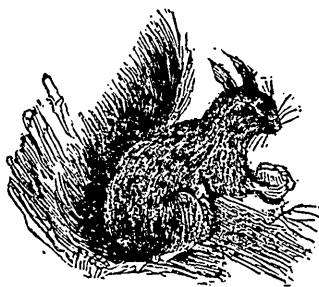
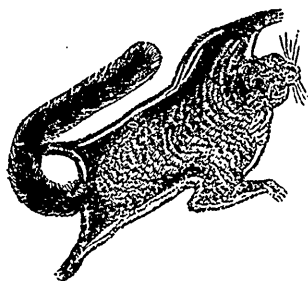


THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER; OR RAMBLES IN THE
CANADIAN FOREST.

(By Mrs. TRAILL, Authoress of "The Canadian Crusoes," &c.)

CHAPTER III.



MRS. FRAZER, are you very busy just now?" asked Lady Mary, coming up to the table where her nurse was ironing some laces.

"No, my dear, not very busy, only preparing these lace edgings for your frocks. Do you want me to do anything for you?"

"I do not want anything, only to tell you that my Governess has promised to paint my dear squirrel's picture, as soon as it is tame, and will let me hold it in my lap without flying away. I saw a picture of a flying squirrel to-day, but it was very ugly, not at all like mine; it was long and flat, and its legs looked like sticks, and it was stretched out just like one of those musk-rat skins that you pointed out to me in a fur store. Mamma said it was drawn so, to shew it while it was in the act of flying,—but it is not pretty; it does not shew its beautiful tail, nor its bright eyes, nor soft silky fur. I heard a lady telling Mamma about a nest full of dear, tiny little flying squirrels that her brother once found in a tree in the forest. He tamed them, and they lived very happily together, and would come out and feed from his hand. They slept in the cold weather like dormice; in the day-time they lay very still, and would come out and gambol and frisk about at night;—but some one left the cage open, and they all ran away except one—and that he found in his