

Still, we cannot help wishing that *they* could always remain quiet and grand—a smoky steamboat would disfigure the wild scene; and it cannot be supposed that a fashionable hotel would much add to the sublimity of simple nature.

JUVENTUS.

Place d'Armes Hill, Montreal, }
13th April, 1853. }



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

(BY MRS. TRAILL, Authoress of "The Canadian Crusoes," &c.
CHAPTER V.



SPRING is coming, Nurse! Spring is coming at last—exclaimed the Governor's little daughter joyfully, "The snow is going away at last! I am tired of the white snow, it makes my eyes ache. I want to see the brown earth, and the grass, and the green moss, and the pretty flowers again."

"It will be some days before this deep covering of snow is gone, the streets are still covered with ice, and it will take some time, my lady, to soften it."

"But, nurse, the warm sun shines, and there are little streams of water running along the streets in every direction; see the snow is gone from under the bushes and trees in the garden—and I saw some dear little birds flying about. I watched them on the dry stalks of the tall rough weeds, and they appeared to be picking seeds out of the husks. Can you tell me what birds they were?"

"I saw the flock of birds that you mean, lady Mary; they are the common snow sparrows. (*Fringilla nivalis*.) They are among our earliest visitants; they may be seen early in April, mingled with the brown song sparrow, (*Fringilla melodia*), flitting about the garden fences, or picking the stalks of the tall mullein and amaranths, to find the seeds that have not been shaken out by the autumn winds, and possibly they also find insects cradled in the husks of the old seed vessels."