

A few lines to Miss Tessie von Rueden in honor of her wedding, to Mr. Clarence Shearer at Eagle, Wis., by Rev Nichols, Tuesday, Oct. 24, 1905

The day has come now in your life,
Your childhood home to leave,
For duty calls you as a wife,
To share your husband's joy and grief.

Ended are your days of childhood,
With their pleasures and no cares,
No more of games in field and wood,
Soon the myrtle crowns your hair.

Soon to school, a little maiden,
Went as happy as could be,
Learned how brave this country struggled,
For freedom, in it's infancy.

Sunny were those childhood hours,
Of motherlove you had your share,
The fourth one of five living flowers,
The second leaving parents care.

If anything on earth is sacred,
It surely is a mother's love,
No one fathom can, it's greatness,
Only, only God above,

Ere you leave your parents, thank them,
Rememb'ring what they've done for you,
For you never can repay them,
For their love, always anew.

Very soon bells will be ringing,
Calling you with merry peal,
Soon the choir will be singing,
While in prayer wrapped you kneel.

Oh, the bells to church now call me,
Farewell mother, I must leave,
At the Almighty's blessed altar,
The holy sacrament receive.

Now some solemn words are spoken,
To the groom and to the bride,
They pledge their vows, rings are changed,
As they kneel there side by side.

Rising now as man and wife,
Happy, joyful they depart,
A word has bound them both for life,
Never, never more to part.

Unless death, both tears assunder,
Nothing on this earth here can,
For what God hath joined together,
Can never be divorced by man.

Ever smiling is your father,
Greeting friends from far and near,
In the meantime your kind mother,
Silent, silent sheds a tear.

Do not spend your time in weeping,
Darling mother, now be gay,
I want only merry faces,
Around me on my wedding day.

Everyone congratulating;
Joy, yes only joy finds room,
In the large von Rueden homestead,
By the happy bride and groom.

Near to Eagle's cleanly village,
Will the happy couple live,
To whom tendered are these verses,
It's all a distant friend can give.

By F. J. WACKER, Milwaukee