

GRANDMA'S SURPRISE.

Who is this comes knocking—
Knocking at my door?
Surely such a visitor
I never had before.
"Come to call on grandma,"
Did I hear you say?
I live here my little man—
Guess you've missed your way.

Coming in? I wonder
Who my guest can be!
Navy pants and buttons,
Come to call on me!
Now I know a boy, sir,
A little boy named Fred,
He wears dresses, to be sure,
And curls around his head.

He's my darling, but of course
Not such a man as you.
Why, you could face the world
In that brave suit of blue!
And pockets, too! Well, well.
What would my Freddie say,
If he were here to see
This gentleman to-day?

Laughing? What's the matter?
Your "name Freddie too!"
Come a little closer,
Let me look at you!
Brown eyes, laughing gaily,
Full of fun and joy—
Let me put my specs on—
Bless me! it's my boy!

THE OLD NURSE.

STORY FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

CHAPTER VII.

"Life's path
To the affectionate and thankful heart
Can never prove a desert. By its side
Fresh springs gush freely forth from
time to time
As old ones are dried up, or left behind
In our swift pilgrimage."

Years have passed,—some fifteen or twenty years since the conclusion of the last chapter:—yet the house and garden at Avonhurst seem very little altered. It is summer time, and the flowers beds are full of the same radiant flowers; only the old stump that was so covered with creepers, is gone, and the ivied wall has disappeared, and has been succeeded by a low parapet of grey stone. But who is that sitting in the bow-window of the drawing-room, with a neat morning cap on, and her hair already streaked with grey? It is—it certainly must be—Alice Forester!

And who are these by her side, those lovely little girls; one, with fair hair and blue eyes, standing before her, and repeating by heart Cowper's beautiful poem—

"The rose had been washed, just washed in a shower," &c.

the other, of a darker complexion and more fragile aspect, sitting at her feet, busied in some needlework?

They are Helen and Maria Arden, Alice's adopted children!

The thin form and colourless countenance of the once beautiful Alice, testify that the course of the years that have elapsed since we last beheld her have been marked by many trials and sorrows; but the bright cheerful expression which now always rests on her face, bears testimony to her having attained that "peace which passeth all understanding." It would make our tale too long were we to describe all the vicissitudes and trials of those years, as minutely as we have done Alice's first trouble; we will only give such a general outline of the contents contained in them as may render the conclusion of our story intelligible to the reader.

The first great change that broke the quiet monotony of Alice's life after Ann's marriage, was the presentation of Mr. Hayter to a large living, by the bishop in whose diocese Avonhurst was. Mr. Hayter hesitated long between his attachment to Avonhurst, and the ad-

vantages a larger house and income might afford to his increasing family, but at last felt it his duty to remove. This was a bitter pang to Alice. "Better is a neighbour that is near than a brother that is far off," are words of Holy Scripture, and Alice had experienced their truth. Mrs. Hayter had been to her almost as a sister since Ann's departure, and now she must see her go, and see strangers come into the abode of those "whose places should know them no more." All departures are sad scenes, and all packings-up melancholy, but, perhaps, saddest of all is the dismantling of a vicarage, and the departure of a clergyman and his family, from a parish they have long known and been beloved in. Even Mrs. Hayter's buoyant disposition seemed for a time to sink under the trial,—her blue eyes were often dimmed with tears, her joyous youthful face bore, for the first time, the wearing marks of care, those marks which, once deeply indented, never pass away without leaving a trace behind them; and Alice, sad as her own heart was, often tried to comfort and cheer her friend, by telling her how she would work hard and try to continue all the things they had begun together, that they might not find any of their plans neglected, when their vague but sweet dreams of future meetings should be realised. Many tears of deep and sincere regret were shed on Mr. Hayter's last Sunday; and his own feelings for a moment nearly overcame him, when by a singular coincidence he had to read, for his last afternoon's lesson the 22nd of Jeremiah, in which the following verses occur:—

"Weep not for the dead, neither bemoan him; but weep sore for him that goeth away, for he shall return no more nor see his native country:

"But to the land whereunto they de-

sire to return; thither they shall not return."

They departed, however, and before many months had passed after their leaving Avonhurst, Alice had a heavy trial indeed to endure—the loss of her beloved parent. At no time had Alice apparently needed the sympathy of a kind friend and neighbour-like Mrs. Hayter, as during Mrs. Forester's gradual decline; "but God's ways are not as our ways; nor His thoughts as our thoughts." And we often find our dearest earthly friends removed far from us by external circumstances, just when we most need their aid; possibly immortality to ourselves, lest in our human frailty we should lean for support upon the feeble staff of earthly friendship, instead of turning to Him who alone is able to keep those who trust in Him "in perfect peace."

(To be concluded.)

THE SEA LION.

The Sea Lion, of which we give an engraving this week, is also called the otary, and is a branch of the seal family. Among other peculiarities, the fore legs as if intended exclusively for swimming, are placed further back in the body than in the true seal, giving the otaries the appearance of having a longer neck; and the hind legs are more like the fore legs. The Sea Lion of the northern seas is about fifteen feet long and weighs about sixteen hundred weight. It inhabits the eastern seas of Kamtschatka, and the Kurile Islands, and in some parts is very plentiful. On the approach of winter it removes from its most northern quarters. It is found chiefly on rocky coasts, on the ledges of which it climbs. It is much addicted to roaring, which sometimes warns sailors of danger. This roaring, as well as the mane

of the old males, has obtained for it the name of Sea Lion. The head of this animal is large; the eyes very large; the eyebrows bushy; the hide thick; the hair coarse and reddish; a heavy mass of stiff, curly, crisp hair on the neck and shoulders. The old males have a fierce aspect, and yet flee in great precipitation from man; but if driven to extremities, they fight furiously. Sea Lions are capable of being tamed, and they become very familiar with man. They feed on fish and the smaller seals. The Sea Lion of the southern seas is now generally believed to be a distinct species; and indeed, several species are believed to inhabit the southern seas.

Seals nourish youth, delight old age, are the ornament of prosperity, and the solacement and the refuge of adversity; they are delectable at home, and not burdensome abroad; they gladden us at night and on our journeys, and in the country.

COOKING BEANS.—Not one person in one hundred know how to cook properly a pot of beans, and yet it is very simple. Here is the proper mode: Put one pint of dried beans and a quarter of a pound of salt pork into two quarts of cold water; bring them to a boil, and boil them slowly for about twenty minutes; then put the beans, with about a teacupful of the water they were boiled in, into an open jar; season them with salt and pepper to taste, and one tablespoonful of molasses; lay the pork on the top and bake two hours or longer.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES and DEATHS.

Not Exceeding Four Lines, Twenty-Five Cents.

DEATHS.

On the 14th inst., Florence, daughter of the Rev. R. S. Fournier, Belleville, aged 8 months and 17 days.



THE SEA LION.