

But in these, those loyal people had surely been most blessed.
There was Harve, and John, and Hiram, and little sister Mate,
With George, and Joe, to write their names upon the family slate,
Oh yes! and there was Dan, who taught the public school:
And did not fear to use the stick when e'er they broke the rule.
This was no modern family for there was work to do,
From early morn till milking time each did the task they knew.
One summer pastime that was theirs and they felt rather harsh,
Was to go and fill their pails in old huckleberry marsh.
The pranks these sturdy youngsters played, there surely was no end,
While the good old-fashioned games many pleasant hours did lend.
There were merry skating parties, Ducks and Geese played in the snow,
Then all piled on the home made sleds and down the hills they'd go.
But those days have long since vanished and the dear ones scattered far,
Some have gone to join the parents where the many mansions are,
Others, various ways did journey, many miles did roam,
Ere they found the spot ideal 'round which their dreams had grown.
One there was who sought the city seeking for his homing mate,
There to build their own foundations for the good of church and state.
In a royal home he found her, one lone bird in family nest:
But with parents, in whose keeping, she was one among the blessed.
Always shielded, counceled, guided, into paths of right and truth;
She was fitted for a help mate, lovingly she gave her youth.
Time passed on, God blessed their union with one daughter and two sons,
Filled anew their hearts with gladness, binding closer to each one.
A half century has passed by, a golden marker reached,
Since they 'stablished them a home down on the city streets,
Now they're going on together, (For their children, ere too late
Have gone out new fields to conquer, new environments to make.)
They have prospered on their journey, flowers have bloomed along their way,
From God's storehouse they have gathered, faith and hope to meet each day.
And the council and traditions of that early Christian home,
Are still upheld and followed, no matter where they roam.
Most kindly and most thoughtful are they in word and deed;
And ready with a helping hand to bring to those in need.
And so we wish them God speed, for many days and long—
As they travel toward the sunset, may they always, "Carry on."

—NELLIE I. THOMAS