

—it never changes. See, my dear, how shining its straw-coloured blossoms and buds are, just like satin flowers.”

“Nurse, it shall be my own flower,” said the little girl; “and I will make a pretty garland of it, to hang over my own dear mamma’s picture. Rosette says she will show me how to tie the flowers together; she has made me a pretty wreath for my doll’s straw hat, and she means to make her a mat and a carpet too.”

The little maid promised to bring her young lady some wreaths of the festoon pine—a low creeping plant, with dry, green, chaffy leaves, that grows in the barren pine woods, of which the Canadians make Christmas garlands; and also some of the winter berries, and spice berries, which look so gay in the fall and early spring, with berries of brightest scarlet, and shining dark-green leaves, that trail over the ground on the gravelly hills and plains.

Nurse Frazer brought Lady Mary some sweetmeats, flavoured with an extract of the spicy winter-green, from the confectioner’s shop; the Canadians being very fond of the flavour of this plant. The Indians chew the leaves, and eat the ripe mealy berries, which have something of the taste of the bay-laurel leaves. The Indian men smoke the leaves as tobacco.

One day, while Mrs. Frazer was at work in the nursery, her little charge came to her in a great state of agitation—her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes were dancing with joy. She threw herself into her