

The Family Record.

BY EDWIN D. KING.

This is a glorious re-union. More than a score of years has elapsed since the cheerful gladsome faces, which were wont to assemble around the family hearthstone at Onslow, have been called together. The hand of Time has been busy since then, and, with his magic wand, he has touched the cheek and furrowed the brow of one and another, reminding each of the passing years.

During that time there have been many changes in connexion with the "old house at home." In some ear, indeed, the cup has mingled the bitter with the sweet, for individual members, but, for the most part, it has been one of joy rather than of sorrow; and, thank God, the family circle of twenty-five years ago is still unbroken by death. The pale messenger has been busy about us, and has now and then gently tapped at our door, but we have eaten the passover in safety.

Our last re-union, twenty-four years ago, was on the occasion of a wedding festival, "when from her chamber, clothed in white, the bride came forth on her wedding night," and the eldest daughter left the home of her youth, leaning upon the arm of her husband, to become the queen of a new home.

Again a wedding celebration has called us together, and assuredly the benedictions and congratulations which we present to-night are not less enthusiastic and hearty than at our last family gathering.

Just fifty years ago occurred the interesting event which we commemorate to-night,—an event linked with the destinies of three generations here represented. The parish records under date of November 18th, 1828, contain the following:—

"Married at Truro, by the Rev. John Burnvent, Rector, John King, of Onslow, to Sarah Ann, only daughter of Nathaniel Marsters, Esq., of the same place."

To-day there are but two living witnesses to the fact thus recorded; but on their memories the event is as fresh and green as an incident of yesterday. To the "two hearts that beat as one," that hour is associated with the joys and sorrows of fifty years,—years of struggle and of triumph,—of sunshine and of cloud,—which each has helped the other thankfully to enjoy or endure, as the Great Giver of all things has meted out his blessings. The bride and groom celebrate their golden jubilee to-night, and eleven