

The Jubilee.

BY THOMAS M. KING.

Proudly in his youth and beauty,
 Stood the stalwart Scottish Laddie, fifty years ago,
 Gently, sweetly, wholly trusting,
 Stood the bashful, pretty Maiden, fifty years ago.
 I will go with you my loved one !
 From the happy home of childhood. I will cling alone to thee !
 I will love, revere, obey thee !
 Said the fond contending maiden, fifty years ago.
 I will take thee, love, protect thee !
 Said the noble Scottish Laddie, fifty years ago.

And down the ebbing tide of years,
 Through sorrows, joys, through smiles, through tears, hand in hand
 Through cares of life, its struggles too, [they come.
 Through varied scenes the man has come, from fifty years ago :
 Bravely, heart sore and sad, at times—
 With many a joy the woman came, from fifty years ago.
 And as each pledge of love
 Smiled, cooed and fondly clung in loving tenderness,
 How glad the mother's heart !
 And as each rose blossomed ; opening up
 The possible of future honored years—
 How proud the mother's heart !
 Oh ! the thoughtful, loving care—a mother's tender care
 Born of that loving heart, of fifty years ago.

And as the fleeting years rolled by,
 Not only joy, but sorrow filled the parents' hearts.
 The hand of death has snatched the pride of years,
 Oh, the anguish born of fifty years ago !
 The little ones laid low—such promise for their years—
 Their laughter stilled that many a lonely hour had filled with joy :
 The prattle born of joyous innocence : the winning ways.
 Ah ! sadly torn the hearts—the hearts so filled with hope
 Of happiness assured, that fifty years ago.
 And yet not all sadness. The dark cloud “a silver lining” showed.
 Bright hope illumed the saddened hearts.
 And the rolling tide of years revealed the mother, father, children
 United once again, beneath a loving Saviour's smiles, [dear
 A smile of joy—a heaven-born joy—now fills the hearts
 That loved, that fifty years ago.