

OUR
QUAKER FRIENDS

OF YE OLDEN TIME

BEING IN PART A TRANSCRIPT OF THE MINUTE BOOKS OF
CEDAR CREEK MEETING, HANOVER COUNTY,
AND THE SOUTH RIVER MEETING,
CAMPBELL COUNTY, VA.

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ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A Beautiful Poem on the Old Quaker Meeting House (South River).

[The poetic lines below will be appreciated by those who have visited the ruins of the old Quaker Meeting House not far from Lynchburg. The author of the poem, Mrs. Lucy Randolph Fleming, wife of Rev. Dr. R. H. Fleming, died July, 1900. The poem has been extensively copied. It originally appeared in *Harper's Bazar*, and is entitled, "The Old Meeting House, 1794-1894."]

The blue hills rise in stately strength,
Streams ripple soft below,
As on those long-gone Sabbath days,
One hundred years ago,

When in these crumbling, roofless walls,
Where birds flit to and fro,
The Quaker fathers worshiped God
One hundred years ago.

And word of truth, or praise, or prayer,
In measured tone, and slow,
Was spoken as the Spirit moved
One hundred years ago.

Here many a calm and saintly brow
Seemed lit by Heaven's glow,
And caught the promised peace of God
One hundred years ago.

Perhaps just here the sunshine fell
On golden heads below,
Where children lifted patient eyes
One hundred years ago.

Here youth and maidens primly sat
In silent, decorous row,
But, as to-day, Love stole his glance
One hundred years ago.

In ancient graves, where trailing vines
And tender wild flowers grow,
Sleep those whose footsteps thither turned
One hundred years ago.

Long have these altar fires been cold,
And only ruins show
The temple holy to the Lord
One hundred years ago.

But true and simple faith abides,
Though centuries onward flow—
The fathers did not build in vain
Who reared this modest forest fane
One hundred years ago.