

a small log house, built for meeting and school house on a tract of land donated for the erection of this house, and for a burialground, by John Moore, the pioneer Friend of the infant settlement. Some of his own descendants were the first to be laid there. Three years later a Preparative Meeting was established, and in 1853 a neat frame building was erected near the old log one, (which was used for many years after as a school house) the first meeting held in it being on New Year's Day of 1854, and in the 11th mo following, a Monthly Meeting, to be known by the name of "Maple Grove Monthly Meeting," composed of Maple Grove and Rush Creek Preparatives, (the latter about fifteen miles distant) and to be held alternately at the two places, was established by Whitewater Quarterly Meeting, of which it is yet a subordinate. The Quarter is now held once a year, (in the 12th mo.) alternately, at these two places. At the time of the opening of this Meeting, William McKimmey, whose name will be remembered with respect by many, was living at the Rush Creek settlement of Friends. He was a minister of decided ability, travelling quite extensively in Gospel service. He was stricken with paralysis several years before his death, which occurred about 1865; yet, for a long time his faculties were unimpaired, and he frequently appeared in ministry, when unable to use his feet. Many a time have I listened to his stirring words, and, when his voice was stilled by death, all felt we had sustained a great loss. The Meeting, at the present, like those in many another country neighborhood, is much smaller than it was formerly, but there are many in the middle and younger ranks of life, who appear to be coming bravely to the front, in the work of holding up our principles to the world. It is this Meeting to which Benjamin F. Nichols, a minister of Illinois Yearly Meeting, and his family, have lately transferred their rights, their home being

in the town of Huntington, about six miles distant. Several of the families who formerly lived in this immediate neighborhood, are also living in the town, but the road between the two places being an excellent pike, the distance is no barrier to their attendance regularly at the First-day School, and Meeting. The superintendent of the School told me that he thought they had cause for great encouragement in their work. It is pleasant to visit one's old home, and to mingle with one's old-time friends, albeit sad, though tender, recollections of those gone before are called up by the sight of their seats in the house of worship, always occupied by them during their lives, now filled by those, who, like myself, sat in those by gone days, in the "body of the meeting," and ere long *we* will be called to give up *our* places to others now in their prime. Thus, as one goes another comes, and, though the places that once knew, us, will soon know us no more, the world moves on as if we were still a part of it, or, had never been. This thought should check a tendency to pride and a feeling of self-sufficiency.

The little graveyard has received many tenants in the past two decades, yet there is room for many more, and, as I read the names on the headstones, the most of which were familiar to me, the lines of William Cullen Bryant in his inimitable "Thanatopsis" came to mind:

"So live, that when the summons comes
To join the innumerable caravan, . .
We go . . sustained and soothed by an
Unflinching trust . .
As one who lies down to pleasant dreams."

ELIZABETH H. COALE.

Huntington Co., Ind., 5th mo. 23, '94.

THE YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

I have long wished to offer a suggestion to the editors and friends of the REVIEW, but have hesitated lest what I had to say might be regarded, by some, as fault-finding. However, it is with a feeling very far removed