One day, many thousands of years ago,
God said "Let there be light, and there
was light." Ever since then the sun-
beams have been shining upon this
earth, causing plants, trees and grass
to grow and make this world beautiful.
If it were not for the sunbeams there
would be no plants, trees or animals,
and we could not live. For plants will
not grow in the dark; neither can our
houses make healthful homes unless we
draw aside the curtains and open the
windows, letting the sunshine enter.

Many of the sunbeams have been
imprisoned for thousands of years be-
low the ground, and are now being
brought forth in the form of coal, which
we burn to keep us warm during the
winter. The coal is made of plants,
but not such as we have growing now.
They were great trees like ferns, and
much larger than are found on the
earth to-day. These, in time, fell down,
and were covered with earth, till at