

we go out for a drive—they are very handsome trees.”

“ And what are creeks, nurse? ”

“ Creeks are small streams, such as in Scotland would be termed ‘ burns,’ and in England ‘ rivulets.’ ”

“ Now, nurse, you may go on about the dear little fawn; I want you to tell me all you know about it.”

“ Little Ellen took the poor timid thing, and laid it in an old Indian basket near the hearth, and put some wool in it, and covered it with an old cloak to keep it warm; and she tended it very carefully, letting it suck her fingers dipped in warm milk, as she had seen the dairy-maid do in weaning young calves. In a few days it began to grow strong and lively, and would jump out of its basket, and run bleating after its foster-mother: if it missed her from the room, it would wait at the door watching for her return.

“ When it was older, it used to run on the grass plot in the garden: but if it heard its little mistress’s step or voice in the parlour, it would bound through the open window to her side; and her call of ‘ Fan, Fan, Fan,’ would bring it home from the fields near the edge of the forest. But poor Fan got killed by a careless boy throwing some fire-wood down upon it, as it lay asleep in the wood-shed. Ellen’s grief was very great, but all she could do was to bury it in the garden near the river-side, and plant lilac bushes round its little green-sodded grave.”