over, then offer you something to eat which is very disagreeable, and perhaps poisonous, and shut you up in a little dark room? And yet this is the fate to which many a harmless insect is condemned by thoughtless children.” As soon as Frederick understood that he could not catch the butterfly without hurting it, he gave up the point, and assured his mamma he did not want to keep it, but only to carry it out of doors. “Well,” replied she, “that end may be answered by opening the window;” which, at her desire, was done by Harriet: the happy insect was glad to fly away, and Frederick had soon the pleasure of seeing it upon a rose.

Breakfast being ended, Mrs. Benson reminded the children that it was almost time for their lessons to begin; but desired their maid to take them into the garden before they applied to business. During his walk, Frederick amused himself with watching the butterfly as it flew from flower to flower, which gave him more pleasure than he could possibly have received from catching and confining the little tender creature.

Let us now see what became of our redbreasts after they left their young benefactors.

The hen bird, as I informed you, repaired immediately to the nest; her heart fluttered with