I must therefore beg that you will go by yourself and procure a breakfast for us, as I am fearful of leaving the nestlings before the air is warmer, lest they should be chilled.” To this he readily consented, and fed all his little darlings; to whom, for the sake of distinction, I shall give the names of Robin, Dicky, Flapsy, and Pecksy. When this kind office was performed he perched on a tree, and while he rested, entertained his family with his melody, till his mate, springing from the nest, called him to attend her; on which he instantly took wing, and followed her to a courtyard belonging to a family mansion.

No sooner had the happy pair appeared before the parlour window, than it was hastily thrown up by Harriet Benson, a little girl about eleven years old, the daughter of the gentleman and lady to whom the house belonged. Harriet with great delight called her brother to see two robin redbreasts; and she was soon joined by Frederick, a fine chubby rosy-cheeked boy, about six years of age, who, as soon as he had taken a peep at the feathered strangers, ran to his mamma, and entreated her to give him something to feed them with. “I must have a great piece of bread this morning,” said he, “for there are all the sparrows and chaffinches that come every day, and two robin redbreasts besides.” “Here is a piece for you, Frederick,”