

A Golden Wedding

Is an event which merits not only observance but mention. So rarely are man and wife permitted to live together for fifty years, that any occasion of the kind ought not to pass unnoticed. Sunday, Sept. 9th, was the 50th anniversary of the marriage of Rev. and Mrs. O. R. Hopson. Half a century before the Rev. Stephen Jewett officiated at a double wedding in St. James Church, Derby, Conn., when a cousin of Mrs. Hopson was married at the same time with herself. The other couple and the officiating clergyman have long since gone to rest. Mr. Hopson, at the time of his marriage, was rector of the Episcopal church in Naugatuck, Conn. He remained in charge of that parish for fourteen years, when he removed with his family to Vermont, having been called to the rectorship of St. John's church, Poughkeepsie. Here he labored faithfully for twenty-two years, conducting a private school for a portion of the time in addition to his ministerial duties. Four years were then spent in North Guilford, Conn.,

He remained in charge of that parish for fourteen years, when he removed with his family to Vermont, having been called to the rectorship of St. John's church, Poultney. Here he labored faithfully for twenty-two years, conducting a private school for a portion of the time in addition to his ministerial duties. Four years were then spent in North Guilford, Conn., and four years more in Waverly, Illinois, when, having reached his 73d year, he retired from the active duties of his office. For the past six he and his beloved wife have made their home at the residence of their daughter and son-in-law, Rev. and Mrs. Jas. Starr Clark, of Tivoli. Of eight children born to this venerable couple five only survive. But two of these and six of the twelve grand children, were able to be present at the golden wedding. The others hope to come on from their homes in the west in time for a family re-union in October. Saturday last some of Mr. Hopson's relatives and a few of his former parishioners from Vermont and Connecticut arrived. One of them was Mrs. Richard Hine, an old lady of 82, who made the journey from Waterbury, Conn., to be present on this interesting occasion. The service on Sunday in Trinity church, was conducted by the rector, Rev. Dr. Clark. Prof. Hopson of St. Stephen's College, Annandale, preached a sermon suitable to the occasion, and assisted his father in the administration of the holy communion.

The venerable clergyman, who has nearly completed his 79th year, consecrated the elements, and pronounced the benediction.

On Monday, the 10th, Dr. Clark opened his hospitable mansion for the reception of friends in the neighborhood, who came to offer congratulations to the aged couple. Many beautiful presents were given as tokens of affection. Prof. Hopson recited a poem written for the occasion, Letters were read from absent friends expressing their good wishes, and regrets at their inability to be present. Among them was one from the Rt. Reverend Geo. F. Seymour, D. D., Bishop of Springfield, to whose diocese Mr. Hopson is still canonically attached. A beautiful gift accompanied the letter as a token of the Bishop's regard for his venerable presbyter. The occasion was one long to be remembered, and it was the earnest prayer of all, that Mr. and Mrs. Hopson might be spared to enjoy yet many years of happiness in their delighted home.

Following is the poem:

A bride and groom! What festive scenes these
very words recall!

A time of joy and happiness! A church, and
festal hall!

When golden visions rise, and hope presents
her fairest show,

Just as she did, no doubt, to these, just fifty
years ago.

And have the visions baseless proved! Did
hope's bright promise fail?

Full many a gallant ship goes down beneath
the wintry gale:

And many a one comes into port with tattered
sails and slow,

That started grandly out to sea, some fifty
years ago.

But here there was a Christian home, where
justice, truth, and love,

And many a virtue held control as in the heav-
ens above.

Blest are the memories of that home. Blest
are the hearts that know

The safe protection of that port built fifty years
ago.

But storm and sunshine-both combine the harvest to mature.

We need not only strength to do, but patience to endure.

The trials that the Master sends, the stormy winds that blow,

Do only strengthen bonds of love made fifty years ago.

Not till the silver turns to gold, is any grain secured ;

The soft and silvery stalk of wheat is plainly not matured.

The golden silence of the old, the heads all crowned with snow,

Speak wiser counsel than the lips of fifty years ago.

The sun of life draws to its close : the pastor's work is o'er,

He may not tend his sheep again, as he has done before :

But many a Christian warrior who fights against the foe,

Will bless the minister ordained just fifty years ago.

The sun is sinking; but its gleams of crimson
and of gold
Light up this sombre earth with rays of bril-
liancy untold.
How brightly on the other side the lives of
those will glow
Who on this side have brightly shone since
fifty years ago.
Dear mother, may the darkening cloud be kept
from off your sight;
And may there, in God's providence, at even-
ing time be light.
May both your lives yet long be spared, and
constant mercies grow
To cheer the happy bride and groom of fifty
years ago.

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