

others. The burden of the testimonies seemed to be to call us to more faithful and consecrated work for our Heavenly Father, not neglecting the duties that lie nearest us, in our homes and our neighborhoods, although not necessarily among those of our own Society. There are many around us who need not only our sympathy and help, but the simple Truth as we understand it. The meeting closed overshadowed by Divine Love.

MARGARET F. VAIL.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

Many of the readers of the REVIEW, knowing Carver and Mary A. Tomlinson, of Clear Creek, Ill., thought it might interest those to read an account of their "Golden Wedding" which occurred at their home on Thanksgiving Day. Friends and relatives to the number of thirty gathered on that day to celebrate the occasion. Before the repast the marriage certificate was read, after which three poems were read, written for the occasion, one by Samuel Tomlinson of Ohio (not present), the second by Josephine Hollingsworth and Acenith Raley, and the third by H. K. Smith. Appropriate presents as a token of the love and esteem in which they were held were displayed, all of which brought forth feeling response from the bride and groom of fifty years, in which they emphasized the fact that it was for their presence, not presents, for which the guests were invited. Their three living children were present: Josephine Hollingsworth and husband, from Iowa; Josiah from Nebraska; and Alice, who lives at home.

L. E. WILSON, Magnolia, Ill.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

BY AN ELDER BROTHER.

Lines inscribed to a brother and sister on the approach of the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, xith mo. 29th, 1894.

A retrospect of years long past,
My brother and sister dear,
Inspired a sense of gratitude
That starts the glistening tear,

And fills my heart with tenderness
That you have thus been spared
Through fifty years of wedded life
To soothe each other's cares;

And share the blessings with the sorrows
That must come to every mind,
Each bearing your allotted portion
With a willingness true and kind.

Sustaining your burdens equally,
Seeking grace to perform your part,
In lifting the veil of darkness
From many a sorrowing heart.

Thus has your union been fruitful
In opening the portals of life
To those under the baptism of sorrow,
Or sickening in the vortex of strife;

Counselling peace as a principle eternal
And an inspiration to the loftiest aims,
That clothes with a mantle of brightness
Your labor in humanity's claims;

Giving strength where the shades of darkness
Were wont to extinguish the light,
And zest to the lofty ideal
That would redeem from every blight.

Thus yielding blessings immortal
For the winter of life that draws near
After fifty years laboring together
In the light of love's holy cheer.

Oh! then may you recount the blessings
The Father has conferred through His grace,
To assist in solving the problem
So significantly touching your case.

Thus laboring for an increase of light
As the shadows of life seem to fall,
That as the twilight of evening approaches
No shade can intervene to appall.

Then may we, my dear ones, remember
That faithfulness to the end crowns all,
That when the labor of life is completed
We may peacefully yield to the call.

And as ripened sheaves of the harvest,
When our work on this sphere is complete,
May the anthem of praise and thanksgiving
Fill our spirits with a joy replete.

And now, through age and infirmity,
Being unable to respond to your call,
Please accept this token of remembrance
As an offering of love to you all.

And as your aspirations ascend to the giver
Of all our sure mercies and peace,
Remember, oh! remember your brother
Now awaiting the time of release,

Whose lines of life have spread over
A space of near eighty-five years,
But whose spirit is sustained by an affection
Unshaken by time's doubts and fears.