this country; and as here they are always bred in cages, they do not know how to procure the materials for their nest abroad. And there is another particular which would greatly distress them were they to be turned loose, which is the persecution they would be exposed to from other birds. I remember once to have seen a poor hen canary-bird, which had been turned loose because it could not sing; and surely no creature could be more miserable. It was starving for want of food, famishing with thirst, shivering with cold, and looked terrified to the greatest degree; while a parcel of sparrows and chaffinches pursued it from place to place, twittering and chirping with every mark of insult. I could not help fancying the little creature to be like a foreigner just landed from some distant country, followed by a rude rabble of boys, who were ridiculing him because his dress and language were strange to them."

"And what became of the poor little creature, mamma?" said Harriet. "I was going to tell you, my dear," replied Mrs. Benson; "I ordered the servant to bring me a cage, with seed and water in their usual places; this I caused to be hung on a tree, next to that in which the little sufferer in vain endeavoured to hide herself among the leaves from her cruel pursuers. No sooner did the servant retire than the