

only *one dollar* the REVIEW will be sent into four of these distant homes for 12 months. The REVIEW will go *half* way towards providing these homes with a Friend's paper containing news of Friends, sermons, and a pure literature, and reminding them of the dear old Society and its principles.

ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF PLAINFIELD MEETING HOUSE.

Extracted from the Plainfield Daily Press.

The old Meeting House on Peace street was thronged at the commemorative meeting of 8th mo., 20th.

Judge Harper in opening the exercises read the 90th Psalm, and followed with his paper: "Historical Sketch of the Meeting House, its Erection and Occupancy."

City Clerk Oliver B. Leonard followed with a paper on "Biographical Notes of the Early Friends of Plainfield." The document was lengthy and contained a brief biographical sketch of the early Friends of Plainfield and their antecedents.

Elizabeth R. Lafetra of Eatontown, Monmouth county, read an exhaustive paper on "Women in the Society of Friends." The paper was well written and showed careful thought in its preparation. She concluded by reading the following original poem:

With reverent step we lightly press
The verdant spot of earth,
Whereon this low-eved temple stands,
And dates to-day a Century's birth.

Spireless and plain to passers by,
Within no aid it lends
Nice touch of art on wall or pane,
The service of the Friends.

Who seek beneath its lowly roof,
In worldly cares release,
In holy calm and restfulness,
Upon the street of Peace.

To listen to the living word,
Where the true preacher stands,
Within the temple of the heart,
The house not made with hands.

* * * *

Heirs of a proud inheritance,
The grand old Quaker name,
Opening our title deeds to-day,
Half doubtful of our claim.

We gather round our homestead hearth
The remnant of the flock,
A circling band, hand clasped in hand
While strikes the Century's clock

A hundred years of joys and tears,
Oh, what might they disclose!
The deep sea soundings of old Time
Since first these walls arose.

We come to glance with loving view
Thro' memory's sacred lens,
At vanished forms of conscious life,
Our dear ancestral friends.

Toilers and worthies of the past,
We greet in spirit still,
They jostle us in each low aisle,
And these quaint galleries fill.

This hour of retrospect recalls
To us with time, white crowned,
The faithful walk of Ephraim Vail,
The noble Samuel Pound,

Dear Anna Shotwell's fervent word,
Aunt Amy Webster's peace
Touch still, and ere will lift our soul
Till memory's release.

Others are here with tender claim
To tribune, but, in brief,
They crowd the orbit of our glass,
Each life, a lesson leaf.

Writ o'er with time's vicissitudes,
As varied as our own,
Ere they passed on "to silence
And pathetic dust" alone.

* * * *

O spirit of these faithful friends,
Their rich reward to share,
To heed as they the Father's voice,
Clothe us in robes of prayer.

* * *

But one we note in living guise,
Whose dear familiar face,
The "well done" of full four score years,
Touches to saintly grace.

Within the garden of whose heart,
Sweet spirit flowers find room,
And shower upon our poorer lives,
The fragrance of their bloom.

With hands ever quickened unto good,
Thro' all life's busy years,
Laden with sheaves of offering,
In prime of use appears.

Long may the lengthening shadows wait,
Tho' ushering fuller day,
E're a pathetic void remain
For us, and ours—we pray.