

MOORE DESCENDANTS
HOLD A REUNION

Family of John and Mary Moore
 Have Jollification

One of the Features of the Occosion
 Was Poem Written by
 Mrs. Eli Moore

August 23rd was a gala day at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Eli Moore of Ann Arbor, where the Ninth annual Moore reunion of the descendants of John and Mary (Walker) Moore, (who were married in the year of 1802 at Bart Lancaster, Co., Pa.) convened, and early in the morning relatives from far and near were made welcome, with many other invited guests who were brothers, sisters and relatives of Mr. Eli Moore son of Louis and Sarah Moore who at one time lived in Lancaster Co., Pa.

The forenoon was spent renewing old acquaintances and forming new ones. At noon a bountiful dinner was served on the lawn to which all partook. After which a fine program was enjoyed. Remarks were made by several present.

Mrs. Dr. Chase of Otsego, Mich., sister of Mr. Eli Moore responded in her happy way, it being the first time she had met with the Moores. At the close Mrs. Eli Moore read the following poem, entitled the "Reunion."

REUNION.

There is no day in all the year
 That I enjoy so much,
 As our glorious reunion day
 When we come so close in touch.

I'm so thankful to its founders

I'm so thankful to its founders
 For this delightful treat,
 That affords us all such pleasure
 Every single time we meet.

I little dreamed when uncle
 Urged us all to come and see—
 And spend a Christmas time with him,
 What the outcome would surely be.

We had met at Father's funeral
 For the first time in years,
 And the ties of love were strengthened
 Amid a shower of tears.

And uncle felt a drawing
 He had not felt before,
 And expressed a wish to meet
 His kindred all once more.

And so my Father's family—
 Brother and sisters all,
 With brother-in-laws and sister-in-law
 Responded to the call.

Aunt Hannah, H. R. from Farmington
 Whose son George was with her;
 Aunt Hannah H. from Shelley;
 ; Dear Uncle Bennie's widow.

And the writer from Ann Arbor,
 Who had to go alone,
 As it did not seem convenient
 For the others to leave home.

The weather was something dreadful,
 And the cars ran as they could,
 And the only thing was, wait their
 (time,
 If you got there, well and good.

I got there! but alas!
 The hacks had been and gone,
 And no one looked for me then
 I had to go out all alone.

In the dark and cold, near mid-night;
 In the streets of a strange city:
 A youngman saw my look of woe,
 Which touched his heart with pity.

And so he came and offered
 His very kind assistance,
 To carry my satchel for me
 If I could walk the distance.

I thanked him very warmly
 And said I would take up,
 With his kindly aid to help me
 In finding my Uncle Jacob.

The way seemed long and lonely,
 The streets so dark and drear,
 That my feelings overcame me
 And I almost sank with fear.

When about to turn a corner
 In a dark and dismal place,
 We suddenly came upon a lamp
 That lighted up his face.

And I felt at once that I was safe,
 And need not worry more,
 Till we came to cousin Erwin's
 And met him at the door.

The next morning being Christmas
 We all met at Cousin Martin's,
 To enjoy a picnic dinner
 With Uncle, Aunts, and Cousins.

After which we called a meeting,
 To make the matter clear,
 That it would be a pleasure
 To meet like this each year.

Brother Garrison and Betsey Ann
 If I remember right,
 Were first to advance the thought,
 Which pleased dear Uncle quite.

When he warmed up to the subject
 And hoped we'd think it best,
 To have our little gathering
 E'en though he'd gone to rest.

And so I think for his sake
 If not for any other
 We should keep these yearly meetings
 And learn to love each other.

E. C. M.