

A REMINISCENT

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 cheerful 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 forests 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 a while 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 ~~fe~~ - for good or ill.

The years brought us changes, prosperity dawned,
Our children had left the home nest,
They had gone out as we did to build for them
selves,

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 out time while we wait.