

hand. Mary looked surprised, when she saw how her kind nurse was weeping.

"Nurse, you are to go too, mamma says so; now you need not cry, for you are not going to leave me."

"I cannot go with you, my dearest child," whispered her weeping attendant, "much as I love you; for I have a dear son of my own. I have but him, and it would break my heart to part from him;" and she softly put aside the bright curls from little Mary's fair forehead, and tenderly kissed her. "This child is all I have in the world to love me, and when his father, my own husband, died, he vowed to take care of me, and cherish me in my old age, and I promised that I would never leave him; so I cannot go away from Canada with you, Mary, though I dearly love you."

"Then, Mrs. Frazer, I shall be sorry to leave Canada; for when I go home, I shall have no one to talk to me about beavers, and squirrels, and Indians, and flowers, and birds."

"Indeed, my dear, you will not want for amusement there, for England and Scotland are