do not let the least morsel of anything you have to eat fall to the ground. I will be careful in respect of mine, and we will collect all that papa and mamma crumble; and if we cannot by these means get enough, I will spend some of my money in grain for them.” “Oh,” said Frederick, “I would give all the money I have in the world to buy food for my dear dear birds.” “Hold, my love,” said Mrs. Benson “though I commend your humanity, I must remind you again that there are poor people as well as poor birds.” “Well, mamma,” replied Frederick, “I will only buy a little grain, then.” As he spoke these last words, the redbreasts having finished their meal, the mother bird expressed her impatience to return to the nest; and having obtained her mate’s consent, she repaired with all possible speed to her humble habitation, whilst he tuned his melodious pipe, and delighted their young benefactors with his music; he then spread his wings, and took his flight to an adjoining garden, where he had a great chance of finding worms for his family.

Frederick expressed great concern that the robins were gone; but was comforted by his sister, who reminded him that in all probability his new favourites, having met with so kind a reception, would return on the morrow. Mrs. Benson then bid them