

The father in His sacred toil,
 Gathering the young and old ;
 Leading the weak and weary ones,
 Up to the Shepherd's fold ;
 The Mother in the happy home,
 Training for earth and heaven,
 By gentle rule and saintly life,
 The children God had given.

All are not here to bless them now,
 Home has on perfect wreath,
 Blossoms are parted from the tree
 By distance and by death !
Two in the Masters waiting land,
 The King in beauty see,
 And *two* as Watchmen for their Lord
 Work where His reapers be !

Through fifty years what loving words
 Our Pastor's voice has shed,
 As he with us has stood beside
 Our dying and our dead !
 What earnest counsel, wise reproof,
 In hope and warning blent,
 Through fifty years of prayer and work
 All in one service spent !

Your children come with loving hands
 To crown your bridal day,
 And " call you blessed," as they stand
 Like jewels round your way !
 Your people too their words of love
 Would now with blessings blend,
 And hail the golden wedding day
 Of Pastor and of Friend.