

THE OLD MEETING HOUSE

AT

SCOTCH PLAINS,

A MID-SUMMERS SABBATH IN, AND ABOUT IT,

FIFTY YEARS AND MORE AGO.

BY JAMES D. CLEAVER.

Not many will come up to our Sesqui Centennial Anniversary, who were here at the date of this sketch which is Ante-Centennial.

Most of them have gone on to the "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns." Many of them are quietly resting in the Old Burying Ground, their mortal remains lying around those of the Reverend Benjamin Miller, the first and beloved pastor of the church in the bivouac of death, awaiting the reveille, which on the morning of the Resurrection, shall call them from their slumber to the realities of that day.

Of the remaining few, the writer is one. He writes from Memory, and hopes to be substantially correct in what he states.