

## GOLDEN JUBILEE.

"This is the day the Lord hath made; let us be glad and rejoice therein."

By word, by deed, by lofty thought,  
Hath the greatness of this day been wrought.  
Till now the years, like golden grain  
That grows in strength by sun and rain,  
Made perfect by God's gracious gauge,  
Have reached to-day their golden age.

But not to these we would our tribute pay,  
They're but the mile-stones of the winding way  
That from youth's threshold hath been bravely trod  
By him this favored Priest of God,  
Who knew no night, nor day, nor hour  
That was not part of Heaven's dower.

To few 'tis given ere set of sun  
To see their morning's work thus nobly done —  
To hear from lips with love aflame  
That "life hath not been all in vain" —  
To see within the kindling eyes  
That God hath blest the sacrifice.

The way mayhap was long from base to peak,  
Often too rugged for poor weary feet,  
But He who saw the need hath also given  
Strength to the toiler in his work for Heaven,  
Till thanks to "love that casteth out all fear,"  
And Hope and Faith that maketh dark ways clear,  
The heights are reached, while yet the eventide  
Lingers to bless our friend and guide.

And we who walk beside the way,  
Glad in the gladness of the day —  
We, children of his tender care,  
His earnest thought, his ceaseless prayer,  
What shall we say, what do to prove,  
We're not unmindful of this love?

We ask the Lord, Whose will supreme  
Hath through all time his watchword been,  
To shield with love this Reverend Priest,  
And make his ways all paths of peace,  
Till the soft sunlight at the evening's close  
Woo the brave soldier to his sweet repose.

—MIRIAM N. B. FERAN.