

squirrel, and the common grey, can jump very far, and run up the bark of the trees very fast, but not so well as the flying squirrel."

At last, Lady Mary's maid, with the help of one of the housemaids, succeeded in catching the squirrel, and securing him within the cage. But though Lady Mary tried all her words of endearment to coax the little creature to eat some of the good things that had been provided so liberally for his entertainment, he remained sullen and motionless at the bottom of the cage. A captive is no less a captive in a cage with gilded bars, and with dainties to eat, than if rusted iron shut him in, and kept him from enjoying his freedom. It is for that dear liberty that he pines, and is sad, even in the midst of plenty.

"Dear nurse, why does my little squirrel tremble and look so unhappy? Tell me if he wants anything to eat that we have not given him. Why does he not lie down and sleep on the nice soft bed you have made for him in his little chamber? See, he has not tasted the nice sweet cake and sugar that I gave him."

"He is not used to such dainties, Lady Mary. In the forests, he feeds upon hickory-nuts, and butter-nuts, and acorns, and beech masts, and the buds of the spruce, fir, and pine kernels, with many other seeds, and nuts, and berries that we could not get for him. He loves grain too, and Indian corn. He sleeps on green moss, and leaves, and fine fibres of grass, and roots, and drinks heaven's blessed dew, as it lies bright and pure upon the herbs of the field."

"Dear little squirrel, pretty creature, I know now what makes you sad. You long to be abroad among your own green woods, and sleeping on the soft green moss, which is far prettier than this ugly cotton wool. But you shall stay with me, my sweet one, till the cold winter is passed and gone, and the spring flowers have come again, and then, my pretty squirrel, I will take out of your dull cage, and we will go to St-Helen's green Island, and I will let you go free; but I will put a scarlet collar about your neck before I let you go, that if any one finds you, they may know that you are my squirrel."

"Were you ever in the great forest, nurse? I hear papa talk about the "Bush," and the "Back-woods"—it must be