

go, if he likes to be free, among the trees and bushes."

It was now the middle of October; the rainy season that usually comes in the end of September and beginning of October, in Canada, was over. The soft, hazy season, called Indian summer, was come again; the few forest leaves that yet lingered were ready to fall—bright and beautiful they still looked, but Mary missed the flowers.

"I do not love the fall—I see no flowers now, except those in the greenhouse. The cold, cold winter will soon be here again," she added sadly.

"Last year, dear, you said you loved the white snow, and the sleighing, and the merry bells, and wished that winter would last all the year round."

"Ah! yes, nurse; but I did not know how many pretty birds and flowers I should see in the spring and the summer; and now they are all gone, and I shall see them no more for a long time."