

Of every fear that thou wilt fail
 To love me till our race is run.
 Our mutual love is still as hale
 As though we had but just begun
 To link our fate
 In marriage state,
 Where joys for sorrows compensate.

So, filled with sense of God's rich love,
 Let us those decades three review;
 For though we have with trials strove
 To keep our happiness still new,
 We've had Religion's holy aid
 Still shedding sunshine on our way,
 As we pursued our humble trade
 And struggled on from day to day.
 Our hearts imbued
 With gratitude
 Call loud for vows to God renewed.

Now looking back through all these years,
 'Midst chequered scenes of daily life,
 A family of eight appears
 For thee to love and serve, my wife!
 Thou wert indeed a youthful bride,
 But weak in body—not in heart—
 As thou my cherished hearth beside
 Sat down, content to do thy part
 And well I know
 No lot below
 Was e'er more free from earthly woe.

In this review I can't forget
 How oft in sickness, grief and pain,
 Thy loving heart our needs has met,
 While solace rich came in thy train.
 Nor when thyself on sick bed lay,
 Racked with *Neuralgia's* maddening pangs,
 How Patience kept the wolf at bay,
 And made him soon withdraw his fangs.
 My darling sweet,
 'Tis surely meet
 I thee with song like this should greet!

Nor yet when by that dreadful fall
 Thy limbs were bruised, thy system shook,
 How easily I can recall
 Each winning smile, each tender look,