

children and twenty-three grand-children extend the hand for a greeting and tender their congratulations.

Fifty years ago! The world has made wonderful strides within that time. Russia, now one of the most powerful empires upon earth,—the terror of Europe and the scourge of the Musselman—was then little famed and less feared, struggling to maintain her place among the nations. The teeming millions of China and India were then shut in with their ignorance and their idols, almost unknown to the world of civilization and Christianity. The marvels of steam and electricity, which have almost annihilated time and space in the progress of scientific development, were then wrapped in impenetrable mystery.

But the past half century has a record sacred, and of especial importance to the little company here assembled—a charmed circle into which the busy bustling world dare not intrude. To-night looking down through the vista of two score and ten years we can see a new home established on the dear spot at Onslow, where the one we revere and love by the sacred name of mother, was born. Here youth and beauty, united in the most sacred of ties,—loving and being loved,—entered hopefully upon life's struggle. Within a year a son and heir was welcomed to the family circle,—the father's pride, the mother's joy, and not less the comfort of the grandfather, who was from the first the honored guest and counsellor of the new household. And while the first-born was yet a toddling bairn, struggling with his helplessness, a little brother appeared upon the scene to divide with him the honors and dignity of heirship, which for twelve long months had been all his own. Then followed two daughters, and afterwards, two more sons, in rapid succession, until there were six little olive branches around the family board, each making large draughts upon the wealth of parental tenderness and affection,—far more than sufficient for all. The eldest, Nathaniel Mursters, was a lad of seven summers, a cheerful and dutiful son, and a favorite of the grandfather whose name he bore. Thomas Mursters was a bright active boy, just entering upon his sixth year. Sarah Ann was four years old. Naturally of a sweet, loving disposition, her little winning ways and glad smile captivated the hearts of all and made her the light of the household. Mary Jane, a child of three years, fat and chubby, a characteristic to which she still does ample justice, was the picture of health and was never happier than, when out in the backyard beyond the mother's watchful eye, she could indulge in her favorite pastime—mixing gutter puddings or making mud pies. John James had attained the ripe age of eighteen months, and was hopefully looking forward to the time when his frantic efforts to maintain the perpendicular would be crowned with success. William Henry was the baby. This was a little family of which any wedded pair, who had not yet attained to the dignity of the "Tin Wedding" by two years, might well be proud; and mingled