

## A REMINISCENCE

(Written by Nellie I. Thomas of Petoskey, on the occasion of the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Levi H. Roat.)

Just fifty years ago today  
I brought you a blushing bride  
To the old home that stood on this  
very spot,

Where you and I would reside.  
You were young and gay and full of  
life

While I was mature and strong,  
But we seemed flying on golden  
wings  
And all time was a happy song.

We started life's work with a cheer-  
ful view,

Together to stand or fall,  
Determined what followed of good  
or ill

To cheerfully bear it all.  
But times in those days were harder  
to share,

For the forests stood rugged and  
strong,

And the thing you heard most in  
pioneer life

Was the saw and the ax, all day long.

But soon fields came out where for-  
ests had stood,

And the face of the old farm was  
changed,

For in place of the trees, came the  
hay and the grass,

And acres of ripe golden grain.

There were long weary hours of  
struggle and toil

For the work was heavy the while,

But you always were there, a strong  
helping hand

And your bright encouraging smile.

Then the dear babies came, four in  
all, to our home

To add to our cares, and our joys,  
Two wee little girls to meet mothers  
needs,

And for me, He sent the two boys.

For awhile all was well, then God  
called one away,

How we missed him we never could  
tell,

But life ever flows on regardless of  
pain

Or of happenings for good or for ill.

The years brought us changes, pros-  
perity dawned,

Our children had left the home nest,  
They had gone out as we did to build  
for themselves,

But we had to lay one more, way to  
rest.

Then followed the fire, but that is all  
past,

Life's hardships are many and great,  
The rush and the hurry are finished  
for us,

And we'll just bide our time while  
we wait.

The ancient "bellcon" has long since  
disappeared

As logging bees, quilting parties, and

sugaring off,  
The kerosene lamp, and the old tal-  
low dip

Have given place to brilliant beams  
from aloft,

And to think, fifty years we've  
traveled this road

And all that time not been parted,  
For we're resting today in the same  
dear old home

Where our own married life first was  
started.

It doesn't seem fifty years, how time  
has flown by,

Surely, these are not all yesterdays,  
For our hearts are as young, and our  
feelings as true,

If these forms are December, not  
Mays,

And you've been by my side all the  
way through, my dear,

And the best wife that ever was  
given,

And we'll go hand in hand all the rest  
of the way,

Till God calls us on up to Heaven.